

These people, My people  
Have always been called the quiet ones,  
Stuck in a manifested silence  
Spoken with a nod, a punch or from the ale glass.

# Boston Irish

Living by hand and a scar's promise  
They guide paranoid notions with the promise of patience,  
In the quiets of their suffering is the strength within their song  
While they count on the prayers and the luck from a silver saint's medal.

Bodies bruised by unconscious words,  
Drunk in the spits of victory they claim all spirits to be safe,  
And with arms locked inside one another they serenade the night,  
Voices in parade down Huntington and Yawkey,  
But in the deep eternal well of silence they forget how to weep.

These people, My people  
The rovers of ancient things that are calmed in solitude  
Find peace in recovering from injuries,  
Placing large ice packs onto wrenched bodies  
While still finding time to make bird calls to empty ceilings.

## Frank Reardon

Hard-over-worked-blue-collar-symphonies  
trapped in the blink of an eye that could tell a story of panic,  
Gazing wildly upon bar rooms, looking for the flame,  
trying to keep the mistress from marrying the rage,  
but as usual it's always too late...the shot glass is upside down.

Frank Reardon was born in Boston Mass, where he had lived for 27 years. He currently lives in North Dakota and is looking to get out. His latest full collection ' Interstate Chokehold' was published by NeoPoiesis Press on January 1st 2010. His next full collection is due out later this year ' Universal Darlings...Songs for Cosmic Bronco Boys'. Frank has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize, But will never win it ,Frank has been published in numerous print and online zines, He is currently working on his first novel.

