



*The West Coast
of
Heaven*

— *poems* —

Jack Moser

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The Male Journey (2006)

We Have Forgotten How to Make Fire (2007)

The Murmur of a Gentle Breeze (2008)

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Men in Therapy (2010)

You Can See Me From Here (2011)

I Love You to the Moon (2012)

The Wonder of it All (2013)

He Doesn't Have a Clue, Does He? (2014)

Who Cares? I Do. (2015)

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poems by

Jack Moser

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*To the God of the West Coast of Ireland
who has given me fifteen years of
beauty and friendship beyond
what I could have ever imagined.*

Thank you, Irish.

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Part I
The West Coast of Heaven

The West Coast of Heaven

When an Irish person dies,
leaving their home on the West Coast
she goes straight up to heaven.
When she arrives it looks exactly
like the west coast of Ireland,
where she has just departed.
She asks God, "Is this really heaven?"
"Yes," responds God.
"This is it."

True, the rocks are softer
with celestial singing over loudspeakers.
Roads are made of marshmallow.
Fields can be walked upon
without sinking.
Food grows everywhere.
Yet, it looks identical to home.
Upon further inspection, however,
So much is missing.

There is no wind
No blackberry bushes
No loose chipping on roads
No rocky walls surrounding paths
No rain.
Give me a break!
I want my heaven on earth.
I want bluster
And bombast.
We shall have to change heaven
just a bit.

It is much like visiting a housing development
Where everything is bright and shiny.
God can turn the weather on and off.
No, thank you.
I want my west coast heaven,
Thank you very much!
Give me cow dung and torrential rain
and, God,
Don't mess around with my heaven.

How Can I Keep From Singing?

I am home again in Ireland.
People I love are here.
People I would gladly die for
Welcome me as if I were “someone.”

In Ireland, I desire to be “no one.”
I am surrounded by giants,
People who love you as if this were
the easiest activity in their lives,
“And, for them it is.”

The Irish love you with this
steady diet of smiles, laughter, and embrace.
I am lifted above
to see life differently.
How can I keep from singing?
I cannot.

Irish Talent

It isn't the fact that Ireland
loves her arts.
It isn't the fact that what you see
and what you hear is beauty.
It is the fact that so many Irish
have so many artistic gifts,
So many sing and dance,
So many play more than one instrument.
Arts are the blood in their veins
They circulate into every artery
Bubbling forth in word and action.
Such a small country
fills the universe with joy.
"Fair play to you, Ireland."

The Stones Speak

Of all the natural beauty in Ireland,
the one most glorious item for me are the stones.
There are myriad walls
stretching everywhere in sight.
I never venture outside
without the stones speaking to me.

I see families in the bog
breaking large boulders into small stones.
I see them building walls
so to outline their property.
Each time I walk the roads
they speak to me.

They talk of the hard times
Of the famine and the wars
Of death and dying
Of the loving and the losing
Of all they saw
Of all they remember.

It is fascinating to me
that I can hear this
and see this.
Every day as I roam the paths
the stones speak.