

Leprechaun's Lament

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1/15/07



'Twas a long, but special, eventful day,
When me ol' Granddad went out to play,

He'd climbed upon a ridge on high,
when a twinkle of somethin' caught his eye.

And far beyond the valley haze,
a glimmer of gold had fetched his gaze!

It seemed to shimmer beneath the sky
and called to him, youthful and spry.

It said to he, "Friend come hither!"
And that he did, to find the glitter.

And so he clamored, both far and wide.
He traversed entire mountainside.

And 'twen the rays of rainbow fell
upon a rocky creek-side swell,

'twas there he found his life content!
Gold and Silver of life's lament.

He kept it all safe and hoarded so...
that nary a family soul did know.

The bloke had secretly kept away
a stash of treasure of vast array.

None had known of his seducing prize,
until it had become his great demise.

He kept it all buried in dismal gloom,
as if it were sacred bones of a tomb.

He fretted and frayed in his home in the village.
What if some soul had pilfered and pillaged?

“What if they took what is rightfully mine?
‘Twas I that did and diligently find

these jewels, these coins, these swords that shine!
I’ll kill the soul that unrightfully finds

my treasure, my love, its mine, mine, MINE!
I’ll strangle the neck of the merciless swine,

that removes all my treasure I’ve cleverly hidden.
It only belongs to he that is bidden!

To claim it, protect it, keep it all safe,
and never succumb to carelessness haste.

For ‘twas I that found it...yes it was me!
I’ve vowed to protect its secrecy!

No one could covet this hoard of mine...
this once in a lifetime treasure find!

They could not lust after the rich...
the succulent...the savory...delicious stitch

of every pleat of fine royal silk,
every pearl...pure as mom's milk.

They simply could not, would not care...
for the greatest rewards this treasure could bear.

And so I shall keep it...secret and null.
I'll never give up its location in full."

* * * * *

And that's how he left it...and left us, to boot!
We never found treasure, never found loot.

We survived upon sorrow, and famine abound!
No one found comfort from what's in that ground.

No one found food, or happiness at all.
All that we found was the *treasure chest call*.

It's instilled in our blood...in our very veins!
It's warmed by the sun...cooled by the rains.

And I will find fury...more likely than not...
more likely than treasure in some special spot.

My family has rotted...my parents have died...
but could that location ever be prized

from a descendant...from someone who cared?
I do not think so...I do not dare

to ever think crossly of decisions made
by my Irish kin, from earlier days.

So maybe we'll starve...maybe we'll die.
Who really cares when there's treasure to vie?

Perhaps there will be fairies...all around
that care more for people than gold in the ground.

Maybe there will be truth unsold...
Possibly faith...unwanted of the gold.

Maybe the values of love and peace
will come before greed and unworthy grief.

Maybe the lessons unlearned before...
Will be held as honor, of love once adorned.

But, just so you know it, just so you care...
That same golden treasure is unclaimed and unshared!

Just look to the sun, when the rains have diminished...
Look to the soils...where rainbows finish!

It's always there...waiting for viewers.
It's poisonous head...waiting to skewer.

Oh, yes, it is there...that, you can bet.
Many still search. Many still fret.

But not this old block...I no longer care.
I need no gold...no jewels so fair.

I must be the only Irish of old...
that would rather see rainbows...than treasures of gold.

