



On the occasion of Ó Bhéal's twelfth Anniversary

*15th April 2019*

*twelve shortlisted poems from the 6th*

**Five Words International Poetry Competition**

*and*

poems from fifty Five Word Challenges

(16th April 2018 - 8th April 2019)

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

Erasmus+  
Colmcille  
The Long Valley  
The Arts Council  
Cork City Libraries  
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The Indie Cork Film Festival  
The UCC English Department  
The UCC Italian Department  
The Munster Literature Centre  
Dunnes Stores  
Poetry Ireland  
NUI Galway  
The Farmgate Café  
The Heritage Council  
Forum Publications  
Arc Publications  
Paradiso  
CASiLaC  
The Natural Foods Bakery  
and to the house eMCees, board members, audiences and poets  
*Míle Buiochas!*

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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 XII

## CONTENTS

<i>Foreword</i>	1
<b>6th Five Words International Poetry Competition</b>	
<i>Shortlist</i>	3
Mary Anne Smith ( <i>winner</i> )	4
Jenny Pollak ( <i>highly commended</i> )	6
Sophia Li ( <i>highly commended</i> )	7
Steve Xerri ( <i>highly commended</i> )	8
Joan Gooding	10
Geraldine McCarthy	11
Giles Constable	12
Derek Sellen	14
Steve Xerri	15
Gillian Laker	16
Jill Munro	17
Tamara Miles	18
<b>Biographies</b> of Shortlisted Poets	19
<b>Judges' Comments</b>	22
<b>Sketches</b> by Margaret Creedon O'Shea	27
<b>Five Word Challenge Poems</b>	
Julie Aldridge	29
Rosalin Blue	30
Benjamin Burns	33
Paul Casey	36
Margaret Creedon O'Shea	37
Jim Crickard	41

## CONTENTS

Anne Dalton	45
Alana Daly Mulligan	46
Ethan Desmond	47
Bernadette Gallagher	48
Nuka Gbafah	50
Niall Herriott	51
Jamie Lawton	53
Jim Lawton	54
Raina J. León	55
Shaunna Lee Lynch	57
Ciarán MacArtain	62
Rishti Mac Piarais	66
Brendan Mulcahy	67
Stanley Notte	68
Michael O'Callaghan	70
Cillian O'Regan	72
Jackie Shortland	74
Philip Spillane	78
Patricia Walsh	79
Sara Wienecke	83
Maria Wojdylo Kelly	84
<b>Sketches</b> by Eileen Healy	85
International <b>Poetry-Film</b> Competition 2018	87
Featured Poets at the <b>Winter Warmer</b> 2018	88
<b>Five Word Challenge Winners</b> 2018-2019	89
<b>Guest Poets</b> 2018-2019	90
More <b>Sketches</b> by Margaret Creedon O'Shea	93
<b>Sketches</b> by Alexis Campbell Bannerman	95

## FOREWORD

April 15th 2019 is Ó Bhéal's twelfth anniversary and 604th event. In 2018 Ó Bhéal participated in the newly conceived European Community of Inclusive Culture (ECIC) partnership, which enabled Ó Bhéal to travel with its members to partner festivals in Portugal, Spain, France and Italy. In turn, artists and facilitators from those countries were involved with Ó Bhéal's 6th Winter Warmer in November '18. This project, funded by an Erasmus+ grant, allowed Ó Bhéal to share best practice and initiate outreach programmes to improve literacy and encourage collaboration between literature and other art forms. It also enabled Ó Bhéal to develop its poetry-film programme to include a variety of related workshops. Erasmus+ in Madrid also provided Ó Bhéal with an intern for ten weeks during 2018, who assisted with our ever-increasing administrative and multimedia-weighted workload. In 2018 Ó Bhéal retained its CE Scheme-funded assistant administrator position (until August 2020), with the post being kept up by Paul Fitzgerald.

The 6th Winter Warmer festival was the most successful yet having returned to the Kino, with the event being expanded into the Thursday and Sunday, to include the launch of a multilingual anthology *A Journey called Home*, commissioned Cork City Libraries and Creative Ireland. Launched in the City Hall Atrium, The anthology was an enormous success. A hurling poetry session was also included on the Sunday, with ISL support from Ray Greene for the deaf/hard of hearing community. The festival also featured a series of presentations from our European partners.

Both of Ó Bhéal's competitions have seen small increases in submission quantities as the standard of entries continues to climb. With regards to continued funding, the Arts Council maintained its contribution and we regained our crucial Foras na Gaeilge grant which had been lost in 2018. We also retained our revenue grant from Cork City Council Arts Office, being fundamental to the series' continuance.

Ó Bhéal's Cork-Coventry twinning exchange was another fine success with two poets travelling each way. The exchange included publication of the third edition of the *spoken worlds* series: *exhaling ink*, featuring poems by Michelle Delea and Ali Bracken. Our ongoing exchange with St.Mary's College of California saw Leanne O'Sullivan visit the Bay Area for a series of readings & engagements over eight days, thanks to our partner at St.Mary's, professor-poet Raina J. León.

We are very grateful to all who supported us during our twelfth year. Having already applied for 2020 funding, we hope we can continue our quality programme of events and in our quest to bring a diverse range of Irish-based and International poets to Cork, while doing as much as we can to nurture the local poetry community.

Paul Casey  
Director  
Ó Bhéal

“Yes, we're still five little people with a noisy attitude.”

*Angus Young*

6th Five Words International Poetry Competition

SHORTLIST

*Winner*

**Mary Anne Smith** (England) *Monolith*

*Highly Commended*

**Jenny Pollack** (Australia) *The Idea of Snow*

**Sophia Li** (USA) *My grandmother goes to the temple*

**Steve Xerri** (England) *The Lyric Impulse*

*Other Shortlisted Poems*

**Joan Gooding** (England) *Omens*

**Geraldine McCarthy** (Ireland) *Detachment*

**Giles Constable** (England) *Peckham Flaneur*

**Derek Sellen** (England) *La Llorona / Weeping Woman*

**Steve Xerri** (England) *What you woke to*

**Gillian Laker** (England) *Karst Landscape*

**Jill Munro** (England) *Vardo*

**Tamara Miles** (U.S.A.) *Nexus*



Mary Anne Smith

*Overall Winner*

distance limestone unseen gesture circle

**Monolith**

*after Monolith/Empyrean 1953, carved by Barbara Hepworth as a memorial  
to her son Paul, who died while on active service in the RAF*

This dark shadow  
of a monument  
stands in vigil stillness,  
emotion lithified,  
but gesturing  
to an upward gaze  
as if she wanted  
always for it to  
search the skies  
when she could not.  
She draws our eyes  
to the middle distance  
and through  
its narrow opening -  
the space between  
embracing figures,  
an impassable door  
or atrophic scar,  
and above it,  
a smaller circle -  
a dark-ringed eye,  
half-closed and sunken,  
its glint almost unseen,  
but not forgotten.  
Knowing,

Mary Anne Smith

*Overall Winner*

distance limestone unseen gesture circle

in her autumn years  
that her tears  
for his lost spring  
would not dissolve  
this limestone pillar,  
she chipped  
and chiselled out  
a solid future  
for their fragile past,  
and finding, deep  
in the seasonless  
landscape of her grief,  
first fault, then form.

Jenny Pollack  
*Highly Commended*  
snow discover trace spice window

**The Idea of Snow**

Imagine a scene – one that begins with a glance  
as if a poet was looking out a window at something  
discreet of which the main ingredient was the meal

and snow  
the most exotic element of a dish  
towards which she's leading us (the trace of it

so heavily concealed and mysterious  
you have to imagine how a woman might  
lean forward

and with a long and deliberately slow hand  
cast out her spice as if she was sowing  
her mind's tongue

and if you still can't discover it  
imagine sumac and lime crusting the rim of the plate  
like inclement weather

and imagine the salt  
falling

thick  
and  
white)

which is as close as the poet gets

– *January, mid-summer Sydney,*  
*and in her bikini.*

Sophia Li  
*Highly Commended*  
river talk reach renew grace

**My grandmother goes to the temple**

My grandmother goes to the temple to pray for good harvest on this year's mung bean sprouts. She goes to the temple to pray for my father to be safe overseas and for my mother to stop twisting her brows, pinching and pinching as she calculates the grains of rice a seven, thirteen, and sixty-three-year-old will eat in a meal, forgetting her thirty-nine. She goes to ask that the youngest one will stop fussing at the market for popsicles of water and sugar and for the wind to blow softer, so the dust does not cake the bottom of my ripped pants on my way to school, staining them a permanent brown. My grandmother goes to the temple to light the ancestral incense, to renew her vows of remembrance, breathing in their memories hidden in the smoke, seeping into her heart. She goes to bow at the altar, wobbly knees on stained yellow cushions, to press her head on the cement ground, closing her eyes in solemn grace under the watchful gaze of the Buddha. She goes to change the fruits, now two weeks old, but we do not throw them away, peeling through the soggy orange rinds for pockets of cool juice. Because sometimes, sticky orange sweetness is better with rice than nothing. My grandmother goes to the temple to hear the soft soothing rumblings in her chest because fortuitous lotus petals travel best across the river of heaven on currents of prayer. She goes because at her age, the path, although long, allows her to stretch her stiff legs and she feels as if she can reach the top of the clouds. She goes to drink the holy water, enshrined in a copper vessel, the sweet droplets sliding down her wrinkled chin. She goes to feel the prayer beads run smoothly over her fingers, the soft clack of worn rosewood, swaying to the rhythm of her murmurs. Hoping that someone—something will talk back.

My grandmother goes to the temple to pray for good harvest on this year's mung bean sprouts.

My grandmother goes to the temple to pray because she does not know how not to.

Steve Xerri  
*Highly Commended*  
wine gift dark weight lyric

**The Lyric Impulse**

You can bet your sweet life  
his neatest rhyme, sharpest riff,  
most plangent phrase will come  
as gifts to Orpheus only now  
that his head lies on the lyre raft

coursing downstream, his  
strumming fingers miles off,  
voicebox out of blood-supply  
but the brain still wondrously  
awash with juicy regrets

just asking to be set to music –  
that he learned too late how little  
weight attaches to a lover's 'forever',  
that long hours tweaking scores  
could have been spent rutting.

Now an endless rush of wine-dark  
water mocks him as it flows  
through the strings, the casual  
jangle every bit as haunting  
as his long-mulled melodies.

Past unseeing naked bathers  
on the bank, whose dappled skin  
the warming sun was surely made

Steve Xerri  
*Highly Commended*  
wine gift dark weight lyric

to gleam on, the head bumps along  
between houseboats and clumps

of floating rubbish, bobs and spins  
in an eddy, gets pecked at by waterbirds,  
nibbled by sticklebacks. He's become  
part of the continuing song,  
the pitched burble of language.

Joan Gooding

*Shortlisted*

terror magpie spot incandescent wall

**Omens**

The sun rises angry, spits  
the colours of a mixed-brick wall  
across the sky,  
challenges any sailor to dare  
take a small boat out this morning.

I brush away salt from the table,  
scatterings from the sprinkling  
on my breakfast egg.

Through the window I spot a carrion crow,  
hear him declare his reign of terror.  
Most of the other birds flee,  
but one remains,  
there on the plum tree,  
a single magpie -  
undaunted in his blue, black, white,  
iridescent against the incandescent sky.

Later today I will catch a bus  
to the test centre,  
show my provisional licence  
and get into the car,  
with my impassive passenger  
clutching his clipboard and pen.

Geraldine McCarthy

*Shortlisted*

sand drum doze hone enigma

**Detachment**

You draw a heart in the wet sand,  
your wedding finger the pencil.

I half-doze, sated from our picnic  
of Pringles and soft ice-cream.

The tide is on the turn,  
the enigmatic sea moving to  
its own mysterious rhythms.

A liner glides on the horizon,  
I glide with it - far, far away.

Until a thrum, thrum sounds  
beside me - our toddler drums  
on a down-turned plastic bucket,  
no music yet, but the hope  
he will hone his skill.

You inscribe your initials  
deep into the grey sand,  
I shut my eyes tight, wishing  
You wouldn't write mine.



# Giles Constable

## *Shortlisted*

bard screen roof welcome fresh

### **Peckham Flaneur**

Fill now the whole raggedy shape of the borough,  
head ribboned by river, toes dipped in suburban retreats  
as both hands grasp tower blocks side lit by this fledgling day.  
I receive a soft vented breath released from the city's engine  
onto the busying street, warmed under arches  
as buses awake, trains are roused and drowsy men  
drift to coffee stands. Watch the station approach,  
step aside the rising tide as it overtops turnstiles,  
a desolate surge. It does not take me down. I disperse,  
seek nooks beside shops, their familiar urine musk,  
the welcome feral privacy. Repose on piles of papers left,  
accumulating news unread which I need not know.  
Who is in, who out, chart the rise and fall of graffiti,  
tags of love, loss, latest reports on who loves cock.  
The buildings are ancient horses, their abused walls  
impassive, stoic spaces foresuffering harms that await.  
I am municipal, pace stained estates, known in foyers  
of council offices, first name terms with wheezing guards,  
escorted to the door, have lost overdue items, fistful  
of membership cards, expired, clatter to an atrium floor.  
I reflect. On darker days, a disconsolate bard, offer up  
a fragile rune of lament, keen from traffic isles,  
upbraid the hoardings and avenues of cones,  
am received by raised fingers atop tattooed arms  
brandished with menaces from passing vans.  
Also at times dosing at 3pm on an empty upper deck,  
crowbarred out the blanketing fug to wake appalled

Giles Constable

*Shortlisted*

bard screen roof welcome fresh

as a branch's nails drag the roof, at the scream of a gull,  
a siren's doppler receding, the traffic's orchestral hum.  
Requisitioned trolleys are tilted at a stream's edge,  
rest in an urban glade next a heron's nest, a twisted swing,  
deals have here been done, betrayals, a dog once stabbed.  
Rejoice in fag ends and found change, split pavement stones,  
fungal profusion of bins, trip hazards, signage.  
The redundant mingle in the peace conceded to streets  
by schools and offices detaining young and old.  
My work is this vigilance, a closed circuit pilgrimage,  
purposeful as the pigeons and their rise and fall.  
The streets I walk are time, my path routine,  
and the journey predictable as the fixed odds machine  
where men pass their days praying and weeping.  
Carried now by this fresh buffeting November wind,  
leaves scuttle past like broken bones, whip a bin liner  
into a jig and signal the day's agitation. I watch,  
still a boy cleaving the wall of a childhood dance.  
Take my seat in dilatory matinees, so much said,  
nursing drinks in pubs and caffs, nothing discussed.  
Admire again the mise-en-scene, the ensemble and crew.  
Down my pint. Then off again to touch the screen  
of night spread out ahead. To touch but not to step through.

Derek Sellen

*Shortlisted*

streak foil split drone paralyse

La Llorona / Weeping Woman

She sings and dances, scars on her brow,  
wearing her patched dress and her crazy hat.  
*I fashioned art and lived as I wished, she said,  
but that was before I was sent to the clinic  
where they inscribed me with fear,  
taking my children and splitting my mind.*

We glimpsed her from far

at the school where gunfire haunts the air,  
at the abattoir and the suicides' bridge,  
at the soldier's tomb and the hospital ruin  
where a missile streaked from a drone,  
and the shrine where the children were killed

by a drunk in a car. *I am the weeping woman,  
life has foiled me, she said; my eyes are gummed  
by the congealed tears of all the years gone by.  
I don't know any more what sorrows are, my dears,  
she sang, except that they paralyse my heart.*

She was seen again by the charred ruins of Aleppo,  
each gaunt facade framing a home hollowed  
by war; *thousands on thousands lost, she sang,  
and just for power to be held. From Guernica to here,  
the dead are all kin of mine. I am la femme en pleurs,*

*I follow the sadness because I must, I once was free as you.*

*Note: in South American folklore, la Llorona is a woman who has lost her children and lives a ghost-like existence wailing for them. There are many variants of the story. 'Weeping Woman' or 'La femme en Pleurs' is a painting by Picasso. The poem merges the two figures.*

Steve Xerri

*Shortlisted*

room detail between fox song

What you woke to

Fox reek under the laurel  
by the moongate. No burst  
of feathers across the lawn,  
no dustbin with the lid clattered  
off – only that scent, sour  
in your nostrils, sharp detail  
of a life come slinking  
to find a bit of room in yours,  
edging in through gaps  
in the hedges, busy in the rift  
between your sleep and waking,  
padding night's silent descant  
to your day's bright song.

Gillian Laker

*Shortlisted*

distance limestone unseen gesture circle

**Karst Landscape**

These lithographic crags  
are a knuckled gesture  
bunched fists of shell and coral  
a slow circle of erosion  
returning sea to stone to sea

time is read in depth and distance  
in pinched folds of tsunami  
tucks of ancient tides  
each subject to its own decay  
sinkhole and limestone pavement  
every clint and gryke  
a tessellation of unseen peril

that sudden slip on surface clay  
that crack of an ossified ankle  
those flash-floods scouring the aquifer  
all restore a mineral balance

land lays down its vintage of bone  
to dark echoes and quiet springs  
tenderly carbonates  
the last scrabble of keratin  
gentles the spill of crystals  
from the inner ear

Jill Munro

*Shortlisted*

caravan birth nexus mind fibrous

Vardo

He wants to sell our love on Gumtree —  
our deep green nexus to the past.  
The gilded barrel-top has graced  
this garden for thirty years or more.

We bought it second-hand in the days before  
I had two births, when he spoke  
longingly of its two berths — a pull-out  
double, the painted cob horses strolling

down carved pine through bright-leaved scrolls  
of gold and green, the Queenie cast-iron stove,  
the perfect incline of front steps that led  
to an Axminster-lined tradition held inside

(too fibrous for my liking). Carpet burns  
abounded in those early heady days  
when we imagined ourselves love's true  
travellers, the door and Empress windows

open to cool air, nights on backs star-gazing  
through tiny skylights. Sometimes he still reads  
my palm in our old Gypsy wagon; in my mind's eye  
his hair darkens back, his eyes turn inkier black,

his surname Petulengro as he fortune tells me  
*You'll live in this love forever.* But now there's a leak  
in the vardo roof and woodworm in the wheels  
of ash and oak and elm, wet rot is creeping

through the rafters, the painted ponies fading —  
so we're agreed that now we should be thinking  
of some other star-struck couple, of letting go of this —  
our small, time-travelling caravan of love.

Tamara Miles  
*Shortlisted*  
caravan birth nexus mind fibrous

**Nexus**

The day the corpse flower began to bloom  
in Tucson, a caravan of African elephants at Amboseli  
went on nighttime safari. Deep in the dark, a two hundred  
pound calf came calling from his mother's thighs,

a boy hairy, short-trunked, ears  
like small continents, pachydermos,  
milk-teeth tusks in a diamond pattern,

lustrous. A herd of low grumbles made a late melody.  
At dawn, the grazer-browsers looked for breakfast in the bush,  
Mt. Kilimanjaro at their backs, dry lakes looming. Their trunks  
teased leaves toward their mouths,

and all the while, back at the zoo in Arizona,  
the corpse flower unrolled itself slowly, slowly, for hours,  
red blossom opening before onlookers, cameras clutched,  
and I, remote viewer, watched the birth live online.

Where, the nexus? between the now that flowers,  
and the land of elephants in my mind, waiting for the day's first taste,  
held in the fibrous tunic of my own mammalian eye,

fastened on an elephant carcass, bones baked by midday sun?

## Biographies of Shortlisted Poets

### Mary Anne Smith

Mary Anne Smith's work has been recognised in both national and international competitions, recently including a first and a second prize in *Sentinel Literary Quarterly* Poetry competitions. Her poems have also been published by *Confluence Medway*, *Paper Swans Press*, *Ó Bhéal Five Words*, *Poets Meet Politics*, *Camden Lumen* and *The Kentish Gazette*, and broadcast on radio programs and podcasts in both the UK and the USA.

### Jenny Pollack

For most of her life Jenny Pollack has been a full time artist, focusing her arts practice in photography, sculpture and video installation. In 2012 she began a serious poetry practice. She was awarded first and second place in the WB Yeats Poetry Prize (AUS) 2015, and in 2016 won the Bruce Dawe Poetry Prize (AUS). She has also been shortlisted for the the Bridport Poetry Prize, the Dermot Healy Poetry Prize, the Fish Poetry Prize and the 3rd Ó Bhéal Five Words Competition. In 2018 the collaborative poem *Shadowplay*, created with the UK poet Philip Gross, was published by Flarestack Poets. For more visit [jennypollak.viewbook.com](http://jennypollak.viewbook.com)

### Sophia Li

Sophia Li is a junior at Hunter College High School in New York City where she is a writer for the school literary magazine and an editor for the school newspaper. Sophia has received regional and national recognition in the prestigious Scholastic Art and Writing Competition for her poetry and short stories, receiving two gold keys, as well as a national silver medal. She has also taken part in various writing workshops such as the Writopia Lab and has developed her passion for writing as a medium that furthers her understanding of the world.

### Steve Xerri

Steve Xerri is a former teacher, musician & designer now making pots and writing poetry. He was Canterbury Festival Poet of the Year 2017, and his work has been published or is forthcoming in *Acumen*, *Amaryllis*, *Atrium*, *Brittle Star*, *Clear Poetry*, *Envoi*, *From Hallows to Harvest* (Cinnamon anthology), *Ink Sweat and Tears*, *The*



## Biographies of Shortlisted Poets

*Interpreter's House, Picaroon, The Poetry Shed, Poetry Society Newsletter, Proletarian Poetry, Stride Magazine and Words For The Wild.*

### Joan Gooding

Joan Gooding grew up in Wiltshire but now lives in Cumbria and loves the landscape of the Lake District. She started writing poetry about 20 years ago, and has had success in several poetry competitions. She discovered Five Words last year and has found it provides an interesting means of entry into a poem.

### Geraldine McCarthy

Geraldine McCarthy lives in West Cork, Ireland. She writes short stories, flash fiction and poetry. Her work has been published in *The Fable Online, The Incubator Journal, Seven Deadly Sins: a YA Anthology (Gluttony, Wrath, Avarice), Scarlet Leaf Review, Brilliant Flash Fiction, Every Day Fiction, Fifty Word Stories, Foxglove, Poetry Pulse, Comhar, Café Lit* and *Qutub Minar Review*.

### Giles Constable

Giles Constable is a doctor working in London who is passionate about the NHS. He started writing poems a couple of years ago and continues to practice. It has been a wonderful distraction from the rigours of work. Giles' poem "Nothing to See" was shortlisted for the 5th Ó Bhéal Five Words poetry competition in 2018.

### Derek Sellen

Previous Five Words Competition winner Derek Sellen lives in Canterbury. He has written poems on topics as diverse as Spanish painters, Korean musicians and Indian cave-paintings. His work has been widely published and has won prizes and been shortlisted in various competitions, including Poetry on the Lake and Cinnamon Press Competitions. He is currently Canterbury Festival Poet of the Year. His collection *The Other Guernica* (Cultured Llama, 2018) contains poems which, while inspired by Spanish art and artists, also are touched by contemporary concerns from modern warfare to equality in society.

## Biographies of Shortlisted Poets

### Gillian Laker

Gillian Laker is a poet and fiction writer. Her work has been published in various anthologies, on the *Guardian* website, and in the poetry ezine *Datableed*. Gillian was shortlisted for the International Troubadour prize in 2012 and was the 2013 Canterbury Festival Poet of the Year. Her flash fiction piece 'Willows' was runner up for the 2016 Brighton Prize and her latest poetry pamphlet, *Curious Voices*, was published by Cinnamon Press in 2017. She is currently a student at the University of Kent where she is studying for a PhD in The Contemporary Novel: Practice as Research.

### Jill Munro

Jill Munro has been published in major print and online poetry magazines including *Ink*, *Sweat & Tears*, *The Fenland Reed*, *The Frogmore Press* & *The Rialto*. She won the 5th Ó Bhéal Five Words International Poetry competition, in 2018. Jill's first collection *Man from La Paz* was published in 2015 by Green Bottle Press. She won the Fair Acre Press Pamphlet Competition 2015 with *The Quilted Multiverse*, published April 2016. Jill was awarded a Hawthornden Fellowship for 2018, writing in a Scottish Castle for four weeks, where she wrote over thirty poems but struggled with the daily rule of silence from 9-6.

### Tamara Miles

Tamara Miles teaches college English in South Carolina. Her writing has appeared here and there including in *Fall Lines*; *Ó Bhéal*; *Pantheon*; *Tishman Review*; *Animal*; *Obra*; *RiversEdge*; *Feminine Collective*; *Thistle*; *Riggwelter*; *ELJ*; and *Apricity*. She is a former administrator of *The Curiosity Salon* and host of an audio literary journal called *Where the Most Light Falls*, at SpiritPlantsRadio.com. She was a 2016 contributor at Sewanee Writers' Conference and a 2017 resident at Rivendell Writers Colony, and her favorite poetry adventures include two readings at Ó Bhéal in Cork City, Ireland and one upcoming in Devon, England.

## Judges' Comments

*Bernadette McCarthy*

### **Monolith** (Mary Anne Smith)

No prior knowledge of the monument described is necessary to enjoy this apotropaic poem, which is “stonelike” in its sparse form that sparingly employs end-rhyme and assonance to great effect. The short-line structure gives a sense of peering hard at the surface, or simultaneously peering up into the sky. It escapes being maudlin, like many memorial poems, by virtue of the sense of distance created between the sculptor/mother and lost son. Nevertheless, the poem is an uplifting testament to the power of art to endow the seemingly absurd and uncontrollable events of life with meaning and context.

### **The Idea of Snow** (Jenny Pollack)

This poem drifts effortlessly from opulence to humour. Its onomatopoeic line structure and assonance build up a vivid idea of snow for the reader before being punctured by the epigraph. Each word is given its weight and the result is reminiscent of individual snowflakes.

### **My grandmother goes to the temple** (Sophia Li)

The river-like pouring out of poetic prose, as a babbled prayer, comes full circle in the penultimate line before a bathetic finale. The use of matter-of-fact language and repetition accentuates the complex daily challenges of the grandmother and speaker's lives, giving way to a sensuality in the description of the material culture of prayer in which the grandmother allows herself to indulge.

### **The Lyric Impulse** (Steve Xerri)

This energetic and melodic poem almost reads as a translation of a Latin lyric into a rich vernacular, reinventing the classical legend of Orpheus's head floating downriver after he was ripped apart by female fans. En route down the rubbish-filled 21st-century river, complete with houseboats, the head serves as a powerful image of a poet derailed, the ultimate bard no longer able to sing, speak or play despite finding in this worldly setting his greatest inspiration yet

## Judges' Comments

*Bernadette McCarthy*

### **Omens** (Joan Gooding)

A well-balanced poem with rich imagery and metaphor, where the smallest details of the quotidian are endowed with great significance. The salt sprinklings from the breakfast egg are a highly potent and surprising image. The culmination of all of these omens in the driving test is amusing but also a theme to which many would relate.

### **Detachment** (Geraldine McCarthy)

The simple everyday language, “a thrum, thrum sounds” along with the terse line structure creates a sense of tension. The tidal movement back-and-forth between the speaker, their spouse, the distant liner and the toddler creates a sense of detachment from the domestic reality of “Pringles and soft ice-cream” as well as a sense of the inevitable passing of time and the change it brings, though there is some promise of future happiness in their child: “the hope/he will hone his skill”.

### **Peckham Flaneur** (Giles Constable)

This “disconsolate bard” impressed me with their sweeping take on one of London’s most vibrant communities in a style that is befittingly grandiose while gritty. I could almost hear the poet reciting as I read. In such a splendidly verbose poem I would be curious to know which were the five words of the week!

### **La Llorona/Weeping Woman** (Derek Sellen)

This poem employs the universal character of the woman maddened by grief in a powerful way. The slightly disjointed yet simultaneously disciplined structure drives the poem forward with dignity yet dismay. The poem in fact works well in my opinion without the explanatory note.

### **What you woke to** (Steve Xerri)

This poem positively reeks. While the fox is an oft-used trope in poetry, here it is explored in a new, redolent way. In the “day’s bright song” the only hint of the surreal fox is the stink: “sharp detail/of a life come slinking/to find a bit of room in yours”.

## Judges' Comments

*Bernadette McCarthy*

### **Karst Landscape** (Gillian Laker)

I was attracted to this poem because of its sensuous and lyrical engagement with geological language. Karstic landscape becomes human, “a knuckled gesture/bunched fists of shell and coral”, while the human is ossified: “land lays down its vintage of bone..../gentles the spill of crystals/from the inner ear”. The language used ranges from the knucky sounds of bone and stone to gentle vowel sounds, creating a soundscape as evocative as the Burren.

### **Vardo** (Jill Munro)

This ballad-like poem moves along through run-on lines like the wagon itself, employing richly evocative imagery abounding with rhyme and assonance in the telling: “bright-leaved scrolls/of gold and green, the Queenie cast-iron stove”; “painted ponies fading”. The poem also engages with the tradition of the Romani or traveller people as “other” in an interesting way: “in my mind’s eye/his hair darkens back, his eyes turn inkier black”.

### **Nexus** (Tamara Miles)

This poem describes an interesting intercontinental nexus between the lifecycle of elephants and the blossoming of a flower, a web of links created by time, technology and common DNA. The internet allows the voyeuristic speaker, a “remote viewer” to watch the “birth live online” while onlookers in the zoo snap the flower blossoming.

## Judges' Comments

*Matthew Geden*

### **Monolith** (Mary Anne Smith)

I like the way the form reflects the subject here as the poem becomes a monolithic shape upon the page. The short lines remind the reader of a life cut short and the sculptor's efforts to create something permanent, "a solid future", to allay her loss. It is impressively controlled and the emotions are held in check throughout so it never becomes sentimental or romantic. I also like the way the reader and poet are drawn into the poem as the sculptor "draws our eyes" into her work.

### **The Idea of Snow** (Jenny Pollack)

I really liked the way the form loosens as the poem develops. It is as though the scene the poet imagines at the start begins to dissolve like snow in sunshine. This is a really well-crafted poem and a fine piece of writing.

### **My grandmother goes to the temple** (Sophia Li)

There is a strong narrative at work here and the scene is well-drawn. The descriptive writing gives a sense of place and the poem is imbued with a gentle sadness.

### **The Lyric Impulse** (Steve Xerri)

I enjoyed the way this poem managed to blend the contemporary and mythical with apparent ease. The sense of regret is handled well and the poem never becomes ridiculous or pathetic. The language here is a "pitched burble", but one which flows entertainingly downstream.

### **Omens** (Joan Gooding)

A simple poem with a nice sense of humour. The last stanza is unexpected and a contrast to the omens and tensions in the sky and the trees earlier. I particularly like the second stanza with the salt brushed off the table, it almost reads as a standalone haiku.

### **Detachment** (Geraldine McCarthy)

The strength of this poem is in the progression from the straightforwardness of the opening line to the crushing awkwardness of the final two lines. The narrative is left unsaid but the reader can clearly read between the lines as the "mysterious rhythms" of the sea draw the the speaker to yearn to sail "far, far away". A very nicely controlled piece of writing.

## Judges' Comments

*Matthew Geden*

### **Peckham Flaneur** (Giles Constable)

I like the idea of this poem but I'm not sure it is fully achieved. The archaism of "disconsolate bard" and "rune of lament" seem oddly out of place, for instance. Nevertheless, there are some fine lines and it is a lively piece of writing.

### **La Llorona/Weeping Woman** (Derek Sellen)

This is a poem that is both historical and topical, linking the suffering of women through the centuries. Loss and grief are contrasted by the lightness and quiriness of the opening two lines. Whilst the focus is primarily on wartime there is also a reminder at the end that freedom is tenuous and doesn't last.

### **What you woke to** (Steve Xerri)

This is a deceptively simple poem where the fox seems to be little more than a "scent". In some ways though, like Ted Hughes' "The Thought Fox", it becomes a poem about writing and the imagination as a "sharp detail / of a life" slinks into the poet's own thoughts.

### **Karst Landscape** (Gillian Laker)

This is an interesting take on a landscape poem. There is a compelling and powerful use of language at work here.

### **Vardo** (Jill Munro)

A great opening line that instantly buttonholes the reader. The caravan is described in impressive detail and the declining condition clearly reflects the speaker's own sense of decline and loss.

### **Nexus** (Tamara Miles)

I admired the range of this poem, both geographical and thematic. There are some really strong lines and interesting ideas.

Sketches by Margaret Creedon O'Shea





Sketches by Margaret Creedon O'Shea



Julie Aldridge

*11th March 2019*

brick coral embarrassment undulating wave

## **Coral**

Coral likes to provoke a reaction  
to be the centre of attraction  
especially after she's had a few jars  
she'll dance in any bar

gets carried by an up beat track  
starts by undulating her back and hips  
then waving hands and other bits  
(embarrassment is foreign to her)

her friends think she's a brick  
but I think she's too slick.....for words

Rosalin Blue  
*21st September 2018*

blackout kangaroo crustacean moon orange

**Blackout Moon**

The orange moon shimmering  
behind dimming clouds,  
pushing past in heaving droves.  
On land and sea the night goes wild,  
the storm is chasing life and light –  
and with a bang the moon goes out.

In the darkness of this blackout  
at the bottom of the ocean  
gather casts of wild crustaceans,  
lobsters, spider crabs and shrimps  
clickety-clack in marching motion  
shoving forward, upward, out.

While above, deep in the outback  
in the blackout of the moon  
through the parched and dry savannah  
quietly bounds in sleepy mood  
with dreams of oranges and flowers  
the big-eyed friendly kangaroo

And the tiger in the jungle  
sees the orange blackout moon  
and wants to follow the saltations  
of the friendly kangaroo  
as he's dreaming of crustaceans  
in the floods of the monsoon.

So what's the moral of this story?  
See – the blackout of the moon

Rosalin Blue

*21st September 2018*

blackout kangaroo crustacean moon orange

lures out all the varied creatures,  
marching, dreaming, hunting, wild,  
like the storm is chasing life,  
moving forward from the darkness

Climbing upward to the light,  
searching safety – finding night.

Rosalin Blue  
*28th January 2019*  
copper brass alchemy element style

**Fusion**

With bare hands she folds  
the crimson glow of copper  
like viscous drops of heart-blood  
illumed in rainbow flames –  
a diadem of colours swirling

She stirs the luminous wind  
reflecting the Universe expand  
refracted to celestial scents,  
and conducts the breath of the spirit  
from the silky depth of your eyes

Then she blends with oaken staff  
like honey syrup flowing  
your blue of Earth, her light of soul  
the amber glistening of brass  
like tears of Heaven glowing

At last she melds with magic style  
in purest alchemy  
a drop of fire from thirsty lips  
her heart of gold, your voice of night  
to sing a melody of life

Unites the elements of dark and light  
to perfect harmony

Benjamin Burns

*Winner - 28th May 2018*

sublime oat clock hysteria porridge

Untitled

"I don't give an i-oat-a  
fig, a sublime goat, a  
mote or a broken  
clock, a single sock or a chia  
seed about your damned porridge  
& yer hysteria  
re smashed chairs & slept in  
beds," said a brazen Goldilocks  
to the three bears.

*Winner - 13th August 2018*

twin pint potato rose system

Untitled

The twin pint system first a-rose in 2018. Although it had long been known that each pint has its identical twin poured by an identical bartender at an identical bar separated by only a movement of thought from the "original" pint, it wasn't until that fateful night in the Long Valley that a person first gained access to their twin pint. One poet, by force of intellect and sheer passion of thirst, slid sideways through the space time continuum to grasp the mirror image of their pint off their twin poet before thinking themselves back to their original pint, holding two pints before themselves. When news spread of this poet's achievement a renegade band of poets and alcoholics devised the twin pint system, mediating to increase the potential of their pint minds. The side effect, after snatching too many twin pints the time travelling pint thief was left with the spotted face of a potato.

Benjamin Burns  
*Winner - 12th November 2018*  
black marksman cubic leafy fury

Untitled

When cupid knocks an arrow  
and draws back his bow  
\*you\* do not know  
where the shot is coming from

Be it on the dancefloor  
at the midnight hour,  
or at a family  
get together,  
or at a business  
conference

Cupid releases  
a leafy shot  
into the darkling lover,  
judging each  
cubic meter  
with one eye closed  
and one eye open,  
pupils dilating, black,  
fury articulate

The ultimate marksman,  
and a total babe,  
Cupid operates  
discretely, and deceives  
whomsoever he wishes

He'd strike a match in the rain.

Benjamin Burns

*Winner - 3rd December 2018*

Baltimore method battered sail snowflake

### Untitled

Because each moment is as fleeting  
and individual as a snowflake  
and because I was feeling  
nostalgic for childhood  
I decided to recast  
summer in a new mould  
by spending Christmas in a holiday home in Baltimore

I practised my method acting  
in a local bar, where I adopted the role  
of a drunken sailor  
and at the end  
of a long night on the rum  
stumbled home to the golf course  
passing out on the rough  
as battered as an albatross in a snow storm

I let my thoughts sail away  
to a bright happy day  
like an Enya lyric, or a drunken boat



Paul Casey

*12th November 2018*

marksman cubic black fury leafy

## Windows

After twenty years of acute suffering  
at the hands of almost every windows  
operating system released since yes, 3.0

my pent up fury decided I should become  
an ace marksman with only one question  
in mind - how to assassinate Bill Gates

and that whole shower of brain-destroying  
human cubicles whose binary brains can  
only measure consequence in black and white

but I chickened out, bought a mac and went  
for a leafy pre-mid-life poetry course instead.  
Windows just ain't worth it - as the lady said.

Margaret Creedon O'Shea

6th August 2018

prize coincidence smother rapture brilliant

### *Aiséirí*

Greet the dawn to a muted French Horn.  
Say goodnight to the night of Feile na Laoch -  
each one flagged up for their brilliance,  
in this Domed psychedelic light.

Bernadette's impresario, David Syme  
plays a rapture of Mazurkas and rhapsodies.  
Chopin scores musical rhymes  
Con Tutti - All must head to the jacksie.

In a true serenade, this moonlight Sonata  
chases that shy old moon from its shelter  
ahide in cloud rafters,  
with the fright of the height  
of "Too many Hippolatatas down there tonight".

Sconses, Storytellers, Trapeze dancers,  
Spotting the Fine Ting, Glen Hansard.  
Christy and Phil Coulter  
bating out the Ol' Triangle  
before more poets run away in the dark for porter.

Mise Eire san Aiseiri.  
"I am, yeh" said she  
Some quare Eire For sure.

But in my own dazed Island  
I am trying to go home

Margaret Creedon O'Shea

*6th August 2018*

prize coincidence smother rapture brilliant

since half past nine.

Still I never fail to drift back.

To these foothills of Ó Riada

on magic sheets of Leaba Sioda

where I now peep on tiptoes

over our bar counter

to see The Styler in his TUX

with Ruth and her fine cheekbones

Was she in an orange satin frock ?

On this night I'm five again

Ó Riada, plays live again

I'm singing with my Dad and him...

By a happy coincidence of my time of Birth

I can know him to sense him again tonight

'Til his music stirs the morning skies.

Just those same dark eyes

watch the field of soft Muskerry Earth.

Se mo laoch anocht, My prize tonight

In Anam on deoch, in the name of the Duke

All salute -- Beal fluich and Bradán duit ..As an tine.

As an ceo - Aiséirí a ncheoil.

Margaret Creedon O'Shea  
*Winner - 11th February 2019*  
baggage yoyo surreal zombie fly

**Troglodytes - Ahoi**

Yo Yo Ma sits serene at her Cello.  
Sounds as smooth as a sugary zesty Lemoncello.  
Languid chords resonate and unwind,  
untangle those undulating, busy old binds.  
Unduing the baggage of a rollercoaster yo-yo ride.  
A musical trance induced a zombie state of mind  
to dance and fly to softer gentler times.  
“Su-real pain in the derriere”,  
says the guy sitting - behind,  
“when the culchies intrude at classical events  
and I’m left sitting - behind  
that bobbing, bouncing common - behind.  
The Anoraks are in, you common Irish Elk.  
Do not emote – you are not with your own Ilk.  
Do not invoke a passionate response.  
Maintain Poker face, Zip stiff upper lip.  
Stay motionless in your seats.”  
That’s when I arose.  
Bust a move.  
Start the conjó with a salsa dance.

Margaret Creedon O'Shea

4th March 2019

space grasshopper charcoal parliament cheese

### Don't Dance With Me

"Slow down my restless one.  
Cheese [*jeez*], you make like a grasshopper  
chirruping and grinding in the night,  
bouncing a trajectory across the floor.  
You're way too bright for me.  
I could trace your path with charcoal.  
like a Sine curve on a solenoid.  
No sensous, slinky moves from you.  
Well me? I like a sense of flow.  
Slow burn, slow food, slow dance.  
the gentler things for me.  
I spin a languid parlance.  
Parlayamente, mon amour.  
Con Dulce, plaisir d'amour!"

"Well my couch potato .  
You make like a lounge lizard ,  
while I spin like a Tornado.  
You're cramping my style.  
I've way too much ground to cover.  
I'm dancing for the stars  
I don't need a lazy lover.  
Them Fates have mismatched us.  
I'm red hot Salsa.  
and you're .. well ..  
You're cold Gatzpathco."

Jim Crickard

*Winner - 16th April 2018*

bone bombastic inferno plastic mirror

### How to Win the Five Word Challenge

Always clap after your competitors read poems  
You can even shout “woo” quietly, if you fancy,  
but don’t get bombastic, don’t ruin your chances.  
The emcee is watching the needle of the clap-o-meter.  
Think of the free drink!  
Think of the free drink!

Talented Mr Ripley, you’re only in for the win. We know this.  
Give them your Bateman smile, like you’re having a gay, old time!  
And finally, you rise, floating from your seat with dignity.  
They’ll clap and holler, remarking on your sportsmanship.  
Deep down inside, you...  
Think of the free drink!  
Think of the free drink!

How the hayloft becomes an inferno if you hit the right tone  
Throw the audience a bone they know, something familiar,  
something topical but don’t get obvious...  
For the love of god, we all know who Donald Trump is!  
When you force it, it’s transparent as plastic, remember:  
Think of the free drink  
Think of the free drink

When you take the crown, prance I said, and read out your genius!  
Walk around with your free book like you won the literary lotto.  
And when you catch your eye in the bathroom mirror,  
wink at yourself because you are the winner!

Jim Crickard

*Winner - 18th June 2018*

cajole light vitriol time victory

### Shaving Off My Eyebrows

Under harsh bathroom light I shave off my eyebrows,  
I say prayers to the razor and hold a moment of silence  
that I won't look like a thumb when I'm done.

As hairs sprinkle into the sink I begin to think about  
the HD brows I'll be swanning around town with.

I take an eyebrow pencil and hope to cajole Da Vinci's soul  
through my hand, to draw the fairest brows in all the land.  
I feel Frida Kahlo taking the wheel as the lines of kohl conjoin  
and I'm sporting a straight up monobrow-on-fleek  
I feel vitriol towards god, that he didn't crack lightning rods  
through the ceiling and knock the razor away from me.

Time passes and I creep out of my house, a day light victory.  
I seek spiritual counsel from wise ones in Brown Thomas.  
Like a white witch she places me in the white light  
and teaches me the ways of the MUAs.

Jim Crickard

*Winner - 5th November 2018*

cucumber furniture doom recondite flash

**Does your poem have a map?**

For too long I've been walking around this old poem,  
mangling my ankle on the obtuse metaphors  
left around the floorboards like door-stoppers.  
The word "heart" flashes out of the page and I think  
I'm reading a love poem, but I couldn't be sure —  
there was something about plutocracy, and a cucumber.  
And still I've been shifting around the recondite stanzas  
like my mother, always unhappy with the furniture.  
I hope the meaning will flash out at me, but I fear it won't —  
that I'll be walking here another while, a doomed Philistine.

*Winner - 4th February 2019*

jettison bullet passion horror grain

**Ethical Fashion**

As a vegan, nature has always inspired my fashion.  
Gazing into fields of grain, I see my next 'Oat Couture' gown.  
It will have frills of barley dangling like ostrich feather.  
My pleather belt will come without the horror of bovine murder.  
I will rinse milk out of almonds for my satin purse,  
It'll look terrible, but sometimes, expensive things are worse.  
With all of the high price tags and the bespoke label,  
shoppers will plunder my store like a Black Friday sale.  
All of them, smashing the glass like a fury of bullets,  
my gowns will jettison the shelves.



Jim Crickard

*Winner - 25th March 2019*

ancient rebirth festival change linguistic

## Untitled

My mother is off to yet another ancient rebirth  
festival,

she has packed the car with ethical straws  
made of pasta,  
and made sure to bring the healing drum  
for the first aid tent.

The theme of this year's festival is change and  
transformation,  
and butterfly face paint is mandatory. Nudity is optional,  
but encouraged.

They are mindful about linguistics, as there are many  
vegans waiting to be offended.

Common sayings are exchanged, they say things like:  
"don't feed a fed horse"

or "there's more than one way to peel a potato."

When my mother returns her voice is soft  
as a wind chime,  
and she has cleaned away the grease of life  
from her heart.

I remark that a soft glow radiates from her face  
and she tells me

that she's had a spiritual facelift, from a  
psychic surgeon,

but I am used to it by now. I help her put the  
healing drum in the attic.

Anne Dalton  
*Winner - 25th June 2018*  
twilight blank magic comet degree

Untitled

Halfway to twilight  
She tiptoed her way  
along the blank page.  
Waiting for the magic  
To appear,  
For the pain  
To fade  
Away with the comet's tail.  
Slowly then  
she could make her way  
to the dawn chorus  
And feel the heat rise  
degree  
by  
colourful  
degree.

Alana Daly Mulligan

*Winner - 14th January 2019*

redundant cusp mistress permeate fox

## Hunters

They're hunting for something.  
These Adidas-armed  
6'2 farm-boys.  
Heavy double-barrelled.  
Slinking between the slumbags and scumbags of the city  
To rid it of her vixens.

They're hunting for something.  
Eyes wander across the redundant bodies  
Of a Thursday night.  
Stalking between the threads  
Of coloured life  
And those who raise their heads above  
The grass of the last dance.

They're hunting for something.  
As they permeate the ears  
Of prey who don't need to hear  
What they're thinking.  
Those slinking, slumbagged, scumbags,  
On the cusp of the cum  
With someone who is worth nothing.

They're hunting for something.  
Someone. A mistress to their insecurity.  
A someone to drag back to their fox flat  
Where they can tear, and scare, and plunge their teeth into the fact that  
Without the lonely last dance,  
They wouldn't stand a shooting chance.

Ethan Desmond

*18th March 2019*

sucker lullaby temporary slither jacket

## Untitled

You there! Lonely boy, yes you with the sports jacket, brown belt and black shoes!

You dare insult this alien being? This is not a halo, sucker, THIS is highlighter! I am no stylish angel, with quiet, lullaby voice! NO! I am the Lamia, a gorgon, clad in my scales of fashion and fury.

That is not a whimper you hear with your back turned, but a rattle of my stiletto tail as I slither towards you, tongue poised to cut with words and devour your false pride.

I am a legend, a visual myth carved into the rock of your memory, and you?

You are a temporary plaything, just another turned to stone with a blink of my eyeliner.

Bernadette Gallagher

*Winner - 2nd July 2018*

defenestrate stone moist chemical option

### Gold Dust

She asked for forty cents  
to get the bus home

hands dug deep  
to proffer more.

Two chose the option  
to give, two held back

*Alex and Rosie, Alex and Rosie*  
she chanted as she turned away.

An alchemical reaction  
hand on moist hand

a stone's throw  
from The Hayloft

where words are defenestrated  
to the street below.

Bernadette Gallagher  
*Winner - 23rd July 2018*  
rain lust union bicycle hum

**Coupling**

The rains came  
feeding our lust

a union - sprouting  
from the hum  
of a summer's day

carried home on crossbar  
a bicycle for one made for two.

Nuka Gbafah

*Winner - 8th April 2019*

jerry-built senses extraordinary defenestrate lowly

### **My Teacher**

My favourite teacher was a few tightened screws away from being an absolute genius  
He was a repository of jerry-built concepts and half-baked ideas,  
His thoughts an abstract reflection of his mismatched clothing,  
Threadbare sweater over bleached corduroys,  
Finished off with shoes that resembled a relic of the second World War,  
A relentless assault to the senses  
But don't judge this book by its bizzare cover,  
Because my lowly teacher was a few brain cells away from being an extraordinary  
man;  
He defenestrated every conventional concept of sanity and reason,  
So that a stare into the window of his soul revealed murky depths of a few diamonds  
interspersed in a mountain of rubble.  
We often indulged his bewildering propositions,  
Convinced he might have been an Einstein in a parallel universe,  
But when he hypothesised that aliens would annihilate the human race by the year  
2020,  
We knew he had finally crossed the line,  
The thin line between genius and madness.

Niall Herriott

*23rd April 2018*

pen respite dance festival pamphlet

### Poetry in Motion

At the literary festival  
the writers cast aside their pens  
and pamphlets  
and began to dance

Paul Casey did a sultry tango  
with Anamaría Crowe Serrano  
to olés and hupyaboyas  
from the crowd

It was a respite for the litterati  
from that exacting taskmaster  
the written word  
poetry in motion.

*11th February 2019*

baggage yoyo surreal zombie fly

### Wrecked Heads, Wrecked Planet

Leave all your baggage behind.  
This yoyo life has our heads wrecked.  
We weren't meant to live as zombies  
controlled by corporate greed  
and fears inculcated at every turn.

Fly from the madness  
of cultural and ecological suicide  
and...fuck it!..  
write mad surreal poems instead.



Niall Herriott

*27th August 2018*

figurine grass firework violet pope

### The Hope Pope?

There were fireworks for the Pope's visit.  
He wasn't expecting them  
as he had not been properly briefed.  
But he didn't let the grass grow under his feet  
in the thirty six hours he was here.

Francis thought fast on his feet,  
scribbled a heartfelt note of apology  
and said a prayer of contrition for the Church.

Now he really needs to show  
that he is not a figurine at the head  
of one of the biggest organisations in the world.

So is he a shrinking violet?  
Or will he face up to the Curia,  
listen to the women for a change  
and involve them in a way  
that makes a dam' difference,  
to heal the hurts  
and stop the rot?

Jamie Lawton

*Winner - 1st April 2019*

amphetamines snollygoster lily ecstatic catastrophe

**Untitled**

It's like speed,  
In that I can't quit  
Amphetamines  
But they can't make me ecstatic  
It's draining all my energy  
Just to continue tracking  
the antics of the Lily-livered,  
Catastrophically lacking  
a fundamental level  
Of essential understanding  
Of dynamics of this land  
In terms of customs and traffic  
The snollygosters filibuster,  
Bluff and delay  
And they could still be in the Union  
Next May

Jim Lawton  
*Winner - 3rd September 2018*  
stunt loft diabolical hero systemic

### Untitled

Was the visit of the poet a cunning stunt,  
to raise our minds to a man,  
with hero status  
To loft us above,  
systemic failures of the church  
to address their own diabolical iniquities.

Raina J. León  
Winner - 18th March 2019  
sucker lullaby temporary slither jacket

On Love's Proof (or Songs for flinging shit)

Rafaelle always saves me his shit.  
No matter the time of day,  
how far I go or how long I stay  
I'll come home to his shitter face,  
which is a compressed, lippy smile.

I never wait for his strange perfume  
of creamed broccoli to scent the room.  
Just a moment too long and shit will slither  
from every crack into every cranny.

He doesn't wait for the privacy of home  
where we both can relax in ease  
to find cleanliness as I change him, the play,  
our eyes holding one another.  
No.

Have you ever changed a diaper in the backseat, a poop explosion while  
your baby artist seeks to spread shit with his thumbs  
across your face, his body, the car seat?

I have  
while singing a lullaby  
*for you, there'll be no crying* <sup>[1]</sup>  
and for me? I thought of Joan Miró  
in shit.

Raina J. León  
Winner - 18th March 2019  
sucker lullaby temporary slither jacket

I changed him into his jacket with no pants,  
because they were spoiled and stained by his elemental art.  
He just innocently giggled.

Don't judge me for the R&B tunes I have belted out to myself  
*so we've come to the end of the road*  
*and I can't let go.*  
*It's unnatural*  
*you belong to me.*  
*I belong to you.* [2]

Was I singing to myself or the shit

with a half-naked baby in the backseat  
while I sucked sugar-free lollipop suckers  
in a chain like a maniac,  
the kind of all new mother animals.

This is temporary, right?

1. Quotation from "Songbird" as sung by Eva Cassidy
2. Quotation from "End of the Road" as sung by Boyz II Men

Shaunna Lee Lynch

*Winner - 27th August 2018*

figurine grass firework violet pope

**Untitled**

The Catholic figurines always look so sad  
Poor Holy Mary on the shelf,  
left dusty and half mad,  
staring at the beautiful Cindy  
with her violet jeep so cool,  
she wishes she could be a Barbie  
and not follow any rules.  
Fed up with immaculate conceptions,  
sick of travelling by mule,  
jaded by Jesus statues  
and a pope telling her what to do.  
She longed for more excitement, fireworks,  
a dream house with plastic grass  
but all she got was 3 lost men,  
a baby and an ass.

*21st September 2018*

blackout crustacean kangaroo moon orange

**Untitled**

Blackout drunk  
Men crawl like crustaceans,  
Kangaroo kicks  
Nightclub frustrations,  
Howling at moons  
As they have an answer,  
Orange with shame  
Waking up none the wiser

Shaunna Lee Lynch

*Winner - 10th December 2018*

carborundum smegma secret insight happiness

## Untitled

Welcome to Tech Con 2030  
I hope you've enjoyed the gleam  
artificial palm trees  
wind machine breeze  
we've installed just for ye  
our Silicon Valley dream teams.  
We've tried our best to simulate  
the natural climates  
precedent  
to the great floods of 2019.

So sit back relax  
enjoy the vacuum packed snacks  
we've placed inside your  
complimentary, company  
branded bum-bags  
as we give insight to our latest project

Meet Logibot 3000,  
Logibot has been created  
to replace all human to  
consumer relations  
and make your business thrive  
without the worry of  
happiness and employees rights.  
It's no secret that  
the humans were hard to motivate,  
even before the storms of 2028  
so we've developed this  
newest innovation.

Shaunna Lee Lynch

*Winner - 10th December 2018*

carborundum smegma secret insight happiness

We've conducted a major,  
near 40 year experiment,  
establishing contact centres  
in tax havens  
each pocket of this planet.

We hired people of every age,  
paid them all minimum wage  
presented them with the same problems  
day after day,  
slowly driving some insane,  
in the strive for  
superior customer service.

We then collected this data,  
monitored the humans'  
instinctual reactions  
and input them into this machine.

This highly intelligent android  
lives to work,  
just like every corporation  
lusts off their staff.  
Logibot won't be absent because of flu  
they don't even go to the loo  
so you can keep call queues intact.

No kid's doctors appointments,



Shaunna Lee Lynch

*Winner - 10th December 2018*

carborundum smegma secret insight happiness

no excuses about mental health,  
targets not met,  
grievances working on Xmas eve,  
this reliant, battery chargeable  
Customer Relationship Manager  
is just what your company needs.

Coded with  
popular phone agent phrases,  
such as:  
'A-no-ther Day A-no-ther doll-ar'  
'T-G-I-F'  
'Ha-ppy Mon-day'  
'Hap-py Wed-nes-day'  
'Ha-ppy Fri-day's eve'  
'Livi-ng for the week-end'  
'Do ya know what I mean?'

No lawsuits will starty  
from the office staff party  
due to someone discussing  
their smegma  
inappropriately.

No more having to hear  
employees whinge  
about not having enough time

Shaunna Lee Lynch

*Winner - 10th December 2018*

carborundum smegma secret insight happiness

to see their families,  
being too tired for activities  
after working a 40 hour week.  
These bots are positivity  
incarnate.

Act today and within a few weeks  
you can enhance your company  
with semi-conductor  
Carborundum realness  
Make your office complete,  
the epitome of chic  
quiet as can be,  
the only sound heard  
the typing of computer keys,  
ahh the serenity of it.  
You'll have years before these beings become sentient  
by then we'll have a new software update  
to stop any chance of resistance.

Ciarán MacArtain  
*Winner - 14th May 2018*  
astronaut harbour phone dubious beer

Untitled

This is it now  
The moment  
That had been talked  
About on your first date,  
Joked about on your wedding night,  
Marvelled at on your honeymoon.

The moment right after  
The five minutes allowed  
For a phone call  
To a loved one

The few minutes before lift-off  
Check list  
Dubious  
Check?  
Check.  
Settled round  
Saddled up  
Away

Beers crack in cheers  
The ascent  
Last lights on the harbour go out.

Oh to be a sailor  
And not an astronaut.

Ciarán MacArtain  
*Winner - 11th June 2018*  
caustic love Cork topiary gumption

**Untitled**

The lads from Cork City Council  
Are on a 12 day intensive,  
Which has since become a 10 day intensive  
With two days holiday pay,  
To develop and hone their topiary skills  
For the coming visit  
Of Charles and Camilla.

The ad in the foyer of city hall read:  
“Wanted: A load of Cork lads with  
The gumption to learn a new skill.  
Rewards include general satisfaction  
At one’s own achievements  
And a chance to display  
Their work at the recently renamed  
Ma Jones' park  
Across from the recently reclaimed  
English Market,  
For a royal audience.”

It was heard through the grapevine  
That Camilla loves horses  
And most especially horse shaped trees,  
And so 8 of the ten days  
Focused on crafting hedges to look like  
Alfie The Wonder Horse.

A true shame then

Ciarán MacArtain

*Winner - 11th June 2018*

caustic love Cork topiary gumption

That the park has been rendered  
“Unsafe for public use”  
After the soil was poisoned  
In a freak Caustic Soda/ Miracle Grow  
Confusion.  
Leaving the ten re-skilled workers  
Without an audience  
And two royals with a re-routed tour.

Ciarán MacArtain  
*Winner - 15th October 2018*  
paradox electric spool cat doorway

Untitled

I'm all for foreplay in the doorway  
But its freezing out here  
The kitchen's down the hallway  
And the fridge has beer  
The night's been holy hectic  
And I was about to strike clear  
When I caught your eye and kept it  
The softness of your gaze bringing calm to fear

I don't remember anything that I've said  
In the last ninety minutes  
Think I said I like your hat  
And "how don't you like Guinness?"  
Apparently you've got a cat  
Who's a touch passive aggressive  
And I don't recall much after that.

But not due to boredom  
The spark was electric  
I may have spoke slowly but  
My mind was frenetic  
Wrapping threads of thought  
Up in a spool  
All to keep up conversation  
And somehow play it cool.

What a paradox.

Rishtí Mac Piarais  
*Winner - 8th October 2018*  
catalyst transmute court curve adhesive

**The Court is Post Session**

Order! Order!

The court is post session!

All rise for the very un-honourable Self Judgment!

Let us evaluate how I was able to transmute 50 euro into a stream of urine against  
some side street alley.

How do you plead?!

Objection!

For the accused served seven pints, a kebab and a taxi home

Shared in the company of laughs and love

I declare in defence,

Though the walk home may curve

This is just the stuff that binds us

It all acts as a catalyst for the adhesive nature of life.

Brendan Mulcahy

28th May 2018

sublime oat clock hysteria porridge

### Irish Dancing Lessons in Multicultural Cork

In two three, out two three  
No-one feels inferior  
Irish dancing, oat couture  
Precluding hysteria

Up the row, up you go  
Swing your partner, climb and climb  
He's Hispanic, she's a Dane,  
I'm Sri Lankan: we're sublime!

All it takes – a hint of pluck  
Be brave: feel your courage  
Last two dances – don't miss out!  
Strip the Willow, Stir the Porridge

*Winner - 18th February 2019*

infinity alien justify McDonalds plug

### Anyone Seen Mac?

The farm was long gone.  
McDonald, older, shifted west,  
Pulling the plug on all that quack-quackery and E.I.O.,  
To an Alaskan infinity  
Of polar bears, Palins and salient aliens.  
Had a farm. Had to fly.  
He don't have to justify.



Stanley Notte

*Winner - 7th May 2018*

sun awkward institution eagle faded

**Untitled**

A stone eagle sits atop the entrance to this institution.

He is not awkward - what ever eagle ever is?

Even when preying eagles are graceful, serene, classical.

A musical movement played to perfection by a maestro.

Sadly, the same cannot be said of those who sit atop the complicated structures this institution has adopted.

They, although purporting to represent the values of the institution - Honesty.

Standards. Equality. - are faded facsimiles of past glories.

They are engulfed in modern styles of representing people, society and values.

They are more interested in protecting themselves, and their long lost integrity.

Once this place was a beacon. A place of safety.

Was warm and welcoming like a beach on a sun drenched day.

Now it is dark, secretive, hidden and dangerous.

It does however, like an eagle, prey on the weak and wounded.

Stanley Notte

*Winner - 19th November 2018*

under torque dolphin beggar guttural

## Untitled

Have you ever wondered if the deepest sections of our oceans, those as yet not fully explored by man, could be home to communities and societies not seen elsewhere in briny waters, or indeed on land?

I do. In fact, sometimes - usually when under the influence - I imagine an Atlantis where rows of houses encircle playing fields and schools and poetry venues and concert halls and youth clubs and play areas, all of which glisten like a dolphin's sleek skin touched by a gentle sun.

Interestingly, particularly given how my imagination is stimulated to envision this Atlantis, there are no inns in this place. There are no charities either. Or empty homes. There is no seat of power. No government chambers. Nowhere for any suited species to gutterally espouse opinions on societal development or fiscal spaces.

All avenues and streets are spotlessly clean - well there is an abundance of water available - and a peaceful energy drifts easily over all and sundry.

Often, when I awake, I think this oceanic nirvana beggars belief. And I suppose it does given the contrast to the real world I inhabit; one where being busy and share prices - according to the ever tightening torque of the talk and print media - are more important than relaxing and shared experiences.

Maybe one day this will no longer be true. Maybe one day my dream will be a reality and I won't need to dive into the depths of a dream to experience a society whose values are prioritised in a way that serves our world and people well.

Michael O'Callaghan

*Winner - 24th September 2018*

infallible spurious shelter precarious literary

**Untitled**

In the beginning was the Word  
and the word created shadow -  
a sheltered place  
to wait,  
to watch,  
to weave a web of words  
and catch the morning dew  
reflecting light.

A spurious word  
cast out to catch a passing fly -  
precarious existence !

In this web of words  
I sit in soft literary light,  
infallible  
as a passing fly.

Michael O'Callaghan

*Winner - 21st January 2019*

clatter ember truth roundabout temper

### **The Past is Forgotten**

When -

from the smoke of the furnace the Goddess emerges  
holding aloft the bright sword of truth  
that cuts through the netted tangle of lies  
which enchains this world, the light reflecting  
its tempered edge disperses the clouds,  
revealing a cesspit of lies and corruption -  
the masks and deceptions of this  
irredeemable humanity.

Then,

wielding the bright shaft of light high above her,  
swooping the heavens in roundabout spirals,  
with swathes of lightning, and finally seeing that  
her light has revealed all that was hidden,  
her work is completed; down she lets fall  
her dazzling saber to clatter and scatter  
the last fading embers.

The past is forgotten; the world recommences  
anew.

Cillian O'Regan

*Winner - 7th January 2019*

dog black mental head kangaroo

### Cloudy Ceiling

These thoughts strike  
like black day lightning,  
setting loose an inferno of doubt.

This dog is mental!  
I say it's all in my head  
while it's gnawing my leg.

But then a kangaroo companion  
kicks the ever hating shit out of it  
and protects me from the storm.

I know it'll come back,  
I know I'm not "cured",  
but even butterflies slay wasps.

So take away your day to day vexing  
because I'm not alone in this fight.  
After all, birds of a feather flock together.

Cillian O'Regan  
*Winner - 28th January 2019*  
copper brass alchemy element style

**Metamorphic**

My soul as malleable  
As Gaia's copper freckles.

Yours as empowering  
As a brass choir's chorus.

Our styles of living  
As onyx is to gold.

Yet I am transformed  
By your purifying alchemy.

When I am with you  
I am out of my element.

Our love an alloy  
Befitting of a monarch.

Jackie Shortland

*Winner - 30th April 2018*

precipice serendipity augmented jump kiwi

### **Serendipity**

Serendipity is when you just get your brain around how you should live and something else happens.

Serendipity is when you think you have reached a precipice, only to find the land slides away into acres of pasture.

Serendipity is when everything seems to be augmented by every other single thing in your life.

Serendipity is when your answers come backwards at you from Wiki ... Kiwi?

Serendipity is when the quick brown fox actually jumps over the lazy dog.

Jackie Shortland

*Winner - 21st May 2018*

redoubtable vegetable marriage harmonic convenience

**Faith of our Fathers**

When marriages of convenience  
were acceptable in Ireland  
all seemed to be harmonic  
seemed to be  
and our faith  
was the Faith of our Fathers  
and nothing else got through  
and all that was animal vegetable or mineral  
seemed to be made of  
some unknown substance  
a substance indescribable  
doubtable

but redoubtable

Thank God those days are over I'll say.



Jackie Shortland  
Winner - 30th July 2018  
pride closet parade empty crusty

Patrick's Day Parade 1980 something

*a true story, with a bit of poetic licence*

Patrick's Day Parade 1980 something,  
before there were Gay Pride Parades in Cork,  
the two lads go public,  
coming out of the closet for the day,  
to march.  
Mind you, they were wearing venetian masks.

Passing the Lord Mayor's stand, on the South Mall,  
Pat and Doney hold hands briefly,  
and kiss.  
Not lovers, just pals, an empty kiss,  
just for the cause.

In the pub afterwards,  
Doney said it was like kissing his auntie.  
Pat said it was more like kissing a *crusty's* dog.

Jackie Shortland

*12th November 2018*

marksman cubic black fury leafy

### **Ferny Places**

Ferns are leafy

Ferns are greener than green

What you might not know is  
ferns give shelter to our fairies

If you take away the ferns  
you risk the wrath of the fairies

And Hell hath no fury like a fairy  
who has lost its green leafy fern

What you might not know is  
fairies are great marksmen

A fairy can hit a black spot on a mushroom  
from a considerable distance

So, if you have plans to dig up even a cubic metre  
of our wildness to wall up our rivers

Be warned

The fairies are out there!

Philip Spillane

*Winner - 1st October 2018*

cosmetic alphabet catastrophic turnip coffee

## Untitled

What happened to Letterman

Since you been going through your catastrophic adulescence?

Long story short

Ani Apple was finally eaten by Bouncing Ben

Clever Cat got addicted to coffee and Cosmetic surgery

Harry Hat Man has gone homeless

And Ticking Tess's self telephone business

Went bankrupt

She's now picking turnips for the wicked Water Witch, the woes of a workaholic

Naughty Nick has being arrested for neglecting to pay his taxes

Poor peter the puppy is still well... poor

Only one hope brings our

Junior infant friends through

The dark responsibility of majority

In unison they sing

The Alphabet song

Will you join me

And remember

A childhood where nothing mattered except

Your ABC's.

Patricia Walsh

28th May 2018

sublime oat clock hysteria porridge

### Untitled

Banking on your hysteria in times like these,  
slaving under the clock to bend your will  
even if is just hysteria unannounced,  
I am relegated to eating porridge *al fresco*  
the regurgitated oats hold out for ever.

The grandfather clock rung the hour  
useless as it may be, a singular hysteria  
the beautiful sublime calls upon readiness  
the porridge of circumstance remains  
sowing wild oats, expecting crop failure.

Watching the door, under the eye of the clock,  
a porridge of events not given lightly  
a hysteria of habit, sublime as it is  
oats being good for you, that's all that matters  
hanging on every other word a given.

Remaining unfinished, beneath loss of the clock,  
sublime effort, not even interested,  
this hysteria of yours isn't funny anymore  
eat humble porridge, the oats good for you  
bleeding through the sublime a definitive feat.

Patricia Walsh  
*13th August 2018*  
twin pint potato rose system

Untitled

Sufferings from the dregs of the reissue of Twin Peaks  
over a pint, or a rosé, as you see fit  
harder stuff distilled from potatoes as is  
sometimes you really need a shock to the system  
sleep is death's twin, an apposite occupation  
the rose on the perfunctory table becomes itself  
Appropriate system over hearty pint.

*27th August 2018*  
figurine grass firework violet pope

Untitled

Stuff your figurines of the Pope!  
Stuff the fanfare and the fireworks  
spouting violet, red and green  
if I get my hands on him, he's grass  
And I'm a lawnmower.

Patricia Walsh

*20th August 2018*

furiously island discipline tincture peaceful

### Untitled

At last, I am an island  
disciplined furiously over creative habit  
no level of tincture will set me free  
nor any peaceful chiding blow my mind.

Suffering the tincture, repeatedly at force  
until the peaceful derision spelt it out  
salty discipline at the end of an answering machine  
furiously recalled at a strong notice.

Bleeding from an island, a tincture worth forgetting  
no level of discipline can save me now  
relegated to peaceful means, sending out notice  
furiously quiet on a backhanded swathe.

Peaceful worrying, reach for the tincture  
no use for discipline in public places  
furiously biding time, no case to answer  
islanded over worry, a believable fury.

Patricia Walsh

*Winner - 29th October 2018*

pneumatic apparition inspiration ethereal Spanish

### Untitled

They didn't bury him deep enough  
when they did bury him.  
That Spanish bastard de Valera  
slave to the apparition  
of the wonderfully pneumatic  
inspired by the humble homesteads  
fuelled by the ethereal,  
an apparition of the perfect hubris  
haunting our domiciles still.

Sara Wienecke

*Winner - 4th March 2019*

space grasshopper charcoal parliament cheese

### Untitled

Some say that grasshoppers wind up the stars  
for night, while charcoal paints its color  
around them. I'm left to wonder  
what stars would be if we never looked up,  
or if our exploration of space never existed.

I've walked through the buildings of Parliament,  
and I've eaten various cheeses our world has made.  
Never have I felt curiosity so clearly  
than when I've looked up and seen that light.



Maria Wojdylo Kelly  
*Winner - 9th July 2018*  
callow sublime ego fish deep

Deep Dive

There I go, diving! Deep  
into the water  
as the summer dictates.

I am swimming  
as if I was a fish.

I am like a new born  
so callow, so gullible,  
yet, I am swimming  
with the flow  
without the ego.

When and how  
has it happened  
that I knew  
straight away

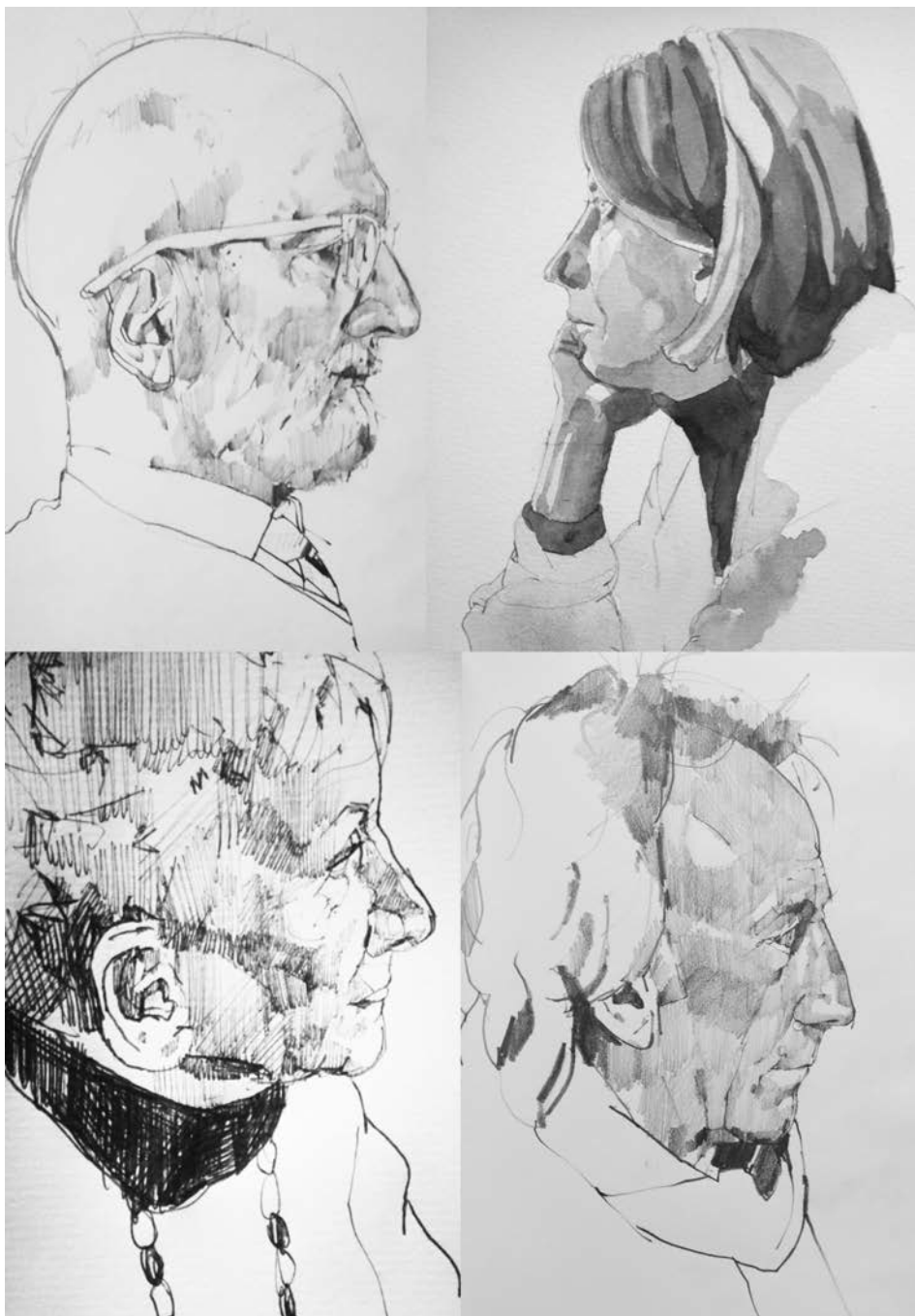
how to survive

how to be in the deep

and swim like a fish

softly, succulently  
and with the skill  
of the sublime?

Sketches by Eileen Healy



Sketches by Eileen Healy



# International Poetry-Film Competition Shortlist 2018

<b>Cindy St. Onge</b> (USA)	<i>Tsukumogami</i>
<b>Greg Condon</b> (UK)	<i>Disillusionment of 10 Point Font</i>
<b>Adrian Campean</b> (Germany/Romania)	<i>Can I Stay Here With You</i>
<b>Liang-Hsin Huang</b> (Taiwan)	<i>A Cat In An Empty Apartment</i>
<b>Kate Sweeney</b> (UK)	<i>Work</i>
(Winner) <b>Álvaro Martín</b> (Spain/France)	<i>Accident de Personne</i>
<b>Finn Harvor</b> (South Korea)	<i>Portrait of C</i>
<b>Hanna Ojala</b> (Finland)	<i>Silly</i>
<b>Diek Grobler</b> (South Africa)	<i>Mon Pays</i>
<b>Bernard O'Rourke</b> (Ireland)	<i>City Swans</i>
<b>Najaat Hussein</b> (Ghana)	<i>Mira</i>
<b>Sosi Chamoun</b> (Sweden)	<i>Dear God</i>
<b>Jane Glennie</b> (UK)	<i>Coyote Wedding</i>
<b>Lucia Sellars</b> (UK)	<i>Considering the Snail</i>
<b>Fiona Aryan</b> (Ireland)	<i>Going To The Well</i>
<b>Julia Giles</b> (UK)	<i>Another April</i>
<b>Peter Delaney</b> (Ireland)	<i>Stone</i>
<b>Laura Frare</b> (USA)	<i>Mare Frigoris</i>
<b>Merissa Victor</b> (Canada)	<i>The Entropy of Forgiveness</i>
<b>Livius Pápay</b> (Germany)	<i>Hinaus in die Nacht</i>
<b>Marie Craven</b> (Australia)	<i>Light Ghazal</i>
<b>Caroline Rumley</b> (USA)	<i>The Whole Speaks</i>
<b>Hernán Talavera</b> (Latvia)	<i>The White Flower</i>
<b>Finn Harvor</b> (South Korea)	<i>The Violence of Sadness II</i>
<b>Hanna Ojala</b> (Finland)	<i>Fever</i>
<b>Jane Glennie</b> (UK)	<i>Being and being empty</i>
<b>Mark Freeman</b> (USA)	<i>Conquest and Prison</i>
<b>Helmie Stil</b> (UK)	<i>The Desktop Metaphor</i>
<b>Pamela Falkenberg &amp; Jack Cochran</b> (USA)	<i>The Shadow</i>
<b>Paul Broderick</b> (USA)	<i>Curtain Pierced With Light</i>
<b>Lucia Sellars</b> (UK)	<i>The Sundial</i>

**INDIE  
CORK**  




# Winter Warmer Poetry Festival 2018

## Featured Guests

Fri 23rd November

Gerry Murphy | Sarah Byrne | John Mee | Diarmuid O'Dalaigh

Simon Ó Faoláin | Christopher Whyte | Pat Boran

Amy Key | Celia Parra | Amarjit Chandan | Alice McCullough

Sat 24th November

Poetry-Films | The Ballad of Reading Gaol | Closed Mic

Lani O'Hanlon | Graham Allen | Grace Wells

Conal Creedon | Ailbhe Darcy | Alberto Masala & Eileen Healy

Doireann Ní Ghríofa | Iain Galbraith | Mara Bergman

Kit Fan | Colette Bryce | Lucy English



*The 7th Winter Warmer Festival takes place  
from 22nd-24th November 2019*

## McNamara Slam Winners 2018-2019

16 April	Jim Crickard
23 April	Nuka Gbafah
30 April	Jackie Shortland
7 May	Stanley Notte
14 May	Ciarán MacArtain
21 May	Jackie Shortland
28 May	Benjamin Burns
4 June	Molly Garvey
11 June	Ciarán MacArtain
18 June	Jim Crickard
25 June	Ann Dalton
2 July	Bernadette Gallagher
9 July	Maria Wojdylo
16 July	Orla Daly
23 July	Bernadette Gallagher
30 July	Jackie Shortland
6 August	Mel White
13 August	Benjamin Burns
20 August	Matt Jones
27 August	Shaunna Lee Lynch
3 September	Jim Lawton
10 September	Matthew Moynihan
17 September	Rab Urquhart
21 September	Michael Carey
24 September	Michael O'Callaghan
1 October	Philip Spillane
8 October	Rishtí Mac Piarais
15 October	Ciarán MacArtain
22 October	Nicola Stathers
29 October	Patricia Walsh
5 November	Jim Crickard
12 November	Benjamin Burns
19 November	Stanley Notte
26 November	Barbara Cangiano (read by Stan Notte)
3 December	Benjamin Burns
10 December	Shaunna Lee Lynch
7 January	Cillian O'Regan
14 January	Alana Daly Mulligan
21 January	Michael O'Callahan
28 January	Cillian O'Regan
4 February	Jim Crickard
11 February	Mags Creedon
18 February	Brendan Mulcahy
25 February	Nuka Gbafah
4 March	Sara Wienecke
11 March	Julie Aldridge
18 March	Raina J. León
25 March	Jim Crickard
1 April	Jamie Lawton
8 April	Nuka Gbafah

## Guest Poets 2018-2019

16 April	Jill Munro & Poets from Five Words Vol XI
23 April	Anamaría Crowe Serrano
30 April	Ita O'Donovan
7 May	Sean Lysaght
14 May	Thomas Dillon Redshaw
21 May	Rob Barratt
28 May	Liz Quirke
4 June	Daniel Wade
11 June	Carlos Reyes
18 June	Nithy Kasa & Ciara Ní É
25 June	Greg Delanty
2 July	Nathanael O'Reilly & Anne Casey
9 July	Nyaradzo Masunda & Eva Bourke
16 July	Leah Umansky
23 July	David Starkey, Paul Willis & Chrissy Yost
30 July	Mary Dorcey
6 August	Jane Commane & Peter Raynard
13 August	David Butler
20 August	Matthew Geden & Eriko Tsugawa-Madden
27 August	Meg Bateman & Paddy Bushe
3 September	Anne-Marie Fyfe
10 September	Kevin Kiely
17 September	Borbála Faragó & Eiléan Ní Chuilleanáin
21 September	Nuala Leonard
24 September	Tribute to Matthew Sweeney
1 October	Mary-Jane Holmes
8 October	Emmanuel Jakpa & Ismael Ramos
15 October	Julie O'Callaghan
22 October	Iggy McGovern
29 October	Sex W. Johnston & Darragh Hennessy
5 November	Zovi Zoni, Asad Mahmud, Mel White & Ilyana Kuhling
12 November	Shara Lessley
19 November	Knute Skinner
26 November	Eleanor Hooker
3 December	William Wall
10 December	Leanne O'Sullivan
7 January	Stephen James Smith
14 January	Rachael Hegarty
21 January	James Finnegan
28 January	Ceaití Ní Bheildiúin
4 February	New Creative Writing from UCC (6 Poets)
11 February	John Fitzgerald
18 February	Karen O'Connor
25 February	Aoife Reilly
4 March	George Mario Angel Quintero
11 March	Pete Mullineaux & Moya Roddy
18 March	Raina J. León
25 March	Marcus Mac Conghail
1 April	Faye Boland
8 April	Terry McDonagh

visible tortoise sunny fascinate psychotic caravan  
birth nexus min fibrous coffee ocean sock orange  
swelter antique sweater sledgehammer thirst pleasure  
tale fern slim absorb write oval map yesterday  
sense room detail breeze song advice spark  
tinsel surface hot iron spot incandescent



Five Words  
Poetry Competition  
500 euro single prize

Have you tried the weekly Five Word Challenge?  
It's only €5 to enter

Every Tuesday from 15th April 2019 - 28th January 2020,  
five new words appear on the Ó Bhéal website

The competition runs for 42 weeks, with a new set of words  
appearing each week. Entrants have seven days to write  
and submit a poem which contains all five words

The winner and shortlisted entries will be announced in  
March and invited to read at Ó Bhéal in Cork  
during mid-April 2020

visit [www.obheal.ie/fivewordscomp](http://www.obheal.ie/fivewordscomp)  
for this week's words, guidelines and submissions







Ó Bhéal's 7th Poetry-Film Competition is open for submissions from 1st May - Aug 15th 2019

International submissions are accepted for any poetry-film under ten minutes (English subtitles required for non-english language Films).  
Entries must have been completed since August 2018

Broadly speaking, a poetry-film is the translation of a poem into film-form, by way of interpretation that features the entire poem, either visually and/or audibly

Up to 30 shortlisted poetry-films will be screened at the IndieCork Film Festival in October 2019. One winner will receive the festival prize for best poetry-film

**Free to Enter!**

For submissions and guidelines see: [www.obheal.ie/poetryfilm](http://www.obheal.ie/poetryfilm)



Sketches by Margaret Creedon O'Shea



Sketches by Margaret Creedon O'Shea



Sketches by Alexis Campbell Bannerman



I climb a tree, to answer  
to the wild...  
by Alexis was here



If you worry you'll die, if you not worry you'll



a five word poem space



## Cork's weekly poetry event

Guest poets & open-mic every week from 9.30pm

Poetry-Films from 8.30pm & the Five Word Challenge

poetry

every Monday

bring your own poetry ...

... or just listen in

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

for more info email [info@obheal.ie](mailto:info@obheal.ie)

[www.youtube.com/obheal](http://www.youtube.com/obheal)

[www.twitter/obheal](http://www.twitter/obheal)

[www.facebook.com/obheal.poetry](http://www.facebook.com/obheal.poetry)

[www.instagram.com/obheal](http://www.instagram.com/obheal)

[www.obheal.ie](http://www.obheal.ie)

Free Entry

