



The Edge of Saturday Night

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The night spills its mystery
With the same few songs.
A parade of changing faces
Always young,
Dumb and inexplicably glum.

The ennui is upon me
And still, I never want to die.
As the bleeding edge is bled
So erosively dry.
It was here, at the wasteland
That the clock turned over.
For a man
Can live
Voraciously.
For only so long.

Night after night,
The vessel is emptied.
The same drink, song and sight
Dance, kiss and chance.
Until the scene is played
And you want...
Out.

That life can take a heavy toll,
Upon the Human soul
And the eyes,
Like a stomach

Fill to burst.
While there is no taste upon the tongue.

But

The path is not always clear.
For even with gentle eyes
And a restful heart,
A man can age
Long before his time.
You can feel it
In the way he talks.
A caution,
A fear,
A sense.
That the best is all behind.

So, tell me.
Did you ever find,
Whatever it was,
You set out,
To find?

We found the edge of Saturday night,
And it bores me,
So fantastically.