

grit



Aidan O'Leary

grit.

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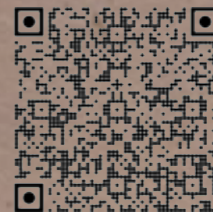
Dedicated to all those who find themselves within the
pages of this book.

Grit is an exploration of the human experience. Through poetry, captivating imagery and an evocative soundtrack, it delves into the complexities of life's challenges, triumphs, and the resilience that resides within us.

The soundtrack can be accessed using the QR code at the beginning of each chapter.

grit.

T





A perpetual observer of a world that turns just slightly out of reach.



Residing in a hushed theatre of fleeting encounters,
Two souls bound together by ephemeral threads.

Amidst the anguishing dance of chance,
They share transitory moments, a kinship unspoken.
One's laughter, a symphony of flowering blossoms,
The other's silence, a labyrinth of unspoken experience.

She, a whispering zephyr, soft with fragile grace,
He, a thunderstorm wrestling with the presence of the past.
Their encounter, a fleeting passage in life's great mystery,
The room painted with stolen glances and unspoken words.

The symphony played, though their hearts barely touched,
His thoughts linger on the solace they found.
Why was his body spared, while hers faded away?
In a sorrowed introspection, he longs for a lost song.

He questions the maestro's grotesque design,
Why grant life's encore to a soul so burdened and imperfect?
For she, in her fleeting innocence, held an untold legacy,
He is left a mere silhouette lingering in unanswered questions.

In this melancholy theatre of shadows and light,
The survivor lingers, haunted by the tender moments shared.
He ponders the unspoken narrative of their brief duet,
A saga of two souls, connected and parted.



Last Song



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In the quiet corners of my soul,
there's an unspoken yearning,
a longing for connections that
time and shadows have distanced.
A puzzle with missing pieces lies
before me, the image appearing
fractured.

Their presence lingers in my
weakening memories and the echoes
of shared moments, but it's the
unspoken that shapes the barriers
between us.

Its weight casts shadows over the
possibility of healing these rifts, and
I find myself lost in the paradox of
what could be. I wonder if they too
hide a desire to bridge the silence
that keeps us apart.

Love, a profound and complicated
experience, entangles itself with the
pain of unresolved fractures within
the soul. It's a silent ache.

It runs deep, leaving wounds that
time refuses to heal. In the stillness,
I cling to the hope that someday
history's grip might loosen, and we
can discover a warmth and harmony
I am destined to embrace.



Within the silenced chambers of my heart, an unexplainable ache remains, a love that bloomed in the innocence of our youth. I've been forever altered by this heartbreak.

A fading letter, penned with the ink of beloved memories, where my love's echo persists, evoking tenderness and sorrow. I reflect upon those moments, the love we shared, and the mistake that altered our course.

This lost love is etched in the past, a haunting presence, forever young and pure. It was a day when love met circumstance, a fragile thread of fate, severed. I carry the weight of guilt, believing it was my burden.

Now sense speaks softly to me.
To realize the reality. Just as the rain
is not to blame for drenching the earth.
I am not to blame for the drought.

The love we shared was a masterpiece.
I've embraced forgiveness and
self-compassion, untangling
myself from the strings of guilt.

Our love remains a cherished memory,
a connection that transcends the
boundaries of time and circumstance.
In my heart, I carry its spirit, and through
healing I've found a profound peace.

Some losses are beyond our control,
but your memory remains
a cherished part of my life.
Your breath forever lasting
upon my body.

Guilty



The pain, suffering, sadness and feelings of inadequacy that you feel,
should shape you into a person who will help others to heal.

Healing



A dormant fury inhabits this cavity, a maze where passion lingers, Soft yet potent, an unspoken tempest born of scar tissue. Dormant, often unseen, it wields a piercing edge, twisting my perceptions, distorting the essence of truth.

This rage takes root beneath the twisted bark of a dark crown. A constant echo entangled within the past. Attempting to lighten its hue through numbing venom and faceless imposters, This silent storm persists to be a brooding force, a slayer of the innocent .

Not of malice, but a fear that coils inside, a fear that shapes my vision, casting shadows upon the walls. It masks reason and veils logic's victory. A tempestuous turmoil, an untamed, relentless plight.

Not to conquer, to navigate life's path, Amidst this twirling turbulence, seeking an elusive calm. Acceptance, not surrender, in embracing this cyclone's cry, hoping for a quieter peace.



Storm

The streets, unrest once simmered,
A newer chaos unravels, unfurls its disarray.

Shops echo with the sounds
of shattered glass,
Anger and fear paint the backdrop
of the city.

Disgust surges within at this
societal tangle,
A threadbare empathy amidst
ignorance's reign.

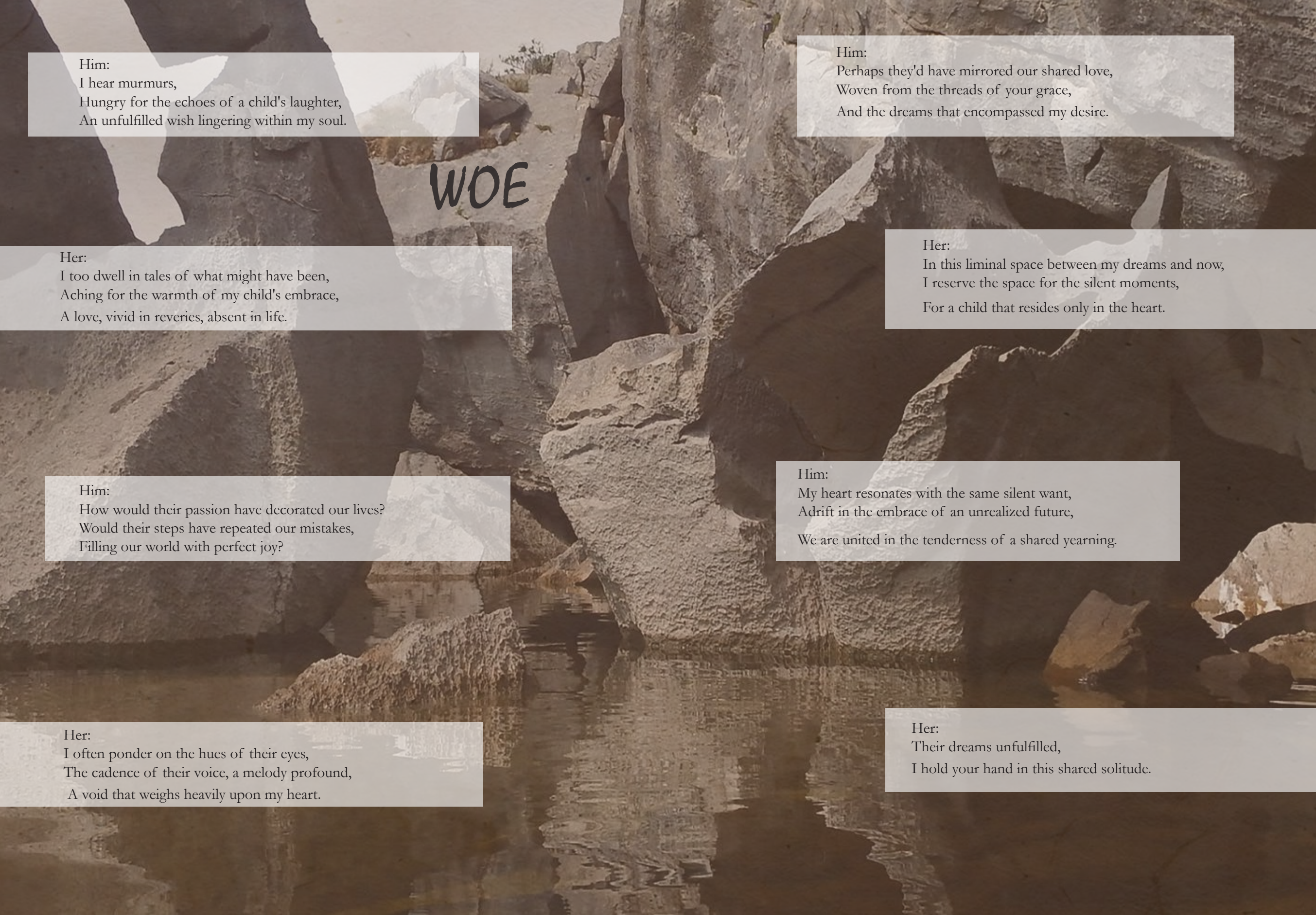
The vision of the future
cloaked in shadows,
A place once adorned in anxiety,
now grotesque.

This place, once a landscape of
victory's lament,
Now drifts towards a frenzied,
uncertain horizon.

As I ponder the future,
a sombre contemplation,
Is it time to depart this turmoil?







Him:
I hear murmurs,
Hungry for the echoes of a child's laughter,
An unfulfilled wish lingering within my soul.

Him:
Perhaps they'd have mirrored our shared love,
Woven from the threads of your grace,
And the dreams that encompassed my desire.

WOE

Her:
I too dwell in tales of what might have been,
Aching for the warmth of my child's embrace,
A love, vivid in reveries, absent in life.

Her:
In this liminal space between my dreams and now,
I reserve the space for the silent moments,
For a child that resides only in the heart.

Him:
How would their passion have decorated our lives?
Would their steps have repeated our mistakes,
Filling our world with perfect joy?

Him:
My heart resonates with the same silent want,
Adrift in the embrace of an unrealized future,
We are united in the tenderness of a shared yearning.

Her:
I often ponder on the hues of their eyes,
The cadence of their voice, a melody profound,
A void that weighs heavily upon my heart.

Her:
Their dreams unfulfilled,
I hold your hand in this shared solitude.



You raised a brother whose blood is as treacle,
Witnessed in the fleeting moments, no seatbelt,

A repercussion for kindness or an aggressor so vile,
Fighting not for answers, seeking only more time,

Illusionist health is what they still practice,
Pharmaceutical potions, wellbeing baptised,

Still with the family, farewells are ill wanted,
A zephyr in the fog, a spirit absconded,

You are in control now, the master of the aggravation,
An energy cherished forever, love without hesitation,

For eternity now rest.



Ar Son Na Síochána

Don't be sad if you're going to die,

The rest must wait in line.



TURMOIL.

Leave me alone,
Leave me alone for me,
Leave me alone for her,
Leave me alone for him,
Leave me alone for them,

Please.



The Silent

The silenced hours harbour a symphony of solitude.

Hisses rise from the hollows of my past. Unseen, yet ever-present, a tormenting interlude.

Echoes of a tale that once took hold, steadfast.

Amongst friends' laughter and the day's bright hues. A fleeting pause, a sudden catch in my breath. A shadow of the past, like a haunting muse. The silence reveals the struggles of life's breath.

hours

When the world takes a slumber in the dead of night, the quiet becomes a thunderous roar in my mind. Each whispered thought, a war that ignites, Filling the void, leaving no solace to find.

The residue of trauma, in the silence, seeps, In the tranquillity of night, where pain creeps. A constant reminder, refusing to be shed, It's the silence that screams, filling me with dread.

Yet, within this turmoil, I find a hopeful spark, A resilience growing in the stillness of the night. Amidst the silence, I aim to embark, Towards healing and peace, in the day's first light.



Fringe


Amid laughter and intimacy, there is a persistent sense of being on the fringe, a perpetual observer of a world that turns just slightly out of reach.

Comforts and love cloak, the echo of an outsider persists. The nexus insinuates strength, yet an unseen chasm seems to lie between one and the rest of the world.

Its grip loosened, but it is casting shadows where understanding often falters. There's a longing for a connection, a hope for a glimpse beneath the surface and an unveiling of the complexity within.

And still, a twinge of guilt arises, realising that humanity is a tapestry of sorrow. An intricate dance of seeking solace and reconciling, everyone a unique thread.





Quiet

Resolve

In the shadows they practice their sinister trade,
they barter souls with a malevolent smirk,
their hearts clad in masks of deceit and malice.

I've tasted the bitter draft of their venomous works,
felt the debris of my spirit shatter,
bruised by the rebounds of their scornful laughter.

Yet, amid the ruins of my own haunting past,
I glimpse fragments of redemption,
a glimmer of resilience amidst the wreckage.

How do I reconcile the chaos within their wake?
The ones who deal in lives like they're mere trinkets,
unfurling the darkness of human greed.

A convoluted path towards healing beckons,
its twists and turns obscure their grim fate,
while I tiptoe through my own fractured reflection.

I've found threads of solace in the unknown,
but for them, trapped in the mire of exploitation,
their wounds still bleed, unattended, ignored.

What resolution befits their unspoken plight?
Can the broken shards of their existence find solace,
or linger as echoes in the caverns of their despair?

In my quiet resolve, I seek a way forward,
but their chapters, marred in untold anguish,
remain a harrowing testament to our humanity's ills.



Missing



Exodus from Hell



My homeland, where my life once bloomed,
A devil emerged from dark clouds of doom.
Establishing hell with a violence profound,
Leaving a trail of suffering, an unmerciful
sound.

A life I loved, now lost to the fire,
Children scattered; dreams tangled in briar.
The prince's motive entwined with despair,
A frightening business, a lucrative affair.

Fleeing from flames, we courageous few,
Leaving behind a home I once knew.
To the coast we ran, to face the abyss,
An ocean of uncertainty, a gamble for bliss.

Lucifer's agents, shadows in the night,
Hunting the cowards, no sign of respite.
Still, we cast off, our spirits broken,
An exodus from hell, a pain unspoken.

Through the waves, under a bigot's cruel glare,
A fragile vessel, but love is not rare.
Surviving on dreams, resilience, and might,
Some made no journey, determined to fight.

An unfamiliar coast, a welcoming shore,
The shadow of a devil lurks evermore.
In this new land, I struggle to belong,
I will survive, he shan't silence our song.









A drunken blur of the night, a nausea of remorse,
Speech lost in the dim, a path without discourse.
Poison and laughter, the ambiance grew,
A shadow from my past, a sombre hue.

A connection unfolded, unfamiliar but known,
Their father's face in the crowd, a story to bemoan.
Ignorance hid the truth, masked by inebriation,
The consequence of getting fucked, a sober revelation.

In the glow of intoxication, faces tangled and blurred,
The moment soon passed; the recognition deferred.
Regret lingers in the silence, a father ignored,
Lost in the shuffle of a muddled hoard.

Attempts to share, to bridge the divide,
Met with laughter and indifference beside.
A significant encounter, puzzled by drink,
Unspoken remorse, hearts seemed to shrink.

Botched articulation and empathy obscured,
Guilt surfaces, my solitude assured.
A relationship tested with an incessant laughter,
As darkness envelopes, I need to run faster.

Alone in the aftermath, a nausea moves in,
An apology unsaid; the chance lost for him.
To convey a remorse that lingers inside,
Navigating regret, with no soul to confide.

Yet another regret in the passage of time.
And another friend's confidence turned on a dime.

I
Just Want
To
Go Home

*Baby Shoes,
Never Worn*



Smouldering in the rain, is there anything more depressing?
A frivolous dance with a combustion, a subject worth addressing.


Each damp molecule distilling in an agent of deception,
Time after time disobeying death with eternal resurrection.

The Reign

Reign



Don't allow
the Darkness
to consume
YOU



Like a
carnivorous
Bacteria.



Screw this, I'm going on eternity leave

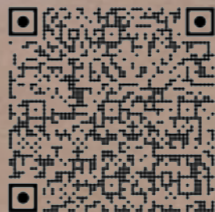
Strength

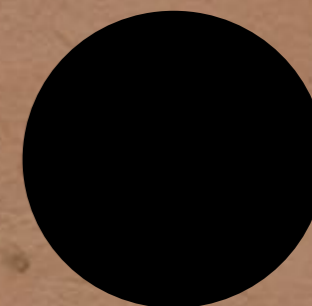


Rowan

Resilience

三





With curious steps, I inch forward.



A person wearing a dark coat and holding a light-colored umbrella stands in a rainy city street at night, viewed through a doorway. The street is wet and reflects the lights from buildings and a street lamp. A yellow car is parked on the street. The scene is framed by the dark interior of the doorway.

Beneath lies a

H
u
m
a
n

an untold design

Language
of Minds

Through the language of minds, words become knives,
Etching diagnoses based on the surface of our thoughts.

Books, they call them, manuals of the soul,
Guiding how we talk about the darkness within.

They disperse like plasma on the pavement of society,
These diagnoses echoed and embraced.

Not just names for what we face within,
But a lexicon shaping how our stories are told.

Rules stamped in the segments of these manuscripts,
How one should feel, behave, or even be.

Each symptom and sign neatly scripted,
A label for every oddity, every hue of colour.

Currency in the marketplace of distress,
Monetary value pinned to psychological conflict.

An economy built on diagnosing despair,
The price for recognising our inner chaos.

Is it progress or a sign of our times?
This surge in scripts, these newfound terms.

Findings heralded as keys to understanding,
Or just an attempt to pigeonhole the human condition?

Your
body

has an
innate

wisdom,

listen to

its cues.

Respond
accordingly.





Beauty Unseen

My dear,
In this swirling chaos of humanity's darker shades,
I find solace in salvaging slivers of beauty,
A beauty unseen by eyes,
Though often obscured by ignorance.

I stand distant from the bigotry and violence,
Refusing to be cast in that disgusting mold.
Yet, within me, a disquieting contradiction stirs,
A silent pleasure in the chaos, tinged with guilt,
Satisfaction in anarchy, born of endured pain.
I do not want to be an emblem of hate or narrow-mindedness.

My spirit disavows violence, bigotry, and their ilk,
I grapple with this contradictory existence,
Clinging to the glimpses of grace amid havoc,
Perhaps an erroneous belief that the good can persevere,
Even when humanity seems at its most evil.

Navigating through a world of grotesque facades,
Holding onto the fragile remnants of silver linings,
An antidote to the unrest that surrounds us.

Amidst the disarray, we salvage grace,
Seeking solace in the salvaged shards of beauty,
Despite the turmoil that envelopes our world.

Anyway, see you tomorrow, maybe things will be clear.



Dance With Doubt

A plunge into the vortex of artistic passion,
The chaos of a creative venture is a little old fashioned.
Ideas cascade, a torrent of visions uncurled,
And within the disorder, ambiguity is twirled.

A composition of thoughts, an anarchic ignition,
Follicles severed for the cause of fruition.
Strokes of imagination, bold and grand,
Crafting worlds and from a language few understand.

In the maelstrom of this artistic sea,
Some lose sleep over what could be.
A whisper of doubt, a shadow of fear,
I strive for simplicity, none yet here.

Do the unburdened lead tranquil lives,
Free from the turmoil, free from the cries?
Contemplating a life so seemingly plain,
Void of the colors that in my life reign.

The clash of uncertainties, the clash of might,
In the confliction, my creations take flight.
The struggle gives meaning to this artistic quest,
A dance with doubt, where passion finds its best.

Do not
RELY
on
OTHERS,



you have already let YOURSELF
down by resorting to it.

Why fear the Reaper

I'm a child caught in the rhythm of an unseen waltz, painted onto parchment, inspired by the verses that echo in the twilight.

The whispers of the reaper, a comforting lullaby seeping through the fabric of time. It has cemented itself into the essence of my spirit.

Your lyrics, veiled in the symphony of existence, beckon me, an enigma akin to shadows cast by a flickering flame.

In the gentle cadence of the hymn, I've glimpsed your silhouette, embracing the curious dance of what lies beyond this transient stage.

These verses, cryptic as moonlit riddles, stir my musings. They've taught me not to fear your spectral touch, but to embrace it with an innocent yearning.

A melody that paints visions of tranquillity, secrets of the realm concealed beyond life's horizon.

Oh Reaper, in this labyrinth of regret and un-lived dreams, I await your silent overture, craving to unlock the secrecies ensconced within your perplexing embrace.

With curious steps, I inch forward.







GROW

Be still,
They order as the vertex of the pine burrows anew,
Another highway in my body,
Liquid red now been freed upon,
Only seconds lasts, wounds to a rhythm,
They take my health a drop at a time.

Be still, Be still ,
They come in and say ,
We are not done with you yet ,
Lay your games at bay,
Hours after death this disgust gets worse,
Such a monstrous creation should be banished and cursed.

Mechanically driven ,it enters my temple,
I feel not pain anymore, its sympathy gentle,
Be still, Be still,
It will not last long.

Now still, the morphine takes hold,
An amphetamine , euphoria , my body sold.
My methods and picture,
So scruffy and untidy.
Be still, Be still,
My mind adrift.

I have now come to live without my aggressor,
A new picture now rests upon the dresser,
This strange feeling, I will miss him but for with him I'll die,
We must part ways to drown the futures cries.

Be still, Be still, Be still no more,
Resurrection, reconciliation , a lock on the door,
He should not come back, death awaits his return,
Unnaturalness, deformity, ash in the urn.

My Aggressor.



I BELONG here.



Joy & Sorrow

are closely linked and are inseparable aspects of being human.

Prospects of individualism are not welcomed here,
A structured form of hypocrisy, sugar coated fear.
An age-old system with a crippling arthritis,
Many tend to its survival whilst it cruelly shapes us.


Incorrect without knowledge of fairness or equality,
Uneducated soldiers defying equanimity.
Enslaved for years, working censored academics,
A hope for a cure, a relentless pandemic.

Strangled by the neck of each day out,
An order to conform, not to be missed out.
Rebellions closed fist slowly creeps up,
Creativity silenced by a nervous gulp.

Highborn, highbrow , highflyer versus the lesser,
The contagious quest for paper becomes even greater.



*Special
Education*



I find myself tracing the curves of our shared history with this pen. Time has granted me a perspective that exceeds old grievances; thus, I feel compelled to share them with you.

In the days gone by, your shadow loomed large in my world, casting doubts, angst, and anger that rippled through our relationship. I yearned for a family united, a kinship unburdened by the weight of ancient conflicts. The trivial and age-old disputes seemed insignificant against the backdrop of what truly mattered—the bonds that tied us together.

Now, among foreign landscapes and the passage of years, I write to you not with lingering resentments but with a heart that empathizes. Life, with its complexities and burdens, must have weighed heavily on your shoulders, shaping decisions that reverberated through generations.

I have chosen to set aside the old grievances, not because they were inconsequential, but because they no longer hold the power to define our present. Forgiveness is not a denial of the past; it is acknowledging the scars but choosing not to let them shape our future. In this understanding, knowing that the journey could have been different, I extend a chance at reconciliation.

It means acknowledging the scars but choosing not to let them shape our future. It is a complex journey that involves looking at our shared history differently and embracing the possibility of a better connection ahead.

As I pen these words, I implore us to look forward. The future, a fresh surface that covers and modifies the past; waiting for shared strokes and is ours to shape.

May this letter bridge the distance between us, carrying a vow. I hope we can find a way to reconnect and share in the joys of each other's lives.

With understanding and hope,

Letter Home



A painful bliss awaits the man who searches for wealth in

a poor world and not for peace in the rich soil.

A painful bliss awaits the man who searches for wealth in

a poor world and not for peace in the rich soil.

A night sky with a starry galaxy and a snowy path leading through a field.

Ineffable Toll

In this confined world of these walls,
Each day offers an opus of fleeting encounters,
A union of diverse lives entwined but briefly.
Strangers share space, moments and stories,
A camaraderie born within sterile confines.

Yet, as the sun rises and sets, faces change,
Rooms once filled with laughter and shared stories,
Echo hollowly with the absence of familiar expressions.
The bed that held a soul yesterday is vacant today,
A poignant reminder of life's fleetingness.

Souls enter and depart, a recurring melody,
Some renewed by hope, others swallowed by despair.
Each departure leaves a void, an empty chair,
A friend lost, a stranger's pain replacing the familiar.

Professionals move amidst this shifting tapestry,
Their hearts embracing while staying guarded,
For they witness the ebb and flow of life's tides daily,
Their compassion is an unyielding beacon in the storm.

How do they detach themselves from this flux?
Their resilience is a testament to strength,
Their empathy, a shield against numbing desensitization.

In these corridors where life and loss intersect,
We can find solace in the humanity that persists,
And yet, the toll it takes remains ineffable.



Never
trust a
PERSON
with
soft
FEET.

Now it lay
untold before
me it may,
for I am merely
a Passenger
on this fine
Day.



Beautifully

Kalopsia whispers the wind's gentle breath,
A delusion of beauty, an appearance of depth.
I gaze upon this fallen fruit; an image to extend,
Falling from the stars, not here to make amends.

The fruit lies scattered, the reel exposed to light,
Each blemish and imperfection, penitence ignites.
A hand plucks the hungry for an idealised taste,
Elicit altered deceptions, a farm without waste.

The waltz of conformity is a frivolous masquerade,
The fallen fruit ignored; a shadow left to fade.
In each failing, a remarkable story is spun,
A taste of authenticity before the show's final run.

From the orchards tower, a distorted figure appears,
Picking what's deemed beautiful, blind with no ears.

In the fallen pit manifests a profound resilience,
Beauty's rebellion against Kalopsia's subtle brilliance.

The reel lies the most in the flawless façade,
Unflinchingly raw imperfections disobey the mirage.

The fallen fruit is a symbol, a protest to delusion.
Eating no fruit at all is the definitive solution.

Obscure





Protection



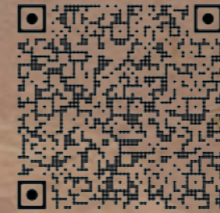
Primrose

Healing

Victory Conquest Success Rejuvenate Restoration Renewal Melancholy Poignant Sorrowful Odyssey Exploration Expedition Tenacity Endurance Fortitude Jubilant Blissful Exuberant

B L I S S F U L H T D Y P A
C E E T U E I O N I S E Y E
Y C N O O T N N O N N S X E
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III





I am not just surviving.



F Journey with

Darkness wages silent wars,
I stood, a warrior, facing a formidable foe.

Through the trials of undetected battles,
I traversed stormy seas, scars seen and felt.

Each clash a test of fortitude,
Victories painted upon the opus of my soul.

While comrades surrendered to the unforgiving tides,
I remained, marked but unbroken, instincts sharpened.

Life's fickle dance presents a succession of contests,
Near the edge, glimpses of abyss, yet I endured.

A survivor with hope,
I journey forth, guided by kinder prophecies.
Senses keen, determination unwavering,
Tenacity echoes softly, as life extends a gentle hand.



AMORE.

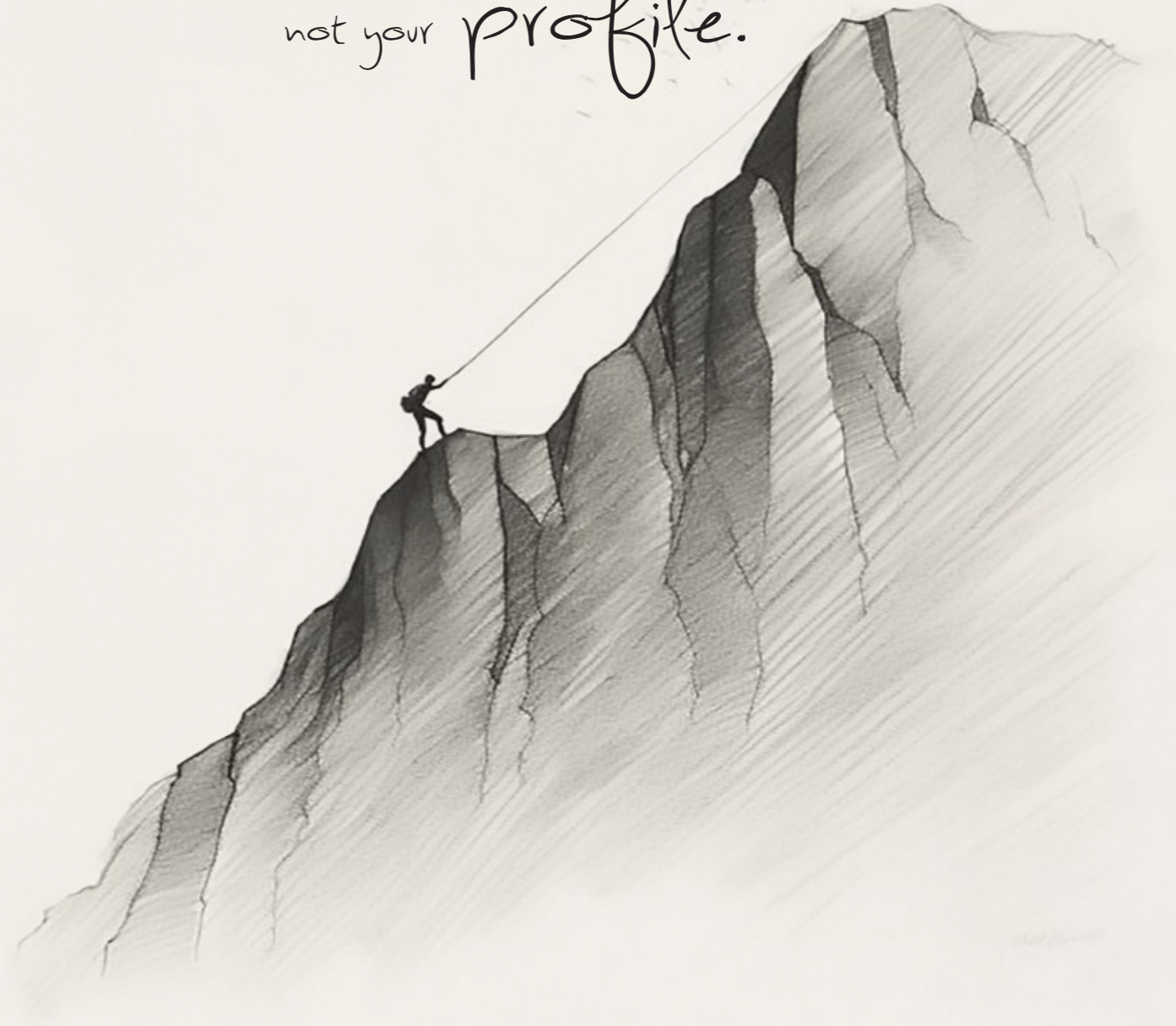
Loving you puts no weight on my heart,
I cannot remember the times without you, nor the start.

Taking you out increases my mind's elasticity,
A lovely kiss to my teeth, a cacophonous ecstasy.

You tempted a suffered fool with a healing embrace,
Your beauty existing among men who've lost life's race.

You my love, we must part ways for each fortnight away,
Together for life until one of us death claims.

not your profile.



update your passions,



A gentle heat allows the gold to melt,
Forty grams will do, caress with the felt.
One hundred grams of onions, chopped and diced,
Orange sweeteners are worth a century, a flavor enticed.

Bathed and cut celery, a centum on the scale,
A bullseye on potatoes, the method cannot fail.
This vessel takes a spell, with no time for sight-seeing,
A fragrant symphony a blur, quarter from the beginning.

This literal moment, the earth awakens with stock,
A savoury essence clucks new life in the pot.
Seasons change with snow, the chefs beautiful code,
Peppered with ambition, and hour bestowed.

Tides simmer, infused with the necessities of life,
Aromatics washed and cuts healed from the knife.
An antidote to sickness, a ritual each day,
Passed down generations, a lifetime each stay.

Share it with each other as many make the brew.
Resources from the ground, each taste anew.
A gentle fire quenched, a pause from the stand.
Blending the experience, a soup now at hand.

Butter
Leeks
Onions
Carrots
Celery
Potato
Stock
Salt
Pepper

Recipe for SOUP





Those whose pain has lasted more than a century,
Were bound to discover their nirvana eventually.

Tears not of sorrow run down the axed cheek,
Wanting for anything but to leave this beauty,
Hells home so bleak.

Tortured souls finally crying they're saved,
But the illegality of their paradise makes them liberators enslaved.

The higher powers do not want a world euphoric,
For if love were not abundantly free, a taxation would be proudly
upon it.

*A Different
Shade of Blue*

Hands weathered in the ancient
walls he builds,
Each stone, a story etched in the lines
sketching the hills.
A labor of love, timeless, enduring,
Dawn gently wakes the dust each morning.

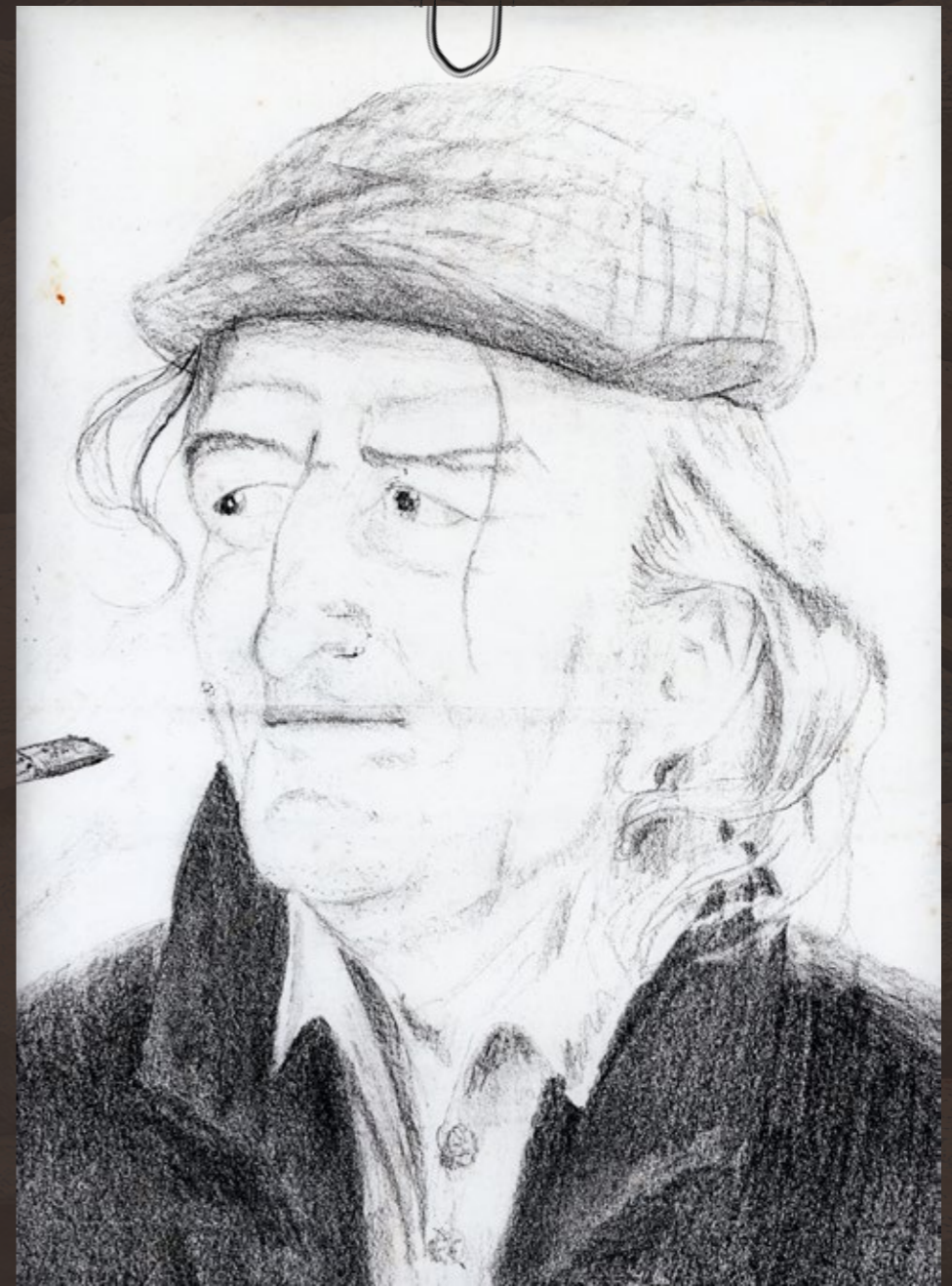
Each beat of the chisel is a rhythm in stone,
A masonry of vision, far and wide known.
An inherited craft passed down from the heav-
ens.
He weaves houses and forts; we glimpse at
resilience.

He feels the weight of the stones he lays,
A burden shared by the others on days.
Yet still in the silence, a satisfaction blooms,
As each piece finds its place, history ensues.

As he puts down his tools the mason speaks,
“I wonder what ants think of these towering
peaks?”
The mason knows better than to say anymore,
Philosophy is for wiser men and the terribly
bored.

Witness to the cycle of changes and a beauty
formed,
As stone bridge between his labor and a life he
adores.
In the sketch of a mason, he sits in the silence,
A depiction of pride and challenges finding
their balance.

The Stone Mason



Sketch by Marcus Flemming, 1988

I stand below peaks so grand,
A tiny soul in nature's hand.
Midst the solitude, I've found my embrace,
Capturing moments, each sight, each trace.

Nature's canvas, a majesty profound,
Instills calmness, and joy unbound.
Why should others pass this beauty by?
Lonely wanderer, I wonder why.

In my thoughts, curiosity overflows,
The perfect symphony of life, where loveliness grows.
With awe, I watch the sea's playful dance,
My feet splash to its rhythm, a fleeting romance.

Cormorant



A dusting breeze over nature's intricate design,
The tides, the moon, and the stars aligned.
Every colour, every sound woven into harmony,
The origin of this world owes to alchemy.

The chamber's hue and a wick aglow,
A mistake in the world that not many know.
My joy brushed a subtle touch of rue,
If others could only see it, I confess I do.

Reassurance echoed in a tender sigh,
For I am a wanderer, wondering why.
A diligent dreamer, with love abundant.
Adrift in such beauty, guided by a cormorant.

Be still, be still,

my mind adrift



The cogent men hold
their tormented hearts
close,
Their blood is blackened
from concrete, with a
tint of a rose.

Weak men thrive to feast upon
their empathy,
Together a front line, arranged by
destiny.

At moments so brazing, not a
whisper they'll cry,
Madness boils, they soon would
rather die.

Quickened to love, only to
be loved by each other,
These cogent men trust
only their brothers.

Cogent Men



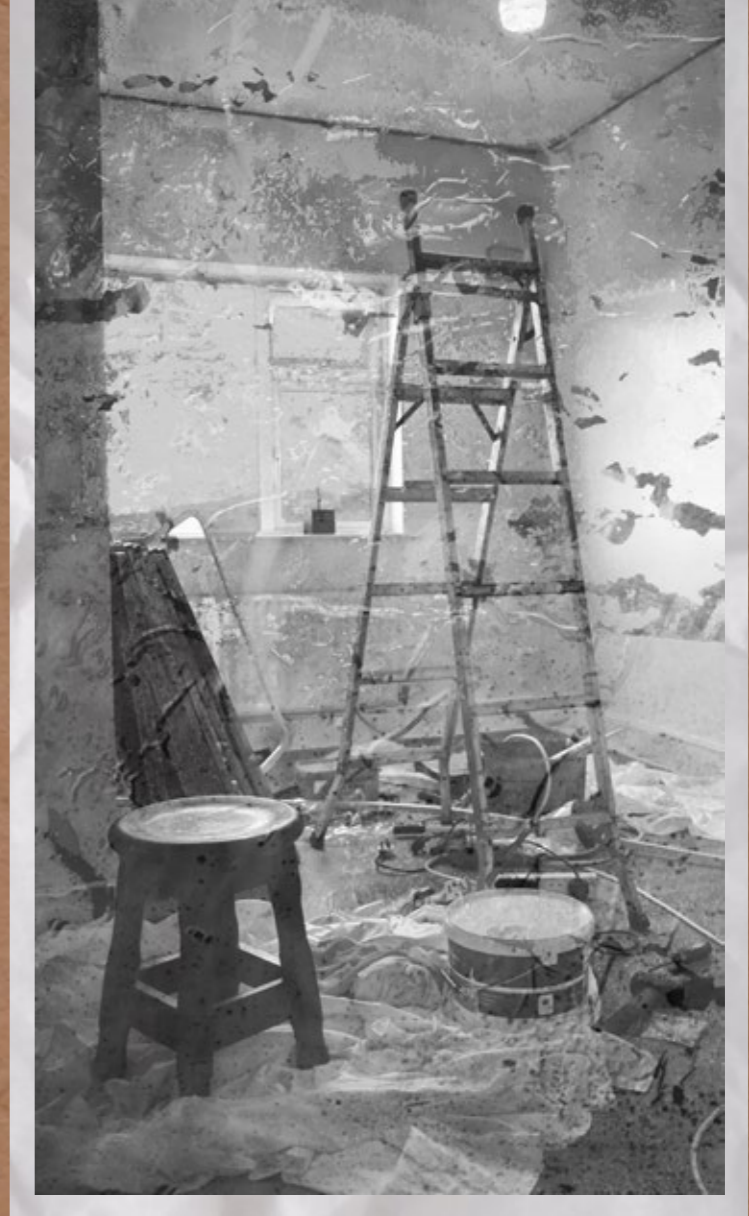
The fabric of existence is delicate, a flicker of fragility dances hand in hand with an unexpected vigour

It's as if life itself, in all its capriciousness, has woven a tale of contrasts within me.

A whispered breath could topple me, yet within those tender threads of vulnerability, an unseen reservoir of strength resides.

Each day becomes a symphony of endurance, a testament to the unyielding will that courses quietly through my veins often brushed with fatigue.

There's a profound beauty in recognizing that even when my steps falter, there's a tenacity that propels me forward, defying the odds in a quiet rebellion against adversity.



STEPS
Falter

Those
who
heard
the
MUSIC
cried.



Catcha
9
Day

An institution of life, where paths entwine,
Acceptance, a strip, a love divine.
A singular plane, no ends to find,
A seamless bond, souls aligned.

A twisted journey, abundantly shared,
The child's cry, without a parent's care.
A strip unbroken, a continuous flow,
The infinite circuit, disallowed to grow.

Upon first gaze, connected through eyes,
A moment imprinted, where pure love resides.
The beauty in adoption, a boundless endeavor,
Providing a life, while doing others a favor

A multitude of reasons, no distinct start,
Möbius is loved, a restored work of art.
The endless dance of shared joy and tears,
A family formed, transcending the years.

From one to another, it was Möbius instead,
A fairytale drawn from books that were read.
A continuum of love, arched crease on a face,
In the warmth of a stranger, he has found his place.

Möbius



A golden capsule, on whimsical track,
Weird and fluffy with no turning back.
Wonkytown, a realm both wobbly and
wild,
Reality askew, like a mischievous child.

Embark with companion on a
medicinal dance,
A wobbly world unfolds,
textures enhanced.
A kaleidoscope of chaos, a
tipsy dream,
Blind from reality, hours
unseen.

In the wobbly meadow,
young horses grow,
The ground our pillow,
having a blast below.
A dusted jungle, skiing a
modified place,
The beauty of shadows in a
fire's known place.

Wonkytown

Unable to communicate our
cosmic ride,
Laughter-filled mazes, where
shadows reside.
A river of hues, float longer if
asked,
Wonky reflections from a
digital dash.

Wonkytown's charm, our
senses entwine,
The mundane glisten in
ecstasy's shine.
A tipsy adventure, laughter
profound,
By the golden capsule, in
Wonkytown we're found.



If they won't climb a tree ,

leave the company you're in.



Folded Sheets

Shameful acts of a borrowed room,
A whisper of discomfort starts to loom.
Expectations, like folded sheets pristine,
A scent defining reality which must be kept clean.

The porcelain throne is a seat of trust,
Yet a crucial detail begins to adjust.
A roll depleted, an oversight unseen,
Embarrassment lurking in the cracks between.

Uncomfortable echoes in a reflective space,
A simple request becomes a delicate case.
An unforeseen hiccup to arouse suspicion,
An inventory empty for this classified mission.

We covet our needs in polite disgrace,
Asking for more, in defeat we chase.
Pure vulnerability, a universal book,
Folded leaves of friendship,
one sheet was all it took.

Don't tell the religious anything,
they might just tell God.





The music, a divine force, wraps its branches around me, pulling me into the shared rhythm. Bodies sway, hearts move in unison, and for a fleeting moment, we are bound by a communal understanding of existence.

The bass reverberates through my bones, a primal call echoing through the ages

The pulsating beats, the rhythmic heart of the night, we gather.
Surrounded by a sea of faces, some close, others afar.
We are all destined to embark on a collective journey.

The air is thick with anticipation, the exosphere electric.
Here, within the soul of merriment, the alchemy of music, intoxicants, and shared energy takes hold.

Libations flow, a portion of liberation.
The elixir of fellowship blurs the lines between friend and stranger.
In this field, we are one organism, shedding the scales of the mundane. Laughter intertwines with the melody, and the night reveals a tapestry of collective happiness.

I find a catharsis, a release from the burdens that tether me to daylight.
The ordinary dissolves, and I am witness to the intense essence of humanity. A celebration of survival, of connection, of love.

The marrow emits a kaleidoscope of sensations, we rediscover the ancient truths.
The unknown becomes a comrade, and the dance becomes a ritual, an expression of life's vibrancy.
Here, I am transported to a place beyond myself, a home where I feel the mystical on every vital note.



*I Find
Catharsis*





LISTEN to
the SONG within
YOURSELF.



Aftermath.

A wound carved deep within;
a peculiar sentiment lingers.
The prior abyss has taken on a
kind of comforting obscurity, as
if it were an expected rhythm of life.

Navigating life without the persistent
shadow of discomfort feels like a new
kind of nakedness, treading into
a world that once appeared distant.

A weight has been lifted, yet not
without leaving traces.
Moving forward is a testament to
resilience, a dance with the shadows
cast by yesterday's works.
And within this intricate interplay
of past and present, a subtle sigh
of relief whispers, assuring that
I'm not just surviving
— I'm thriving in the aftermath.



Rebirth



Transformation

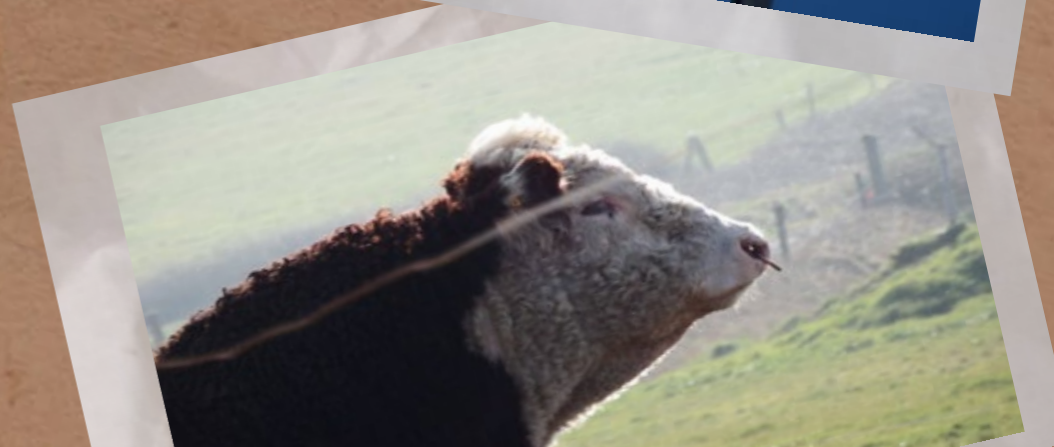
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I wrote some poems.

You should make a book.





...not for inhale the coals, a maze where passion
 yet yet yet, an unspoken tempest born of scar tissue
 Twisting my perceptions, distorting the truth essence of truth.
 This rose takes root beneath the twisted crown built of
 a dark crown. A ~~constant~~ constant echo
 entangled within the post.
 Through nursing ~~constant~~ constant
 The silent storm persists to be a wounding force, as you
 at the moment

No of matter, but a few that eats inside.
 A few that shapes my vision, casting shadows upon
 the walls.
 It masks reason and ~~with~~ logic's victory.
 A tempestuous turmoil, an enigma, relentless plight
 Not to conquer, to navigate life's path.
 Amidst this twisting tribulation, seeking an elusive calm
 Acceptance, not surrender. In embracing this explains cry.
 Happy for a quiet piece

Terminal
 Leave me alone!
 Leave me alone for me!
 Leave me alone for her!
 Leave me alone for him!
 Please! ~~PLEASE!~~
 Healing ✦
 The pain suffery, sadness and feelings of inadequacy that
 you feel, will shape you into a person who shall help others
 to heal.

Dancing with Doubt
 I play and the voice of artistic passion.
 The dancer, ~~ambiguity~~ of a creative venture is a little
 old fashioned.
 Ideas cascade, a torrent of visions unbridled.
 And yet within the disorder, ambiguity is twisted.
 The composition of thoughts, an anarchic garden.
 My pillars several for the cause of fiction.
 Strides of imagination, bold and grand.
~~weight~~ ~~shores~~ ~~floating~~ works from a language few understand.
 In the melatonin of this artistic sea.
 Some lose sleep over what could be.
 A whisper doubt, a shadow of fear.
 I strive for simplicity, none yet found here.
 Do the unbridled lead tonight here.
 Free from the turmoil, free from the pain.
 Conquering a life so solemnly plain.
 Void of the ~~its~~ colours that in my life reign.
 This clash of uncertainties, the clash of night,
 In the conjunction of conditions take flight.
 The struggle gives meaning to the artistic quest.
 A dance with doubt, where passion finds its best.



ORIE

Aidan O'Leary

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Aidan O'Leary, is a multifaceted artist from Killarney, County Kerry, Ireland.

As a DJ, poet, photographer, visual artist, videographer, and sound designer, he explores the various dimensions of art and creative media.

He explores various creative avenues to express his unique perspective on the world.

'Grit' marks his first publication, reflecting his dedication to storytelling and artistic exploration.

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So, what did you find?

Grit is an exploration of the human experience. Through poetry, captivating imagery and an evocative soundtrack, it delves into the complexities of life's challenges, triumphs, and the resilience that resides within us.

The soundtrack can be accessed by way of the QR code at the beginning of each chapter

