

FOUNDED 2010

Live encounters

POETRY & WRITING

FREE ONLINE MAGAZINE FROM VILLAGE EARTH
MAY 2019

KEVIN HIGGINS
THREE POEMS

COVER ARTWORK BY IRISH ARTIST EMMA BARONE

**SUPPORT LIVE ENCOUNTERS.
DONATE NOW AND KEEP THE MAGAZINE LIVE IN 2019!**

Live Encounters is a not-for-profit free online magazine that was founded in 2009 in Bali, Indonesia. It showcases some of the best writing from around the world. Poets, writers, academics, civil & human/animal rights activists, academics, environmentalists, social workers, photographers and more have contributed their time and knowledge for the benefit of the readers of the magazine.

We are appealing for donations to pay for the administrative and technical aspects of the publication. Please help spread the free distribution of knowledge with any amount for this just cause.

Om Shanti Shanti Shanti Om

Mark Ulyseas
Publisher/Editor
markulyseas@liveencounters.net

Donate

All articles and photographs are the copyright of www.liveencounters.net and its contributors. No part of this publication may be reproduced without the explicit written permission of www.liveencounters.net. Offenders will be criminally prosecuted to the full extent of the law prevailing in their home country and/or elsewhere.



©Mark Ulyseas

CONTRIBUTORS

KEVIN HIGGINS

BÙI KIM ANH

COLETTE NIC AODHA

ALI WHITELOCK

BETH COPELAND

ANNE FITZGERALD

PATRICIA SYKES

THERESA GRIFFIN KENNEDY

EAMONN LYNSKEY

LAURA J BRAVERMAN

POLLY RICHARDSON

BOB SHAKESHAFT

GILLIE DAVIES

PETER O'NEILL

The Stinging Fly magazine has described Kevin Higgins as “likely the most read living poet in Ireland. His poems have been quoted in *The Daily Telegraph*, *The Times* (UK), *The Independent*, *The Daily Mirror*, *Hot Press* magazine, on *Tonight With Vincent Browne* and read aloud by film director *Ken Loach* at a political meeting in London. Kevin’s eighth poetry collection, *Sex and Death at Merlin Park Hospital*, will be published by Salmon Poetry in June.

SUSAN

after Andre Breton

Your hair is a wide brown meadow
 through which the wind has just begun
 to whisper the word winter.
 Your eyebrows are caterpillars
 perpetually on the verge of
 moving off in opposite directions.
 Your ears, two appropriately placed
 question marks.
 Your eyes are the calm surface of Lochs
 in the Scottish Highlands which many
 have sunk to the bottom of.
 Cold days your right nostril
 is a summer waterfall;
 your left an angry traffic jam
 on a crooked medieval street.
 Your face is the sun coming up
 over a Huguenot district.
 Your lips are the Cote d’Azur in September.
 Your teeth are monuments
 to an actually existing utopia.
 Your tongue is golden butter
 insinuating itself into a hot pancake.
 Your wrists and ankles
 are engineering projects whose failure
 led to a public inquiry that’s expected
 to go on forever.
 Your belly-button, the permanently blocked keyhole
 in a door with a sign on it that says
 Ancient History.
 Your most intimate bit is a nectarine
 with a bite taken out of it.
 Your toes are ten premature baby squirrels
 that have tumbled blind and pink
 to Earth.



Kevin Higgins



THE MAN WHO SPOKE SLOGAN

He was forever bursting through the doors
of occupied bathrooms, bellowing:
The whole world is watching.

When caught wearing his first wife's tights
he turned on the megaphone and began shouting:
Get your rosaries of our hosieries.

When Mayo suffered another catastrophic
one point All Ireland final loss,
he rode through Castlebar on his Harley-Davidson
singing loud as he could:
The workers have no county.

When he interrupted burglars about to make off
with his credit cards, lap-top,
phone, and hugely expensive watch,
he earnestly told them: *There are no illegal people,*
and they immediately went screaming
down the driveway.

When his second wife found him wedged
between the au pair's breasts, he told her:
He who has the youth has the future.

And when the students next door gratuitously chucked
yet another sweet-wrapper in his front
garden, he ran around it bollock-naked, roaring:
For the many, not the few. Build the wall!

NUCLEAR

We are a once in a childhood
picnic that had to be cut short
despite the excellent weather.

We are a tape that would've been played in court
but for the guilty plea.

We are a nephew in England
most of us have never seen.

We are a crime someone else committed,
of which she convicted us all.

We are a wedding half of us
weren't invited to.

We are a funeral one of us boycotted
and another was told not to attend.

We are a woman shrieking at her lawyer's
shiny shoes in the court house foyer.

We are a stone broken in four
with a sliver permanently missing.

I think of them hardly ever,
my late family – only one of whom
is, strictly speaking, dead.



Vietnamese Poet Bui Kim Anh

These poems are translated by Nguyen Thuy Hoa (Ms).

A former and much-loved high school literature teacher in Hanoi, poet *Bui Kim Anh* is a member of the Vietnam Writers' Association. Born on February 25, 1948 in Thai Binh Province, Vietnam, she has spent most of her life in Vietnam's capital, Hanoi.

Bui Kim Anh writes many types of literature, and is constantly innovating her style and poetic expression. Her poetry is both sad and beautiful, conveying deep feelings about life's joys and sorrows.

Bui Kim Anh lives with his husband, well-known journalist Tran Mai Hanh, on Nguyen Dinh Chieu Street, Hanoi. She has two daughters and one son.

Published books of poems:

Wild weeds of ignorance (1996)

Writing for myself (1995)

Sell nothing to the wind (2005)

Rainy ways (1999)

Afternoon poems "Lục bát" (2008)

Sad words on stone (2007)

Time locked up (2010)

Put on the wind and weigh it (2010)

Finding the dream (2012)

Collect words for the shadow of leaves (2015)

Seems the season was missed (2016)

Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/kimanh.bui.56>

These poems are translated by Nguyen Thuy Hoa (Ms).

NHỊP ĐIỀU NẮNG GỌI THỨC DẬY

Ở giữa phố
Tìm thiên nhiên
Hứng mùa vào xô chậu

Bụi thổi lá bay
Chới với giữa dòng xe
Con sẻ lạc

Đèn sáng lạnh mây
Trăng nấu mình trong vòm bóng lá
Ghế đá so ro

Mặt trời dưới vệt mây
Nhịp điệu nắng gọi thức dậy
Lặng im phía một người

Mùa đang thay áo mới
Xộc xệch vòng ôm quay với lá
Nhún nhảy phía nhiều người

Mùa này nước hồ đầy
Người đi bộ vòng quanh nhiều lần
Chiếc lá rơi bẹp rúm

Mùa này nước hồ đầy
Nhà và cây đua nhau soi bóng
Cá bơi tít tầng cao

RHYTHMS OF SUNLIGHT

In the middle of the street
Search for nature
Embrace the season

Wind blows leaves
Down between the vehicles
A lost sparrow

Cold hazy light
Moon nestles in foliage
Solitary rocking chair

Sun behind hazy streak
Calls to wake up
Silently like a person

The season is changing, new clothes
Hugging leaves, shuffling around
Many people dance

This season the lake is full
People stroll around it
A leaf falls, exhausted

This season the lake is full
Trees and houses race each other
And fishes swim on the rooftops

These poems are translated by Nguyen Thuy Hoa (Ms).

CỎ DẠI KHỜ

có một loài cỏ dại khờ
lan trên đất lại thần thờ theo gió
có ai đâu tìm hoa cỏ
mà xanh xao đợi chờ

có một loài cỏ dại khờ
cứ nhớ nắng để cọng xơ xác lá
mưa tạt qua đất lạ
mặc cỏ thành hoang vu

IGNORANCE GRASS

There is an ignorance grass
Carpeting the land, dwelling on the wind
Anyone look for grass flowers
Why are you waiting?

There is ignorance grass
missing the sunshine then fades
Rain falls on the new land
Forget the grass, all is now barren...



These poems are translated by Nguyen Thuy Hoa (Ms).

ĐÔNG

đông lạnh lùng
súc súc căn phòng
chẳng chừa cho ta nơi trú ẩn

ngươi đã già rồi
gió đông rỉ tai
lời buốt lên chân tóc

ta đã già rồi ư?

đông dốc cạn túi
gió bắc cười
người đàn bà mùa đông

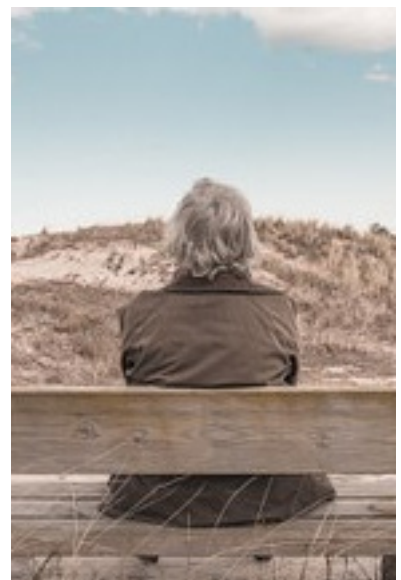
WINTER

Cold winter
Burnished the room
Didn't give me a shelter

You are old
Winter wind blows
Those words sadden me

Am I old?

Winter flows forth
Wild wind laughs
At winter woman



These poems are translated by Nguyen Thuy Hoa (Ms).

THU QUÊN GỖ CỬA

sáng nay thu khách lạ
lách vào
quên gõ cửa
tôi chưa kịp điểm trang
nhọt nhạt đón thu
bẽn lẽn căn phòng

tôi nhấn mình vào sự kiệt cùng
của mất mát
vẫn giữ trọn thói quen
của cây nến
thắp mình
trong niềm vui kiệt cùng
của dâng tặng

có thể hết thu này
cái cây trước nhà không còn chút lá
nhưng sáng nay
thu đánh thức
tan một giấc mơ tan

AUTUMN SNEAKS IN...

This morning autumn- the strange guest
sneaks in
forgets to knock on the door
I have not made up
Pale, greets the autumn
A shy room

I dropped with exhaustion
The loss
By habit
Of candle
Lights itself
In the end
Joy of offering

Perhaps after this autumn
The tree in front of the house has no leaves, left
But this morning
Autumn awakened
Melting a dying dream...



These poems are translated by Nguyen Thuy Hoa (Ms).

SƯƠNG

ta phủ lên thời gian bằng thơ
như sương ấy
sáng nay phủ mờ thành phố
che đi hết đoạn đường loang vệt nước
những khuôn mặt vui buồn khuất lấp
và mặt trời ngủ muộn với giấc mơ

DEW

I pass time with poetry
Like the dew
This morning, blurred the city
Covering all the puddles on the road
Happy and sad faces, hidden
While the sun sleeps late, dreaming



These poems are translated by Nguyen Thuy Hoa (Ms).

THƠ BIẾT

có một ngày hạnh phúc
ta không biết
thơ biết

có một ngày hạnh phúc
ta quen sống chuỗi ngày giống nhau
thơ biết

có một ngày hạnh phúc
chung quanh ta ẩm ướt
thơ biết

ngày mai là ngày gì
thơ có biết không

POETRY KNOWS

There is a day of Happiness
I don't know
Poetry knows

There is a day of Happiness
I used to live the same days
Poetry knows

There is a day of Happiness
We are all wet
Poetry knows

What day is tomorrow?
Does poetry know?



These poems are translated by Nguyen Thuy Hoa (Ms).

BẠN THƠ

bạn là ai
ta đọc thơ không gặp mặt
điều đó có cần thiết không
ta đành tự hỏi mình

bạn là ai
ta đọc thơ hình dung thôi
điều đó có đúng không
ta cũng không biết nữa

bạn là ai
thơ cũng có khi lừa dối
những điều ngoài tầm với
ta nên hiểu thế nào đây

POETRY FRIENDS

Who are you?
I read poetry but have not met you
Is that necessary?
I asked myself

Who are you?
I read poetry, imagining
Is that true?
I don't know either

Who are you?
Poetry sometimes lies
Things out of reach
How should I understand?



These poems are translated by Nguyen Thuy Hoa (Ms).

TRĂNG

bãi cát trắng
nhặt ta trong tĩnh lặng
thấy gì
mơ đêm rút vào sóng vô định
cần gì
gió nhẹ ru con sóng nhẹ
hợp ca những hình hài lượn không trung
như chẳng tận cùng
mép nước vùng biển tối
lênh đênh vệt trăng trôi

MOON

Moonlit sandy bank
Pick me up in silence
To see what
Night dreams hide in the endless wave
Need what
Light wind lulls the moonlit wave
Harmonic inflight jest
Like endless
Water's edge of darkness, seen
Floating on the moon



These poems are translated by Nguyen Thuy Hoa (Ms).

SAO LẠI LÀ LÁ THU RƠI

đường Hà Nội mới thu sang
núi trời vẫn cơn nắng hạ
mùa đông bây giờ chưa đến
vay đâu ngọn gió se lòng

khắc khoải nhịp chờ mong
lạnh lùng vương qua khe cửa
sao lại là lá thu rơi
sao người lại đi không đợi

chiều của riêng ai đâu
hững hờ ru ngoài ngọn gió
đành mang tình vờ vĩnh vậy
đi theo mùa đông cuối trời

WHY DO LEAVES FALL IN AUTUMN?

Hanoi Street, another autumn
In the sky, the summer sun still burns hot
Winter has yet to come
Where to borrow the wind for my heart?

Waiting heartbeat
Coldly passed through the door
Why do leaves fall in autumn?
Why are you leaving, not waiting?

The afternoon doesn't belong to anyone
Indifference shuts out the wind
Truth, embrace the false love
Follow the winter to the end of the sky





Colette is an award winning poet who resides in Galway in the West of Ireland. She writes in both Irish and English. She has fourteen publications which include a volume of short stories, *Ádh Mór*. She has one volume of English poetry, *Sundial*, which was published by Arlen House Press. She also has two dual language collections of poetry by the same publisher; *Between Curses: Bainne Géar*, and *In Castlewood: An Ghaoth Aduaidh*. Her work is on the syllabus in Primary, Secondary and Third Level colleges. Colette's latest collection (bilingual) is titled *Bainne Géar: Sour Milk*, which is available in hardback and softback, published by Arlen House, 2016. : she also has a master's degree in modern Irish. 'Magyar Dancer' is her forthcoming collection of English poetry.



Photograph wikipedia.org

TARA

Down at the harbour I enter a museum
and discover a traditional piece;
The Tara Idol, a symbol of woman

depicted in clay, I think of her Celtic
counterpart; *Sile na Gig*. Bare breasted
women jog on the sand, red flag

aloft, huge waves crash in, a Spanish
couple next bench argue;
I seek refuge in the cafe Royal,

the universe turning; an experiment
in pen and ink. I give myself
too easily; in the tropical heat I melt.

An old poet had warned against
wearing heart on sleeve, I didn't listen,
now I spend my days trying to stay away from sand;

sitting among dark skinned peddlers
of souls and women's desire,
I find they agree with all I say

and are impressed with watercolours.
I dream of a dark-skinned waiter

who tattoos my words on his name,
I can do everything except resist,

as I follow meandering streets
I feel that I have been breached;
Sea, rocks, cliffs, anchor and iron cross.

EASTER OFFERING

Four palm trees aloft, four wise whins,
the King is dead, long live our Saviour.
Easter Saturday abroad, company of my choosing;
a host of pastels and paint, eraser and paper.

Fauna aplenty; salamander or desert lizard.
Silent, unclean streets shaded with lilac.
Seafront chairs and striped umbrellas melt.
Last night after the passion of the Christ reenacted

I returned to my hotel, tried to recapture
women in black clothes, elaborate headdress,
recalled a Spanish poet whom I met over John
Of the Cross; he taught me the names of virgins,

when to implore. Later that night I fell three times,
woke to a breakfast of vinegar, water
and the knowledge of how deep to bury
the last remaining ember.

THE KITCHEN WEEPS

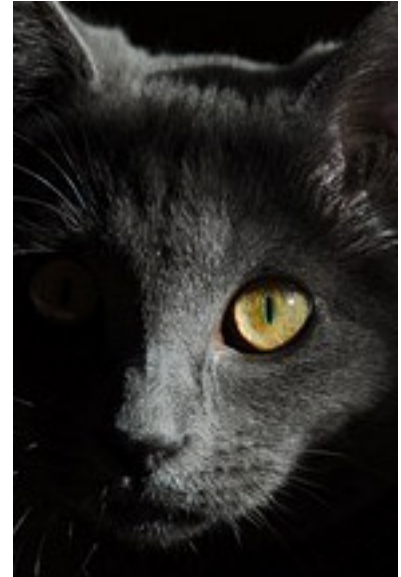
Partial recall that fades;
this recycled pine dresser
standing against pastel colours,
touch of beeswax to be certain,
skilled craftsman trace delicate leaves
with honed tools in soft hands.

Decorative plates, apart on shelves
vacant space had to be the correct measure;
pheasants in flight, not cuttlefish at swim;
my only heirloom, sepia tones on porcelain.
Annually I place this treasured turkey plate

on painted table for six, ignore hot juice that streams
from a slight fissure in the dish,
mop essence that drips, drips, drips on seats,
no yielding rag only cautionary words,
busy fingers, pleasing aromas that penetrate.
Belfast sink as centre piece

fully immersed, we roll up sleeves
and prepare to eat.....
Everything on the table





ABERYSTWYTH

Rough spills the waters - crashing
 carousing on silver –
 Lashing and longing again
 for pale winter-
 Piercing, wavering moon.

SLAYER OF SERPENTS

Trees, those stern pallbearers, silence wolves
 that cower in scrub, leaves, in wide eyed grief,
 whisper condolences,
 light as speckled crescents overhead –
 monochrome subdues mourning:
 Don your hat with black feathers and soft kid gloves-

beware of those headless hunters, returned,
 throw arms skywards in lament, whip stones into heartfelt sorrow:
 they keen for a lost princess and make loud complaint,
 wind strikes up a refrain for this formidable girl in someone else's hair shirt;
 cold pet in petrified cuddle, she bears cloth

for internment: grandmother's hand crafted lace
 which she kept in a velvet lined tin enameled with ears of corn,
 her pain seems common place; no golden furls or silken casket
 for Cleopatra's lost goddess only the loosening of an arm

and tears like rain which quickens her pace.
 Now she crosses where the river was, barefoot;
 sorrow creating a natural ford: forms emerge into opposite light;
 no sundial of trees and horizons only this burden, unaltered.

Perhaps she will walk to Ephesus
 and become golden..... enshrine her deserved queen:
 loyal servant of poise and grace. Is it Mafdet or Bast you carry?
 Go to the temple of Artemis where you both will find peace.

Ali Whitelock is a Scottish poet. Her debut collection, *'and my heart crumples like a coke can'* is published by Wakefield Press and her memoir, *'Poking seaweed with a stick and running away from the smell'* was launched to critical acclaim in Australia and the UK in 2010. Her poems have appeared in *The Moth Magazine*, *The American Journal of Poetry*, *The Pittsburgh Quarterly Magazine* and many others. For further info see: www.aliwhitelock.com.



Photograph Pixabay.com

HOW;

how he runs through the facts of his boy's death like he's ticking off stages in a home renovation gone wrong; how the gyproc came late--how gyproc is always late; how the idiot in the hardware store sold him the wrong fucking screws; how at one stage he had to take down all the walls and start again; how the electricians were called but still the lights wouldn't come on; how the entire school turned out for his funeral; how they replaced all the plastic with copper and still the plumbing wouldn't plumb; how he would have been eleven his next birthday; how the council granted permission to take down two trees but still the sun couldn't shine through; how when the terrible rains came his gutters collapsed; how he braced himself for when his roof would finally be gone; how he watches cartoons with his youngest--superman rescuing every other man and his fucking dog; how they scattered his ashes in the skateboard park; how humpty fucking dumpty how bob the fucking builder; how he keeps his room exactly as it was; how he knows he clings too tightly; how he tries to be strong; how he ropes a tarpaulin tight around his heart.



NOT MUCH OF A MOTHER IN FOUR PARTS: PART I

i had my baby dead before she was even born
cot death leukaemia fatal blood disorders affecting
one in a million newborns. then there'd be the choking
on the coin, i'm frantic turn her upside down slap her back
her face turns blue she stops breathing. then the
anaphylactic shock a single peanut, her wind pipe
swells i race to emergency her face turns blue
she stops breathing. repeat repeat
re-fucking-peat.

i marvel at women falling pregnant at the drop
of a fedora risking their hearts on the first rung
of the telescopic ladder of eternal pain. when i turned
thirty nine the gynae said, *if you're going to try for a baby
you'd better hurry up. relax*, i told him, *i'm fertile*,--
i'd been pregnant twice before. he carried on tapping
his notes into his computer muttering how he wished
he'd had a dollar for every woman over forty who'd
ever said that.

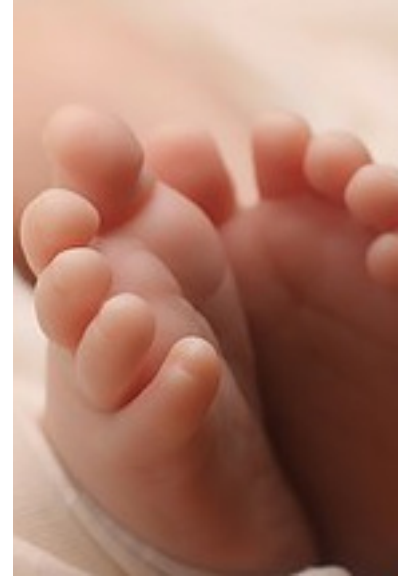
we gave it a go. if i'm honest, half heartedly.
our fedora never dropped, it barely even tipped
then came the shadow on the remaining ovary.

the day before the hysterectomy i drove my friend
to the airport she was off to the bahamas to cook for t
he much too rich and famous as we hugged goodbye
she whispered *i'm sorry you'll never be a mother*.
i cried all the way home. i never thought i'd have made
much of a mother. for the same reasons for years i resisted
having a dog. it is how they worm their way in till your
heart is mostly holes like a swiss fucking cheese then
before you know it they have you in a rickety cage
wearing a hard hat and carrying a lamp. your rickety

cage swinging precariously as you are lowered down
the mine shaft of your soul. once in your mine the beam
from your lamp will fall upon your heart slumped
on top of a coal wagon. you will remember you threw
it there many suns and moons and saturns ago it was not
in the best of shape, but you will remember it was still beating.
you will see the scabs. you will remember how they got there.
these scabs have served you well but they are dry now
it is time to pick them off. as you pick you will understand
that to love is not to tip toe around the crust of your soul, rather
it is to descend into the fire of your molten core without a harness,
asbestos suit, or dry fucking ice; it is to suffer third degree burns;
it is to gasp for breath; it is to watch many canaries die.

PART II

after the hysterectomy my seventy year old friend Hamish
asked if it would affect my ability to have children. under
normal circumstances i'd have laughed, taken out my highlighter
drawn a fluorescent yellow circle around his stupidity. this time
i merely nodded, thanked him for asking and the waiter brought
the scones the danish the strong black coffee. i ended up getting
two cats. there were six kittens in the cage to choose from.
i chose the two that sat alone in opposite corners to each other--
each of them staring out into their own very separate horizons.
i have always gravitated in the direction of lovelessness.
this relationship i'm in now has love on demand. it is a two litre
carton of full cream milk that sits in the fridge. there is no best
before date, the level never goes down and i have yet to pour
my cornflakes into my morning bowl only to open the fridge
door and suffer the crushing disappointment of no milk.
sometimes i don't know what to do with love like this



NOT MUCH OF A MOTHER IN FOUR PARTS: PART III

it is always the middle of the night. after emergency
 triage she'd be admitted to intensive care. there'd be tubes,
 and drips, the machine that beeps the sonar requiem of the grief
 stricken whale mourning the loss of her calf. and i'd spend
 the last of those nights curled up beside her--i'd be sobbing,
 she'd be the one stroking *my* hair telling *me* not to cry.
 my daughter would have had a strength i could never know.
 i'd keep her hand in mine, read her a bedtime story
 tell her i loved her three hundred million times

hours would
 crawl days buckle
 her clutch fade
 fingers cool--
 she'd drift like
 snow and the
 night would
 take her.

the woman in the wide-brimmed hat at the funeral
 home would ask about the eulogy, the order of service,
 the psalms, the prayers, the power point slides. too sweet
 smelling candles would flicker, casting shadows of dead
 children dancing discreetly in corners. i'd have to choose
 her coffin; i'd have chosen pink with diamanté handles
 images of Elsa and Anna around the outside; Olaf
 on the lid. and i'd insist on the softest fleece
 to line it.
 grief would fill me like concrete.

PART IV

i'd have buried her by the scots pines in the cemetery
 lush and green strewn with clover and buttercups yellow
 as the yolks of the fried eggs we'd have for breakfast
 on sunday mornings and where are the four leafed
 clovers now that i need them? we used to make daisy
 chains here together, just the two of us in our matching
 pink sun hats with the corks that hung from the brim my sister
 sent us all the way from australia. and my how we'd laugh
 as the bobbing corks chased away midges that dared come
 too close. and the soft pink cotton shaded our heads
 from the fading embers of the afternoon sun as it slid down
 and fell off the end of my world. and i know she's too little
 to know the beauty of this place right now but when she's older
 i know that she will. and she'll know i chose this spot in the shade
 of the pines with their roots digging deep into the earth reaching
 for their own molten cores to drink the love they'll need
 to stand another hundred years protecting my daughter
 from the warm rays of the summers to come and freezing
 winds that will whistle in bleak winter days here and dark
 lonely nights. and the snow queen will cover this place
 with her blanket of snow and ghosts of dead children
 will make their Olafs with gouged out holes for eyes,
 a carrot for a nose and lumps of coal for buttons
 down the front of their iced winter coats
 that no one can see.



WHO SHOT JR?

then we got bored of the beheadings on youtube

then the arsehole in north korea

then the two hundred and seventy six schoolgirls taken
in nigeria by boko haram

then the campaign to bring the girls home---#BringBackOurGirls
scribbled onto a piece of cardboard & held up for the cameras--
*(as if a piece of cardboard and a few celebrities was ever going
to bring them all home*)*

then in amongst all of that aussie blokes are murdering
one wife a week

then eleven thousand three hundred and fifteen people
died of ebola and we got bored seeing that on the telly every night too

then the bush fires came

and the news station put a soundtrack to the devastation
--footage of firefighters running towards the flames in slow
motion before cutting to a commercial break
giving us just enough time to grab a giant pop corn
and a litre of diet coke before plonking ourselves
back in front of the telly with the same misplaced eagerness
we felt waiting to find out who shot j.r.

now christians and muslims are tiptoeing through the tulips
and around each other and we're all so worried about
offending we're gargling with bleach before
opening our mouths

then i stop at a cafe to buy a coffee and a brownie

the white aussie barista with the hipster beard and too
skinny jeans hears my accent. asks where i'm from

i tell him i'm from scotland. he doesn't reply
disappears into his milk jug as though commenting
on someone else's nationality were an over-chlorinated
swimming pool he were not prepared to dive into

then my friend working as a waiter in a fancy
restaurant was asked by two of the diners where he was from

my friend asks them to guess

the diners take turns stabbing at various
exotic locations--none of them correct

my friend tells them he's from india

*ah!, they said, we thought you were from india, but we didn't
want to say so in case we insulted you*

continued overleaf..



WHO SHOT JR? *continued...*

i try to tease the hipster boy's nose out of his milk
jug--ask him if he's been to scotland before

he says no, but he'd love to go--only not in winter, ha ha ha--
and the ice between us is broken

he asks me how long i've been in australia

i tell him twenty four years

the hipster boy says nothing, pours my coffee, dusts
it in chocolate, squeezes a lid on top and hands it to me along
with my brownie and my three dollars change and says,
*okay, well, uhm, enjoy your coffee and uhm, welcome to
australia--i guess?*

i take my coffee, my brownie and my three dollar
change and i tip toe out of cafe that day thinking
#nooneknowswhatthefucktosayanymore

**four years later in january 2018 about 100
of the 276 of the nigerian girls still remained in captivity
(source: The Washington Post, Feb 2018)*

IF YOU READ THIS POEM YOU WILL SEE WHAT HAPPENED THOUGH THE END IS NOT CLEAR YET

BUT it will explain everything.
how she pulled herself back up the tenement
steps one at a time not two to change her bra--irritated
by its sudden tightness i know that feeling
i have felt it too of fresh bra straight
from the washing machine. then in the car there
was the mention of the sore left arm then the nausea
then he said *fuck going to work we're going to the hospital*
and she tossed her head back and laughed at the prospect
of draining the public health system for the sake of a tight bra.
ten minutes into her shift she called him--something not quite
right he did a u-turn, raced back through the traffic took one look
at her and flew like the january wind to the royal infirmary--up the
ambulance only lane pulled in so close to the the emergency
doors forcing them to stay open.
she got out of the car
took two steps
he parked
she stopped breathing
and the surgeon has prepped
him for the worst.

AND i know he does not want to talk
about what might happen next
how things will turn out
he says he will sing to her--
he is musical i am not
all i can do is record in words
to say what has happened
though the end is not clear yet.

Beth Copeland is the author of three full-length poetry books: *Blue Honey*, recipient of the 2017 Dogfish Head Poetry Prize; *Transcendental Telemarketer*; and *Traveling through Glass*, recipient of the 1999 Bright Hill Press Poetry Book Award. Her poems have been published in literary magazines and featured on PBS NewsHour.



Photograph Pixabay.com

KUNDALINI RISING

A cobra from a copra-rope
basket climbs to the charmer's

note, undulates before the flute,
mirrors the motion of the master's

hands, the sway of his turbaned
head, deaf to the tune

of breath blown through gourd
and reed. A vision

furls from my third eye's
amethyst light: Am I the snake

awakened? The charmer
or the charmed? The cowed

cobra dancing to the circling
sun's command, or am I coiled

at the bottom, blind
to those beckoning hands?

FOUR EYES!

A boy sticks out his tongue and shoves me
down the slide. If I had a thousand eyes
like the night in the Bobby Vee song, I'd spy,

all-seeing, from a perch above the playground
with its rusting swings and splintered see-saws,
to peer through rebar, steel and asbestos siding,

through the plaster walls of that boy's house.
Hey, bully, I can see through flesh to your bones.
I want to see what no one sees, to be a black

cat in the dark, green eyes glowing like kryptonite.
Call me whatever you like—*Goggles, Four Eyes, Miss
Magoo*—but your words bounce off these Coke-bottle

lenses like bullets from Wonder Woman's wrist bands.
I'm the Spectacular Spectacled Girl! The Pince-nez
Princess! The Goddess of Glare! You think I have four?

I have more eyes than a peacock's tail. A galaxy
of sizzling stars. I'll zap you with my death-ray stare.

STONE SPARROW

Crashing into the picture
window, it thuds

on the sill, stunned
for hours, barely

breathing, its head
tucked down to dun

breast, feathers
ruffled in distress. We peer

through the pane and tiptoe
out to check if its wing

or neck is broken, this stone
bird pretending to be

dead. By noon, it hops
to the floor. When we turn

away, it sidles to the edge
of the porch where it perches

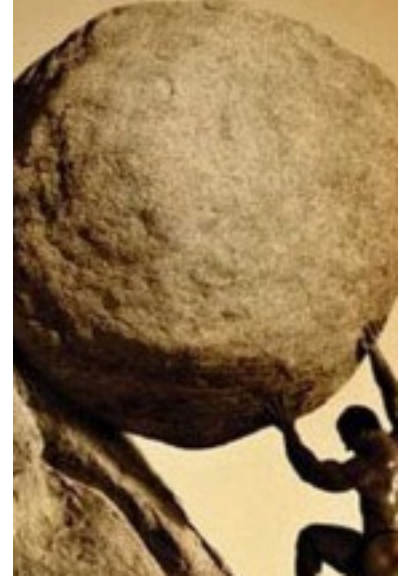
as if trying to decide
to leap down brick

steps or stay, a nut-brown
ball of down behind

the rocking chair. By mid
afternoon, it's flown, or so

we suppose, to its invisible nest
in the long-leaf pines.





SPRING CLEANING

Dust fogs shelves like frost on a field of winter
wheat, whitens the black DVD player

and coats the coffee table like a fine layer
of snow on our gravel road. I haven't cleaned

in weeks, surfing for ways to save
Winter Daphnes from an unexpected ice wave.

By the end of the century, scientists predict, dust
will double, draping the Earth in a drab curtain.

For now, cobwebs tie corner to corner.
Should I knock the fragile doilies down

with a feather wand or yield to the Second Law
of Thermodynamics—*The universe tends naturally*

to disorder—in a room where motes float
in slanted sun like snow in a shaken globe?

Ice shelves calve into the ocean. Sea levels rise.
The future holds heat waves, drought, floods.

My ex-husband wrote *DUST ME!* on a table.
Why didn't you dust it yourself? I asked.

Wouldn't it be just as easy to wipe a rag
over the surface as to print that message to me?

Lighten up, he said. *It was a joke*. I rubbed
until the oak grain gleamed amber and gold.

Will drought destroy the trees in fifty years? Where
will owls live? What will happen to the honeybees?

When my mother was a girl in the '30s, dust storms
swept across the family ranch in New Mexico.

Grass died; cattle lowed in hunger. Lariats of grit
lashed her face when she left the house for school,

air so thick she could barely breathe. Even at noon,
she had to light the lamps to read.

Like Sisyphus, she shoved that stone up the same
damn hill, day after day, cleaning up after all of us.

continued overleaf..

SPRING CLEANING *continued...*

At 80, she hauled bottles, cans, newspapers, milk
cartons and cereal boxes to recycling bins to save

the planet from a plague she wouldn't live to see. I honor
her memory by trying to leave the smallest carbon footprint

possible: driving a Prius C, turning off lights, spraying
vinegar and Dawn instead of Roundup on weeds.

I snip plastic six-pack rings so turtles, whales,
dolphins, and seals won't be trapped in the holes.

If I tackle one room each day, maybe I'll win the war
of woman versus dust. I wash curtains, vacuum the rug,

wipe smears from glass, struggling against micro-invasions
of lint and dog hair until the clean slate

of morning appears. In another room, dust
descends from the rafters like rain.

SWEET SIXTEEN

The Coke bottle stopped
like the hand of a broken clock.

I puckered for a peck, expecting
a prudent press of lips

to lips, not the reckless
plunge of his tongue

as he lunged, diving
like a dipstick

into my mouth. Cringing,
I stared at my Piccadilly Pink

lipstick smear on his chin
while he grinned,

pleased to be the first
to probe that unplumbed

plum. Until it was time
for another spin.





RESCUE

When we brought the old dog home, you wouldn't
touch him, afraid

of growing close to a pet without much
time left. The ghosts

of lost dogs guard
your heart. Kasey curls

on the couch, tracking you
with doleful eyes as you settle

into the gold love
seat to read. He howls

at the door when you leave
and kowtows

when you return. I'm the easy
mark, the heart

sleeved woman; you're the alpha
male who fires

the grill, the scent
of meat on your hands. Mine

smell of mint, basil
and soap. You throw a stick he won't

fetch. He licks himself,
naps, and ignores the tennis ball

you bounce, staring at you
as if to ask, *Why are you bothering*

me? You scold him when he leaps
on the love seat you've claimed

as your throne. Kasey
cuddles with me on a couch covered

with a sheet. On the second day, he scarfs
a doggie treat from your

hand. You scratch the scruff
above his collar, just

once but enough
to let him know you're coming

around. He follows
when you whack weeds

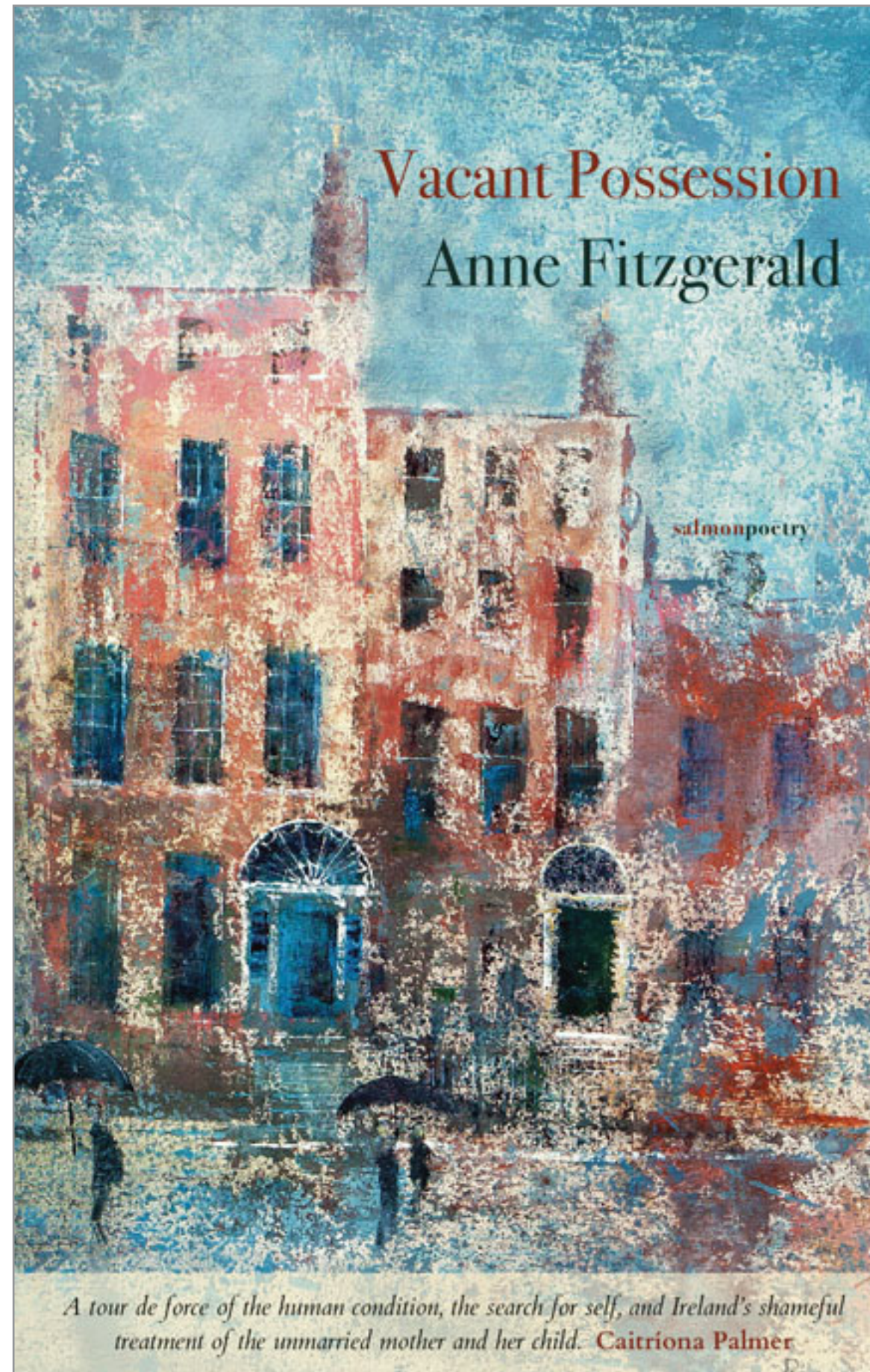
and whimpers when
you leave. We laugh

when he writhes on his back
in the grass begging for belly

rubs. Later, you kneel
and nuzzle his snout with your

beard. Finally, you lift
his paw to teach him shake, sit,

speak, but he's already mastered
the oldest trick.



Vacant Possession (Salmon Poetry, 2017)

Anne Fitzgerald's Poetry collections include, *Vacant Possession* (Salmon Poetry, 2017), *Beyond the Sea* (Salmon Poetry, 2012), *The Map of Everything* (Forty Foot Press, 2006) and *Swimming Lessons* (Stonebridge, 2001). She teaches Creative Writing in Ireland and North America. Anne is a recipient of the Ireland Fund of Monaco residential bursary at the Princess Grace Irish library in Monaco and lives in Dún Laoghaire, Co. Dublin, Ireland.



PILGRIMAGE TO A STRANGER

You lead the way
over fallen leaves

gone amber-crisp
under crunch of foot,

thread uneven ground
past lichen-kissed

headstones, careful not
to wake the underworld.

Not long after, about
seven plots on you stop

me in my tracks
saying, *here it is.*

Woe, I say
as if halting a horse
stung by a wasp.

Here is your Mother,
you say, planting a kiss
on my right cheek.

You mean the woman
who carried me, I say,
placing my left palm

on the grave's body.
I trace hollowed names
fashioned to withstand

brute weather systems,
and gossipmongers whispers
from a woman I never knew.

ADVICE

Did we say
there may be a difficulty.

Did we say
it could be tricky.

Did we say
there might be no way back.

Did we say
shock will release slow

burning incendiary
devices in your head.

Did we say
your thoughts will have

little revolutions to sustain
you while
we pick up the pieces.

Did we say,
say nothing till you hear more.

REGRETFULLY

Thanks for the invitation
to your poetry launch, shame it clashes
otherwise I'd be there.

Jim's at a conference in Kerry.
Jack will be reading his own fine
poems in Berlin or is it Beara.

Paddy maybe at Ardnacrusha,
discussing molecular properties
Pollaphuca and the fall of water.

Joe launches his own volume.
Ivy folds dinner party napkins
Noreen is flying in from Malibu.

Prudence arrives a week early.
Joyce has a touch of a cold,
Rita finds it awkward to get to.

Trevor will be cleaning his oven.
Lucy has no interest. Leticia plain
forgot. In fact they'd all rather

be anywhere else than amongst
a room full of poets. Nothing more
dangerous, as the stakes are so low.



Patricia Sykes is a poet and librettist. Her poems have won the John Shaw Neilson, Tom Collins, and Newcastle poetry prizes and her books shortlisted in the Mary Gilmore, Anne Elder and Judith Wright Calanthe Awards. Her collaborations with composer Liza Lim have been performed at festivals in Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Paris, Berlin, Moscow, Huddersfield and New York. She was Asialink Writer in Residence, Malaysia, 2006. A selection of her poems was published in an English/Chinese edition by Flying Island Books in 2017.



FIELD OF BLUE AND GOLD

1.

Your first signature
a shark in blue
and a stooge in a boat
(it was the era of Jaws).
Even then, aged five,
your depth of field
able to pin a subject
in astonished mid-sea.
The turmoil ocean
you left unsigned,
unaware of it as self
subspecies nemesis,
genus unspecified.

2.

The fatigue of rising
each day as if
creation is combat
depressed canvases
strewing you like rubbish
toward the hour you ring me
in fright, a noose in hand
a branch picked out
in doubt after all
that a gallows tree
is artistic.

3.

Your tender palette
a redemption
you could believe in.
The cow wearing
your soul's cobalt
suckles her blue calf
in proof of luminous
existence, her eyes
magnetized to yours
aware the industrial
chimneys belching toxins
at her back are your
vision's fraught dice
a luck's capacity to roll her
if you cease to believe
in the fact of her.

4.

If you could inoculate
yourself against yourself
you would refuse
'everyone dies of something'
but your art's wrench technique
is torture to the umbilical.
The gold foreground
of your blue cow's field
is the same infant
who slept at my breast
dreaming in colour perhaps
holding off the ruins.



PHANTOM GARDENER

For my sister, Robyn, i.m.

Remembering your neat shelves
the linen, the crockery, the clothing

lined up in nurse's order. Remembering
how you tore every other paling from

your back fence so you could see through
to the expansive green of the golf course.

Remembering your slow dying, the comfort you drew
from the golden robinia as you reclined in your chair,

thinning as the cancer grew. And remembering how
you refused to tame any tree's branching freedom

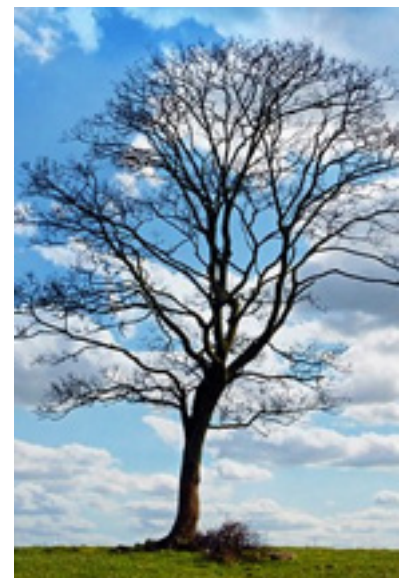
that soaring reach you refused to surrender
though marriage, mothering, nursing, divorce,

shrank the days between cremation and breath.
Then today as I pulled weeds drips of soil fell

like tears and there you were beside me, phantom
gardening, in harmony and out, singing as we used to.

FLEDGE

Neither soft toy nor wind-up
the sky her one playground.
When we touch it is bones
not sex, a porous anatomy
made for air. She appals
me with my own ignorance
who conjured whom, what
together we might become.
I clothe myself in water and
it runs back to its own kind.
I cover myself with sand
and it resists me like glass.
The sky spreads everywhere
and does not love me
so why does she stay when
I'm so embedded in my feet?
She says I'm earth for her
egg, a lifeblood function.



Theresa Griffin Kennedy is an author, poet and writer of creative nonfiction, and fiction. She is an activist who fights for social change through writing as a social act. She is the author of three books, *Murder and Scandal in Prohibition Portland*, 2016, *Blue Reverie in Smoke: Poetry 2001-2016*, and a book of fiction *Burnside Field Lizard and Selected Stories*, 2018. She works as chief editor of the Indie Publishing Company, Oregon Greystone Press, and publishes other Portland authors including her husband writer and author, Don DuPay. Her next book, her first novel, *Talionic Night in Portland* will be published in 2019, and her fifth book *The Lost Restaurants of Portland* will be published by The History Press in 2020. She resides in Portland Oregon where she continues to write and be published.



Photograph Pixabay.com

THE BRILLIANCES

Debussy is in my ear buds, the black coffee at my grasp, my daughter on her way, the Portland sky outside, while I contemplate the time that led me here, silver haired still breathing, though not as well, not as much, with less force, less conviction of certain tomorrow.

She, (the daughter I no longer tell her name) is the precious one who will, stamp into her future, with my cells still inside her, coaxing her, comforting her Telling her which way to walk, to wait for the walk sign, to listen for that thing... to walk away when the only option is to flee.

As the silver drifts across my face, the blue of the iris changes, marbles, decays, I am fully invisible now, though that invisibility is now a comfort, a welcome respite to when I was young and the eyes were upon me, searching me out, wanting asking me to call, to wait, to meet, to submit beneath them.

Warm tea glimmers in the sunlight of a clear glass cup, the gold tone shadow flat across the white table reminds me that time will never not be there for us doing what it does, taking what it takes, giving back so little but promising, forever promising the unpromisable.

THIS HOUSE OF THE NEVER ENOUGH

My ear is never profaned—I will not allow it, silence is my preference,
my throat is never closed except when I sleep and the choice remains mine
this house is green, and I am clever enough to repair my own broken doorknob.

Gunmetal blue above me, I am searching for math in petals, in blades of grass,
in music, and the silent predator who covers reason with needed gloss wanders
near me, his Gimples around, abound, and surround me.

The lump in my flesh, in this old girl flesh, the surgeon's mucosal punch made history,
shiny ooze flowed like golden shades of moonlight, innocent lipids with no voice
no consequence, no dismay to offer up.

As one memory melds within another, like lifetimes, the lovers, the children,
the dead ones, years billow, reveal their giant stones,
and the lone trapeze artist's long strides echo silently next to me.

Where the lump was, a hollowness remains,
I clear my throat, asking to be noticed, and see the good doctor has not prevailed
he tries, but still I am unconvinced.

ERASURES, RIDDLES & SHIMMER

Silver hairs flicker beside my eyes, drifting,
The trees outside the café window have blood like we
The antiquity of a joined flesh, existing in timeless night
It's not red though, but clear and sweet like Maple grapes
As it sifts beneath the soil nourishing the others

Leaves fall, obscure the sky, the sun darkened by flurry
I sip coffee; lined fingers grasp the red mug akin-
To the shimmer of opalescent pond water, undulating in movement

The crocuses wither and turn
Their bodies lying in state in the meadow beyond the parking lot
They are countesses in blue silk, becoming erasures
Riddles in the dark, disappearing with the set of dawn, whispering
And nodding to me, voiceless, vacant, gone.



Eamonn Lynskey is a poet and essayist whose work has appeared in many magazines and journals. He recently received a bursary from the Irish Writers' Union to spend a week in Room. His third poetry collection, 'It's Time', was published by Salmon Poetry in May 2017. More information at www.eamonnlynkey.com



Photograph Pixabay.com

DUENDE

So long a time will pass without a sign,
like endless night when one awake lies still
until an early morning birdsong chirp
along the eaves. Nine times nine months or more

a distant anvil ring until a spark
will spit and shimmer, glimmer in the dark
because a raindrop (or a sudden smile)
will fling back shutters, shoulder doors aside,

deliver syllables new-forged and swelling
into sound until all earth and sky
is filled with joy as Zachariah was
that morning in the temple when he found

the barren years were ended, life was quickening
in Elizabeth, where never life
had stirred so long, so long a time until
this moment now ...

BLACK SATURDAY 1941 REVISITED

Greyfriars church destroyed,
she tells us. Pater Noster too ...
*A challenge to both sides:
the one to carry out
its most destructive Blitz.
The other to come through,
still fighting. War, you know...*
Her tightened lip.

Inside the ruined walls
we listen to the past ...
*A Nazi bomber reached
the Palace but was downed
by one of our brave pilots.
He survived. Unfortunately,
the bomber crew did not ...*
Her slight frown.

She shows the shrapnel damage,
jagged, unrepaired ...
*so we will all remember
how our city suffered.
How other cities fared ...
but we must leave all that
behind us and ... move on.*
Her narrowed eye.

And one old lady says
her mother came to London,
saw the wildflowers blooming
in the broken walls.
*Yes, light from darkness. Time
to start afresh. We must
forgive. Though not forget.*
A thin smile.

MY FATHER SAVED LIVES

*On viewing the 'Chasing the Cure' exhibition
at the Albuquerque Museum, New Mexico*

What scraps I have of you could fit
inside this cup in this café
in this museum in Albuquerque.

Dark, in that grey overcoat
your emigrant generation wore,
you come to me on troubled nights,

your suitcase heavy by your side,
and sit with me and speak to me
but I can't hear you.

I remember

when you spent a summer working
on that site in Blanchardstown –
that sanatorium would save lives –

and told me how you built verandas
for the stricken to survive,
like these wan people photographed

a century ago, diseased
and exiled from the fetid East
to breathe New Mexico's crisp air,

do battle with the vicious daemon
that would later do for you.
That memory of that summer and you

building something would save lives
remains a tiny pinpoint flickering
in the dark you left behind.



Laura J. Braverman is a writer and artist. Her poetry has appeared in the journals *The BeZINE*, *California Quarterly*, *Levure Litteraire*, *Live Encounters*, *Mediterranean Poetry*, *New Plains Review*, *Sky Island Journal*, and will be included in the upcoming anthology *Awake in the World, Volume II* by Riverfeet Press. Her first collection of poetry, *Salt Water*, will be published by Cosmographia Press in May of 2019. She lives in Lebanon and Austria with her family.



Photograph Pixabay.com

FOR SAPPHO

No absence now from any holy place,
from any grove,
dance, sound.

You sing of apple trees and apple branches
and radiant-shaking leaves—
from which sleep drops down—

of woven stems round soft throats
and longing let loose on soft beds.

You sing now—again—as you always did:
each cloudless word a bell,
a pebble dropped
into cold, creek water—plucked
from the high strings, plectra in your right hand.
Taut strings give you voice
—hands, limbs.

I see your heart, unadorned,
behind your lyre, behind delicate folds: open—
for searching and being sought.
I see the gnarled silver necks of olive trees
and the crests of your inescapable sea.

Your left hand quiets unwanted strings—
unfed measures between song,
the silences of yearning unreturned. Don't burn
your fervor in expectation, but look
what's struck inside,
where union also lives.

ABDUCTION

We sit cliffside on Astypalaia, an arid, butterfly shaped island small enough to cross lengthwise on a moped. At the summit we find a ram skull mounted to a wooden stake.

Scattered behind us are the crumbs of old Gods, temple ruins of a noble tradition in snatchings and mutations. To steal the maiden Astypalaia for his own, Poseidon chose this form: a winged fish-tailed leopard, no less.

I watch Meltemi winds whip violet waves into froth while R. paints the coastal outlines. Tomorrow we will take the daylong ferry ride back to Athens, where I'll board the plane wheelchair-bound.

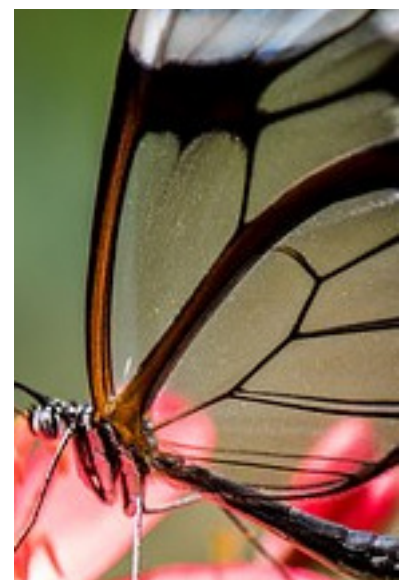
But I don't know that yet.

I do know this—as I sit, foreboding swiftly shifts into a seismic rift, strikes like Poseidon's sky brother in a fury. I am one moment there—cliffside, in the body I have known twenty-four years, in the next the old "I" has moved aside for something else. Sea, bluffs, temple rubble, R beside me—
all seem dreamlike.

I will call this visitation—moments separating *before* and *after*—"my Ghost." I'll be pricked, poked, imaged, scanned. Doctors will shrug shoulders—

I'll pray, I'll chant.

My name is fitting, is it not? I cannot see my Ghost. Its moods are wily and unstable. Slowly, though, I learn tools of placation. But perhaps I was wrong. Perhaps it was a winged fishtailed leopard all along.



TONEWOOD

Decades of snow and wind
and birdsong, rays
of star and sun, all live
within my cells. You may see
my six strings tightly wound
and think me young—
but I am far from that.

My soul—
my soundboard, was cut
from alpine spruce
on the perfect day. The master
harvester knows when it is time:

at autumn's end when sap sinks
deep into forest ground,
when the moon hangs
low and farthest
from the earth—only then
will my heart be dry.

The luthier will choose
the straightest parts, no gnarls
or breaks will do—
and then, for years, the planks
will dry and wait
until one day I am built—
my strings' vibrations
made to sing from Mi and La
Re, Sol and Si.

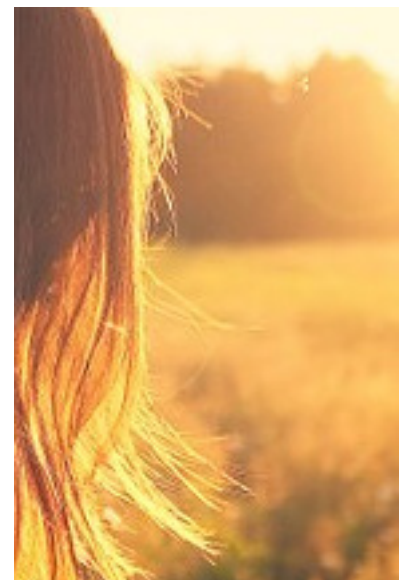
IRIS IMMORTAL

I glide along an arc of light, soar
to land from heaven's
eye. If I am called
to watery depths, I walk sand as you
a day-lit path. I am a messenger—
wind-footed. What order
should I convey?

I am a shape-shifter, named
sky's glory, and bring
the rain before the bow. I am the color
in your eye.

If I am called to shaded
hollows, the places hidden
under pastures, I descend to midwife
the dying, to cut the gossamer soul
cord. Someday you too will follow me
to fields of white-leaved poplar
and grey asphodel.

Who walks within these lucent
robes? Have these wings
ever taken me where I was not made
to go? I am a witness—
to the scattering of being's warmth
by wind, to the light you cannot
look directly into. Only I
can draw water from the river
of oaths. But I am still
a daughter. Still
do as I am told.



MERCY

Can I redeem
the vicissitudes of illness—

or the visions of freedom from it?

Cool winds clear
debris, restore—

scar by scar,
each recollection
of defeat dissolves

and what was far creeps
closer.

Here, I set out—

abandon shores to meet
the currents. Consecrate the trip
and tides, here
I depart.

FOR THE BLESSED BESOTTED SUFI

Let beauty be
what we do and feel—
kiss the ground.
There are hundreds
of ways to kneel
and kiss
the ground.

Breast of bird, ridge
of leaf, spine of boat—
bow to stern, all grow
from the axis. Lay
the keel! Kiss
the ground.

Fisher, consider
Mother Ocean's
boundless blue—
her favour. Gather
your finned reap
in creels. Kiss
the ground.

What is hearing?
An instrument tuned
to receive—snow's
whirl, brook's purl,
bee's drone, bell's
peal. Kiss
the ground.

It's not by chance
hands find each
the other—fervor's
push draws palms
close. Throw away
genteel! Kiss
the ground!



Polly Richardson (Munnelly) is a Dublin born poet who lives and writes in Meath Ireland with her children and lots of four-legged family members. She is a member of Navan writers group The Bulls Arse, co Meath Ireland. She has been published both nationally and internationally in many anthologies and e-zine under the surname of Munnelly and more recently Richardson. A contributing poet to US based poetry forum Mad Swirl. She is currently working on her first collection of poems.



Photograph Pixabay.com

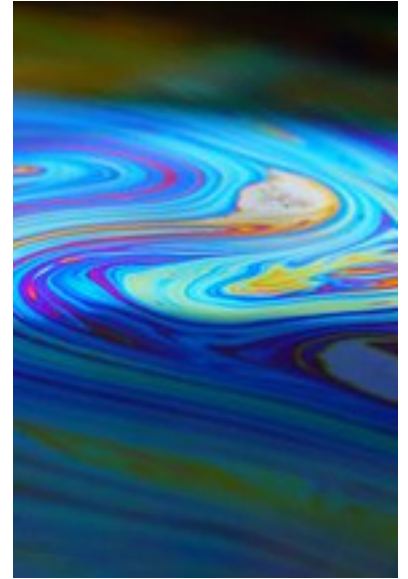
MAVERICKS

Dedicated to the memory of Jay Moriarty. 1978-2001

This is where it ends,
 the everything
 the must haves
 the Monologues
 this inner race we've created. Live.
 Chase *mavericks - see sea-souls sing,
 knit yourself to inner pulse
 follow kites on east-wind.
 In silence, listen, to slinks of mummer
 melt into it,
 let wild horse be,
 inhale sunrise as if summer rain on tongue, taste rainbow.
 Each toe touch to ground tune inner symphony,
 I watch her shuffle again her ghosts follow as if Mardi Gras
 each etched wrinkle pours platitudes burring her Rio,
 one of them leans whispers in my lobe *'she used to be that showgirl'*
 This is where it ends,
 The everything
 The must haves
 The Monologues
 Nothings set in stone.

Authors Note: * *Mavericks* in surfers' terms -is a massive wave surge that happens at certain times of the year. Most popular in northern California outside Pillar Point harbour, north of Half moon bay at the village of Princeton – by -the- sea. *Mavericks* is a winter destination for some of the world's biggest wave surfers, many have died trying to wrangle these beasts. Largest wave ever recorded was 1,720 feet, little shorter than was New York's world trade centre. This poem was inspired by life of one such surfer's - Jay Moriarty (Santa Cruz) his journey in life learning the waves from childhood and how her mastered the Mavericks through his bond with mentor Frosty Hesson, renowned Maverick surfer himself. At the age of 16, Jay was made famous when his wipeout at Mavericks was caught on film, he mastered those waves. Jay died a few years later free diving at the age of 22. He lived life to the full, no fear stood in his way despite his roots.

© Polly Richardson



SEPTEMBER BLUES

Chasing clouds netting sun
 to keep it jam-jarred, preserved for the dipping,
 and winter calls out moon to play. Teases.
 Not before carpeting the fallen, browning green gold
 adding crunch, windy good -bye swirls
 She's bare.
 Striped.
 Exposed,
 partial roots, her bits- gnawed. Muted inner pleas.
 And forestry wafts mulch-mud, maddening - begs ingestion,
 yet ruts bay beckon claim, lullaby mist,
 paving way for incubation to burst amniotic dams
 birthing spring steam rising, soaking sustenance to soil
 comforting first suck. The larvae thrive.
 And lucky bellies full. Wool, leather and rain.

OVER THE RAINBOW

From mist they came, each one finally tuned,
 momentous movement majestically striking
 hoofing damp earth to sky bursts -rainbowed
 true colour displayed
 whinnies to reddening sun
 stride to wind blows.
 Distant ground thunder rumbles her alive,
 flaying bellowing mandarin -orange rusty-dust whirls
 above forward ears,
 eyes diamonding wide wild free,
 white-faced squeals crescent under forelock
 whorls his pattern, elevated tail bouncing dapples,
 bays, greys painted blue, marbled blacks, reds, appaloosa
 turn stretch of greening clover, gallop beyond purple haze
 bursting lavenders rolling fields alive,
 rhythmic gaits leave lingering spirits imprints in their wake.
 Two buttermilk mares graze, glistening gold in summers flare,
 blink exhale, their knowing down ravine
 each foal at foot strut limbs to river rush,
 mimic nodding head- rolls at bees yellowed from waggle,
 flick a tail- swish at waring gnats, excited vibrations snort
 velvety pink display to the listening
 transparent flecks of mucus hang on whisker forming its own prism
 two hooves sets paint air as if saluting cloud,
 hind legs sink slight baring it all, readying flanks, suppling,
 One day like the others they too will descend from mist,
 majestically striking hoofing damp earth to sky bursts,
 whinnies to reddening sun
 to other sides of rainbows, blowing calm on the sleeping
 like jinny- joe drifts, falling where necessary
 taking seed within dreams of those imagining horses
 hearing their call whispering, painting colours in hoof beats.

GOOD VIBRATIONS - HOUND, ODE TO BAILEY.

Salted mud begs indentations
 let them talk,
 let them silent whisper to each sandy grain
 while ghosts of yesterday runs with tide- turn.
 His tongue loll tastes freedom with every stride stretch over strands,
 sinking into erosions of evolution finally ground down,
 as if its own pepper mill dusted enhancing shores.
 Each pad imprints anew
 despite years from running coastal to highest heights
 ingested birds-eye views of rugged wild, nostrils to ground never miss!
 Rustic-red ears wrinkle slight, alert, for the sound of silk calling heel,
 each delicate thread woven between hound and palm, fuse, seep to vein pulse
 while gleaming black back as if saddled carry
 the thousand pats held in those look's exchange.
 His shoulder leans to origins, the chase,
 sniff fusions of what must have been.
 White paws balance knowing,
 as chocolate eye dilations brighten his own inner milky-way
 raising jaws to surf wind waves from windows motoring,
 catching in lip flaps those vibrations we can only dream of.
 Damp ebony nose twitch, catch watery sun in droplets,
 hold to heat kiss lips pausing in-between, eyeing rabbit
 lick- wag- beats vibrates euphoria.
 His poise of rump indent on grasses winded, striped
 yet un-savaged in evening light still, begs devouring
 the silence of that sit-stay speaks volumes paints a thousand picture
 ponders to Atlantic sea -sprays,
 tail tip as if snake rattle, slight, vibrating,
 smiles grow warmth.
 And each tales of the peculiar whispered carry on tidal current,
 coldest of waters recede already thrashed her jaggedness to smooth
 hold in inner memory box, when stories start with remember when

CENTRAL

A force - fixed to a spot, trees kiss cloud.
 Exact point in all important vertebra,
 without it, ribboned to floors
 collapse on to ourselves.
 Geese take no flight.
 Middle. That spot. Right in the core.
 He simply cannot fall merely slider,
 defenceless,
 Unable to rake over regrets.
 Sensational.
 Vital
 beat in every heart
 without it – lifeless,
 eventually black whole
 eating its own matter.





LUNAR HOWL

Sparrow hawk fly, peck remorse, leaving remains exposed,
each flutter splats speckles

1000 years grief bled on craters reflecting

**Cerridwen*

Helpless - howling.

Humanity gorge as if cannibalistic
- war onto
themselves, thy kingdom came.

Dark side of moon bloodied.

I walk down to seas bulging cries bursting don't give a fucks'
each ripple swells to lunar, weighed in agony, choked.
My hand's breadths, eagle soar ebony eye her fullness
I look to rivers raging fate, tongue weirs, taste as if first and last.
Call out.
Call out.

**CerridwenCerridwen*

Those drums still beat, bound vibrations to earthen song
Robed in green, frosting stem -tips glisten, lean whispers to owl

LUNAR HOWL

**Cerridwen *Cerridwen*

Translucent, she circles
yet like swan on glassy water glides effortlessly
sowing stanzas etched in white
her sow shares her otter, as hound she pads a touch
to walk with sparrows pawing bows, curl whimpers at shamanic feet.
Humanity gorge as if cannibalistic, eclipsing.
Sparrows Hawks fly, take remorse pecked
as shallowing earth shadow-cloaks central leaving
dark moon bloodied. I ingest.

Authors note: * *Cerridwen*, pronounced – Ker-rid-wen, moon Goddess, patron of all with in her realm, fertility science, prophecy and poetry, her name comes from the Celtic word Cerru, meaning cauldron. The dark moon is strongly associated with this Goddess. She's shape shifts into Grey hound, Otters and often into a white sow to be amongst her people, her scared birds, hawks, hens and sparrow hawks.

Bob shakeshaft is a regular reader on the Dublin open – mic scene since 2004. He has just recently appeared in the latest issue of the New Ulster Anu, the 40th. Issue. In this Anthology the following Poems appear: *Auld tripe*, *Ashen Sun*, *Toddles*, *A thin white line* and *After Philomena*. Also awarded 2nd.place in the New York Literary Magazine, in the category of Life/Death. Recently received 3 commendations from the Jonathan Swift Writers Awards.



Photograph Pixabay.com

SONG OF THE LAST

I cannot forget
 the room
 you grew up in
 full of the dank-wet
 rattle of your chest
 horrible
 gurgle of phlegm
 bright blood shocking
 at a safe distance
 from your bed
 nightly rosary
 fumbling
 white knuckles
 on coverlet
 dropped beads
 of sweat stain
 your eyes
 looking right
 through me
 from the bones
 of your soul
 held beneath
 the nightdress
 moving to death
 and womanhood
 tiny breasts
 swelled
 nipples a bruise

growing
 and failing
 over lungs hard
 with disease

INSTAURATION

The room left undusted
she couldn't care
to hang a picture
or lay a book
on an armchair.

All her pain there
in the absences
furious windows shook
with a violence
she could not share.

Her face was linear
thin as her bones
its true
she spoke
not like it mattered.

She could help
with washing -up
and such things
made her anguish
when the china clattered

suddenly one day
she came back
into the world
where flowers grow
could she come to know?

if it would last
long enough
to place a picture
upon a wall
or read a book.

SUNDER

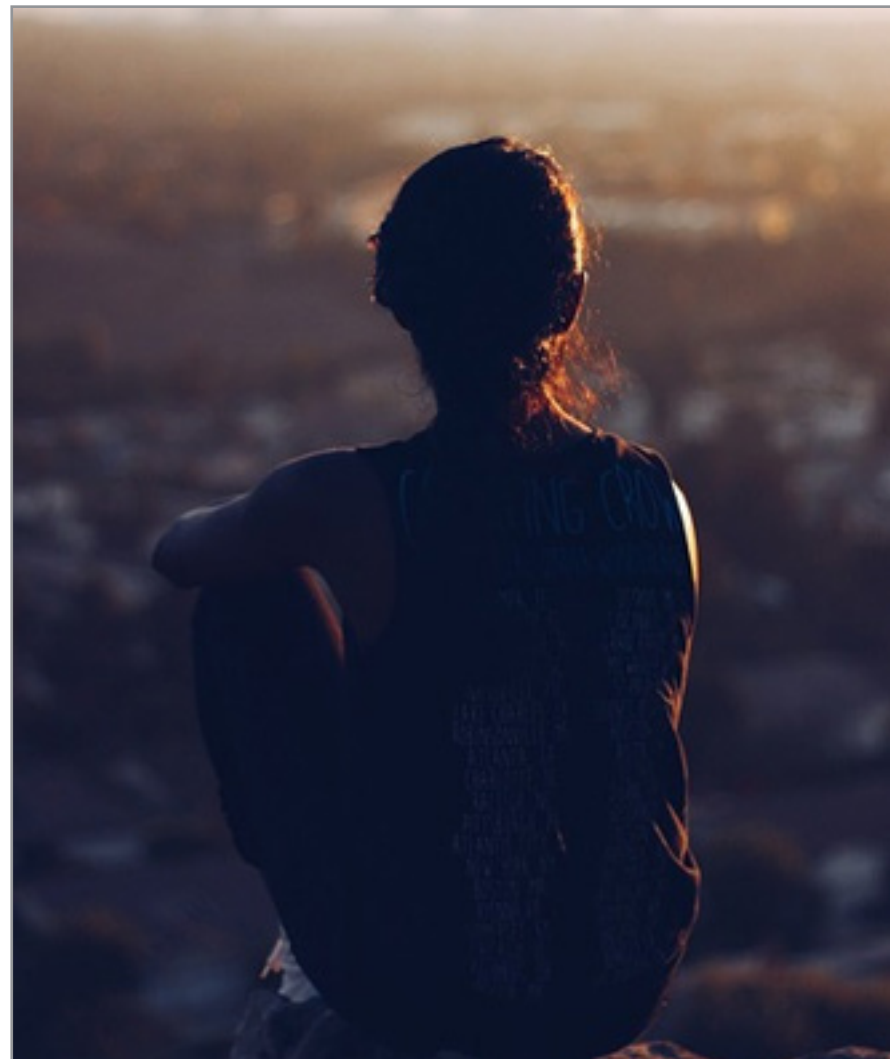
Somewhere in my wavering
Because it was heavy -laden
I then chose
But still wondering
What if

Perhaps the other
I am to miss
Whereas I won't back track
For to do so
Will chink my dawning

Footfall now taken
I stomp and stomp
The clods cling
Muck -mud
My faltering mind



From the Welsh Marches, Gillie attributes her love of poetry to her late father John. She won her first competition aged 8, when her poem Swing High, featured on the local radio. She took the audacious leap, to a life afloat in 2006! *"It is not for the lazy or faint-hearted, but often it's solitary, then I write prolifically"* she says. Living aboard her sailing yacht Tuppenny, they are currently in SE Asia, heading East to the South China Sea, later this year.



Photograph Pixabay.com

LETTING GO

It's a lonely place
 Letting go
 Have you let go those demons
 Did you taste the devils honey on your lips
 I fill my lonely with the broken ones
 Those who are on the edge of normal
 I'm fearful of it
 What would happen if I lost my words
 Would I be nothing to you then
 I may already be
 Knowing that I don't know
 Feels sweet yet bitter
 Like the whiskey you pour in my glass
 Not nothing to me
 We still have our path to walk you and I
 Could you
 Just possibly
 Hold my hand as we walk

I SEE

I can see from here
 the outline of the muscles on your chest
 and I long to touch you
 to be the beauty I am in my head and heart
 stroking you and feeling the strength in your core
 you don't know I see
 how you stand in your private moments
 reflecting on the things you've done
 the hearts you've broken
 those smiles you tore from another's face
 with your betrayal and meanness
 and how I long to find that softness in your belly
 where your small creature lives
 hidden away from the world
 those fears and uncertainties you locked in a box
 are just waiting
 for your moments of vulnerability
 then I'll have the key
 twist it swiftly in the lock and bam!
 you'll be knocked out of kilter
 I can see you still
 now searching for the why's
 trying to reason it all with your self-recriminations
 diluting your actions with fictitious justifications
 did you bring this on yourself?
 No! surely your motives were clear and better to be honest right?

except you weren't were you
 your honesty came with lust
 which is such a sweet talker
 such a smooth, subtle shifter
 a player in the game of self-gratification
 disguising itself as a heart bursting with the joy of love
 rather than the groin of desire and self-serving want
 all this I know about you
 your truths and your lies
 yet still I long to hold the you in the sepia image
 and rest my head in the beauty of your body

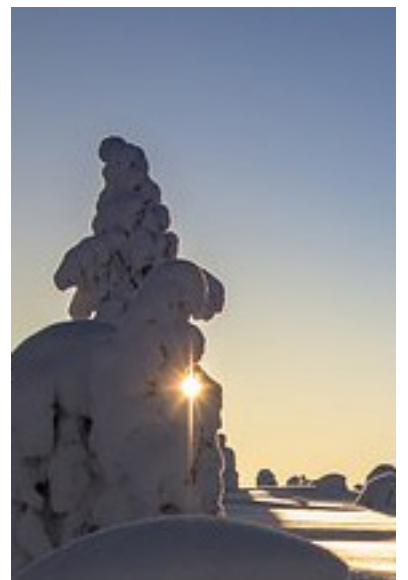


THE HAPPIEST MAN

Speak to me a story
 a beautiful one
 where you find the light is perfect for a photograph
 where the laughter from your children causes a single tear
 of a day when the breath on the breeze smells of frangipani
 so as to whisk away any thought of care
 a moonglow dusts off the shelves of anguish
 you can be for one enthralling moment
 the happiest man
 and I can feel the joy course through my soul

TRICKS ON MY MIND

Light plays tricks on my mind
 I was sure you called to say something
 but your words were empty
 what was your purpose then
 intensify the dying flame
 how do you know it does that
 the sound of your voice
 its then that the longing starts
 that old familiar ache in my veins
 feelings I thought I had under control
 you know I am waiting for your touch
 that I will be ready for you
 flower stamens open to receive the bee



Peter O'Neill is the author of six previously published collections of poetry, but he has also published a book of translation (*The Enemy*, Transversions from Charles Baudelaire, Lapwing, 2015) and a short book of fiction (*More Micks than Dicks*, a hybrid Beckettian novella in 3 genres *Famous Seamus*, 2017). He has also edited two anthologies of contemporary Irish writing, held writing festivals and chaired readings in his hometown of Skerries in north county Dublin, where he has been living for the last ten years. He is currently working on a novel *Hyber-Nation*, which is a kind of homage to the American crime writer Raymond Chandler.



Photograph Peter O'Neill

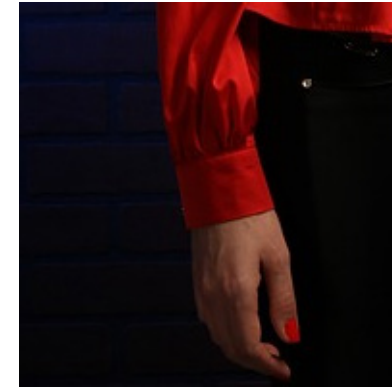
ORIGINS

The first chapter from his novel in progress, *Hyber-Nation*.

7:20 pm. Deep roll of thunder, as if God were ransacking the heavens. Then darkness, and the clouds moored onto one great transport, hovering threateningly above the earth. A scream then, overheard, breaks the silence. From the car it sounds like some female simian who'd over done it on the vodka. A short film projected quickly in Maher's mind, features involving, and in random order: stilettos, G-strings and micro-skirts. **Title** – *College Green on a Friday Night*, deep in November. The final scene involves images of spent condoms strewn in parking lots, dog faeces, vomit and shards of broken glass, glittering in the asphalt like imitation diamonds.

Maher bolted from the DS. The front door was solid Georgian, with the singular distinction of bearing a pediment just above the arched fanlight which exuded a warm orange glow illuminating the columns on either side of the portal. Egypt, Rome and ancient Greece all being signalled to him from out of the oceans of time, and on which he seemed to cling to as if upon a raft; his only sense of freedom then being confined to the boat which was being pulled forward, this way and that, by the monstrous tides.

A young woman answered the door. She was monumental, damnation incarnate by her very nature. Maher's eyes felt drawn to her svelte, feminine limbs, which were all the more accentuated by the opaque jet- black jogging tights, which she was wearing. The Lycra clung to her form accentuating every slightest curvature and indentation. A phrase from Lucretius, learnt painfully at secondary school, entered furtively into his mind : *Voluptatem praesagit muta cupido*...it seemed to fit so perfectly the indelible image of the woman who was presented before him.



She stood with one hand gently supporting the weight of her slender body on the door, whilst placing the other squarely on the hips.

“Yes!...”

The tone was confrontational, immediately checking Maher’s blatant male gaze. For Maher, solely at that moment representative of his sex, it was a no- win situation.

So, he did what any member with anything at all significantly qualifying as supporting equipment representative of the male sex would have done. He laughed a deep bellyful laugh, and then recoiled. Not from the languorously svelte demonic apparition which had appeared and was now so enchantingly illuminated standing before him in the portal, but rather at the grotesque situation they both now seemed to find themselves in. Culturally they were both held hostage, it seemed. The elephant seemed to be rubbing its great ass up against their faces, and they both couldn’t help but look away from the appalling apparition, not to mention the stink.

“What, may I enquire, *is* so funny?” The apparition spoke again.

The tone was suitably moneyed and honeyed, hinting at tertiary level schooling. Trinity, or that other place in Donnybrook. One as bad as the other, in any case, both having been severely relegated in world ranking only just that week. Should he bring it up, Maher thought? Perhaps later.

“I heard a scream...” He offered.

“And you thought that you would play the gallant knight, come to save his damsel from distress?”

Her look was now withering. Looking him up and down as if he were nothing human, but perhaps rather the aborted monolithic slime which had somehow been compounded into significant comprehensible human shape, after having first been scraped off the ocean’s floor having arrived there from out the containers of radioactive waste.

“Well, actually, the real purpose of my visit is to speak with your father who invited me to come here and speak with him tonight.”

And at this, Maher handed her his card.

John A. Maher, it read, Private Detective. Discretion assured. This was followed by his office address.

*Fifth Floor
Lafayette Building
D’Olier Street
Dublin 2*

That made her look at him again. He seemed to have gone up in her estimation, despite his previous misdemeanours. Everyone in Dublin knew the Lafayette Building. It had recently just sold for a cool 3.5 million. Maher’s office, however, remained intact, despite the sale.

It had been left to him outright by a particularly satisfied client thanks to whom he now had a particularly fine panoramic view of O’ Connell Street from the Neo- Gothic tower. They knew how to build buildings back in the late 1800s, all Baronial excess, little realising that the Empire, upon which the sun never set, was soon to shatter and to split apart, after two world wars.

“You’d better come in then, I guess.” The Glamazon bid him enter with a more than fanciful bow.

“You’ll find my father in there.” She was pointing to a room which broke off to the right. But, Maher was in no hurry to leave the hall, just yet. He stood there on the bare wooden floors in his leather heels taking his time to study the detailing.

“Can I take your coat?” She asked. Was that genuine warmth in her tone? It threw him, perhaps even more than her body had previously thrown him metaphorically onto his Flying Dutchman. Their eyes were now connecting. Hers were olive green. Her smile, slightly forced, could disarm any amount of Hitlerian henchmen. Maher took off his raincoat which she took from him before hanging it on an old traditional freestanding coat and hat rack. Retro was back baby, and with a vengeance and Maher’s whole persona, and occupation, were just a natural extension of it. The truth is, Maher was cashing in. Who wouldn’t? After Putin had annexed the Crimea, it was all going back to the 19th century. Besides, Žižek had said it, and that guy was seldom ever wrong.

On entering the reception room, the first thing that struck Maher was the voluminous amount of space and light which appeared to so plainly interplay due to the foresight of the architecture. There was a great big period fireplace, the kind which estate agents fantasise about on long cold winter afternoons, but it was the space which appeared above it which caught Maher’s eye.



Clearly a painting had been removed, and this particular absence signalled to Maher almost immediately that this was perhaps the reason why Terry Maguire had summoned him to his house, that particular night. He was sitting in an easy chair in the light of the great bay window which was overlooking Killiney bay in all her splendour. A bottle of single malt Irish whiskey rested on a small side table beside him, and beside it a crystal tumbler where a generous measure of the caramel coloured liquid had been poured. There was a second chair pulled up, milk chocolate brown polka dots on an olive- green design. Maher liked it. He liked the space. He liked the light, and he happened to particularly like Edmund Burke, there was a photograph of College Green with the statue of the philosopher standing staunchly on his plinth, king of all he surveyed.

*Goldsmith reads as Burke observes,
And the genesis of the world coolly unfurls.*

The lines entered Maher's mind from god only knows where.

"Maher!" the man's voice called out. "Please, take a load off, and pour yourself a drink, while you're at it. There's a bucket of ice on the drinks counter there, if you should want it."

Maher knew it was a good idea, a little ice awoke the flavour. But, he liked it slightly hermetic, or in plain man's terms; neat.

"Do you have any idea why I asked you up here today, Maher?"

While pouring the drink, Maguire looked up. He was a man in his sixties, Maher noticed. His skin was tanned from a Mediterranean lifestyle. How many times over the years had he seen Terry Maguire's photograph in some newspaper or magazine? Enough to get a sense of his lifestyle of privilege, and like any rich man he'd met, Maher kind of resented him it.

Terry Maguire had been the poster boy of the now almost mythic Celtic Tiger, or Boom years. He had started his property holdings as far back as 92, and in the space of the next 25 years he had built a property empire and had consolidated his position in the top ten -most- richest people in the country for at least the last 15 or so years. There were, of course, rumours of scandal. Links with his name connected to Anglo-Irish, the bank which had almost single-handedly toppled the Irish economy in 2009. The press, and the media, had published rumours of speculation on unpaid loans, which had been later financed by the state when the toxic bank had finally been nationalised.

But Maguire, like many of the others who had links with the bank, had survived. He had gone for cover and had just recently resurfaced this time in connection with vulture funds and the American company Prairie Star, and NAMA.

"Would *that* perhaps have anything to do with it?" Maher nodded to the empty space above the fireplace.

"My my, but you are an observant fellow, aren't you?" Maguire returned.

Both men faced each other smiling, it only lasted a fraction of a second. A silent abyss separated them, only their mutual antagonism united them.

"Here is a copy of the original."

Maguire handed Maher a reproduction of James Barry's painting Ulysses and Polyphemus. Maher knew it well, having seen it before hanging in the Crawford Art Gallery in Cork. Maguire, it soon transpired, had been the benefactor of the loan, which he had only recently called in, much now to his apparent chagrin.

The painting depicted Ulysses in the foreground debating with one of his captains before the cave of the Cyclops, who was pictured standing in front on his cave while he savaged one of Ulysses's men. The scene which the painter depicts is when Ulysses devises the plan to blind the giant and escape by strapping each man to the belly of the Cyclops mighty sheep, in an attempt to escape from the cave later that night. Ulysses would offer the giant some of Maron's wine, which was deeply potent, and while he slept off his night of intoxication Ulysses and his men would blind him with the smouldering olive stake which they had sharpened, so it now had the appearance of a great lance. Homer's tale was familiar to most school children, still today Maher thought with amazement. Seeing his wonder at the artistry of the work, Maguire began to tell him why the painting meant so much to *him*.

"Ah, yes. Home sweet home! You know, according to Homer and Plato, the cave is the origin of all human civilization. And yet, it is based on criminal acts. The giants being our original fathers. Polyphemus here being perhaps the most famous of those savage ancestors. They robbed, murdered, raped and pillaged, bringing back their plunder with them to their secret caves where they stored their ill-gotten gains. Such is the real origin of the phrase, "Home sweet Home!" I am sure that you, of all people Mr Maher, can appreciate how such a fabulous work of art came to be among one of my most prize possessions?"



Maher looked up from the image, in order to fully study Maguire's face.

"Apparently the artist modelled the figure of Ulysses on the philosopher Edmund Burke," Maher continued, giving a cursory nod to the image of College Green which he had been appreciating previous to their discussion.

"You don't miss a thing, do you?" Maguire uttered, his contempt noticeable.

"Kind of you to notice." Maher smiled. He always enjoyed fencing, so long as he felt the handle of a trusty sabre in his palm.

"I must admit that I had absolutely no idea that one of my former employees would be so bloody foolhardy as to run off with the damn thing!" Maguire said, with a certain amount of self-pity.

"You mean, you already know who the thief is? Why don't you go to the police? Why come to me about it?" Maher asked, becoming more interested in the case as the moments passed.

Maguire went to his desk, picked up a magazine and tossed it over towards

"His name is White. He has an article published somewhere in there. Have a look. It may give you some idea into the kind of person you are dealing with."

Maher looked down at the magazine on his lap. *A New Ulster* it read. He opened the almost plain white cover and went to the contents page. *my brother the fly – Flies Buzzing their way through the works of Samuel Beckett and James Joyce.*

"White worked here for me in the capacity as my personal assistant." Maguire continued as Maher put away the magazine.

"He was also doing a line with my eldest daughter Lucretia. So, to answer your question, this matter needs a bit of discretion. My daughter does still entertain some feelings for the young man, and while he has behaved rather abominably, I too feel somewhat bad about the whole thing. If we could get the damn fool to simply hand the bloody thing over."

Maguire looked to Maher to see if any of what he was saying was getting through to him.

"Now, he's holed up in a hotel in Athens, while he attempts to sell the painting to some irreputable dealers there. Can you believe the little shit! After everything I did for him..."

At this Maher motioned slowly to the door which he had come through.

"Was that Lucretia?"

"God no! That was my youngest, Eimear. Didn't you two introduce yourselves? Young people today!"

It came as a shock to Maher to hear his own daughter's name being uttered. Still, it was a pretty common enough name among Irish families. Like Lucretia, it too evoked power and noble birth, which you would suppose is what perhaps everyone would wish for a daughter of their own.

"No, Lucretia isn't home yet. She lectures freelance among the universities and some of the private schools in town. She was supposed to be home by now, and I was hoping that you two could meet up later. Unfortunately she has had to fill in for someone at work, and won't be able to join us here. But perhaps, if you were willing, you could possibly meet up with her yourself? I'll give her a ring and see how she is fixed for later, if that is okay? "

It was a mere formality, Maguire posed the question out of respect. But, he wasn't really expecting to receive an answer in the negative. People like Maguire, Maher mused, didn't typically like to be answered in the negative. Although it amused Maher to imagine how Maguire might react if he'd *had* said no!

"Yes, of course. I'm good. But, I'll be billing you for it!" Maher relished saying it. He liked talking money with the rich, as there was usually hardly ever any confusion. It was the only language they really understood, when you came right down to it.

"Of course, of course...." Maguire motioned with hands, brushing some invisible annoyance away.

"You are hired. Delighted to have you aboard Mr Maher, I have heard great things about you. You came highly recommended, you know."

"It's so nice to be appreciated." Maher smiled. He was enjoying himself now. He could relax, work had been a bit slack of late, and the thoughts of tracking down a famous painting apparently taken by some former lover of Maguire's daughter, who was also a published author did sound kind of intriguing.

It beat the usual run of the mill surveillance job, at least. And there was the possibility of a trip to Greece too! This was more like it, he thought.

“Listen Maher, why don’t you relax here. Help yourself to another drink, while I go and ring Lucretia and see if she can meet you later. You’ll dine with me here tonight. Steak alright?”

Maher was a bit thrown at how rapidly Maguire operated. The spontaneity and informality were a welcome relief. He was going nowhere. He looked out the great bay. The Irish sea glistened back to him like rich treacle in the shimmering lights coming from the houses and streetlamps shining along the coastline. The Vico Road. It was one of Dublin’s more affluent and picturesque suburbs. Some even compared it to Sorrento. That was typical Irish hyperbole. But it was quaint, in a kind of Agatha Christie way. All those period houses, and the leafy streets. It was a change from the turmoil he was used to overlooking O’Connell Bridge. He could always get the train back if he had too much to drink, he considered. It wasn’t worth losing some points over, points he could hardly afford to lose in his line of work. Mobility was everything.

Yes, Maher thought, sitting back into the chocolate coloured polka dots on the deep green and gold reading chair, he could afford to have another few single malts, and a prize sirloin while they discussed further the crime.



Photograph Peter O'Neill

FOUNDED 2010

Live encounters

POETRY & WRITING

FREE ONLINE MAGAZINE FROM VILLAGE EARTH
MAY 2019

COVER ARTWORK BY IRISH ARTIST EMMA BARONE