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# Live encounters

POETRY & WRITING

Children's Edition

FREE ONLINE MAGAZINE FROM VILLAGE EARTH  
APRIL 2019

NOEL MONAHAN  
Poems for Children

COVER ARTWORK BY IRISH ARTIST EMMA BARONE





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Girl of the Hmong Tribe, Luang Prabang, Laos PDR.

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Om Shanti Shanti Shanti Om

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## CONTRIBUTORS

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KATE DEVANEY

BETH O'MAHONY

NIAMH OGILVIE

RÓISÍN BRENNAN

CAITLÍN FEENEY

CRAIG CONNELLY



Noel Monahan

Noel Monahan has published eight collections of poetry. His most recent collection: *Where The Wind Sleeps, New & Selected Poems*, was published by Salmon in May 2014. He has won numerous awards for his poetry and drama. His work has been translated into Italian, French, Romanian and Russian. His most recent plays include: "The Children of Lir" performed by Livin' Dred Theatre. His poetry was prescribed text for the Leaving Certificate English Course 2011 and 2012. His seventh collection of poetry: "Cellui Qui Porte Un Veau" a French translation of his work was published by Allidades, France in October 2014. An Italian selection of his work was published in "Tra Una Vita E L'Altra", published by Guanda, 2015. His work appears in the recent Anthology of Poetry "Windharp" Poems of Ireland Since 1916, edited by Niall MacMonagle and published by Penguin, 2015. A new collection of poetry entitled: "Chalk Dust" was published by Salmon Poetry in May 2018. This is Noel's eighth collection of poetry.

## FOR OISÍN

Born 18th. April, 2018

Oisín, little deer, child from the land of youth,  
Golden-haired, blue-eyed, lungs of laughter,  
Forever watching our lip movements,  
Jigsaw of sounds to be pieced into words,  
Your hands constantly shifting from soft toys  
To pillows, the odd whimper for milk on demand.  
You leave your mark with us

Hand and foot in the sand

Forever framed on the mantelpiece.  
Oisín, Oisín, we call your name across  
Seas of sleep on your bedroom wall  
To shifts of shadows, curtain of dreamlands  
And the rattle and rhythm of your hearty laugh  
In Tír na nÓg.

## PRAYING FOR SNOW

*for Daire*

We had a longing for snow and we pestered  
God with our prayers:

*Please God make it snow so much  
The roads will be full of it  
And the schools will have to close.*

It was a miracle.  
All the souls in heaven came down as snowflakes,  
Their milky wings hovered about the trees,  
The moon, a snowball ready to fall

Into the morning. Later the sun came  
Through the clouds, the sky turned blue.  
The day belonged to our racing hearts,  
Our clothes, a rush of reds, yellows, blues  
Our wellingtons sank into the snow,  
Dazzling light, smoky breaths,  
Our hair wet from snowballs,  
Our fingers stinging with the cold.

A lop-sided snowman looked on,  
A convoy of crows cawed  
In the high branches of a tree,  
Sunset, prayers answered  
Our dreams drifted with the snow.

## GIRL IN A BLUE DRESS

*For Cara*

The girl in a blue dress is searching  
For sea shells. She sees them as stars in the sand,  
Picks them up, talks to them.

The shells whisper secrets  
In her ear. She hears the ocean  
Thundering towards the shore.

A barnacle  
With a conical shell on its back  
Continues to graze on seaweed.

A black mussel  
Paddles past  
On its way out to sea.

And I see Cara forever dancing  
On the shoreline, her yellow bucket  
Full of shells.

## A PIEDI NUDI

*for Naoise*

I feel sorry for my toes  
In a state of repose  
Rigid, held captive,  
Prisoners in stockings  
Tied up all day in my shoes.

I'm tired of my aunts  
Going on and on about my toes:  
*This little piggy went to the market ...*  
And they hardly ever see my toes.

My mum and dad say:  
*Don't take off your shoes.*  
Nothing excites me more  
Than adult prohibitions.

As soon as their back is turned  
I fling my shoes about the room,  
Tear my stockings off  
Raise my legs, chew my toes

Cosa c' e?  
Mi annoio,  
I can't resist these fingers on my foot.



Photograph Pixabay.com



Chloe is a girl in Year 7 from Melbourne, Australia. She likes the occasional dystopian novel and the works of W.H. Auden and Ralph Waldo Emerson. She just picked up playing trombone again for the first time in two years. This is her second published poem.



Photograph Pixabay.com

## OUT OF ORDER

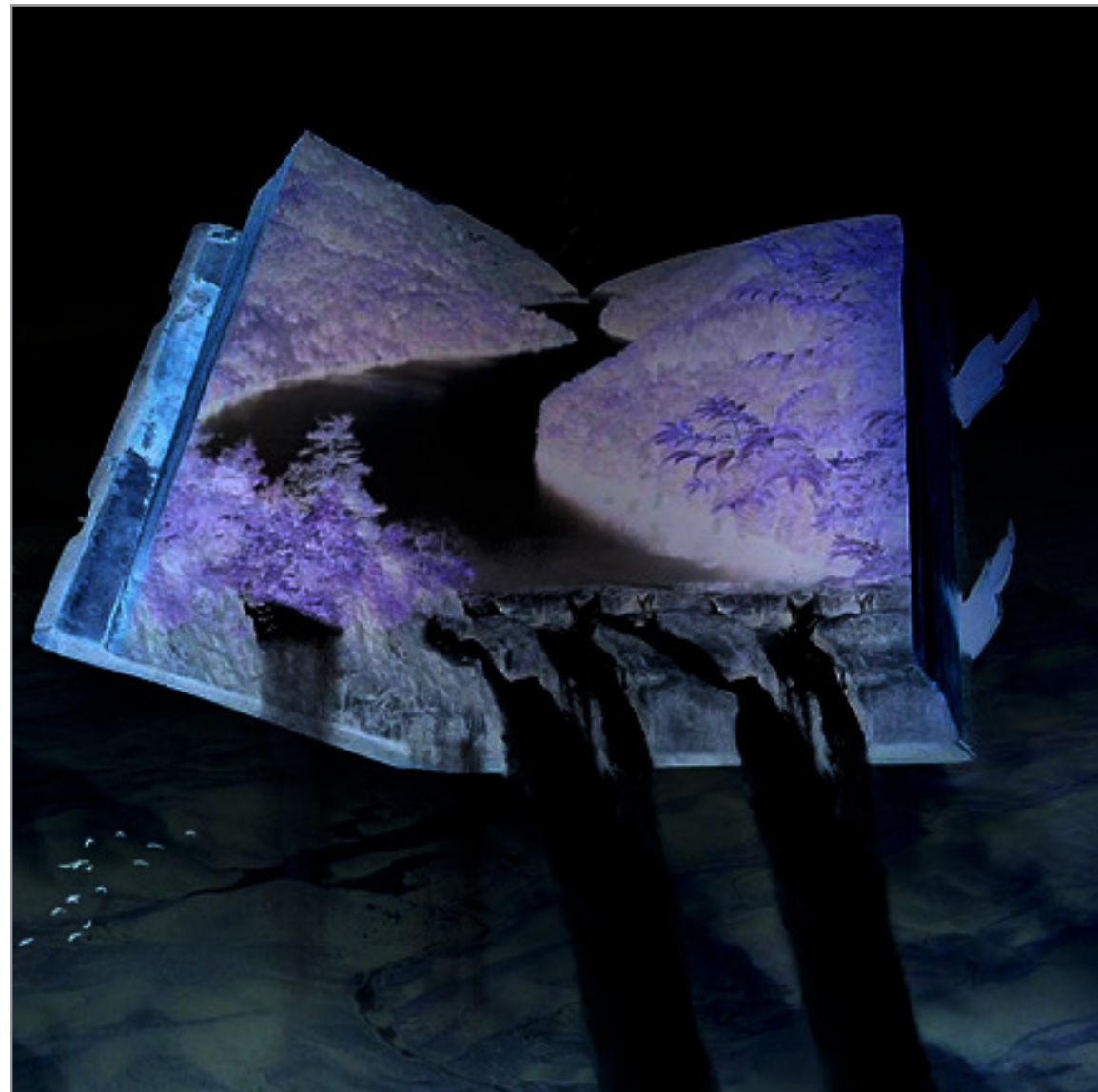
The barrier, clear and smooth,  
Cold and caging, the barrier,  
Trapping me inside, leaving only shadow,  
Small space, cold air,  
I watch the world outside of my cell,  
Moving, busy, working,  
But I am out of order.

Frantic blankness, silent troubles,  
Numbness overflows in my veins,  
Glass will shatter, fragile as I  
The glass in front of me, my trap  
Keeping me in like an animal  
Beast, creature, monster  
I am human  
But I am out of order

Mind numbing, pain stunning,  
Uncontrolled words tumble out of my mouth,  
I throw myself at my cage,  
Break free, I need to break free,  
Brain dead, motions spasmed,  
Muzzle me for I am inhumane,  
I am out of order.

Tomorrow, I am dead.  
Tomorrow, I will never be fixed.  
But for tonight,  
I will watch the stars.  
Tonight, I will be free.  
For tonight, I will not be out of order.

Emma is a Year 7 student in Melbourne, Australia. She is a passionate writer and enjoys reading a wide diversity of English literature. "The Painting," is Emma's first published poem, reminding us of the importance to always look beyond what we see in life, and keep an open mind. She looks forward to sharing her creativity with you.



Photograph Pixabay.com

## THE PAINTING

There it stood,  
For all to see,  
Cobwebs defining its delicate corners,  
With its timeless age and history.

An array of abstract colours,  
Intrigue, mystery and grandeur,  
Captured its true identity,  
Despite its public slander.

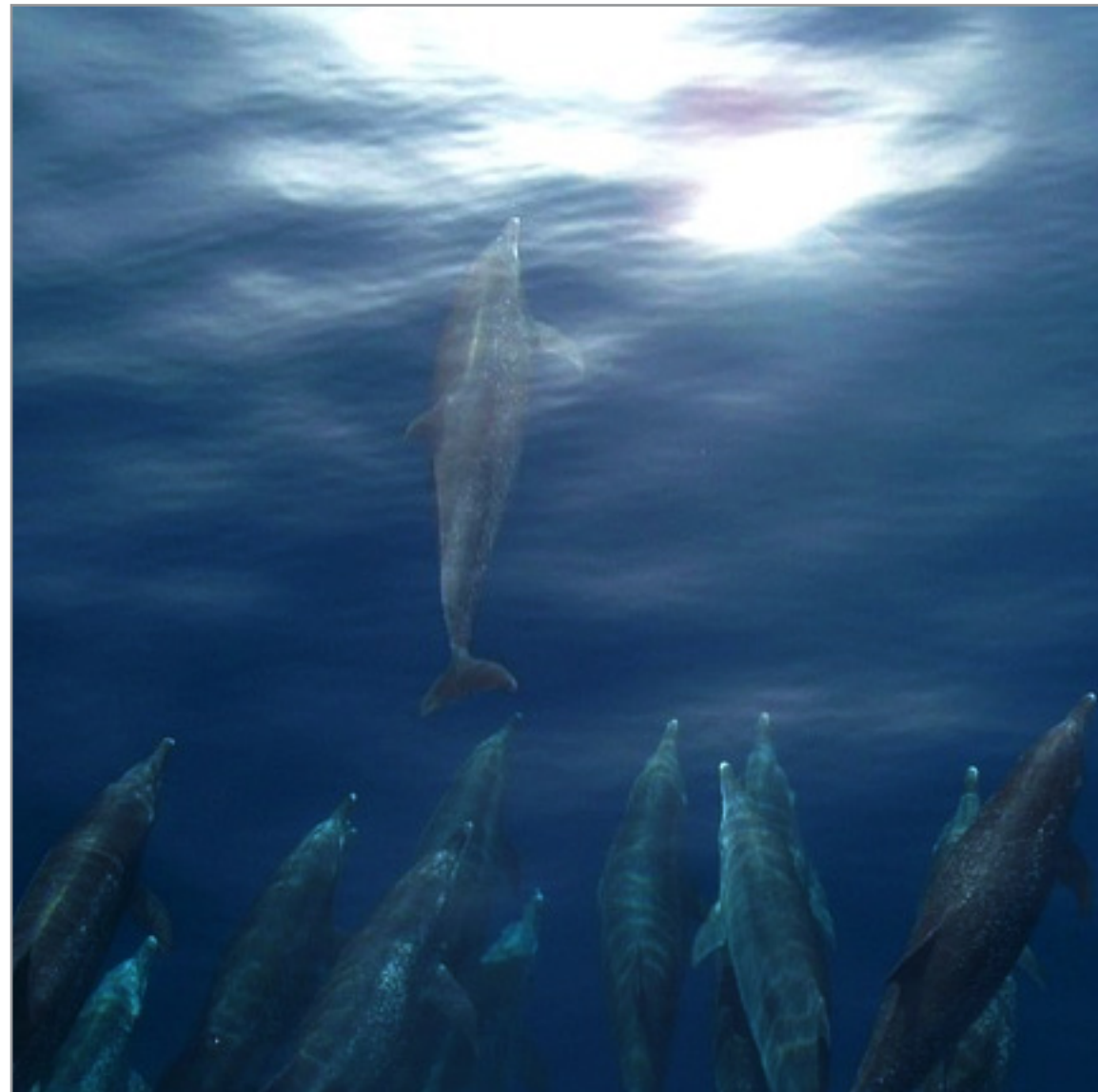
Yet, for those who took the time to explore,  
Its endless lines of deception,  
Deep dark colours, interlocking textures,  
Gave its anonymous artist, masterful redemption.

Experimental innovation lay within,  
Showed by the craftsmanship of the creative hand,  
It depicted powerful emotions, depth, and subtlety,  
Criticism from the ignorant, it could withstand.

We learn throughout the path of life,  
Not to judge a book by its cover,  
For behind every unique façade,  
Lies reality, for all to discover.



Sophia is a Year 7 student who lives in Melbourne, Australia. She enjoys playing flute, piano and piccolo. Her favourite series is the *The Circle Opens* series and this is her first published poem.



Photograph Pixabay.com

## A DOLPHIN'S CRY

Waves  
Aqua waves  
Aqua waves rolling  
Spraying my friend and I as we leap out of the calm blue  
Golden sunbeams streaming  
My friend and I leaping  
Flapping our fins as the water envelops us

A dark mess  
Brawling around the ocean  
Dragging fish with it  
My friend  
Inquisitive  
Too inquisitive  
Swims out to meet it

Then I see it for what it is  
Falling from a man of shadow above  
I call a warning  
Too late

She squeals as it heaves her up  
Thrashing at her bonds  
I take it in my teeth and pull with all my might  
Useless  
Utterly useless  
Our fins touch  
Then she is gone  
Fading into the blue that reflects the ocean's deeper blue

Anandee is a Year 7 student from Melbourne, Australia. She loves playing sports, especially soccer, and reading. She migrated to Australia from England two years ago and has settled in very nicely. This poem is inspired by books and films like "Goodnight Mister Tom" and "Little Women" where their fathers have passed away or are away at work.



Photograph Pixabay.com

## DEAR DAD

Sometimes  
I am scared  
still,  
It ebbs and flows  
Like the lakes we wandered  
So long ago

Sometimes  
I cry  
still,  
I feel the pain  
My heart shatters at the thought of you  
You're still in my brain

Sometimes  
I hope  
still,  
That we will meet once more  
Once I have reached my end  
I will knock at your door

Sometimes,  
I remember,  
still,  
The times we had,  
The good the bad,  
The tough and the sad

Sometimes  
I laugh  
still,  
Once more, I have smiled,  
Enlightened by the privilege  
That I'll always be my father's child



Kate Devaney, 7yrs, 1st Class, Glinsk N.S., Via Castlerea, Co. Galway, Ireland.  
Likes reading books & eating strawberries.



Photograph Pixabay.com

## STRAWBERRIES

Strawberries are nice,  
Tiny little balls.  
Really, really red  
Always some juice.  
Whenever there are some, I say "yum."  
Beautiful little balls,  
Every shop has them.  
Really, really nice,  
Really good for you too.  
Inside is so, so, nice.  
Even if there's none I don't mind.  
So, so, sweet.

Beth O'Mahony, 9yrs, 3rd Class, Glinsk N.S., Via Castlerea, Co. Galway, Ireland.  
Likes roller-skating, reading, drawing & playing with my friends.



Photograph Pixabay.com

## A RAINY DAY

It was a stormy day,  
No sign of play.  
The children were bored,  
The parents snored.  
Then one little boy put on his hat,  
He jumped into a puddle with a splat.  
The other children followed,  
Screaming with joy.  
The parents woke up and looked out the window  
They began to shout and scream  
But the children kept playing without misery



Niamh Ogilvie, 7yrs, 1st Class, Glinsk N.S., Via Castlerea, Co. Galway, Ireland.  
Likes to read books, to go for a walk in the Glen & visit my Granny, going  
swimming & playing the piano.



Photograph Pixabay.com

## RAINBOW

Rainbows are very pretty,  
Are very shiny in the rain and the sun.  
I love rainbows,  
Nice and bright.  
Brings lots of joy,  
On the clouds  
When I look at them I feel happy!

Róisín Brennan, 9 yrs, 3rd Class, Glinsk N.S., Via Castlerea, Co. Galway, Ireland.  
Likes reading, writing, roller-skating, drawing & colouring



Photograph Pixabay.com

## MONKEYS, MONKEYS EVERYWHERE

Monkeys, monkeys, everywhere in the rooms and down the stairs!  
Hear the giggles, hear the laughter see them slide down the banister!  
The parents scream, the baby cries and the two little children with big wide eyes!  
Monkeys, monkeys, everywhere in the rooms and down the stairs!



Caitlín Feeney, 7 yrs, 1st Class, Glinsk N.S., Via Castlerea, Co. Galway, Ireland.  
Likes reading library books & going to my ballet class.



Photograph Pixabay.com

BALLET

Beautiful and elegant,  
And very fun too.  
Lovely outfits,  
Lovely teachers too.  
Every Saturday I do it.  
The outfits are different colours.

Craig Connelly, 8 yrs, 2nd Class, Glinsk N.S., Via Castlerea, Co. Galway, Ireland.  
Likes playing soccer and watching soccer.



Photograph Pixabay.com

## SWEETS

Yummy, scrummy, sweets, I love sweets.  
Sweets can be big, small and swirly,  
But most of all sweets are YUMMY!

Sweets, sweets, sweets, yummy sweets.  
There can be mint, chocolate even liquorice,  
Lemon and apple drops, my favourite.  
I love sweets!



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