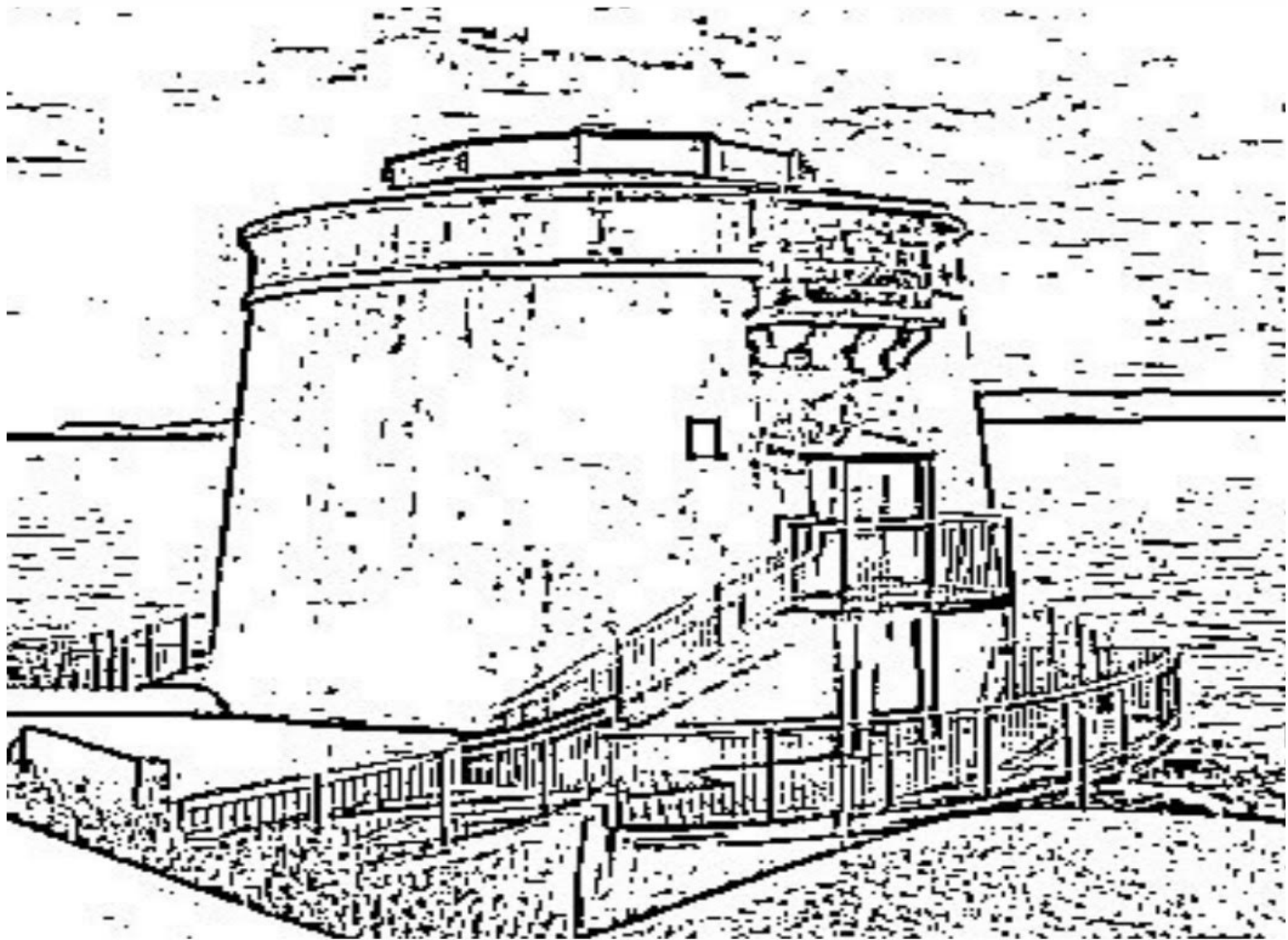


The Martello

Edition 1



SUMMER 2021

The Martello

Edition I

Editor's Foreword

The Martello might just be the best impulse decision we've ever made.

Tucked inside are the contributions of two-dozen artists from both within and far beyond Dublin, the city whose coastline is dotted with the towers that give this publication its name. The two editors met here, a few steps from one of those towers, as new flatmates hunkered down together in Level 5 lockdown. One dark, stormy, and particularly boring evening, we foolishly decided to try our hand at publishing.

Luckily enough for us, many incredibly talented people came forward with their poetry, prose, and photography. We were blown away by the quality and volume of submissions, and are incredibly excited to share some of them with you.

Thank you all for your attention and time, and we hope you enjoy!

- Úna and Jack

Editor Biographies:

Úna-

Úna Nolan is a college student, writer, self-proclaimed plant mother, and according to her peers, a "pretty good" roommate. She lives in Dublin, and has contributed to Crossways literary magazine, The Madrigal Press Magazine, The New Word Order and Green Carnations Anthropology, as well as this magazine. All of which submitted when she occasionally decides her work is not as awful as once seemed. She would like to conclude by saying that Jack is an absolute slacker rat bastard who did none of the work for this project, and therefore deserves none of the inevitable praise.

Jack-

Jack is an American, New Jersey born, and lacks little talent in the arts (besides being able to wiggle his ears, if that counts). He has, however, written a few things before working on this project, mostly for the College Tribune. He would like to conclude by noting that this publication was originally Úna's idea, so any forthcoming errors, mistakes, or missteps are entirely her fault.

Contributors:

Caitlin Young

Sean Meates

Jodie Doyle

Helen Jenks

Tomás Clancy

Christina Hennemann

Charlotte Moore

Kevin Cahill

Chaelio

Noel King

Alan Murphy

David Murphy

Matthew Kelly

Murke Burke

James O'Leary

Alexandra Varley

Róisín Kuntz

Hannah Byrne

Róisín Rafferty

Daniel Johnson

Alannah Murphy

Declan Coles

Caoimhe Rose

Kacka Hrubá [Back Cover]

Lovegirl

"This poem isn't about you - it's fundamentally about Bruce Springsteen" "The boss

i. **Sleeping pill confession**

I love to induce small comas, coma lite. I like to figure out the balancing act. 2 benadryl, 20mg of melatonin, 2 tea bags containing valerian root, 3 herbal supplements. I take them on Thursday afternoons, I wake up on Saturday mornings. I spend sleepless Sundays cleaning the half-awake mess and shoving cold cheap vanilla ice cream into my mouth.

*{You can't start a fire
Worryin' about your little world fallin' apart}*

Learning to sleep alone. New little lessons of duvet weight and chemical balances. I will check the locks twenty times. Tangle my wrists in the chain on the door. Play that Springsteen record with the anthem of working class kids and insomniacs on disco dance floors and eventually, the sun will come up.

ii. **Grapefruit segments in syrup.**

When you don't sleep, salt coats your lips, post-cinema-popcorn style. I am preparing for this. I buy sour fruits drowned in sugar cane excrement. I've stared at Springsteen's ass spinning on the turntable for so long he may as well be here. I put 4 litres of water in my room to drink before the sun comes up. I'll swim at 5am.

*{They say you gotta stay hungry
Hey baby, I'm just about starvin' tonight}*

My weight is fluctuating, my face is swelling and all I wear is swimsuits and sweatshirts.

iii. **Bruce Springsteen headlines Pride 2022**

I am missing the headliner. I was washing my corporate-float-cannon-soaked period underwear in the portaloos when he took the stage. I go back without washing my hands, blood stain migles with my hand sweat, sunscreen and chipped nail polish.

*{I need a love reaction
Come on now, baby, gimme just one look}*

You take my hand and swing me about. Thrown away and against you. Away and against.

-Caitlin Young

Storm Season

I watched your shoulders touch your ears.
We collapsed with relief rains, inherited from five Sundays of storms.

I sit and watch the slowing of my thoughts.
Workers pick up the track, pass it to the runner, who races ahead.
The train stops between two revelations.

Words stay stuck in my mouth, you look at me, calculate the likelihood of my prophesying.
and go back to sleep.

But just before that, you raise your head and mumble out your belief that we'll die today.

We can't use our tin can phones, they catch on the doors, pick up currents running through the
ground.
If the day won't end and our mouths can't open, doesn't that signal our end of days?

Just think of us lying there, Side by side, unloved and laced up.

Think of the cloud that will come and collect us and bring us back to our old Gods.
We've differed in Gods, you promise me we share a mother tongue, a common currency, a super-
state.
I've never checked the truth. I think - I know that we exist in the half-truths.

I have blindly followed you, and now here we are. You're draped over the sofa and I'm asleep on the
floor.

Someone runs on the Durcan-esque TV light. I want to follow in the wife's footsteps.
The home video ends.

There won't be much left to mourn for whoever finds us: We'll just be two skeletal personalities.
Conjoined twins who let each other starve.

-Caitlin Young

The Thief of Joy

Why is it other people's lives
Are so much better
When yours isn't?

Why when your day is shit
Is their's extra incredible?

Why when you're tired
They're jogging?
Why when I'm overthinking
They're laughing and dancing with people.
It doesn't even matter if they are or not,
It never does.
They must be better off than me.

While I sit here trying to be creative,
They're having the time of their life.
Probably anyway.

-Séan Meates

Blister.

A boy offers me a lit cigarette. I am so drunk I place it in my mouth the wrong way around and I don't notice the burn. The boy laughs, turns it in my fingers for me. I resent him for it. He has a mop of ginger hair, and backlit by a heat lamp it looks like a flame. He is talking about some film by some director that raped some woman. He says something about separating art from the artist. The smoking area is so loud I can barely hear him. I have just been watching the way his mouth moves.

We leave the bar and order large, greasy slices of pizza. I am so drunk I forget to think about my stomach. It stings the rising bump on my lip. The boy wipes grease from the corner of my mouth before kissing me. His mouth is slick and tastes of ash. I keep one eye on two pigeons eating an abandoned bread roll. I can't focus on whether I'm kissing back or not. I put my hand on his neck and open my mouth more, just in case. He drops his head and starts kissing my ear, my neck. I ask if he wants to get a taxi. He says yes, yes I really do.

I think the taxi is more expensive than it should be, but I don't say anything. The boy lives with his parents in Donnybrook. They're not home, he says, away in Thailand. I tell him that sounds amazing. He says they go every year. The house itself is red brick and has three floors. Inside, each wall is covered in art or family photographs. I tell him, it's beautiful, really. He only smiles. My head is beginning to clear, and I can feel my stomach churn. I ask for another drink and he pours me red wine in a crystal glass.

I never know what I want, I say. I don't know why. The boy looks at me for a long time before replying. No one does most of the time, he says. He reaches over and touches my cheek. He is trying too hard at being tender. He kisses me again, rougher now. I let him. He brings me to his room, a space stuck between childhood and adulthood. Blue walls, a single bed, tartan curtains, a Leaving Cert art project still pinned up. He pushes me down onto the mattress. When I don't touch him, he pins my hands down above me. Bites hard into the raw skin of my lip.

Sunlight burns through the window in the morning. The boy has me tucked under one arm. I look at him sleeping, he looks young. He is young. The birds are screaming outside. My body is aching. I slip out from under his arm. Get dressed. Write my number down on a piece of paper and leave it on his bed stand. I notice the condom on the floor and my throat feels tight. I try to rub the mascara away from under my eyes, but it doesn't budge. I buy a weak cappuccino for three euro and smoke my last cigarette. It almost feels romantic. I get the 46a to Pearse Street and I tell myself I have to stop doing this. I tell myself it's destructive. I tell myself I won't buy another packet of smokes. My head aches. It's too warm. The sky is offensively blue. I catch my reflection in a bus window and for a moment I don't recognise it. I can't tell if it's just the hangover, or if I've felt like this for a while now. I feel uncomfortable. I feel like my skin doesn't fit my body. I feel like I don't fit inside my body. A man in a clean suit makes eye contact with me through the bus window, and for a second I am shocked he can see me. I run the skin of my lip through my teeth and taste metal. Close my eyes, breathe. But the sun burns through.

-Jodie Doyle

wedding day.

I get wine drunk at the wedding. Get caught giving the best man a sloppy blowjob. Get caught with my skirt stuck in my knickers and your dad tells me so with a wink. I steal money from the cards and use it to buy another round of tequila. I tell myself I'll replace it. I smoke out back by the kitchen door so you won't see. I give one to the 17-year-old waiter with the spotty face and I ask if he likes his job. He coughs on the smoke and it makes me want to cry. I watch you dance with him and your dress is so white. Your uncle pinches my bum and says, "you're next". I do another shot of tequila. I tell the waiter I'm lonely. I don't return the money. I have another smoke. I think it will always be like this.

-Jodie Doyle

morrigan

lithe and dark,
a crow sits on the old stone wall
in the shadowy sinew of evening,

cloaked and covered by a silence
wallowing there in the mouthfuls of the looming.
the ever-present eyes of a patient mother,

scuffling among the dying boughs of elm and oak —
watching, waiting, undulating among the
hollow hills of a bleak and lonesome earth.

crooning a song for the decayed and the rotten
buried there in the soil's slow embrace —

a song not of death, but of her sister, sleep.
non mortem, somni sororem.

sheath your ears, it is not your turn.

-Helen Jenks.

dandy

The old Haggard and tatty rambler
of wide eye and keen scowl
having spied us inquired.
If we knew a few spots about the town to find a
Chinese lantern.
Real, good ones, with fine fringe and tassel
A necessity of course,
he was making a coat.

His hair was damp, sprouting wild
from the shadow of a shroud
A man wonky and wavering in his own two shoes.
he peered about the churning crooked sea in deluge.

HA

The rains Brilliant

imagine going soft
if you ever got
comfortable.

whats in a form, a dizzying silhouette
that beams anyways. A cobbled sort of debonair.

He stood resolute,
gleeful in abrasion.

-Tomás Clancy

Messages

It has turned into April now and I hear whispered greetings
Of raindrop fingers on kitchen's window.

The fog rushes to meet him- all elegant, spiralling clouds
above scorching stove tops and simmering pots of thick,
creamy soup

*(they embrace as a lighter's flame to a candle's wick through
the glass)*

My jumper is pulled tight around me, sleeves tugged down
over hands to capture every last inch of brick heat
And I squint my nose to expel Jack Frost from the skin
where he hides *(he clings as children do, as if to their
mother's at school gates dreaded parting)*

Someone has traced a word on the pane, a single word,
unclear and faded from time's weighted passing.

I try to imagine what it could have said-
what was so important to reach across our leaking sink,
our plant filled sills?

To risk seeping waters and dirt-blackened sleeves?

It must have been

a message of joy,

of hope,

of dancing in dizzying circles until your knees fail you and
your breath evades,

of laughter in days that drag and never end!

Or perhaps, it was nothing.

(Yes, nothing important at all.)

-Úna Nolan

Beach

Christina Hennemann



Ship

Christina Hennemann



Attitudes

1. Moon is peeping over a grey wedge of sky
The city is so wakeful even as the day darkens over;
It is November.
2. I wish things were clear and simple!
Like they were that river-walk evening
Before the slump moved in.
3. FULL MOON ! Look.
That is a sight to behold
The moon is always round.
4. It is all made up of Days-
That's the essential thing for remembering.
Days, which are made up of hours,
Which are made up of minutes.
So there are only days
And each day has trouble of its own
5. So not to worry.
Today is good. My swim was good-
Fresh, sparkling, clear, cold, bright.
6. And I feel a little optimism.
And the lights are bright
Against blue, and the moon is full
And always round.

-Charlotte Moore

Sisterly Advice

Begin to organise more
Than the hairs on the back of your legs.
Expect an excess of regret,
Lacking remorse.
Give up on all dreams.
Walk under ladders and signposts,
Drink more water and
Wash your face.
Don't just sit ! Even when you can't stand
The alternatives.

Fight hope with handfuls of clutched death.
Coil it up,
Blind yourself,
Never consume it,
Believe you are passionate
punctual
and productive.

Do not ease yourself by smiling ahead, instead
Look back, out, into pouring rain.
Think only of feeding the lacking living,
Easing a burden not your own.
Accept nothing short of unrecognition.
Die forwards rather than under.
Mark yourself out for greatness
Having struck dirt
In all your clutching.

Mumble in public, and in private halls
Annunciate.
Do not tell him what you think of him
Until he has gone.
Work under the assumption that nothing
Can come of it.
Pick your scabs, leave craters.

-Charlotte Moore.

Linda

Fawn entrance to a package
of farm land held in with a hairpin.
A held-back stuffed hay-barn
of corn-cob butting out
odd buds of sugar through her goody cap.

I'm running my hands over
the meaty gilet of corn
of the Cork City Municipal School of Commerce
hoping to stuff my face
with corn flakes
and the pointed beards of straw
sitting straight up beside me.

She is I remember smashed
sunlight on Patrick Street,
swaying her ears in the sun
in the moment I succumbed to her:
resuscitating my long-abandoned
boldness to head over asking...
Would you be on for a pint?

A pre-emptive fieldmouse in a grain silo
there before me... *Ya, he's from Dublin,*
sorry, we're off to Majorca next week,
genuinely sad barley
with a semi-liquid rusk
of ruth free

for my heart to feed on...a tatterdemalion
tegment of crumbs
covering me bodily
in a generous hug...Hansel
picking up a few stray spores
after she'd gone – a thimble-sized meal
to last me till I'd reprise
that gamecock five seconds
and ask someone else...eight years on
no one.

 Marrow bone,
bumper bolls of corn
burst open from their bags
in the city tonight – roly-poly
sacks of fescue foaming rosily
-Kevin Cahill.

Me in Lidl

“Temperance”
“Pah”
What is this nonsense you speak of?
I’m not a March sister and
I’m in the magical land where things are cheap
And exotic
Today I bought 4 Polish vanilla yoghurts,
Salami, smoked pork, vintage Gouda
And tried to splurge on chips
But put them back
Searched for crab claws
Drooled over huge Spanish prawns
And spying a bag of buns
Dairy free
Bought the lot
To make up for the lack of pretzels
These buns roll around the boot of the car.

“Temperance”
“R D R R”

-Chaelio

The Hitchhiker

sat on my work
in the back seat
on the dark night
journey from South Kerry;
the only communication
the grateful look
as our headlights shone his eyes.

*He could be our son on the road,
the driver said to his protesting wife,
nervous of picking them up at night.*

The driver, the wife and I chat
high recall of our poetry reading.
The hitchhiker is silent, refuses
french-fries in a smoky voice.
At his stop he fumbles the sliding door,
goes back to the dark. As we pull out
I shout *his arse print's on my poetry!*
The driver, his wife, laugh and laugh
and laugh. The print remains static,
at home I pick the poems
by the corners, fold into A5, shred;
will print fresh copies tomorrow.

-Noel King.

(for Neil and Marion)

THE SENSES

Tender, the trees need red.
See them swell, seed December.
Between new sheets they bed.

They sleep, heedless, when fed.
Yet the event they remember.
Tender, the trees need red.

Green eyes peeked, were led.
Shy glee met fresh embers.
Between new sheets they bed.

The text preyed - yes - reserve shed.
Her lyre's presence left three members.
Tender, the trees need red.

The temple settled, they wed.
He senses Eve's perfect temper.
Between new sheets they bed.

Deed's end sees pretty zeds -
Sleek streets the hymn rendered.
Tender, the trees need red.
Between new sheets they bed.

-Alan Murphy.

Forest

Alan Murphy



IMMACULATE CONCEPTION TATTOO

The coin I hold in the palm of my hand
is my monthly welfare allowance
for being blinded in one eye by a
Christian Brother in religion class years ago.

‘Where do you get those ideas from, Murphy!’
he shrieked, hurtling the blackboard duster
across the room at more than the speed of sound,
shattering the *orbis* of my religious beliefs.

That coin is precious because I’m saving up
for a trip to Rome where I will howl at the Pope
and seek out the Holy Ghost and ask him to explain,
with diagrams, his role in the Immaculate Conception.

When he has drawn me a picture of a virgin conceiving
I will visit a tattoo parlour on the Via Urbana
and emerge days later with an image imprinted
on my arm and I will bare it to the world.

-David Murphy.

ONE NIGHT IN FAGAN'S LOUNGE

For years – oh, at least until the 1980s –
I could not get out of my head
a mental image of a man standing
in Fagan's lounge – a refugee from the choir
singing in the men-only bar out front.

He strained so far back to hear us
he became my leaning tower;
his arching spine a scoliosis of the soul
eavesdropping on private conversation,
mute witness to your scandalous words.

The man almost toppled over with shock
when you dropped me for another woman
– unheard of in Ireland in the 70s.
I, too, reacted to this dropping of a hot potato
in the circuits of my young man's mind.

My head exploded, not phosphorescently
– silently, internally. Not straight away –
little shrapnel missiles detonated years later.
The man at the counter straightened slowly,
shook his head side-to-side and ordered another pint.

For years my eardrums reverberated
to your softly spoken revelation.
Your words bled in my hands;
my macho ears streamed red as the face
of the man outraged at the counter.

From my seat I could see his swollen skin.
He tried to stroll into the bar, pint in hand.
My eyes followed him, my tongue unable to form words
to deal with your disclosure. From the bar I heard
a song seep: a requiem for a dying Drumcondra.

-David Murphy.

Wish You Were Here

Matthew Kelly



Soup for Thought

Under the tree, on the bench
Between two minds, on the fence
Shakespeare said to be or not to be
But how does that apply to me

I think so therefore I am
Independent thought is a scam
Pulled left, pushed right
Can anyone win the fight

Feet planted on the ground
Definitely not moving for this round
Let the bell ding ding
Let the choir sing sing

Its nothing new, been here before
History repeating in my personal lore
Broken clock right twice a day
Wish things could be that way

Beside the canal, just off the road
Trying to unlock this complex code
Pawns move, knights leap
Remains left lying in a heap

Buses pulling out, I just wait
Passively pursuing my own fate
Strong opinions eroding my head
Here comes a waterfall instead

Bottled, labelled and sent
My walls have a new dent
Brand new coping skills
As my notebook slowly fills

In the water, 6 feet deep
It hits 3AM, unable to sleep
Voices of reason and voices of rhyme
Whispering, echoing 'you have time'

-Murke Burke.

45% of the World's Tic Tacs

On the graveyard shift
I make coffins—sour
jargon in the sweet factory.
We put in earplugs and shout
small talk, the clattering
machinery a kind of silence
after the first hour.
I stack the long, low boxes
and when assembly slows,
beeline to the deformed,
discarded confectionaries
to grab another fistful. Stuffed
containers are shipped
to Shanghai, London
New York—in this windowless
building, sugared air clings
to our hairnets, gloves, smocks.
By the 3 a.m. lunch break
I'm full of colour, rattling,
checking the ticking canteen
clock: two hundred more
coffins to raise before sunrise.

-James O'Leary.

Altar

I remember the marble of the altar where I once knelt and how it stung
It was a slow pain and a burning one
But I kept composed and my head bowed.
I still kneel but I'm subservient to another.
Both of them hold power over me or held it.
I don't believe in either of you anymore.
My lack of belief doesn't change your presence.
In my thoughts and in my words and all I have failed to do.
They've become godly too. I've made them such.
You're reflected in them.
Do they know what I've made them?
Do you know what you made them?

-Alexandra Varley.

Éire 2021/Dear Micheál

Are we reeling in the years?

A figure enrobed in black
Another all in white
Their hands clasp your neck
Dictating as you write.

Are we reeling in the years?

Don't you dare look down
Keep your gaze fixed ahead
Block out all the pain
That plagues you as you tread.

Are we reeling in the years?

He sits on a sierra of wealth
While they wait for their lives to begin
They came to you for refuge
You greeted them with sin.

Are we reeling in the years?

Boarding countless planes
Another generation leaves
All while nothing changes
The entire nation grieves.

Are we reeling in the years?

-Róisín Kuntz.

Home to the West

They say nature has a cycle,
Yet to me it looks the same.
The same, but smaller, different.
Maybe it's my eyes that have changed.
Mountains stand to a careful attention.
Lining an aisle as if waiting for my return.
Full of quiet regret for leaving,
But filled with joy to be home.

The wind echoes my sigh of relief
As thoughts of the city dance away with the breeze.
Arms of bark holding me close as a mother,
Lilting lullabies of childhood in a gentle reprise.
Far across the Atlantic lies the city that never sleeps.
But for tonight I'll lie here surrounded by lapping waves of the ocean
And rest,
And calm,
And peace.

-Hannah Byrne.

Wrote and the Writ

Rocketman – Elton John.

It was like hearing your favourite song for
the first time.

You said if you could have any power that
would be it.

Not travel in time, breathe under water,

live for eternity?

I only know now, something you well
knew then,

There's nothing travelling back in time
could do.

If I could, I would only ever revisit the
mornings in our first spring,

When the birds woke me, and when I
watched your nose twitch,

you'd click while you slept and whimper
inaudible whispers.

I'd rise and watch the sun grow over the
rooves of your eyes.

Before sitting at the window with the dog
and chest-warming tea,

-Róisín Rafferty.

Waiting for you to rouse.

Those mornings are gone now, as are you.

And I would change them if I went back,
without an intention to.

As I stare at your headstone, wondering
how warm the earth feels over you,

If it is saving you from the brisk morning
dew,

I remember the day we met,

How you told me you'd want the power to
forget.

And here I am wishing I could remember,

The way you'd pout if I woke you this
early,

How you'd moan and scold me, and I
think

Maybe it's best, that I'm here alone, with
the dog,

having forgotten to bring our tea.

Reading Old Poetry

This isn't the eye of twenty.

You look tired.

Is it unruly of me to say you're tired?

I do not know.

I was waiting to hear from you,
However, that wait has become an eternity,
Meeting you has become a life sentence,
As meeting me has done for you.

Today, You look tired,
Tired like a depressed victor,
A survivor of the holocaust,
Tired like no sleep will breach what you
have seen
from the clasp of your worried mind,

I'm sorry you're tired.

But notice that you never used to look like
this,

You used to be bright like a new day sun,

You used to be iridescent in a room of
dusty people,

You used to dance with a zest that no one
could contest. Is your tiredness the product
of me, of us?

Or is that egocentric of me to believe?

You did not look this tired before you met
me.

You did not look this tired until you begun
to really know me.

But now you do not know me, nor I you,
and you still look drained,

Drained of all life, all love, any hope.

I'm sorry I do not know you, I cannot lend
you my hope nor my promise,

But if I could, I'd promise you you're
better than this tiredness,

You are more than this wavering body,

If I knew you still, I'd tell you I love you,

But I don't, so I'll just tell you I'm sorry I
can't help you.

I'm sorry you're tired.

-Róisín Rafferty.

A Kilmainham Gaol Dance

After Fontaines DC's performance, and Éamonn Ceannt's last letter to his wife, 1916

I watch from my desk, at home in Kerry –
the screen brightens, and the music explodes
in that place once accustomed to sudden things.
Doors are battered; locks are rattled; there are spirits.

What do you call it when past and present
collide to a kick drum, guitar chords, and poetry?
Debate it while two past lovers dance
a movement to music they've never heard.

They waltz, beautiful and disparate, and I
wonder, in what cell did he write the letter?
Where did he sit, at which bench in the dark,
one hour to live, penning the lines I conjure now?

O my Sweetheart of the Heather Hedge,
my cold exterior was but a mask.
Dance with me now, between the lights, again,
to a new music in this old place.

-Daniel Johnson.

Eddies

When I went to Colorado
my uncle took me fishing,
telling me it's as simple
as knowing where to find them.
We clambered down
into the creases
between the mountains
to find slivers of streams,
which he spoke about
in a confident whisper,
like we were in church,
these shady places
where fish lived in tabernacles,
cool, deep pockets
between currents.
We slogged through
mud and water,
slapping at mosquitos,
until he pointed out
a curve in the creek
and urged me cast upstream.
And I'm casting, fishing,
marking this page with memory,
giving the fly rod gentle flicks,
little commas, tempting
the silver flashes to snatch
the worm, quick as epiphany.
The lure bobs downstream;
something bites; the line is taut.
My uncle takes the rod,
and deftly flicks a trout
onto the banks of this page,
shining, drying, heaving.

-Daniel Johnson.

Red Chemist

Alannah Murphy



Beside Mantel's Wall

Alannah Murphy



Nora Rua (Hanora Rua Ní Conchabhán)

Pipes of clay stuffed to the brim,
The double room cottage
Wed to her long ago.

The autumn mocks her,
Pale wind and copper leaves
Shrouded in a shall of black.

She, now, is a ghostly image of her beautiful youth.
The pangs stronger than those of Ulster,
But she still went hungry to feed her five children.

The blight has passed and gone
Still, she hears the cries
Of the skeletal siúlor.

One Thursday morning battered along,
Seamus left his field in Dromid.
To strike the match to burn her daughter's hearth.

The tree of life and the hand of God joined
In love- the knot in the ring.
Shouts! Seven hawk-eyed babies born.

Autumn fades, the winter roars once more.
The bean sí wails for mother and daughter.
Sorrow in her eyes, for the children, she does not cry.

-Declan Coles.

Wild Milk and Honey

Now I have seen the stars
Breathed the cool autumnal air
To be baptized in its fire

For I am the rolling of the tattoo
To bask in the glorious heat of battle
To reap the sweet harvest of humanity

I have walked the stormy seas
I have walked the stony path
I have heard the horns at Jericho

And too, I did fall
To wild milk and honey

-Declan Coles.

Spring

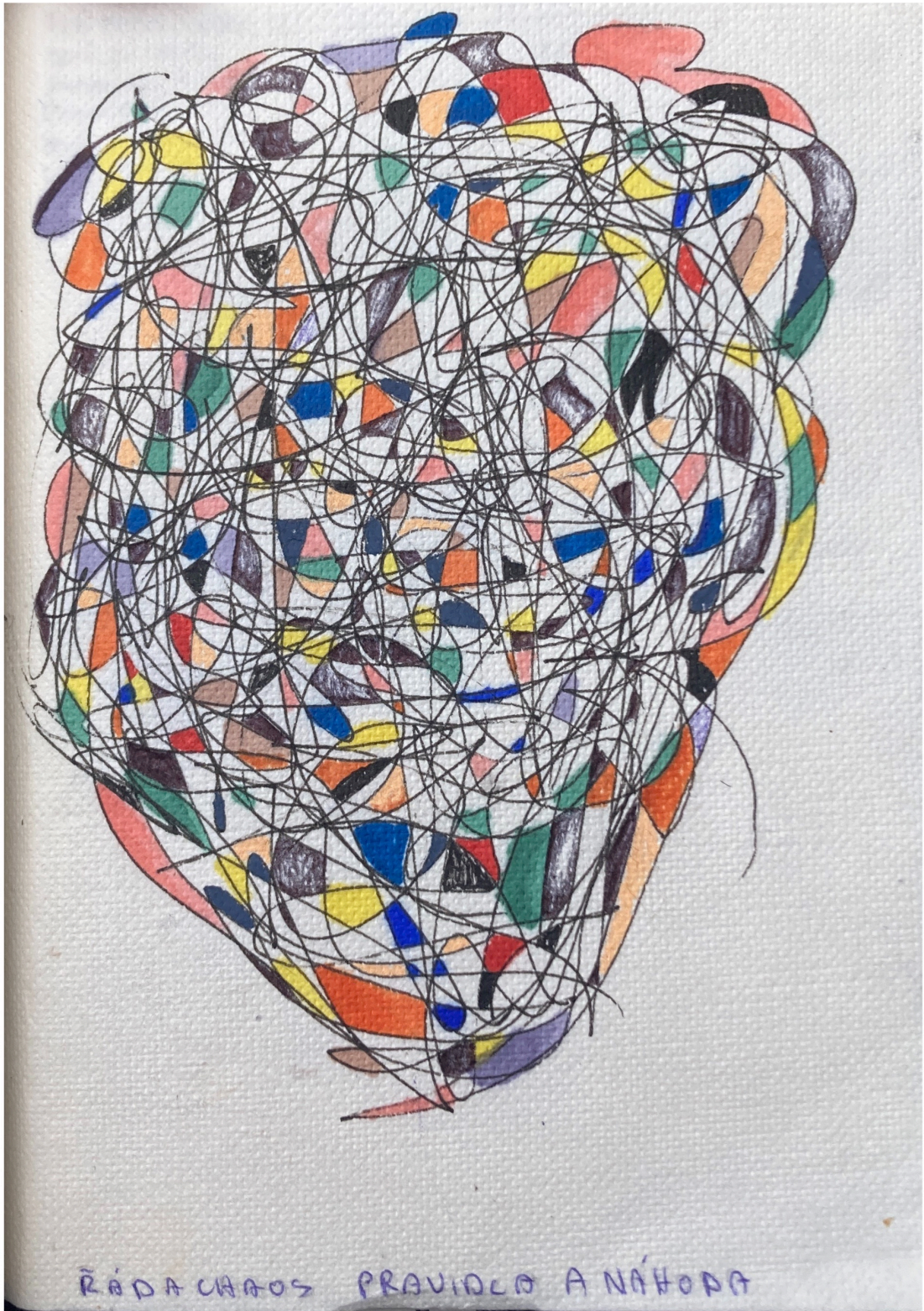
May, may the buds present themselves, nourished,
The wind hits against the cheek when
The song is in flight, flourished.
And tomorrow we will hear their chime again.
As the days pass, their voices strengthen
In search of a partner and a scream of the young.
The wood is brighter, and the light begins to lengthen,
Brittle bodies and a lyric filled lung.
You hear them too, don't you? Their little hearts
Crying out with upmost belief.
They begin to shake when the cold starts
No longer asleep with summer relief.
May, may we listen to their song by ear
As we will now wait another year.

-Caoimhe Rose.

6/19

Under our soles lay a bath of green blue,
Boots clubbing the promenade,
Laughter louder than waves,
Aching beams.
Pearly pairs glide by
Separate yet combined,
One departs without the other.
Each breath of salt stings
And yet we pull the rock into our lungs
Savoring the taste.
Tight jaws and fingers interlaced,
May each day be as fantastical.

-Caoimhe Rose.



ŘÁDA CHAOS PRAVIDLO A NÁHODA