



On the occasion of Ó Bhéal's seventh Anniversary

14th April 2014

twelve shortlisted poems from the inaugural

Five Words International Poetry Competition

and

poems selected from the last fifty Five Word Challenges

(15 April 2013 - 7 April 2014)

Ó Bhéal would like to acknowledge the following organisations
for their valued support during our seventh year

The Long Valley
Foras na Gaeilge
The Arts Council
Cork City Council
Cork City Libraries
The Indie Cork Film Festival
The UCC English Department
The Munster Literature Centre
Poetry Ireland
NUIG Galway
Sample Studios
to the house eMCees
and board members
the audiences
and poets

Sláinte is Beannachtaí

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'le gach bó a buinín agus le gach leabhar a chóip'
(to each cow its calf and to every book its copy)
- *Diarmuid, 6th C. High King*

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Five Words

Volume VII

CONTENTS

| | |
|----------|---|
| Foreword | 1 |
|----------|---|

Five Words International Poetry Competition

| | |
|------------------|---|
| <i>Shortlist</i> | 3 |
|------------------|---|

| | |
|-----------------------------|---|
| Don Nixon (<i>winner</i>) | 4 |
|-----------------------------|---|

| | |
|--|---|
| Janet Lees (<i>highly commended</i>) | 5 |
|--|---|

| | |
|--|---|
| Afric McGlinchey (<i>highly commended</i>) | 6 |
|--|---|

| | |
|------------------|---|
| Máire Dinny Wren | 7 |
|------------------|---|

| | |
|------------|---|
| Tom Dredge | 8 |
|------------|---|

| | |
|-----------------|---|
| Richard Hawtree | 9 |
|-----------------|---|

| | |
|------------|----|
| Joy Howard | 10 |
|------------|----|

| | |
|------------|----|
| Janet Lees | 11 |
|------------|----|

| | |
|-------------|----|
| Linda Mills | 12 |
|-------------|----|

| | |
|-----------|----|
| Don Nixon | 13 |
|-----------|----|

| | |
|-----------------|----|
| Eithne Reynolds | 14 |
|-----------------|----|

| | |
|-------------|----|
| Colm Scully | 15 |
|-------------|----|

Five Word Challenge Poems

| | |
|---------------|----|
| Simon Arohson | 17 |
|---------------|----|

| | |
|--------------|----|
| Rosalin Blue | 18 |
|--------------|----|

| | |
|------------|----|
| Paul Casey | 20 |
|------------|----|

| | |
|----------------|----|
| Brendan Cleary | 21 |
|----------------|----|

| | |
|-------------------------|----|
| Margaret Creedon O'Shea | 22 |
|-------------------------|----|

| | |
|--------------|----|
| Jim Crickard | 24 |
|--------------|----|

| | |
|---------------|----|
| Filip Deptula | 25 |
|---------------|----|

| | |
|-----------------|----|
| Garrett Fleming | 26 |
|-----------------|----|

| | |
|-----------|----|
| Joe Healy | 27 |
|-----------|----|

CONTENTS

| | |
|---|-----------|
| Niall Herriott | 28 |
| Cathal Holden | 30 |
| Afric McGlinchey | 31 |
| John McNally | 33 |
| Hazel Newton | 36 |
| Ceaití Ní Bheildiúin | 38 |
| Michael O'Callaghan | 39 |
| Rosie O'Regan | 41 |
| Michael Ray | 42 |
| Ken Russell | 45 |
| John W. Sexton | 46 |
| Joe Sweeney | 48 |
| Matthew Sweeney | 49 |
| Rab Urquhart | 50 |
| | |
| Biographies of Shortlisted Poets | 51 |
| | |
| Featured Poets at the Winter Warmer 2013 | 55 |
| | |
| International Poetry-Film Competition 2013 | 56 |
| | |
| McNamara Slam Winners 2013-2014 | 57 |
| | |
| Guest Poets 2013-2014 | 58 |

FOREWORD

This book is a collection of drafts, most in the early to mid-stage of their potential. The International competition entries were composed within a seven day time-frame, while the weekly five word challenge poems were written in under fifteen minutes, just before they were read out to the audience. Poets were allowed to make minor changes before final submission.

Ó Bhéal's seventh year was the most successful yet. Aside from our usual fifty events, 2013 was a year of firsts, as we added the Winter Warmer poetry festival and two International competitions to the programme. Each of these were far more successful than we had hoped for. The first Five Words International Poetry Competition drew over 230 entries from around the world, which were distilled to a shortlist of twelve fine compositions (now published herein). Our congratulations go to winner Don Nixon for his beautiful poem *Fado in a Lisbon Bar*, to the two highly commended submissions from Janet Lees and Afric McGlinchey and to all the shortlisted poets. Don Nixon and Janet Lees each achieved a second shortlisted poem.

Our first International Poetry-Film Competition drew nearly 120 entries from around the globe, thirty of which were screened at the Indie Cork Festival of Independent Cinema. Our congratulations go to winner Manuel Vilarinho from Portugal, for his excellent film, *No País Dos Sacanas / In the Land of Bastards*. Manuel received the 2013 IndieCork award for best poetry-film. The inaugural Winter Warmer festival of poetry was a blinding success last November, and we have already secured the amphitheatre at Sample Studios for the 2nd Winter Warmer, which will be held on the 21st and 22nd of November 2014.

In May 2013, Ó Bhéal won the coveted Lord Mayor's Arts and Culture Award, immediately fuelling press coverage and boosting audiences. The prize money also part-funded the Winter Warmer festival. Our annual Twin Cities poetry exchange is still flourishing, now in its seventh year, the Munster Slam Championships saw Julie Field (aka. Julie Goo) emerge as champion and our Autumn Jazz-Poetry Night was as memorable as ever.

All this, of course, has only been possible thanks to the dedicated efforts of our talented board members and emcees, Billy Ramsell, Jennifer Matthews, Sue Cosgrave, Stephen O'Riordan, Rosie O'Regan, Julie Field, Rab Urquhart, Eimear Conboye, Cal Doyle and Emily Davis-Fletcher. Luck has recently gifted us with two more natural emcees, Cathal Holden and John McNally.

Here's to another fabulous year ahead!

Paul Casey
Director, Ó Bhéal

“Five enemies to peace inhabit with us -
avarice, ambition, envy, anger and pride. If those enemies were
to be banished, we should infallibly enjoy perpetual peace.”

Petrarch

Five Words International Poetry Competition

SHORTLIST

Winner

Don Nixon (England) *Fado in a Lisbon Bar*

Highly Commended

Janet Lees (England) *A boy of six thousand parts*
Afric McGlinchey (Ireland) *Frozen moment*

Other Shortlisted Poems

Máire Dinny Wren (Ireland) *At the Banquet*
Tom Dredge (Ireland) *The Choice*
Richard Hawtree (Ireland) *Matinée Idol*
Joy Howard (England) *Postcard*
Janet Lees (England) *Palimpsest*
Linda Mills (USA) *The Magician's Hat*
Don Nixon (England) *Old Maps and Books*
Eithne Reynolds (Ireland) *Gipsy Girl*
Colm Scully (Ireland) *Life on Mars*

Don Nixon
Overall Winner
fado golden dirdum portrait how

Fado in a Lisbon Bar

She enters in a hiss of silk,
framed in the entrance arch. Low key.
Then a brief single finger snap
and clicking of flamenco heels to match
the scrape of dissonance on the guitar,
commanding total silence in the room.
She stares us down, expressionless, aloof.
The harsh spotlight does not flatter.
She looks older than her portrait at the door,
a fading record of her golden prime.
A spiky chord of melody sets the mood.
We fado purists know the song,
how love torments and is betrayed.
She starts to sing, her voice pitched low
and softly riding on the breath.
We strain to hear the words,
the sound a resonance of pain.
Acceptance, resignation builds to rage
and this old woman is transformed
into a jealous lover scorned,
like a Medea seeking her revenge.
She cries a harsh chromatic scale,
a rising dirdum wail of loss
that shivers through an angry octave leap.
We find that we are breathing to her pace,
a dominatrix in complete control.
She clings to one last high climactic note
while the guitarist holds the tension taut
along a throbbing dying string.
A moment's silence then we shout for more.

Janet Lees
Highly Commended
hello betrayal france lily flair

A boy of six thousand parts

He never lay against a mother's spine,
dreaming in the slipstream of a mother tongue.
The offspring of astounding horologic flair,
he has never used the word hello
or felt the bass note of betrayal
in the choir of human hearts.
He was made to automate the passions.
He works alone, pale as a lily in round-the-clock
twilight, finger and thumb fused to a quill
forming decorous texts that rarely change,
except to fete the great and the good –
most recently a dignitary from France,
who, without knowing why, wept at the sight
of the little writer's naked metal spine.

*Inspired by the 18th century writing automaton
created by Pierre Jaquet-Droz*

Afric McGlinchey
Highly Commended
fado golden dirdum portrait how

Frozen moment

Lake ice, marked by shards
of lichen leftovers,
as though drawn
by the quill of a paleontologist.
Near the shoreline,
silt xylophones over shale and pebble,
pillowing callibrated fossils.

Pareidolia possibilities
of the flotsam: a skull,
tumultuous in its stone lethargy,
tells the lore of the land.
A fresh wind lopes up the hill,
its visible list across a green swathe
suggesting a couple caught in willow cells.

Hallucinations create their own inflections.
Limewashed, spiralling
clouds, atolls
that curl violet, yellow, blue,
into a *leger-de-main* sky
bright as a toppling
dollar's light.

A lone pilot plays dare in the palace sky,
larks about, slows the gleaming filament
to a standstill.
He eyes the arc of the sun
at the exact moment before its plummet,
just like the one that follows
this felicitous life.

Máire Dinny Wren

Shortlisted

hobnob medieval gander click drone

The Banquet

The hobnobs stand and raise their goblets
to drink a toast to their hosts,
as the drone of the bagpipes
signals the arrival of the roasted boar.

The medieval banquet over
sweet wine and mead still flow,
the band starts a melodious madrigal
as the step dancers click onto the marble floor.

Fêted and sated by the sumptuous feast,
the guests take a gander
at resplendent tapestries and old masters
under the watchful gaze of ancestors.

Tom Dredge

Shortlisted

imbue syzygy vesuvian frame gravity

The Choice

The gravity of his crime unsettled his brain.
He longed to be somewhere else; at the races
Or stoic faced at the poker table. Nothing,
He thought, could be worse than his present
Choice: hide or come clean; stay or disappear.
All his life, imbued with a sense of uplifting
Achievement: exams, wife, job - spirits high
On a cloud of secure and cosy joy. And now,
A sudden series of vesuvian tremors shaking
His terrified frame, his mind lost in a dark
Syzygy as heart eclipses soul, the horse
Gone astray and the torment of all bets off.

Richard Hawtree

Shortlisted

scaffolding jupiter gutter fairytale fee

Matinée Idol

Jupiter was growing bored
With the current myths on offer.
Mere fairytales he judged them,
Nothing like *Leda*, *Europa* or the other
Motion pictures he had once starred in.
Things were different now:
No appearance fee for ages,
A bit of camera work here and there –

On the dodgy scaffolding of heaven –
Zeus frowned recalling a more successful
Greek *alter ego*. His thunder board lay shattered
While somewhere to stage right
The Olympian lightning wand
Continued to gutter.

Joy Howard

Shortlisted

hello betrayal france lily flair

Postcard

So, having fun in France? you always did
have a flair for lushing up the locals.

You say it's not a betrayal and you're looking forward
to coming home and will I be pleased to see my Lily?

With your new paramour in tow? *Hello??*

Janet Lees

Shortlisted

prink register snake exit shoe

Palimpsest

for Hilda

Between the lines of me, you.
A habit of bursting into song
in rooms that sing back in your voice.
A phobia of flying, of snakes,
of people who prink too much.
A pool of undiluted kindness
sunk into my heart.

One Yves Klein blue shoe,
salvaged from the lost hoard
of your bottom drawer.
The slim gold-plated watch that
made me feel like a giantess,
that I wore at the register office
along with your smile – my hand
remembering your hand
for comforting me in the dark.

The indelible metaphor
of your failing sight against
my prodigal vision: silver birches
stripped by winter; leylandii
looting light without a backward
glance. The exit wound of that.
My deciduous teeth that you
exchanged for bright pennies.
My perennial regret that I
can never pay you back.

Linda Mills

Shortlisted

attar cozen novice banana circus

The Magician's Hat

I work with a novice magician
Passing round his magical hat
He longs to perform with the circus
But his tricks too often fall flat

No bunches of roses, no doves taking wing
Though occasionally bananas appear
He deceives the crowds with his foolish jokes
While I pick their pockets with care

Don Nixon

Shortlisted

yellow room steadfast hope pirate

Old Maps and Books

I love old books pressed flat in folios,
The paper brittle now begun to fray,
Or yellow parchment stiffened by sea spray
With room for where a fish tailed triton blows.
Sea faring authors played with fantasy,
Illuminating pirate tales with art,
So that the readers hope that in each chart
They now will find New World reality.
Strange coastlines wander, rivers flow uphill,
Sail bellied galleons hold their steadfast way.
Deep in dark caves the Kraken lurks to kill
while dragons prowl and mermaids dance and play.
Here in these ancient books of fantasy
We meet the fabled beasts of poetry.

Eithne Reynolds

Shortlisted

aeolian plaster portent rust aureate

Gipsy Girl

“How much?” she asks,
I place a value on the

Plaster cast Aphrodite,
The bronze inlay, once aureate

Now dulled to a rust coloured orange.
Her hand crosses mine with coins.

“I’ll be back,” she says, more sighs than whispers,
And I wonder at what those words portent

As she raises a hand to her smiling lips
And extends an aeolian kiss.

Colm Scully

Shortlisted

vortex elliptic exit count ice

Life on Mars

Your pea green body rubs against me.
You are still asleep as I watch sunrise
over Alba Mons.
I heard yesterday that you would leave me
for a human girl half your years.
The dome of the sun, clips the horizon
burning its red rim.

I hear you mumble in your sleep.
I remember I asked
'What do you wish for?'
But your elliptic visions led you astray
one of their short summers was all it took.
Now I feel guilty
helping you learn their barbish words.

Or was it the loss of tenderness in my touch.
Was I the first to stop locking noses
before you'd leave for evening shift on the ice caps.
I look for a way
to recapture that alien heart
to re-fire our dying love.

A silver bead of sweat runs down your face.
I want to wipe it dry
to trace my palm across the creases of your neck
fold my fingers through the vortex of your gland.
But my skin has grown warm and it's time to get dressed.
I count the moons and watch the stars fading.
It glitters in the distance.

Colm Scully

Shortlisted

vortex elliptic exit count ice

Sometimes I wonder
is that planet cursed?

'Tell me some thing about Earth' I'd say
'You'd hate the shorter days' you replied.

The dry white whispers
faded to nothing.

I watch the night exit.
Love can die anywhere.

Simon Arohnson
Winner - 9th December 2013
deluxe brother flaming deaf prune

Untitled

In this universe, the parallel deluxe
People are replaced by prunes
No bloody conversation, all deaf as desiccated plums
Communication through telepathy without words
Brother it burns, the flaming fantasies of fruit

Winner - 17th March 2014
constipation patrick pernicious jockey omnipotent

Untitled

constipation
not the normal missing the usual time
pernicious bloating
 building bricks too large
for the stomach's space
no Senokot natural path
 to treat this monster
a serpent ball
jammed tight
the super laxative - takes 4 hours to work
so be prepared
taut as a jockey risen above the saddle
expectant, hoping
this torment will.....aahhh
relief
omnipotent as St Patrick
expelling snakes from the digestive tract

Rosalin Blue

6th May 2013

youth history tenacity ethnicity spiral

Culture

Growing up into the roots of history,
though unaware in our youth
we soak the actions of our time
deep into our being, and thereby
history leaves its echo in our lives

A spiral of the makings
of the world's affairs
coils through our core
around the spine
makes up our ethnicity
and cultural identity

Until we grow and learn to live
with sticky history – and go beyond
with humour and tenacity
to bridge the gaps, that history
has left behind for us to heal

Rosalin Blue
26th August 2013

monkey conscript banana withdrawal ritual

Behind Bars

Through the iron bars
the conscript holds
a ripe banana
into the cage
luring the monkey out
of his withdrawal

They found him in Africa
between the borders of wars
caught in shellshock
and brought him
here to the zoo,
locked him in-to this cage.

Over the years
the conscript made it his ritual
to visit this monkey in the zoo,
pass a banana through the bars
and share a few
moments with him – in silence.

After all they both
live with shellshock,
share one fate
– only the conscript
has to go back
to human society

and their wars –
while the monkey
has to stay safe here
behind their bars

Paul Casey

Winner - 24th February 2014

butterfly collars rain finger mass

Personal Service

When Shandon tower was the finger of god
on a saturday morning, and tourists rang
holes out of the bells, and that three-blind-mice
management of unholy cacophony raining
hell itself down on a devil's bit hangover

sometimes that twisted drone sent up butterflies
from the quill ends half-escaping the pillow
into fragments of stained-glass curses that collared
my agazement while the whole glorious mass
lifted me right up off the sheets

10th February 2014

flood frog serendipity exterminate foam

Gribbit

From deep within the foam that separates
the collective-consciousness matrices of all species,
grog, the frog god bellowed out his decree
to obliterate the entire shady underground world
of amphibian corruption and ordered his
most loyal servant, nogrunt, to build an arc.

As serendipity would have it, nogrunt's
grand-daughter, cessgrunt, overheard the news
and begged him for a place aboard the vessel.
Can't be done girl, said nogrunt, but if
you build a ship of your own and sail
as far west as west goes.., well then
perchance you'll escape the flood.

Brendan Cleary

17th February 2014

number hiccup stationary tube permeable

London Again

stationary on the tube
I think she has my number
from her permeable stare
so at Euston I hiccup,
forget her again, move on

Margaret Creedon O'Shea

Winner - 3rd March 2014

palatic telegraph swing hat orgasm

Eazi De La Trapeze

She's a palatic, acrobatic, nymphomaniac
She is swinging with abandon
And needs no aphrodisiac.
She sports a wide brimmed smile
And a wide legged stride at that
She promotes being orgasmic
sipping absinthe from her hat
she's a telekinetic, telegraphic, touchy technocrat
she sends text messages on twitter
that will titillate with fruity tact. [smutty trash : edit]
But beware when she has finished sipping absinthe by the vat
You may find her paralytic in
coitus interrupus anticlimax.

24th March 2014

paralytic telegraph swing hat orgasm

Apricot scrub

With an apricot scrub she has the wisdom to exercise
Dermabrasion
A necessary control to apply in case of terminal cellular disassembly .
Her accomplice in this malaise is a fondness for chocolate, pasta , gin and the odd bit
of acid.
She stems the downward flow of her once lustrous cupid bow lips now inverted and
converted to a scowl
An anchor of polyfilla must be applied to cement the remnants of her fading youth.
Sad apricot-tinged pore-pulled Paula gazes back at her
A fading starlet is she ,
Attempting to stem her ageing plundered physiognomy

Margaret Creedon O'Shea

31st March 2014

vomit window glitter aggregious conundrum

Scoat

Dad shouted, "Quick get the Parazone"

The scoat has been polluted once more!

Ted Curl has vomited up the Guinness cordial again

Or was it Creme de Cassis

And the Ajax glitters in the mica shitz

Nell Cronin the head chef in general

Protruded a turgid neck through the kitchen window

"You will have to send for the Dept to put the run on him.

His aggregious emissions are no longer in remission!"

And a conundrum who beats to the rhythm of his own drums

Is a certain confounder for the hum drum.

Ted Curl has hurled once more.

And disturbed the counter's rhythm encore.

With a new patterned coloured installation,
reflecting the stars

Outside the bar door.

Another fireworks display.

"La Derniere Bouquet" - the French say.

Jim Crickard

Winner - 17th June 2013

phoenix carousel clumsy stone erudite

Prometheus

Fastened to stone
his skin is scorched
Filaments of skin
peel from him.
Thin shavings,
pellucid as paper,
the least of his agonies.

A winged hound, a phoenix,
descends from the skies,
slicing and biting till
erudite is realized
think little of humanity
say the gods of no destiny

In abject carousel they circle the skies
serous fluid rains, organs, entrails,
red but clumsy,
no erudite taught.

Fastened to rock,
pain fires, he
does not talk.
But
like when a bell
stops
The flowers still sing;
his soul relents not
for anything.

Prometheus closes with his final word:
"I believe in people and I will be heard".

Filip Deptula

3rd February 2014

battery ghost random palindrome gazpacho

The Philosopher

The philosopher writes whatever random
idea he can sort out, hiding the rest in the overcrowded
closet of his mind.

His thoughts, a reserved reverie,
a gazpacho of metaphysical concepts.

He concludes that “mom” is the most beautiful palindrome,
and “dad” a necessary evil.

He sits in his ragged clothes and haggard beard,
signing each page with his oily fingers.

He is translucent as a ghost,
He sits alone in Battery Park,
alone, and homeless.

Garrett Fleming

Winner - 27th January 2014

rock extremely dizziness melancholy quick

Untitled

The rock it flew

Extremely quick

It hit my head

And made me sick

Through a wave of dizziness

I puked up and made a mess

Now I sit here melancholy

On a worn out A+E trolley

Joe Healy

Winner - 23rd September 2013

scaffolding jupiter gutter fairytale fee

Cows in shadow

Cows no longer throw a shadow in Tom's byre
or near the strainer by the churn stand.

It was milk snow swirling through the sieve
and small flies sometimes stuck to cloth.

Do you remember?

That's where cheese came from
before we discovered the future
in Tesco and Aldi.

Niall Herriott

Winner - 17th February 2014

number hiccup stationary tube permeable

Dreamtime in the Outback

After knocking back another tube of Fosters
the bush poet hiccupped
swatted away the flies
wiped the sweat from his brow
said 'no worries mate'
and jotted down a number of words
on bogroll stationery
about the permeable nature of the dimensions
as felt by the Original people

3rd March 2014

palatic telegraph swing hat orgasm

The Lowdown on Orgasms

Orgasms are best achieved on a swing
Telegraphing (texting) that you are coming
But beforehand keep all this under your hat
And don't get too feckin' palatic

Niall Herriott

13th May 2013

hypothalamus languishing eye float predicament

Some Sources of Poetry

Now I feel I am a vitalist,
floating in the cosmic soup
rather than the rationalist I once was,
the sources for the poetic endeavour
are gloriously vital,
coming from spirit, mind and body.
Is spirit the universal life force?
Along with the feeling that the greater good
is more real and necessary
than the pursuit of greater goods?

The poetry that comes from the spirit
Is upbeat and may brim with images.
There are the poems of the mind's eye,
about the human predicament,
musings on people and their ways
There are the physical poems
where the senses come into play,
triggered by the hypothalamus
gonads, eyes and ears -
languishing love poems
or Rabelaisian renditions.

Poetry may evoke a feeling for place,
may pay homage to nature
which nourishes us
and is the creative life force
made manifest.

Cathal Holden

22nd July 2013

maintenance incredible paradox fish moon

Evolver

The maintenance of the incredible
Is a task which is reserved
For a force which deems insensible
All but the most absurd
For if the garden you must tend
Is by definition out of reach
You must with canes your trellis mend
through intuition inexpressible in speech
And no matter quite how hard you wish
This pathological paradox isn't fair
For to find out if you're a fish
You must fill your gills with air
And if you find you haven't met your doom
Why, the next stop is landing on the moon

Afric McGlinchey

2nd September 2013

kleptomaniac badger pendulum scissors seven

Stillness, then reverberations

A life snipped
swift as scissors
– not Mandela's,
though his is hanging
by a silvery filament of thread...
sorrow falls sideways,
then swivels
into shocked silence,
snatches a wedding's euphoria
spills across text and post and tweet,
a deluge
reaching every corner of the island
in seven minutes.
A pendulum stops.
A bird spirals out of a church tower.
My father strokes a badger
brush across 74-year-old cheeks
stares at the staring mirror,
considers the grinning reaper,
that kleptomaniac,
how much time,
before another theft.

Afric McGlinchey

28th October 2013

saturated complicated urine antidisestablishmentarianistic arse

Untitled

Man,
don't go in dere,
it's full of Aryans –
I'm saturated with urine
after passing t'ru
a line of moons,
dropped boxers
and every arse a white one –
not a complicated message.
Well, dat's fine –
I'm anti dis establishment –
Aryan is tic, man!

11th November 2013

warmer blood aluminium nape nature

Untitled

A lot of things happen
when the weather gets warmer.
It's our nature to drop our guard
along with coats and scarves.
Think back to last summer,
hitch-hiking through those villages in Montevideo,
women lifting the hair from their napes
allowing for breezes and spontaneous kisses from their lovers;
and remember those women who fought like feral cats
over an aluminium hubcap
robbed from a Fiat –
mauled and scratched until they drew blood?
I blame the weather.

John McNally

29th July 2013

shipwreck soldier revolution disappointment sustainable

Or

Just a little glimpse of the shipwreck that is my life,
This hazard lay from soldiering on through the strife,
Such as every week I come here to write poems and other such fables,
And wonder where do the beer mats go that keep my table stable;

Or

My mother paradox, yes a word from last week,
You never ring she says,
But I only get a beep, beep, beep;

Or

My supervisor still hopeful for a research revolution,
But the law is changing it's a constant evolution.

Or

The avalanche of communication technologies,
I'm in search of radio silence,
For this constant contact I am not able,
But avoiding my emails appears unsustainable;

Or

My weekly lists planned to the greatest extent,
Always end up longer after a week of disappointment,
Such as my shopping lists of milk, eggs bread and mix of trail,
Or send those bloody poems in to [submissions@obheal!](mailto:submissions@obheal)

John McNally

20th May 2013

compost exposition architecture unicycle psychiatrist

Untitled

I was at a compost exposition recently;
It was a load of shite;
Business Men in suits, talking manure – all contrite;
So like the aroma, I rose above it;
The iron and glass of the architecture so explicit.

Thus I wandered into my head, my mind, myself;
Passed all the bullshit on the shelf;
Wandering straight out onto the road and straight into;
A unicycle, A unicyclist!

On the road;
And in a Heap;
Lucky for my life;

The Police detain me and refer me to a psychiatrist (cycologist?)

5th August 2013

penultimate unicorns concrete bluff u-boat

Untitled

My last poem here was too long and stuff;
Thus a short verse about a
Penultimate uBoat and a concrete unicorn's bluff.

John McNally
Winner - 20th September 2013
gold quasi diageo culture brutal

Quasi Diageo Culture

“To Arthur!” me bollix – Its advertising gold,
The whole of the bleedin’ country,
Selling out their liver souls.

A quasi DIAGEO holiday, celebrating piss and vomit and shit,
And go on ya whore, Christy Moore – he’s having a feekin’ fit,
He is you know, he is you know, he is you know;
Anyone for the last few pints there now!

Its our heritage you know and it gives musicians employment;
But so does this culture night but with providing much much more enjoyment.

Like Paddy’s day, the brutal hordes;
On a rake of pints they gorge;
You wouldn’t find it in Crosshaven!
That’s right you wouldn’t George!

So if next week you find yourself out upon the town;
Step lightly over the rivulets, knock Obama and Lizzie’s crown,
Go home to your bed, Don’t Wreck your head;
And safely in your Cot!

I’m not saying join the Pioneers;
Just the Arthur’s Day Boycott!

(The author would like to acknowledge the irony that he won a pint of stout for this poem. Thank you irony)

Hazel Newton

1st July 2013

avocado funeral balloon crest broad

Untitled

Sombre mood,
Funeral crowd,
Until she, broad of frame, avocado rich skin,
Rode the crest of her grief,
Crashing to the shore in a foam of laughter,
A solitary balloon,
The party is over.

Winner - 30th September 2013

calligraphy piquant snail rock puppet

Untitled

I follow the snail trail calligraphy across your belly
Your piquant taste rocks my world
This is no puppet show!

14th October 2013

frantic conundrum map saddle incandescent

Incandescent

What a conundrum!
Map out a poem from five random words.
Take care not to saddle myself with the obscure one at the end.
Only ten minutes, pretty frantic -
oh - shit - errr - incandescent!

Hazel Newton

Winner - 21st October 2013

mercurial trousers soprano follicle jazz

Untitled

Mercurial by nature,
he decided to jazz up his favourite trousers
with a few safety pins.
Later, when she ripped his flies open,
emptying every follicle on the way,
he sang soprano.

Winner - 25th November 2013

rattle hum telescope wall tide

Untitled

Life telescopes to these four walls
Life support hum
Tides turn
Death shakes his rattle

Winner - 2nd December 2013

bastard bee dancer ash grammarian

Untitled

Ash-faced dancer,
Bee-sting lips,
Bastard phrases born of ill matched concepts.
Grammarian's nightmare.

Ceaití Ní Bheildiúin

Winner - 4th November 2013

heifer jump ship dereliction shout

Gazing

Dereliction

Done to dust

Rust now with grip

The ship-shape long gone

From the low house

The skip and jump of the young heifer

The only reminder of youth

Doomed to slow death here

Kinder now to put her down

Than leave her to do life

Alone on the island

A wife in pain

The shout gone out of her

And he gazing deep down the six foot

To his bed in the cut of the bog.

Michael O'Callaghan
Winner - 12th August 2013
sex dildo catholic forensic framed

Fruit Orgy

At this time of year it's a positive effusion of scent and form...
the flash of flowers midst a thousand shades of green !

For those of you with catholic tastes, my herb garden should please...
The fennel is so flavorsome; the dill, though, is my favourite of all.

The thyme and parsley growing in frames, see, the chives, they're framed too,
and when cucumbers flower and bud, with a little forensic knowledge
one can discern their sex.

And afterwards allow me to invite you to an positive orgy of fresh fruits
from my delightful little Orchard."

Michael O'Callaghan

2nd September 2013

kleptomaniac badger pendulum scissors seven

Extinguished Light

*"As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport."* - Gloucester in King Lear

I saw a carcass on the road, a badger
killed in crossing, tumbled to one side,
its light extinguished
in a crush of tyre and mud

and my thoughts turned to our precarious tenancy
in the palace of this world;
how Seven Sisters weave life's fragile cloak
'till Moira with her fatal scissors cuts
the silver thread, and our life ends.

Sunrise, sunset, the pendulum swings,
while Vestal Virgins tend the ritual flame;
and Death - a kleptomaniac - stalks amongst us,
silently stealing souls.

Rosie O'Regan

Winner - 14th October 2013

map conundrum frantic saddle incandescent

Jekyll

the last thing he said was, "On your saddle"
then fixed his eyes on the wall, all standoffish
almost stoic in the incandescent light
at first, I thought he was joking, but
the silence stayed and the more
I tried to map it, the more lost I became
his face that I had known so well
became an unmoving conundrum
my inner world, frantic

7th October 2013

pine-martin weasel conqueror omnishambles simplicity

conqueror

all is windy in the willows
weasel worn and rootless
the pine-martins nest, bereft
sits alone with it's simplicity
badger's set sunk in, toad
poisoned, all in this
the omni-shambles of man

Michael Ray

Winner - 26 August 2013

monkey conscript ritual withdrawal banana

Monkey Business

Not a conscript,
more a monkey
on a chain-link-fence
dancing with a wrench
- just in case.
She presses him close,
banana under coat,
makes him make
that withdrawal.
An evening ritual
at the ATM
his, a cold sweat,
hers, a fruit gun,
yellow, erect.

Winner - 28th October 2013

saturated complicated urine antidisestablishmentarianistic arse

Untitled

Growl baby, growl, show me your paws
let the space between each vibration
ripple that hairy arse.

I am your dog, your digger,
bone collector, urine sniffer;
will you be my complicated bitch?

Will you stand over my supine frame
then leave me, oh baby, leave me
saturated, panting for more?

Michael Ray

Winner - 11th November 2013

aluminium nape blood warmer nature

Untitled

She said there was an aluminium sky
the day I came home;
snow falling like today but warmer.

It was the turned-up collar
drew me to her nape.
An accident of blood, she said

The price of living in the mountains,
carrying ones behaviour
enormous distances, abandoning nature

for the lights burning in this valley.
Now there is an aluminium cloud
covering our city.

Michael Ray

Winner - 24th March 2014

wisdom control apricot anchor accomplice

A date with twilight

My accomplice the anchor
found soft ground
in her rhythms.
The fruit
in her basket
too ripe to be plundered.
Controlling the sway
of the walls
in these small hours
I grapple with clips
and the wisdom
of zippers,
find her deck all awash
with an apricot moon
and the skirt of the sky
flashing red lacy knickers.

Ken Russell

Winner - 10th March 2014

alarm blink sparrow constant devastation

A Sparrow's Alarm

I watched the sparrow make his way through the fire and the smoke,

The ashes ascended higher than he would ever fly.

It was the last image we would see as we choked on tears and sweat,

Blink them away these constant reminders of fear.

Retreat now from our familiar surroundings of death, happiness and devastation.

John W. Sexton

23rd September 2013

shadow cheese snow cows future

All Along the Increasing, Lessening Slaney

In the shadows of the cows
coming down the meadow for the milking
is a map
of the many dark futures
of their calves.

The snow is long melted
in the many parts
of the rushy ground by the edges
near the river.

The snow is already melted
in the lessening futures
of the calves.

“Sook, sook, sook”
is lost in the past,
in the futures.

Even the cheeses,
proving in the dark,
are not solid enough
to hold any memory.

Only in the shadows of the cows
coming down the meadow for the milking
is a map
of our many
dark futures.

John W. Sexton

17th February 2014

number hiccup stationary tube permeable

Disturbing the Earthen

The Sapphic Cup leaked weak stresses to the end.

Voices permeable and numberless

entered the tube corals stationary in the shallows,
where the half-sleeping, half-waking pupae pulsed, pulsed,

pulsed the sonic architecture of the Sapphic Cup,
leaking weak stresses to the end ...

Joe Sweeney

25th November 2013

rattle hum telescope wall tide

Silence

It's important to hear
what's going on.
Through the wall,
I hear the murmur
of the neighbours, talking;
through an open window
the hum of their central heating,
a rattle as they close their gate.
I can hear the sing song
of children down the street.
Through a telescope,
from an upstairs window,
I can see far off, the sea,
and a great tide coming,
but cannot hear anything.
I need to hear what's going on
to feel safe.

Matthew Sweeney

17th February 2014

number hiccup stationary tube permeable

Untitled

I was asked for a number.

I stood there, stationary.

I felt like a permeable cactus

that the wind blew through

just as piss traverses

the tubes of the privy,

then I hiccupped thrice and

roared out the number three.

Rab Urquhart

Winner - 31st March 2014

vomit window glitter aggregious conundrum

Untitled

I looked in the window of the ward; out of fifty beds, one was occupied,
round the corner people were laying on trollies
in their own vomit and shit.

At the press conference the hospital director
described the situation as aggregious.

I questioned him as to the identity of the
lone patient in the brand new ward: Gadd,
Paul Gadd, better known as Gary Glitter, and,
as to the question of how he got the first bed in
a brand new children's ward, that is indeed a conundrum.

BIOGRAPHIES OF SHORTLISTED POETS

Máire Dinny Wren

Is as Cois Cláidí i nGaoth Dobhair do Mháire Dinny Wren. Chaith sí tréimhse fada dá saol i Londain. Nuair a bhí sí i Londain bhí sí mar bhall den ghrúpa scríbhneoirí, *Green Ink Writers*. Is scríbhneoir filíochta agus gearrscéalta í. Bhain gearrscéal dá cuid ‘Ag Tearnamh chun Baile’ duais Fhoras na Gaeilge ag féile litríochta Lios Tuathail i 2010. Bhain dán dá cuid ‘Lúb ar Lár’ comórtas filíochta Uí Néill i 2011. D’fhoilsigh Coiscéim cnuasach dá cuid filíochta, *Ó Bhile go Bile*, sa bhliain 2011. Tá ceithre cinn dá cuid gearrscéalta sa leabhar, *go dtí an lá bán*, a d’fhoilsigh Éabhlóid i 2012.

Máire Dinny Wren was born in Gaoth Dobhair County Donegal. She lived in London for twenty one years where she was a member of the Green Ink Writers group. She writes poetry and fiction. Her short story *Ag Tearnamh chun Baile* won Duais Fhoras na Gaeilge at The Listowel Writers’ week in 2010. Her poem *Lúb ar Lár* won Comórtas Uí Néill in 2011. Coiscéim published her first collection of poetry *Ó Bhile go Bile*, in 2011 and four of her short stories have been published by Éabhlóid in a collection of short stories *go dtí an lá bán*, in 2012.

Tom Dredge

Tom Dredge is a member of the Boyne Writers’ Group and the Bealtaine Writers’ Group. His poetry has appeared on the Virtual Writer website, in *Boyne Berries* magazine, in *Revival* magazine and in the *WOW Awards Anthology*. In 2012 he received a commendation in the Gregory O’Donoghue International Poetry Competition and in 2013 he came third in the English section of the Frances Browne Multilingual Poetry Competition. He lives in County Kildare with his wife and family.

Richard Hawtree

After spending eight years in Cork, Richard Hawtree now lives in Hindhead, Surrey where he writes articles on medieval English literature and rescues early modern books from neglect by buying them. His translations of work by Rilke and the Icelandic scholar-poet Snæbjörn Jónsson (1887-1978) are published in the first two editions of *The Penny Dreadful* literary magazine.

BIOGRAPHIES OF SHORTLISTED POETS

Joy Howard

Joy Howard lives in West Yorkshire and is the founder of *Grey Hen Press*, which specialises in publishing themed anthologies showcasing the work of older women poets. She has edited six Grey Hen Press anthologies, and is currently engaged in producing a series of chapbooks. She has two collections: *Exit Moonshine* (Grey Hen 2009) about her 'coming out' experiences in the 1980's and *Refurbishment* (Ward Wood 2011), and she is working on a third. Her poems have been widely published in anthologies and magazines.

Janet Lees

Janet Lees graduated with distinction from the Creative Writing MA programme at Lancaster University last December. She was one of 12 poets shortlisted for the 2013 *Poetry School & Pighog Press* pamphlet competition and has had collaborative video poems selected for the *Aesthetica* and *Neo* international art prizes and the British and Irish poetry film festivals. She was featured poet for September 2013 in the neo:anthology project and has most recently been published in the spring 2014 issue of *Magma Poetry*. Janet is currently working on a public art commission to create permanent artworks based on her poetry.

Afric McGlinchey

Afric McGlinchey grew up in Ireland and Africa. A Pushcart nominee, and 2010 winner of the Hennessy Poetry Award, she also won the 2012 Northern Liberties poetry prize (USA). Recent successes include commendations in the Magma, Joy of Sex (UK), Westport, Poetry Space and Dromineer poetry competitions and a short-listing in the Bridport. She was also long-listed for the 2013 National Poetry Prize. Her debut poetry collection *The lucky star of hidden things* was published in 2012 by Salmon. Afric lives in West Cork.

Linda Mills

Nearly blind from birth the words of others became Mills' gateway to the universe. Eventually she found her own words to communicate all the wonders beyond sight. During the past 35 years she has had poetry published in a number of publications around the world and online, first as Linda Trujillo and more recently as Linda Mills. Now retired, she is able to devote herself to her writing and to travel with her very supportive husband.

BIOGRAPHIES OF SHORTLISTED POETS

Don Nixon

Don Nixon lives in Shropshire, England. He began writing about ten years ago when he retired from full time work as an academic and administrator. At first he wrote short stories, mainly in the crime genre, and was encouraged to continue when he won the Writers' and Artists' short story competition run by Bloomsbury Press in 2004. He was further encouraged when an early short story was published in *Birmingham Noir* by Tindal Street Press. Since then he has won or been shortlisted in various short story competitions. Some short stories have been published in anthologies and magazines in the UK and North America. Most recently he had two stories included in *Crime after Crime* (Bridge House Publishers) and a short story *Exit pursued* will be published shortly by the Canterbury Festival publishers.

In more recent years he began to write poetry which he greatly enjoys and is particularly interested in the formal styles. He is a fan of the sonnet form. He has won and been shortlisted in various poetry competitions and has received awards at the Poetry on the Lake festival in Italy, The Leeds Peace Poetry festival, the Oxford Deddington festival, the Canterbury festival, the Chester University High Sheriff Prize for Literature and the Liverpool University Creative Writing Festival among others. Currently he is shortlisted for the York Literature Festival later this March. Some of these poems have been published in anthologies and magazines. the latest in *Poetry of Shropshire* published by Offa's Press. Last year his first novel *Ransom* in the Western Adventure genre was published and he is now working on a sequel and trying to assemble enough poems for a first collection.

He enjoys writing and likes to move between different genres though at the moment he is trying to write more poetry. As he came to it late, he feels he is on a constant learning curve. He feels it keeps his brain occupied. He never imagined he would be writing after he retired and still does not think he is a 'real' writer but says it is a great hobby. Through it he has met many interesting people and made some good new friends. He looks forward to meeting the Ó Bhéal poets of Cork. He has a happy memory of visiting Cork and the West of Ireland over forty years ago.

BIOGRAPHIES OF SHORTLISTED POETS

Eithne Reynolds

Eithne Reynolds is a writer living in Dublin. Her poetry has been published in the *Gods and Monsters of Tomorrow* anthology; *The Galway Review*; *Skylight 47* literary magazine; and her short stories in *The Bohemyth* and *Woman's Way*. She has been long-listed for the Doire Press 2nd Annual Fiction Chapbook Competition, and long-listed for the Fish Poetry Competition 2013. Her poem *The Shed* was placed 2nd in the North West Words Poetry Awards 2013. Her poetry has been read at various festivals and venues including The National Concert Hall in Dublin.

Colm Scully

Colm Scully is from Douglas in Cork, and a regular at Ó Bhéal. He has had poems published recently in *Burning Bush 2*, *Abridged*, *Cyphers*, *Wordlegs*, *Poetry Bus* and *The Stony Thursday Book*. He was commended in the Gregory O'Donoghue competition 2014, The Fish Poetry Prize 2012 and has just won the Cuirt New Writing Prize 2014. He is currently working on getting his first collection published.

International Poetry-Film Competition Shortlist 2013

| | |
|--|---|
| Timothy David Orme (USA) | <i>Afterlight</i> |
| Santiago Parres (Spain) | <i>Post Scriptum</i> |
| John D. Scott (Canada) | <i>First Death in Nova Scotia</i> |
| James O'Leary (Ireland) | <i>I thought I was more memorable, like the beach at midnight</i> |
| Gerard Black (Ireland) | <i>Are Superheroes Buried With Children?</i> |
| Marc Neys (aka Swoon) (Belgium) | <i>Ve Znaku/In the Sign</i> |
| Martha McCollough (USA) | <i>Journey up the Amazon</i> |
| Artūrs Punte (Latvia) | <i>Tallinas street</i> |
| Sándor M. Salas (Spain) | <i>El hombre hueco / The Hollow Man</i> |
| Matthias Fritsch (Germany) | <i>FM-Biography</i> |
| Ghayath Almadhoun & Marie Silkeberg (Sweden) | <i>Your Memory Is My Freedom</i> |
| Othniel Smith (UK) | <i>Lulu Gay</i> |
| ferrie = differentieel (Netherlands) | <i>The Unimaginable</i> |
| Shabnam Piryaei (USA) | <i>dollhouse</i> |
| (winner) * Manuel Vilarinho (Portugal)* | <i>No País Dos Sacanas / In the Land of Bastards</i> |
| John D. Scott (Canada) | <i>In the Waiting Room</i> |
| Don Carey (Ireland) | <i>Innisfree</i> |
| Shabnam Piryaei (USA) | <i>Miriam's Song</i> |
| Marc Capdevila, Tià Zanoguera & Albert Balasch (Catalonia) | <i>A Fora / Outside</i> |
| Alexandre Braga (Portugal) | <i>Devolvendo Isabel / Returning Isabel</i> |
| Matt Mullins (USA) | <i>Our Bodies (a sinner's prayer)</i> |
| Antony Batchelor (England) | <i>The Trouble With Dreams</i> |
| Cheryl Gross (USA) | <i>Becoming Judas</i> |
| Richard van der Laan (Netherlands) | <i>It Lêste Ljipaai / The Last Lapwing Egg</i> |
| Rooney & Janet Lees (UK) | <i>high voltage acts of kindness</i> |
| Frank Müller (Germany) | <i>Lapiths and Centaurs</i> |
| Ghayath Almadhoun & Marie Silkeberg (Sweden) | <i>The City</i> |
| Susanne Wiegner (Germany) | <i>Something I Remember</i> |
| Melissa Diem (Ireland) | <i>the one about the bird</i> |
| Manuel Vilarinho (Portugal) | <i>Portugal</i> |

Winter Warmer Poetry Festival 2013

Featured Guests

Fri 15th November

Seamus Barra Ó Súilleabháin | Cal Doyle | Marie Coveney

Rachel Warriner | Cathal Holden | Michael Ray

oikos | Lady Grew | Dimitra Xidous | Christy Parker

Sat 16th November

Closed Mic | Snake (Poetry Film by Seamus Murphy)

Sarah Hayden | Alan Titley | Robyn Rowland

Patrick Cotter | James Cummins | Conor McManus

Julie Field | Doireann Ni Ghriofa (with Stephen Moore) | Kit Fryatt

Raven | Anamaría Crowe Serrano | Matthew Geden (with Michael O'Callaghan)



*The 2nd Winter Warmer Festival will be held at Sample Studios in Cork
from the 21st-22nd November 2014*

McNamara Slam Winners 2013-2014

| | |
|--------------|--|
| 15 April | Joe Sweeney & Michael O'Callaghan |
| 22 April | Rab Urquhart |
| 29 April | Paul Casey |
| 6 May | Richard Hawtree & Stephen O'Riordan |
| 13 May | Stephen O'Riordan |
| 20 May | Geraldine Dorgan |
| 27 May | Geraldine Dorgan |
| 03 June | Rab Urquhart |
| 10 June | Julie Field |
| 17 June | Teresa Megahan and Jim Crickard |
| 24 June | Afric McGlinchey |
| 01 July | John McNally |
| 08 July | Richard Hawtree |
| 15 July | Hazel Newton |
| 22 July | John McNally |
| 29 July | Stephen O'Riordan |
| 05 August | Richard Hawtree |
| 12 August | Michael O'Callaghan |
| 19 August | Paul Casey |
| 26 August | Michael Ray |
| 02 September | Stephen O'Riordan |
| 09 September | Munster Slam Championships - Julie Field (aka Julie Goo) |
| 16 September | Conor Prunty |
| 20 September | John McNally |
| 23 September | Joe Healy |
| 30 September | Hazel Newton |
| 07 October | John McNally |
| 14 October | Rosie O'Regan |
| 21 October | Hazel Newton |
| 28 October | Michael Ray |
| 04 November | Ceaitrí Ní Bheildiúin |
| 11 November | Michael Ray |
| 18 November | Cathal Holden |
| 25 November | Hazel Newton |
| 02 December | Hazel Newton |
| 09 December | Simon Aronsohn |
| 16 December | Event Cancelled <i>i.m. Seamus Heaney</i> |
| 13 January | John McNally |
| 20 January | Two anonymous ladies |
| 27 January | Garrett Fleming |
| 03 February | John McNally |
| 10 February | John McNally |
| 17 February | Niall Herriott |
| 24 February | Paul Casey |
| 03 March | Margaret Creedon O'Shea |
| 10 March | Ken Russell |
| 17 March | Simon Arohson |
| 24 March | Michael Ray |
| 31 March | Rab Urquhart |
| 07 April | Cathal Holden |

Guest Poets 2013-2014

| | |
|--------------|---|
| 15 April | Poets from <i>Five Words Vol VI</i> |
| 22 April | Derry O'Sullivan |
| 29 April | Deirdre Hines |
| 6 May | Moya Cannon |
| 13 May | Kate O'Shea & CAH-44 |
| 20 May | Hugh McFadden |
| 27 May | Diane Fahey & Ali Cobby-Eckermann |
| 03 June | Máire Dinny Wren |
| 10 June | David Butler |
| 17 June | Monica Corish |
| 24 June | Lisa C. Taylor |
| 01 July | Philip Lynch & Christine Murray |
| 08 July | Kimberly Campanello |
| 15 July | Mícheál Ó Ruairc |
| 22 July | Sarah James, Tom Wyre & Martin Brown |
| 29 July | Liam Ryan |
| 05 August | Jim Norton |
| 12 August | Mark Roper & Eric Sweeney |
| 19 August | Proinsias Mac an Bhaird |
| 26 August | Susan Millar du Mars |
| 02 September | Paul Kane |
| 09 September | Seán Dennehy & the Munster Slam Championships |
| 16 September | Michael O'Loughlin |
| 20 September | Julie Field and Cathal Holden |
| 23 September | Michael Hartnett Night |
| 30 September | Andy Jackson & Rachel Wenona Guy |
| 07 October | Adam White |
| 14 October | Fíona Bolger & the launch of PB5 |
| 21 October | Dimitra Xidou & the Gary Baus trio |
| 28 October | Michael McKimm |
| 04 November | Brid Ní Mhóráin, Louis Mulcahy and Ceaití Ní Bheildiúin |
| 11 November | Jorge Fondebrider |
| 18 November | Maggie Breen |
| 25 November | Robert Priest |
| 02 December | Dairena Ní Chinnéide |
| 09 December | Joseph Horgan & Adrian Boyle |
| 16 December | Event Cancelled <i>i.m. Seamus Heaney</i> |
| 13 January | Mae Leonard |
| 20 January | Michael Gallagher |
| 27 January | Annette Skade |
| 03 February | MA Creative Writing Students from UCC |
| 10 February | Patrick Lodge |
| 17 February | Brendan Cleary |
| 24 February | Máighréad Medbh |
| 03 March | Brendan McCormack |
| 10 March | Colette Ní Ghallchóir |
| 17 March | Christy O'Donnell |
| 24 March | Jessica Traynor |
| 31 March | John Ennis |
| 07 April | Margaret Galvin |

submissions open from

May 12th 2014



in association with **IndieCork** *festival of independent cinema*
12th-19th October 2014

the 2nd
Ó Bhéal International
Poetry-Film Competition

This is Ó Bhéal's fifth year of screening poetry-films (or video-poems), and the second year featuring a competition.

Thirty films will be shortlisted and screened during the festival.
One winner will be selected by the Ó Bhéal jury.

Films must interpret or be based on a poem,
and have been completed no earlier than the 1st August 2012.
They may not exceed 10 minutes in duration.
Non-English language films will require subtitles.

Deadline for submissions is the 15th of September 2014

for submission guidelines visit www.obheal.ie

2nd Five Words International Poetry Competition 2014-15



Five Words

500 euro single prize

Each week on Tuesday at midday (GMT), from the 15th of April 2014, five words will be posted on the competition page of the Ó Bhéal website.

Entrants will then have one week to compose and submit one (or more) poem(s), which must each include all of the five words listed for that week.

At noon the following Tuesday, the words shown for the previous week will no longer be eligible, and replaced with five new words.

The competition will run for a total of forty-one weeks until the last week of January 2015.

The winning entry will be announced in early March 2015. The winner will be invited to read at Ó Bhéal's 8th Anniversary event.

JUDGES: Jennifer Matthews & Billy Ramsell

visit www.obheal.ie for this week's words,
guidelines and submissions





a weekly poetry event

for poetry and spoken word performance

every Monday from 9.30pm

bring your own poetry ...

... or just listen in

poetry

Guests poets and an open-mic every week

Storytelling and unplugged ceol also welcome

at the hayloft (upstairs at the long valley), winthrop street, Cork

for more info contact paul on 085 712 6299
or email info@obheal.ie

www.obheal.ie

Free Entry

