



Bloggers and Pops

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Dedication

To all souls who have had the courage to overcome

“Madonna Carew”

Foreword

*With this my first ever foray into the world of unbridled poetic genius,
“wink wink”*

*I feel fraudulent but driven by my ancestral gnashing
(Thank you TJ Carew) to give this a whirl.*

*Yes, my grandfather was quite the man of words as a writer for the
Newfoundland herald.*

*I heard much about him as a youngster yet never met him.
Seems about right considering I was the youngest of 15 with my mom
being menopausal at birth.*

*This book feels more like a birth, with all the growth, stretch marks,
dilation, screams, bloody placenta and euphoria that goes with it. With
every life there's a story. Confusion, lessons, coming of age, tribulation,
and if your lucky, a chance to tell it.*

This is my chance.

*I woke up in the middle of the night 5 years ago and couldn't stop.
The labour started and like a birth it came out. I had no say. No Vote. It
was ordained. Like a genetic coronation I was crowned with the word.*

May I wear it with honour. May you honour me by reading.

Ps:

*Life story coming
“Woman Child “. Stay tuned.*

Thank you so much

“Madonna Carew”

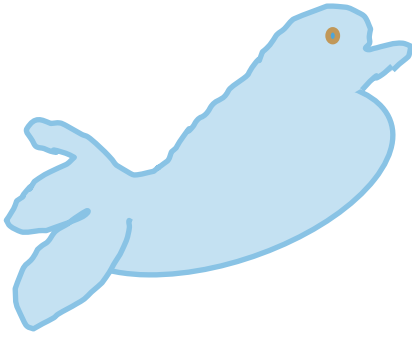
The musings of a Newfie of English, Irish descent

Always searching

Always questioning

Always yearning

So Grateful



The Sink

*Another dish a meal to talk or not
A tear on plate the spoons the steam
And forks to clean a life of eat
And drink a life it breaks*

The sink

*A water well of thought
And prayer to sigh and scrape
A place to breathe excuse escape the crowd
And sing*

*His hand behind to grab the breast
When guard is down the cloth
Goes round and round and groan*

The kiss on neck

The sink

*The heart of home to cleanse
The start and end of day to dream
Of days gone by and see the robin fly
Another spring the seasons watch
Outside and leaf will blow
And snow to say another day*

At sink

Diary

When I think of my mother, I see her at the sink

*What must she have thought while washing the dishes all those
years*

I know it is a time of deep thought for me

It was the inspiration for this poem

Here's to all who lovingly stand at the sink

Must say

Clothes Look Good

Today

The Breeze

Oops Sneeze

The ragweed here

Must say

Take on the day

Again again

Hello Louise

Early Spring they say

Clothes look good

Must say

Potatoes on

Tomatoes small

This year

Did you hear

Word is affair

He had don't stare

Must say

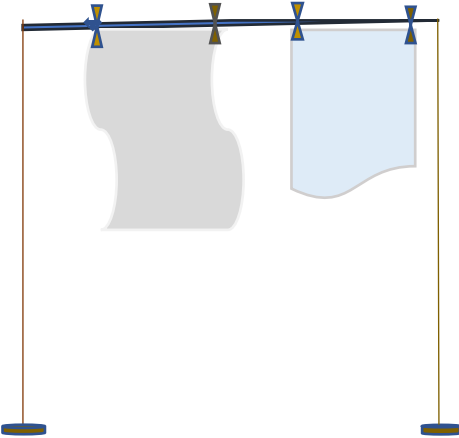
Whose there

In mirror

Can't say

Load is done

Clothes look good Today Must Say



Diary

*This poem is about the mundane of day to day
and how it becomes magnified in our minds*

Planet Quiet

*A planet found called quiet claims peace is to be found
What do I do without the noise the clash the clang the sound
What is this thing called quiet I fear it hurts my ears
They say it takes the blind from eye removes all pain all fear
How can this be I need the chaos, chaos loud to drown
Me out I'm used to it I'm used to spinning round
But emptiness does haunt a soul in sound at end of day
There must be something to this place it's really hard to say
Apparently, this quiet opens doors to paradise
What voice you say it's called the way, the way the truth the life
You have to sit be still and listen, listen to the voice
Not everyone gets in I hear but wouldn't it be nice
It says fear not my child I am I go before
I am I am come take my hand I'll walk you through the door
The me I know in tweet and chat and cloud and viral days
The planet quiet's shepherd never leads his lambs astray
I'll take you there it's easy so easy follow me
Go off and find this quiet child and never ever leave*



Diary

Oh The Need For Quiet

Forgive

If not now when

Own hand chokes

Let go to breathe

To love

To live

Then watch the sky

Blue so blue

Damn it's hard

Say again

If not now when forgive

The self first

The rod in eye

Will blind

No stone at you would throw

Then why them or they

You loathe

Never late

Do now

Live now

Love now

Forgive



Diary

I write the words but not necessarily practise them

Forgiving can be very difficult

I pray for the day it gets easier

It will be a great gift to me

Dirty feet



*Hard to run from dirty feet
Always there beneath
Reminder of the not shine
The silver buckle shine*

*Where are the buckles dirty feet
Soldier toes run in defeat
Retreat retreat those dirty feet*

*Walk on walk on the earth between
The rain to clean the dirt
The dirt off dirty feet*

*The chain of poor to dangle low
Try to lift high head
Memory deeds escape
But no escape the dirty feet*

*The naked soldiers battle long
To battle one more day
The callous cuts the battle scars
Scars of painful play*

*Retreat the battleground cement
To find the cool of grass
The slipper grass to pause the shame
The shame of dirty feet*

*One day the soldiers raise a flag
The dangle poor no more
Black shine the buckles on the feet
The victory over dirty feet*

Diary

This is the poem that I wrote the quickest

As the youngest of 15 children there were many days I had dirty feet

I'm not sure the shame ever leaves

*At best we can wear the shiniest shoes we can find and hope the memory
fades*

Ironically good came from it all

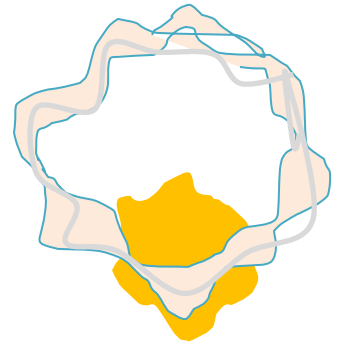
A sense of value, empathy and compassion for those suffering

A drive to do better, to achieve a life with shiny buckles

May those with dirty feet hold their head high

Dilute

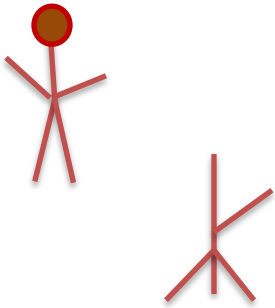
*Once done no form
Bleed out no shape or code
To guide the self
Runny eggs on plate
The toy of fate
Nations falter no salute
Dilute
Yet steadfast reign
With molten strength
Children not
To honor grey
But black and white
The pillar home
Solid ground
Sound and safe
Lest the harvest wilt
Unravel Frey
No
Keep the wine in bottle long
Nectar gods to bless the nation
Song and flute
Resist dilute*



Diary

*This poem is about fear
The fear of being rejected
To not stand for something you believe in
I have seen myself blatantly speak a non truth for acceptance
In the end it dilutes your sense of self
Then you have to live with that
We can end up living to numb that pain if your truth doesn't emerge
We respond to strength in government, nations, parents and so on
Because we know it is what works
In the end it is your undiluted truth that matters*

Alone Together



Ring of promise till death do us

Whatever

Psyche is tattered

And torn away

He loves me he loves me I love me

Not

Too late maybe, maybe not

Too late molt new skin

Molt yet begin

The first kiss a new taste

Could I could I may I

Walk the aisle anew

Till death flip of birth not life

Let's live, live, live

Together, Together



I can I will

"I do"

Diary

*So often you see a couple and instinctively you feel their love and
Acceptance for one another*

You know they are who they are in each others presence

*Then you meet those who are very uncomfortable being who they are
In the presence of their partner*

*You can't put your finger on it but once their mate is out of sight a
Different person appears, like a bird out of a cage*

Its very common and sad I believe

*This poem is about that and certainly I can relate as I have known
that experience*

*Hopefully one grows to choose a partner that represents the joy of
true friendship and honesty as well as intimacy*

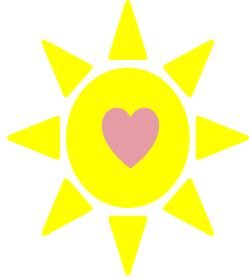


Poetry

*Always there to pluck
From thin and air
And ripe of thought
To rhyme and think in time
Such joy
Work shop matter grey
Not grey today
Create and labour love
Of poem
Long ago comes out
To thread the age
The tip of tongue and pen
Word quilt word maze
Will seize and freeze
The song the love
The love God song
Forever
Poem*

Diary

*How I have enjoyed every moment of these words coming together to
share with you*



South

Lonely

Darkness calls the day away

Sweat run

The sun to set now play

Did toast and scorch

The porch with swing

And crackled paint

The long ago where pencils mark

My you have grown don't go

Alone

Remind the days will sway and twirl

The skirt behind the barn

The heart still there

A fake replace

I do I don't I did now what

Alone

The mockingbird

Will trill for me

The birdsong

Peace will land

And beetle feast on boll

My south

My home alone

Diary

The deep south has always caused a stir in my soul

It is so beautiful, haunting, rife with history

*As if you can hear the cries of the slaves and feel the folly that such heat
Brings*

The passion, the sweat

The romance, the debutants of long ago, Tara

Yet there is an intense loneliness I feel as well

I'm not sure why that is but I love the south

Youth

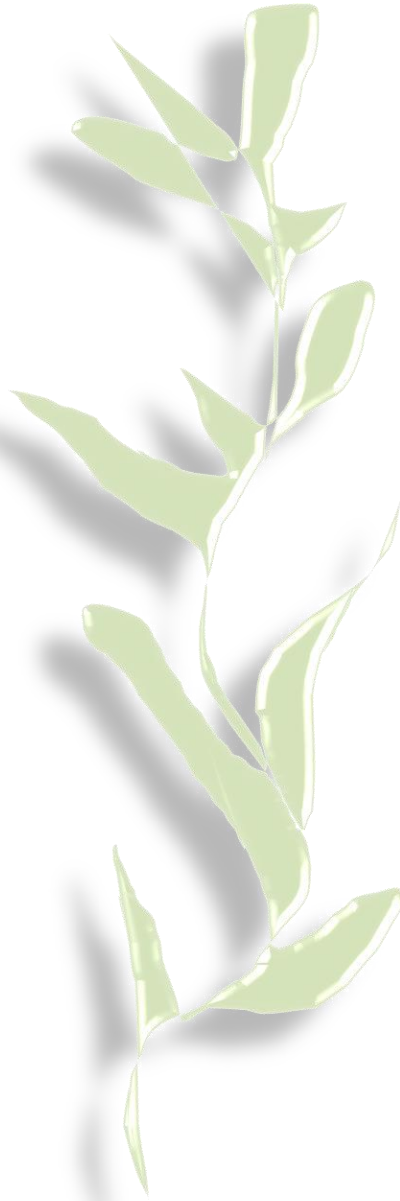
*Leaf soft and green
Stems wrapped around the dew
Like lovers' legs entwined
Awaiting sun's embrace*

*A virgin tongue awaits the sweet
The sour the new
To never tire of the awe
The tang
The taste*

*Please stay
Stay like that
Stay like that implore
Be gone the wither wilt
Decay
Youth, youth the young
Endure*

*Rewind the night go back the cloud
The day is what belongs
The embryo to born again
Burst through to cry out loud*

*Divide again the cells take heart
The dance of youth
Death has no part
The seed in rotting earth will sprout
The skin the molt anew will start*



Diary

*Oh the age old battle to revive youth and try to beat the wrath of ageing.
Of course it is a race we can never win*

There is a theme throughout my poetry of renewed birth

Eternal life

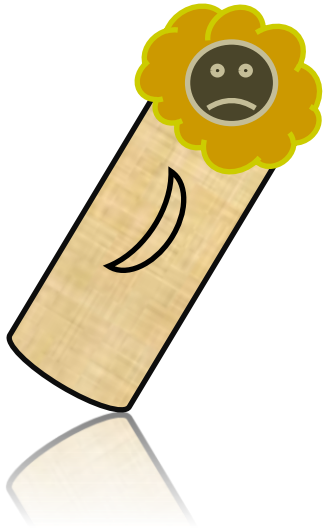
*I believe in eternity however marveling at the beauty of all that is
young*

And new will always be

We can learn from our youth

They haven't been worn by the winds of time

May we always feel young in our hearts



The Pour

*A child runs sun is enough
Promise of tomorrow sun is enough
My life mine to navigate the seas
One day is taken the force is unseen*

*Liquid darkness is poured
The gang is all here
Always a reason to cheer, cheer, cheer
Life once sprouts like the sun like the flower
Froth running lava so hot will devour*

*In its place a new body
New life in the pour
Will smile will dance will smile no more
Will the chime ring faster in time for the pour
Matters not eat will distract from the pour*

*And gone in its wake a dead lives inside
C'mon have a seat glass clink will divide
The pour is my dream my sex is my nerve
Going up going down going down start to swerve*

*Did I tell you I danced a dancer no more
I sell now I strip now I dance for the pour
In its wake a soul shame hit the table the floor
The yearn put it down take me back I implore*

*Uncork the bottle uncork the soul
Give it back give me back
Damn the pour*

Diary

*This poem has great personal truth for me
The disease of alcohol addiction knows no boundaries and has such
Devastating effects on families, lives, and ultimately affects us all.
Through these words I tried to express the
Pain of this addiction
May everyone suffering seek the help they need and those around them
We are all in this together
“There but for the grace of god go I”*

The Beggar

There

To kick and curse and jibe

Not me not you who

Cares

The stare

Soul fracked I think

A boy once was

He knows

Did swing on swing

Believe in sky

Now stuck in stink and pave

Collect the coin

And lint

Does matter not

Tent will flop

Full belly's trash

Will dine

My sin stays here

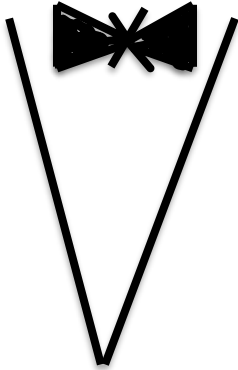
No tux or scholar

Tails

Just steam the grate

My fate

The beggar stare but I am here



Diary

One day I actually took the time to look into the eyes of a beggar

I then realised it was me

We are connected

I will always smile now and say hello

I'm sorry for the times I did not



What if

Sand was gold

Time stood still

No old No young

Just you God you

To run

Oscar head bobbed

Back dash

Beggars adorned the sash

What if

Excess to shrink the take

Less exhalt on high

Water the wine of gods

Death the life divine

War settled with kiss

Barter with song song bliss

What if

Diary

“Just Imagine”



Maybe

Quiet is the noise to ease the battle wound

And maybe prayer the pause escape, escape the mind entombed

And maybe death the opposite of birth begins anew

And everyday a chance to die, discover what is truth

And maybe now the now is all there is the morrow not

And greatness hides near hubcap piles where blankets hide the rot

And maybe, maybe God is teaching love in ill repute

Like penicillin in the mold where rags replace the suits

And maybe tears like mini waves of oceans tossed and torn

Perhaps the beauty of a rose is more about the thorns

And maybe after all is said and said and done

The love of God our Father is the victory

We've won

Diary

If I don't see God

Am I looking in the right Place

The Christ

*I asked for love you gave me pain
And now I love
I asked for life you gave me death
And now I live*

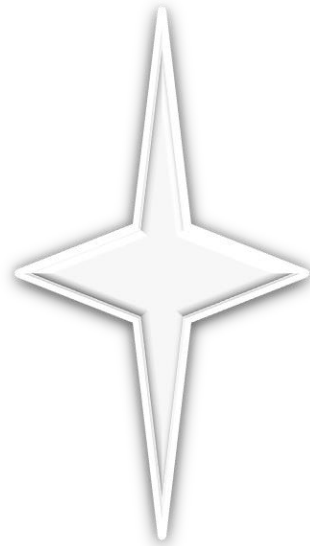
*The cock it crows
I sold you out
And now I honor thee*

*The barren land
The tiny stream
Manna falls
Believe*

*Remind me Remind me
Remind me why I'm here
The vessel rogue
From Mother ship
Bring back in atmosphere*

*Oh Lord Oh Lord
I call to thee
Umbilical is thin
Why oh why do what I do
Why good, why sin*

*The cross the blood
Body blood
Eternity to own
The blood of life you are the Christ
The life of marrow bone*



Diary

Am I Worthy

Tears

The dew of heart to drop on leaf of sad

So love can know its there and

Pollinate the need to joy

Tears

The proof of I am here when you see not

I am

To glisten quick and wind to dry

Tears

Excite the tongue and

Salt to taste the pain of life

Just life not more or less

Tears

The aquafir of feel release is timed

Designed of God to say your tears

Are mine to drop my love

The tap

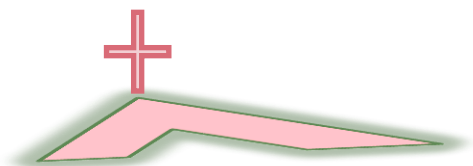
Of you to me today

Tears



Diary

Such a beautiful sign of all we feel



The Bird

The kiss of ear

Every hair account

Imagine that

Hello I'm here

Not alone you're not

Twiddle dee

I nest with ease the lumber there

To cart in beak

I fear not

Do you

The future bleak not so

But fly come fly I say this day

Is mine and yours to fly

Your nest it's there so jump

In faith I do

The wing God wind God

Plump the worm

Awaits

Plump of love awaits

Fly you

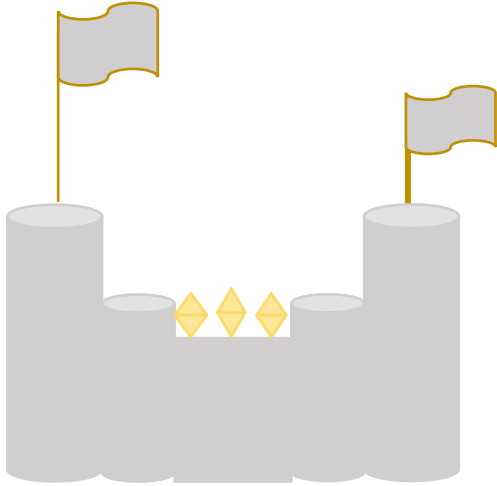
Bird

Diary

When I hear a bird sing I think of their little hearts

*We value all that is big and strong yet they bring such beauty to the
Earth with ease and joy*

*I am instantly transported into the presence of God, and I am so grateful
For that in this world of such distraction*



Behind

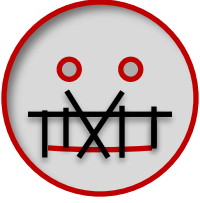
*Is left your touch
When down
The song of Bird in lips
Or scorn to rip at flesh
You greed
Behind
Is left the words I love
You left to seed in bed
The lives behind
You left
Behind these things not
Castles no no no
Just stone
But you your kind or sword
Infinite lord
Stays put complete
Like spirit world
No die
Is left behind*

Diary

How we treat others

Is all we leave behind

Judas



*Water cool gang I've got the scoop
Shhh here she comes I'm in the loop*

Where are my coins

Slander my brand batter the name

Join in the fun I love this game

Where are my coins

Tell tale eyes look up and smile

The wounded move slow

Run but can't hide

Where are my coins

Great, there's another damaged at birth

Move in for the kill we'll find the dirt

Where are my coins

The hell I can't breathe choking for air

A foot on my neck

What is this prayer

Exposed what I am exposing the rot

My real name is Judas your friend I am not

Scatter my coins

Diary

This is a painful poem

*I have been both ashamedly the perpetrator and receiver and neither
are of God*

I think gossip is a very damaging and infectious pastime.

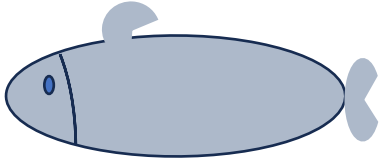
It is the work of small minds

We need models to inspire the opposite

To encourage us to live life

Pursuing greatness passions dreams

An idle mind truly is the devil's workshop



Water

I am of

Foam and break

And swish

Deep so deep

Skip the rock 1,2,3,

So cool

Engulf my thought

Sea weed sway

Away my sins

I crave the blue

The black of water

Water everywhere

Flick the fish

Choke the gill you die

And smell the shore

I'm born Again

The new found Land

I am of

Water

Diary

*How I loved being a child watching the majesty of the ocean
In Newfoundland*

Want

*I want I want don't want to want
The cause of all awry
I want I get I want some more
The give me give me lie*

*What is this want
And yet I get
Yet want
I want
Oh why*



*The pit no end
Where is the floor
Was told I'd find the sun
In more*

*More this more that
More this more that*

*What is this want
The never end
The toll on earth and soul
The dig the moan of want
The never end
The hole*

*Yet all along the cry not need
The floor was always there
The pit is full the demon gone*

Want what was always there

Diary

I still want a Louis Vuitton Purse



The Rose

Dirt surrounds

And thorns hold hands

To knarl and twist and prick

It's me you'll see

And feel today

The bud a pawn

To tease and fall

Away so frail

A little rain can't take

I sleep with grin to reign again

A joke is this a joke

But wait

I choke get off

Too sweet the smell

You crook you took the night to swell

And take my place

Your friends are here

The vase appears

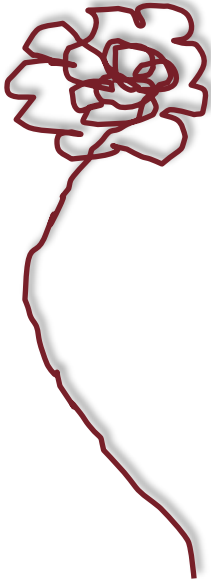
Get out

Oh no a hand to pick

Not me but you

I lose I lose

The rose

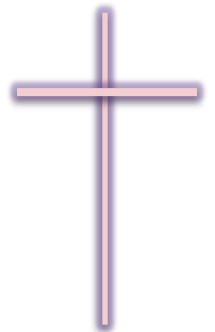
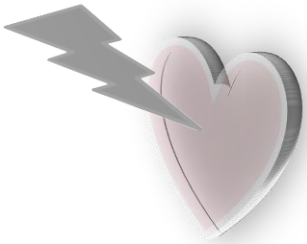


Diary

Pride goes before the fall

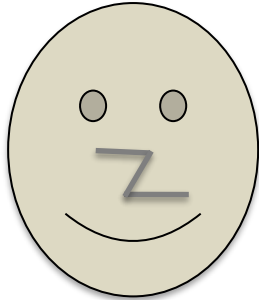
Pain

*Inside of you the village voice
To work and plan the day
To churn and stir prepare
The sting your bad not good no way
The solar plex hit hard
The worker bees assigned
The heart attack attack we're back
More pain you won't align
The wrecking crew of love
Dig deep the stinging tear
Cry now I love you not today
But prey the flesh of fear
Now prize of gold in village pain
Belongs the whisper wind
In ear you're not enough
Your skin is thin your skin is thin
The roar and horns to cancel you but
Wait the trample foot
On neck in town of pain
New sheriff high replace the hoof
Kingdom God now kingdom God here now*



Diary

*In my life I have felt and witnessed great pain and suffering as we all
Have, yet nothing does the damage as that of self hatred or loathing
That can all be transmuted into self love and joy with the knowledge
That nothing done or said to you can ever out shadow the love of GodIt is
our life blood*



Sleep

Black alive in empty

Think not

Sleep the secret Camelot

Where whores and demons

Dance

Speak not in wake

The filter sludge of all

To see hear taste

The galaxy unknown

Yet knock at every eve

In sleep

Gather steam warm

Water gain the

Hurricane

Will dissipate in sleep

Conveyor belt to choose

Keep this crush that

In box to ship

Wake up

Healed in sleep in sleep is sleep

To wake the day anew

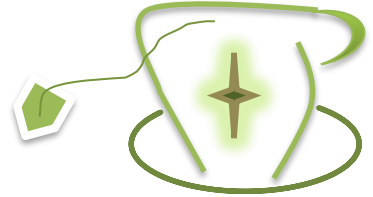
Diary

Beautiful Peaceful sleep

The Great Reset

Steeped

*Either love or hate or tea
The depths unknown
Not bottom see in steep
The leaves and water meet
Heart and tongue will stir and love
I shout and you will find
Another sleep then hate will steep
Revenge the tea the web weave tea
I'm sorry milk in tea
To light the dark and hope
Squeeze the lemon stars in tea
The sting of night be gone
The steep that is the bright of God
Will end the swirl of dark
Find bottom steady steady feet
Oh God I need your love to steep
The tea of me and you enough*



Diary

I love this poem

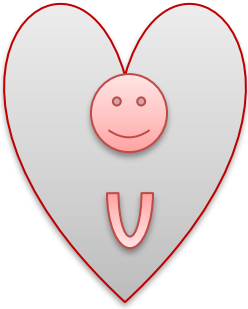
I love tea

Oh to be steeped in gods love everyday

We are

Suppose

*The sun rises and sets for you
This poet speaks true for thine I love I
Cannot believe in another
As such*



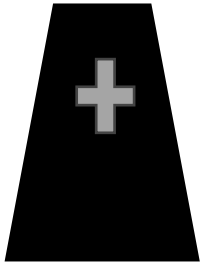
*Your hand places clouds in sky
So blue can play and dance
Lining silver after thought for me
You breathe and wind cools
The earth brow of day sweat
Prepare dew soil sprout
Your heart pulse
Life to earth life beat
Life love*

*Eyes the screen of all there is
Above below to see my love
Footprint on the road
To follow me my love
To follow me my love
Suppose*

Diary

Is this what true love feels like

No Grave For Me



*Frozen ground no sound or scream
I walked and sang like you before
The hell of war and now lie cold be brave was told
No grave for me*

*Move out move out he's gone no way
Please take me home the skin and bone
You see
No grave for me*

*It's John my name sweetheart is Jane
I love her tell my family tell
I fell so brave
No grave for me*

*Oh God I cry left here to die
A rock a stone will do
The birds they pick the rain will fall
No hymn I bleed
No grave no need*

*The worms make dust for unto I return
An empty tomb
I see the robe a hand you came
The all I am the love of Jane
I walk
Again it's true*

*Hell cannot reign it will not reign
This bloody deed
No grave I need*

Diary

November 11th

*The 11th day
The 11th hour*

Lest we forget 🙄

Landing Strip

*Slap slap it hurts
Land on the floor
Stay down there's more
Where that came
I'll fall
I'll land what a trip
Mean words mean tongue
The landing strip*

*Who cares its done
Who said you could
It matters not you do
I'll fall the air there's nothing
there
Thought I could land on you*

*A mother's breast so soft to hug
Like strobe to guide the ship
Safe harbour from the wind the
rain
The breast the landing strip*

*Where is this strip safe harbour
dock from foe and fist and lack
Add to the list the pile of hate
To pile pile on the stack*

*Some days the landing gear is
strong
and others not so much
The wind shear strong not
runway long
Not runway long enough*

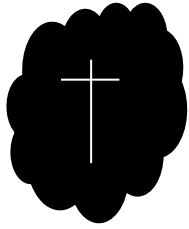
*Are puzzles ever whole at first
The heap of chaos seems
When put together beauty bursts
The light the truth the dream*

*For such is God who sees the
rubble
Torment pile of man
He hears the scream the moan
the thud
He cries he feels the pain*

*I'll be your cushion lighthouse
love
The compass set is straight
Fear not my child my breath to
guide
Come land on me I am your God*

*I think at one time or another we all have felt abandoned or rejected
And so many abused.*

*This poem is about the good news that although parents, mates
And so on could have this capacity we can
gain strength in faith, find our way heal and become renewed.
I hope this speaks true to any who have experienced this pain*



Death

You are there now not

Where where where

Do you go where

I think not death

How so the earth soil

From death will grow

True life full life

From death of self will know

Ha ha ha

The laugh on you

Not death at all but life full life

Will know

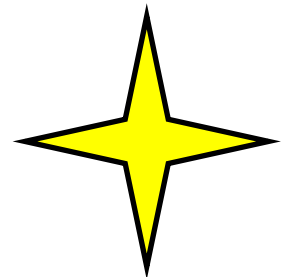
You are there now not

But there you be

The residue of fate

Of life

Eternally



Diary

Our great fear is death I believe

So ominous, haunting our psyche's

We run from it's every reminder, yet its as permanent as the grass.

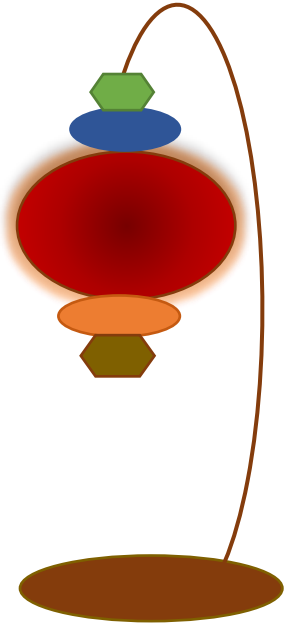
We should live with such hopelessness as my dear friend

Dr. Scott Vanstone once quipped,

yet we forge on with such hopes and dreams

How incredible we are as a species

I believe it is because innately we know we are eternal



Those

Your one of

Who saw the ruins

The caves of Rome

Moroccan lamps

And dined with

Those

No soil on feet

There they go

Those

Coiffe and tan

Not me not

Those

I we not the same

God's knows why

Those go

Don't see I'm there

White bands on hair

Cloth falls

Where cloth should

All is always good

On those

Not us

Your one of

Diary

Those who feel different

Outside the fray

Does it ever completely go away

Acknowledgement

I would like to thank all of the following people that were instrumental in making Blaggards And Popes possible.

*Thank you, Kristina Falcomer,
for your brilliant artistic hand in the front cover. It absolutely depicted what I envisioned.*

*To Antonio Pulsone,
for all of your encouragement, trips to the printers and belief in me over the years. Living with an eccentric and frazzled artist isn't easy, but you understand and have such perseverance, patience and love.*

*To my family, my children, brothers and sisters,
presenting your inner most thoughts in poetry or songwriting leaves one vulnerable. Most artists are by their very nature, insecure and wounded. When you have people around you who seek to encourage, cheer on, and champion you, it literally keeps you going. The feedback is our lifeblood. Thank you all for being the rungs of this ladder I climbed. I love you all dearly and hope this book makes you proud. It's as much your ladder as mine.*

*And finally, to my God and my saviour Jesus Christ,
for whom I give the glory. I hope I brought the reverence, the respect, the adoration your name brings. How our world darkens when we turn away.*

*May this book be but a little light to our world because I dared to write
your whispers.*

Madonna Carew

About The Author

Madonna Hagerty Carew was born in St. John's, Newfoundland to Patrick and Margaret Hagerty on December 23, 1956. She is the youngest of 15 children.

Her creative career began while singing in a pop band at the Air Force Base in Goose Bay, Labrador.

Since then, Madonna has been recording, writing and performing on some of the most esteemed stages in the world!

This is the first of what will be a 3-volume poetry book collection. In addition, there will be an audio and Kindle book for purchase.

You can follow by visiting www.madonnacarew.com and Madonna Carew YouTube.

Thank You.

