



On the occasion of Ó Bhéal's eighth Anniversary

13th April 2015

twelve shortlisted poems from the 2nd

Five Words International Poetry Competition

and

poems selected from the last fifty Five Word Challenges

(14th April 2014 - 6th April 2015)

Ó Bhéal would like to acknowledge the following organisations
for their valued support during our eighth 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
Dunnes Stores
Poetry Ireland
NUIG Galway
Sample Studios
to the house eMCees
and board members
the audiences
and poets

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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 VIII

CONTENTS

Foreword	1
----------	---

2nd Five Words International Poetry Competition

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

Derek Sellen (<i>winner</i>)	4
--------------------------------	---

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

Adannaya Igwe (<i>highly commended</i>)	7
---	---

Liz Smith	8
-----------	---

Sheena Blackhall	9
------------------	---

Derek Sellen	10
--------------	----

Margaret McCarthy	11
-------------------	----

Bernadette McCarthy	12
---------------------	----

Mary Fahy	13
-----------	----

Anthony Scott	14
---------------	----

Tess Sheridan Adams	15
---------------------	----

John W. Sexton	16
----------------	----

<i>Judges' Comments</i>	17
-------------------------	----

Five Word Challenge Poems

Simon Aronsohn	21
----------------	----

Cédric Bikond Nkoma	23
---------------------	----

Paul Casey	25
------------	----

Margaret Creedon O'Shea	27
-------------------------	----

Jim Crickard	29
--------------	----

Kathy D'Arcy	30
--------------	----

Maria Gillen	31
--------------	----

CONTENTS

Helen Harrison	32
Liam Heaphy	33
Niall Herriott	34
Cathal Holden	36
Bernadette McCarthy	37
Matthew Moynihan	39
Louis Mulcahy	41
Jared Nadin	42
Stanley Notte	43
Deirdre O'Brien	45
Michael O'Callaghan	47
Sharon O'Neill	49
Rosie O'Regan	51
Tina Pisco	53
Michael Ray	54
John W. Sexton	55
Siobhán Tanner	57
Biographies of Shortlisted Poets	58
Featured Poets at the Winter Warmer 2014	61
International Poetry-Film Competition 2014	62
McNamara Slam Winners 2014-2015	63
Guest Poets 2014-2015	64

FOREWORD

The annual Five Words Anthology continues to showcase Ó Bhéal's weekly poetry challenge compositions and International competition entries. The competition entries are composed within a seven day time-frame, whilst the weekly five word challenge poems are written in under fifteen minutes. Contributors are allowed to make minor changes prior to final publication, and as such, many of those contained here may be seen as mid to late drafts.

Ó Bhéal's eighth year follows on from the tidal success of 2013, when we added two competitions and the Winter Warmer festival to our annual programme. We're delighted to see our audiences continue to flourish with very healthy attendances throughout the year, seeing new attendees each week of all ages and backgrounds, new pens taking to the page and new voices emerging. Our congratulations go to Derek Sellen for his winning poem *Survivor*, to the highly commended poems from Afric McGlinchey and Adannaya Igwe, to all the shortlisted poets and weekly five-word challenge winners. A second poem of Derek's also found its way onto the shortlist. A worthy selection overall, thanks to judges Jennifer Matthews and Billy Ramsell.

Our second International Poetry-Film Competition drew nearly 100 entries from over twenty countries. A judges' selection of thirty was then screened at the Indie Cork Festival of Independant Cinema. Our congratulations go to winner Marleen van der Werf from the Netherlands, for her stunning film *Wadland*, a breathtaking portrayal of sea-life found in tidal areas. Marleen received the 2014 IndieCork / Ó Bhéal award for best poetry-film. The second Winter Warmer festival of poetry was an even greater success than its predecessor, and the 3rd Winter Warmer will be held on the 20th and 21st of November 2015.

As of June 2015, Ó Bhéal will benefit tremendously from its dedicated CE scheme position, allowing for a part-time administrative assistant, based in newly acquired office space in the Civic Trust House. Despite all efforts funding-wise, we are still way short of target and at current levels can only guarantee Ó Bhéal until April 2017. We have recently appealed to 150 companies from across the private sector, as mainstream Arts Funding remains unacceptable. In 2014, Dunnes Stores sponsored 1000 euro for the Winter Warmer, and we hope to attract similar interest in 2015.

Ó Bhéal's success is largely due to the skilful efforts of its gifted board members, Billy Ramsell, Jennifer Matthews, Sue Cosgrave, Rosie O'Regan, Julie Field, Rab Urquhart, Eimear Conboye, Cal Doyle, Emily Davis-Fletcher and Ciarán MacArtain, who are mostly also emcees. The cultivation of emcees is very important to Ó Bhéal and we are grateful to all involved, including guest emcees John McNally and Cathal Holden, and recently Simon Aronsohn and Shane Vaughan.

Paul Casey
Director, Ó Bhéal

“if by any sort of process I could convert 2 and 2 into five
it would give me much greater pleasure.”

Lord Byron

2nd Five Words International Poetry Competition

SHORTLIST

Winner

Derek Sellen (England) *Survivor*

Highly Commended

Afric McGlinchey (Ireland) *Sonnet in B Major*

Adannaya Igwe (UK) *Home Cooking*

Other Shortlisted Poems

Liz Smith (England) *Saved*

Sheena Blackhall (Scotland) *Breakfast*

Derek Sellen (England) *At the Hair Clinic*

Margaret McCarthy (Ireland) *The Snooze Button*

Bernadette McCarthy (Ireland) *The Sectioning*

Mary Fahy (Ireland) *I Coin a Line*

Anthony Scott (England) *The Stereogram*

Tess Sheridan Adams (Ireland) *Black Mountain Rebel*

John W. Sexton (Ireland) *False North*

Derek Sellen
Overall Winner
chair lime ale feather garlic

Survivor

*- loosely based on the relationship of Paul Gauguin
and 'Annah the Javanese'*

Towards the quays, he found her,
golden-skinned in the rain,
begging for sous.

 An impudent thirteen,
she ran her fingers over his trousers
and went back to his studio
to pose nude in the lime-wood chair
he'd carved with parrots' heads
and crescent moons and palm-leaf fans.
Her ginger-ruffed monkey
scratched its ribs at her feet.

He took her out of Paris, ignoring her pout,
to the north-west, painted her
with a fox laying its paws on her breasts
in a feathery meadow of scented grasses and wild garlic.
But drinking Breton ale in the wrong quarter,
he had his ankle broken
in a fight with sailors. Annah fled,
pausing to ransack his apartment
before she boarded a train for the south,
dressed in ribbons and flounces.

Years later, she is photographed,
her darkened face wearing the marks
of her immigrant lifetime,
long after he has died
with a girl of the islands brooding by the bed.

Derek Sellen

Overall Winner

chair lime ale feather garlic

They had met, crossed, parted,
putting on and taking off the clothes of Europe,
each dreaming of their own paradise.
She still sits in the lime-wood chair,
but there is no monkey any more.

Afric McGlinchey
Highly Commended
snake semiquaver shy quiet coin

Sonnet in B Major

'It was always the other way round.'

– Margaret Atwood

Do magic, like feral creatures turning
into a language, cold air awakening.
Coins are still legitimate, but not quiet
anymore, a wet black semi-quaver opening up,
like the frantic eye of an arbitrary Icarus.
Oh, these bells. If we must die, ingloriously,
let's first rise up like snakes from the monumental pit.
We don't get back for a second year.
But I digress. Sway, everybody.
Even the horse that shys, the child on paper,
green-easy, until flummoxed.
Speed's got a nerve, a no-time strident
bunch of followers. All these criminal acts?
Move the iceberg, or lose the Titanic, everything.

Adannaya Igwe
Highly Commended
syncope rooted salt wait level

Home Cooking

I can't find my voice.
I know it's out there. I can hear
Its embittered hiss, trapped amongst black bodies and
Bustling airport lines, levels, coated with
sweat; can almost feel
The Atlantic salt on my tongue
- though I can't taste it yet.

I can't find my voice, but I still speak a lot.
Mostly starched hellos
- my savoury rhythms having been
replaced
By soft syncopated beats: the tones
of the white men -
Between which I fit apologies for my defection.
Too much rough Western food.

See, in November, I will bloom
With the fat of yams, plantains, uba
trees, cassava leaves, mangoes, thick fruited
- the food of my mothers -
(My old voice is deep-rooted)
While drums dance my words down
their long wait till
Home.

Liz Smith

Shortlisted

flavour march apocalypse lambent celebrate

Saved

Until further notice, the apocalypse is postponed.

It was slated for March, but then

I saw that perhaps I was squeezing too much in.

And in any case, I heard laughter as you paused to celebrate.

I saw signs of something approaching joy from you,

Lambent and tentative to be sure, but there it was,

Rising with the scent of woodsmoke and the flavour of rosemary.

And I saw that it was good.

Sheena Blackhall

Shortlisted

pen clay enter cusp tinge

Breakfast

Just on the cusp of dream,
My father entered my bedroom
He was carrying Sunday breakfast on a tray
For me, his spoilt grown daughter

The eggs could have been drawn on the plate
By an artist as skilled as Velasquez
Fresh eggs, crisp toast, milk coffee, briskly stirred
Like gifts given up to an idol
A cracked clay idol, unworthy of such attention

I was always a free range bird
Refusing the pen's safety
The heartache I must have caused him,
The constant worry.

Men say pure love is often tinged with sorrow
A way-ward child is often the dearest loved
Albatross bird in the nest, so needy, raucous

Derek Sellen

Shortlisted

weave mop jazz beetle step

At the Hair Clinic

This one sits on your head like a skunk,
a mop of hair with a jazzy stripe of orange down the centre;
at the other end of the range,
there's the middle-rank executive in naturalistic grey.

'This is one of our most popular styles',
says the salesperson (officially, the trichological consultant);
he likes to be on first-name terms
to put the clients at their ease. 'I'm Alopecia,' you say brightly.

They seem so alive, the weaves,
as if they will leap from their pegs and scurry on the floor,
beetle-quick, fringes of thrashing cilia,
escaping the scalps, scabbed and tufted, they might disguise.

But yours is as beautiful as a full moon,
un-cratered, a slight bony ridge creating shadow, a death's-
head hint that some people find disquieting.
You step out through the logo-printed doors. You wear the skunk.

Margaret McCarthy

Shortlisted

horse draught clear harmonic wake

The Snooze Button

The dark silence before sunrise
Is shattered by the ear-splitting screech
Of an ever vigilant alarm clock
Placed, strategically, out of reach.
Yet an outstretched finger catches the snooze,
So the horse awaits my remount,
And we clear the fence between dreams and the day
While the alarm clock begins its re count.
All cares and worries flap in the draught,
In the wake of the galloping steed,
I am caught in adventure, I am saving the world,
Reality quick to recede.
Back for a lifetime in Tír Na nÓg,
Harmonic the heart beat and hooves,
I travel the lands slaying dragons by hand
In one or two fabulous moves.
Yet I fall off the horse as the screaming returns,
To the floor where I wake and grow old,
Trying to hit the alarm clock that must have grown legs
While I was being dashing and bold.

Bernadette McCarthy

Shortlisted

tempest honest ostrich happenstance ossify

The Sectioning

The ward was blue with honest fear
of sectioning. She nunned within her bed,
curtains drawn, their vertical stripes
sutured by the false noon-night.
A trial by ordeal: the head, ridiculous
as an ostrich egg, wouldn't budge.
I balked, though the baby was out
and husband gone, loath to see her mortified.
I had loved her once; but happenstance will viscerate
even the most congenial of friendships.

She was woken by the annunciation
of lunch by a bustling woman, lips agash
with grinning at babies. I parted the curtain
as a scalpel cutting a quiet motion
in rescuing a child from drowning.
She was a forget-me-not, redolent
of childhood misgiving, easily
stamped upon or lost; she had a left-behind look.
Her stitches hurt. I wondered where he was
and recalled an ectopic boy who wouldn't be born

but stayed on in his mother, ossifying, so that
she carried him forty-six years,
till he was taken from her belly in a ball.
Men sectioned him then to see his calcified
brain, membrane; lungs, nude pods delicate
as a stripped pomegranate. Absurd that blood
flowed through the little fossil, but some will not comply
with nature's tempestuous course, staying
still until they translate into bone.

So she lay,
an anchoress, an immaculate heart in stone.

Mary Fahy

Shortlisted

snake semiquaver shy quiet coin

I Coin a Line

I

coin

a

line

that

snakes

shyly

a

quivering

semiquaver

awaiting

judgement

Anthony Scott

Shortlisted

tortoise hush lemon radio vision

The Stereogram

Born from wood, wire and Bakelite
and warm toasting stuff trapped in the speaker grilles.
Mario Lanza and the Great Caruso on 78
were angry planets whirling around a black hole
and when Gran was asleep, a Bowie 45, that nimble
asteroid, tracking the spaces between.
Slower yet, your Mum's thirty three and a thirds:
Jim Reeves, The Seekers, The Carpenters
tortoise Jupiters crooning their orbits.

The pop of that bit where it always jumped
led astray by a grooved line of fluff
persuading the needle to leap.
Not a *stylus*, but a blunt, flat needle –
stitching the music from record player to radio.
A tuner with the precision of your Dad with a shovel
clubbing the stations into audio focus.
The hiss and the hush, chasing each other
averaging out, station to station.

You took the back off once and marvelled
at the emptiness; it was all hot air.
Speakers at either end, the radio a veneer
and vast interstellar spaces between.
Your mother cleaned the empty chamber so that heated,
the air emerged, pressed through more fluff –
the stuff she couldn't reach -
yielding lemon freshness while it sang,
“waiting for the gift of sound and vision.”

Tess Sheridan Adams

Shortlisted

palpable replete fungus elk chord

Black Mountain Rebel

It's like seeing the Sistine chapel being torched by thugs, that's what 'tis!
so say dissenters of the word weaver's whemmlle
see they don't approve

of rap, preferring their rigid stanzas.

Well I say, on behalf of the word weaver's wyrd, it's time
for change bring it on past the wone, the boring,
the cemeteries of performance. To the tremble of voiceless bells

Before ever a word was penned poetry was an oral art
so yes please Ó Bhéal, bring on the Bissett's, the Cohen's, the Snyder's
(and Elkie Brooks too!)

The UNI-verse is a palpable raptly rip rap of things. Oh, the atrophy
when it veers too far from music! Eliot knew a thing or two about rules - rout them!
Go ahead, take liberties

with words, commit acts of violence, fire the canons

in with the cantos out the with metronome

see, here's the thing:

real poetry doesn't say anything - it just ticks off the possibilities

a bit like a gruyere cheese – a sort of a smooth fungus with gaps

so seize your quill, replete with glass bottle of ink, take your windle,
weave a welter, a wayment, even a wuthering chord, but please may I implore as a
word weaving webster, swap your torch for a bond of invisible wire that cuts at the
wrists of your mind, become one
against the formal, the mundane: the wearying with undue thinking
we're sated with starstuff, lets sprinkle some dust...

John W. Sexton

Shortlisted

compass apple jasmine onions oblique

False-North

The ghosts of horses stood asleep in the long grass.
Sunlight, moonlight, filled them with a glimmer
that was a moment's oblique flash: corner-
eyed vision of the passing drunks, farmers,
the old hags troubling the grassy laneways.
This is how they were when he found them, when
the breath came into him again. Jasmine
seemed to fill his mind, not as a scent, but
as a heady idea. Rampions grew
about the bases of the trees; horses
stamped and snorted, stomach-high in thistles.
He knew then in his jasmine-heady mind
that he was in the corner of something.
An overgrown corner on the edges
of Heaven, or on the edges of Hell.
But wherever it was that he was, it
was a place of no leaving; horses
heavy with torpidity showed him that.
Apples, long fallen, long rotten, victims
of an extinct gravity, beckoned from
the shadows of the horses. An apple
as a compass, its worm pointing false-north,
he paced in pointless loops of nowhere. This
corner of wherever it was, was end-
less. It was like an onion, which is an
onion inside an onion inside an
onion. Purgatory was utter Hell.

Judges' Comments

Jennifer Matthews

Survivor (Derek Sellen)

Within this poem, a famous artist's model is transformed from passive object into the subject of her own story. Not only is 'Survivor' well executed in craft, but it displays compassion and depth of inquiry necessary to lift a poem to the place where it will live actively in the reader's imagination.

Sonnet in B Major (Afric McGlinchey)

This poem is bold, brash and brave! It operates outside the narrative tradition, making its own kind of logic that is utterly compelling. Once you reach the end, you'll read it again and again to unlock its mysteries and stay a while longer in its lovely sense of play.

Home Cooking (Adannaya Igwe)

There is nothing that evokes 'home country' for the ex-pat more than home cooking! Rich in detail, the reader's taste buds are tantalised while the complexity of identity is considered. The voice in this piece is authentic and moving, letting the page express an experience which is difficult to put words to in everyday life.

Saved (Liz Smith)

The light touch in this poem's humour, use of allusion, and imagery gave me a smile each time I read it. The positive spin on a topic which could be treated with heavy-handedness made it unique.

Breakfast (Sheena Blackhall)

The self awareness coupled with emotional restraint in this poem worked nicely. The final image is a clincher for a lasting impression on the reader.

At the Hair Clinic (Derek Sellen)

The unique setting, sense of humour and little act of rebellion made this a fun read. It gives the reader a nudge towards treating potentially embarrassing situations as opportunities for playfulness.

Judges' Comments

Jennifer Matthews

The Snooze Button (Margaret McCarthy)

This cleverly constructed piece uses both humour and mythology to describe a contemporary quandary many readers will relate to.

The Sectioning (Bernadette McCarthy)

This poem is harrowing, yet employs an objectivity that allows the reader into the experience. In the way the personal is political, this piece engages with topical concerns of safety and maternity in Ireland, while remaining distanced enough to have a universal appeal to readers in any country.

I Coin a Line (Mary Fahy)

This poem converted me to believing in the potential of concrete poetry! It's tight in its execution, and achieves a haiku-like lift off at the end which was very satisfying.

The Stereogram (Anthony Scott)

A nostalgic piece, this poem nicely incorporates lingo which is potential unfamiliar to readers in the digital age, and sets a warm and convincing scene.

Black Mountain Rebel (Tess Sheridan Adams)

Rollicking, energetic and passionate--this is a piece that demands to be read out loud and with gusto!

False-North (John W. Sexton)

An atmospheric poem which bravely goes in the direction of the weird, allowing a different kind of meaning to have value outside of the same old narrative-centric work readers are generally used to. Its haunting imagery will linger in your imagination long after reading.

Judges' Comments

Billy Ramsell

Survivor (Derek Sellen)

'Survivor' is a worthy winner, a richly detailed vignette than transcends anecdote, gesturing toward the selfishness and irresponsibility of art and artists with a vivacity and colour worthy of Gauguin himself.

Sonnet in B Major (Afric McGlinchey)

'Sonnet in B' is a tricky, shifting kaleidoscope, its shape and significance altering with each reading. It works its spell by rhythm rather than narrative, its beguiling fragmentary phrases hinting toward truths that are never quite revealed.

Home Cooking (Adannaya Igwe)

'Home Cooking' is an almost unbearably moving account of loss and identity, of an old and 'deep-rooted' voice forsaken and recovered.

Saved (Liz Smith)

'Saved' is a memorable squib that captures with wry humour the hope and paranoia of these desolate days.

Breakfast (Sheena Blackhall)

'Breakfast' memorably situates itself on the 'cusp of dream', inhabiting the borderlands between sleep and waking in a manner that is provocative yet playful.

At the Hair Clinic (Derek Sellen)

'At the Hair Clinic' mines a wonderfully surreal seam of imagery as it comments on our increasingly image-conscious society.

Judges' Comments

Billy Ramsell

The Snooze Button (Margaret McCarthy)

'The Snooze Button' wittily conscripts Irish legend to capture the agony of being wrenched from a heroic dream into the waking, workaday world.

The Sectioning (Bernadette McCarthy)

'The Sectioning' is a visceral unflinching look at aspects of reality many of us would prefer to ignore..

I Coin a Line (Mary Fahy)

In 'I Coin a Line', the poet takes her line for a quirky, quivering, self-delighting wander.

The Stereogram (Anthony Scott)

'The Stereogram' finds a perfect locus for longing and nostalgia in a device 'born from wood, wire and Bakelite'.

Black Mountain Rebel (Tess Sheridan Adams)

The rhythms of 'Black Mountain rebel' pulse with the energy and irreverence of its titular forbears.

False-North (John W. Sexton)

'False North' takes us headlong and unapologetically into a bad trip or deliciously vivid nightmare.

Simon Aronsohn

16th February 2015

cat bucket envelope discrepancy malevolent

Schrodinger's Cat

In a closed bucket
a poisoned envelope
slowly disintegrates

Only when opened
can you know the fate
of the feline within

A malevolent experiment
of being and not being
or just
discrepancies
of the quantum
universe

Simon Aronsohn

16th March 2015

hesitant late revenge desire milk

Breaking the Cycle

Revenge brings what
the desire for retaliation
a nasty cycle back to
Revenge

Hesitant, forget it
speed is not important
serve it late
cold as iced milk
for maximum effect

curb the desire
tamp the fire
you can't wait to quench

revenge brought desire
this time
I did something to break
the cycle

Cédric Bikond Nkoma
Winner - 20th October 2014
avail butt green jazz storm

Untitled

Calling my reason to no avail
I remain stranded outside of myself

I find no strength to butt in, yet I feel safe;
An unwelcomed stranger to my own spirit.

The green grass of my subconscious is thick,
soft and soothing like an emerald cloud.

As I fade in essence, I hear the storm;
Its wind brings the rhythm of my dream.

Jazz, music of my inner realm.

Cédric Bikond Nkoma
Winner - 30th March 2015
yes blood nicotine lord brutality

Untitled

The priests were around, so he yelled:

"No, I refuse to sweat for your 'Lord'! May He be forgiving, my pain is worth more than he's giving!"

He lit a cigarette, inhaled a lung-deep puff and held it, waited for the nicotine to mix with the blood. He smirked. Water had become gold under the heat of the beating sun.

He knew he was sweating anyway, so why would he spend that currency for anyone but himself. The word "Yes" has been the catalyst in the transformation of the world, brutality was the fire, and now a lot had burnt.

Another puff.

The last of a short life.

His sacrifice wouldn't go unnoticed. Hope wouldn't go up in smoke if his life did.

Paul Casey

26th January 2015

agriculture loss pedantic release plod

Dream of a Simple Life

I thought I'd finally escaped the plough
the wet plod of the shaggy drey across
those frost-cold, dewy-grey dawn fields

I found the freedom of city life immense
My release from the solitude of agriculture
seemed secure. A fascinating scene

strolled by my tiny flat window each day
and fascination soon turned to obsession
a new cynical, pedantic side began to emerge

'till I realised finally that I'd become
an asshole. I thought I'd escaped the plough
but now all I feel is the loss of the dray

to the dray's foal on market day, all
I dream, is of the frost-cold dewy grey

Winner - 9th February 2015

squid silly spring hat squabbly

Squiffed Silly

The squidgy squid squished its way
right into the squalid bedroom, squat
as a squaw on squeak duty it squinted
and squibbed from under its squelchy
hat, squashed along on those springy
squabblies, so I lit up another squiff.

Paul Casey

12th May 2014

xylophone terrific coffin independence lover

Addict

I just love, er, to write terrific sentences
you see, in de pen, dense ideas are just
dying to escape their thin plastic coffins
and once out and diluted with pure air they
tinkle down like xylophone notes onto the
page and off the tongue. Yes I just love, er,
to write terrific sentences.

23th June 2014

wellness pharmaceutical goose cheese asexual

Modern Diet

with all the penicillin in the pork
pesticide in the cabbage 'n spuds
there's just no more traditional eating
without pharmaceutical seasoning
and cheese-us wouldn't that piss off
even the most asexual of veggies
from now on
we'll have to cook the goose of wellness
in its own juices

Margaret Creedon O'Shea

28th July 2014

echolalia grecian remember cosmic simple

Timeturn

See the poet's fading eyes
As he rocks back to slip through time
When the Simple was sublime
And Pure gold did not decline.
He trims canvas sails - life lines,
To when Jupiter was last aligned.
Cosmic balance was then stable - but
the earthly plate rendered Galleons disabled
Therein be monsters
Thread not there if you are able
Or over the parapet you will fall
Tipping from the ocean's table
Remembers Grecian beauty carved
In Alabaster profiled jars.
Keats and Yeats words prized ajar
Gold won't rust in Tombs afar
Therein once Ptolemy could treasure
In hieroglyphic symbols measured

- Mr Jones, please wake for tea.
Can you hear me - can you see..?
And all he could reply was,
Lovely girl
Lovely tea
Lovely dry bones
Lovely grief
Echolalia -- You MR. Lovely
Comes back home to tell us everything was ... lovely.

Margaret Creedon O'Shea
Winner - 9th March 2015
death tickle whisper genesis father

Spooked

There's a whisper of morbidity
about tonight.
I feel just a tickle mortal
My quivering heart tenses tight.
The whispers in my back alley
Say a bullet bears my name.
The sins of my Father have played out
this deadly game.
My genesis determined this.
I'm paternally hypochondriac
And though he is now thriving
I've inherited his Paranoid quirks.
So though my diet is healthy
And I am gainfully employed
And I have no known malady
in my fully girded loins.
I'm convinced that I will perish
By Disease, ... by bullet or blade.
I really need my arse kicked.
But I'm still terminally afraid.

Jim Crickard

Winner - 11th August 2014

jotted transgender sugar carrots morphine

"Lonely Epicene, 2008"

Her doll eyes gaze in to valium coloured skies.
You'd never guess what's between her thighs. Carrot-
sharp she snorts the cocaine sugar - sweetly
pummelling against her eyelids,
like tiny fists of morphine
~deep-tissue-knuckle-massage~

On the levitating sweetness she swings
until headaches of light pour through
the grouphome windows, against sepulchral
bottles of last night's taste - grim reminders -
That God must have jotted her down wrong:
how could one misspell girl with transgender?

Kathy D'Arcy

Winner - 25th August 2014

sharp stilettos lavender purpose spasm

Killing de Valera

This country is full up
of Laura Ashley lavender sachets.

What's the purpose -
to cover up the stink?

I'm having a lavender spasm.

I've made a paste of
my grandmother's lipstick,
my mother's lipstick,
Joan Burton's lipstick
and applied stripes, warpaint
(but not in jest),
I've sharpened my cruellest stilettos
to glittering edges,
I've shat on the lavender sachets.

I'm about to make my point.

Maria Gillen

Winner - 3rd November 2014

inoculated pigeon shatter prove house

Untitled

In the house of the pigeon there was such a clatter
And the female birds were all a chatter
A game was proposed with the aim to be
Who would prove the biggest shatter!

Henry had been inoculated
And his tight bird arse was dilated!
He puffed and squeezed and pumped and groaned
And looked as if he was rightly stoned
Then he left if fly, with a mighty sigh
And covered all from on high

That was 30 score years or more!
And they do say his bottom's still sore
So though he won the accolade
'Tis a heavy price that poor pigeon paid.

Helen Harrison
13th October 2014
dark tap power pen fight

Crafted

Quenched by craft beer and poetry on tap; upstairs
In The Long Valley Bar, I fill my jar, - and
Ears to the swelling crowd: of 'read-out-loud'.

Words randomly chosen; *begging to be heard*
Poems from the 'profound' to the absurd; some
Dreary as a dripping tap but always a laugh.

The soft-fallen: the appealing, the stripped
And revealing: As the burst from 'brow to pen,'
Race is on; the audience embrace.

And words pour like sap in a maple forest,
With the beat of the drums, and the lush 'rap'
As the well; deepens.

And many gems appear; from the sensual,
To the dark, making me glad I embarked,
At Cork Harbour - to *The McNamara slam*.

As they fight for first place through powerful
Sentences: bravado and grit, pleasure,
Sorcery: wisdom, and loads of wit!

And, plenty of words, which rhyme with 'it'....
Some inventions may be outrageous; even blue,
But '*The Hayloft*' mix is 'electric' all night through.

Liam Heaphy

13th October 2014

380 indie lingchi raucous orange

Untitled

Is there a purpose

in being raucous?

But Lingchi

was Chinese

not Indee.

Maybe he lived

by the sea

in 380 A.D.

Was it strange

that his colour

was orange?

Niall Herriott

Winner - 26th January 2015

agriculture loss pedantic release plod

Seriously Syriza

This is supposed to be a poem but that it isn't.
It's simply a pedantic plod through my thoughts
and hopes on this significant day.

Syriza say they will undermine
the greedy Greek oligarchs
who for many decades were permitted
to avoid tax and very nearly managed
to suck the life blood out of the nation
descended from Plato's Republic.
The loss of the Socratean cradle
of Western philosophy, as a permanent debt
colony, would be a tragedy for all.
The best of luck to Syriza
in a daunting task.

Podemos which means 'we can'
is bringing hope for the 60% unemployed
youth of Spain, with down to earth ideas
of ecological community agriculture,
street co-ops, self-reliant housing groups
and alternative local currencies,
as well as an end to corruption.
The best of luck to Podemos
in changing the face of Spain.

And what of Ireland?
Will the squabbling left and the independents
build a Syriza / Podemos type coalition
to help us imagine another Europe?
To release us from the tyranny
of bankers and speculators
and autocratic Eurocrats?

Niall Herriott

30th June 2014

karma rotate pocket kerfuffle disposition

Fire Sale Ireland

What a kerfuffle!

No dough in our pockets,

bad karma rising,

vulture funds buying up everything

at knockdown prices,

one set of pols rotating with another set

but nothing ever sorted.

How the hell did we find ourselves in

dis position?

16th March 2015

hesitant late milk revenge desire

Oh Listowel...!

Desire and revenge

makes for an explosive cocktail

which I am hesitant to address

in a delicate poem.

But of late I am finding it easier

to milk the teat of dangerous drama

than observe the niceties

of polite drawing room verse.

So my next play will likely address

the subjects of desire and revenge.

Move over John B. !

Cathal Holden

Winner - 16th March 2015

hesitant late milk revenge desire

Untitled

On Monday, our late six nations hopes were squashed
Tomorrow, a million unpenitent unhesitant pints wait to be quaffed
The milk of desire has left us parched and not quenched
Between St. Patrick and the rugby, it's the revenge of the Welsh

Bernadette McCarthy

Winner - 19th September 2014

vacuum incidental ennui independence maps

Act of Union

Incidentally, they won't be changing the maps.
That small but determined line between Ireland
and the UK won't be shifting;
stockings need no adjusting
and questions of whether men
should wear anything under their kilts
fall on deaf ears tonight.
Oh, Scotland, the brave, land of heroes!
Battered Mars Bars now congeal on the grills;
they said 'No, dear, not tonight' to independence.
Yet what is nationhood
but another way to fill the vacuum?
Firmly crossing the legs, pulling
plaid skirts over the knees
when bulldog husband Jack comes annoying,
that British glint in his eye:
'Och, not tonight dear,' she says,
filling herself instead with the masthead of nationhood.
What is independence but a new way
to fight against ennui?
To slip into a silky new identity?
But Scotland decided to stick
to old buttonless tartan pyjamas and so
the unhappy union goes on.

Bernadette McCarthy

12th January 2015

artichoke pirouette sacred vapour lawnmower

Untitled

Oh, that artichoke-hearted slut
in the English market!
Pirouetting between the stalls
from spiced beef to fishmonger
with her basket of yellow cucumbers
in the pit of her arm
(stinking loud as a lawnmower),
with her olive oil brow,
her liver fat as a sacred cow,
her favours, her capers,
her savours, her vapours,
she's cracked as a dropped egg
and yet...how much I want her.

Winner - 2nd March 2015

devious lemon snow patience glass

He was a most devious lemon

He knew how to hide in the bowl,
wasn't honest like an orange,
didn't yearn to be picked
and peeled as a kiwi-fruit;
he was a most devious lemon,
sneaky as a banana underfoot.

He would press against the rounded
glass base, hard as a lover,
until patience, and zest taken in patience,
bloomed into a snow-white mould
stinking up the whole fruit-bowl.
He was a most devious lemon.

Matthew Moynihan

Winner - 10th November 2014

fake remembrance thirst stout dance

Remembrance Sunday

It was yet another of
Those sombre days, those sombre
Days where gravity feels like
A stone and the density of
Hunger is outweighed by thirst.
It was just another one of those days.
It was remembrance Sunday
And I tippled a stout in
Honour of those fallen soldiers
Whose lives were quenched,
So that we may have ours.
My patriotism however felt
Fake, as I no longer respected my
Essence. A twisting-turning circle
Was regarded upon by my
Ever-darkening iris.
It was yet another one of those
Sombre days where I could no
Longer dance, I could no longer
Sing.
And so I drowned.

Matthew Moynihan

16th March 2015

hesitant late milk revenge desire

Untitled

“My desire for you is that of the cooing cat for milk.
I gaze at your glowing irises and feel a hesitance
In my chest - a skipped beat.
A skipped beat for you my love -
I attempt to open my mouth and poison
The aura that surrounds you but it
Freezes and trembles like that of King George VI.
Too late.
That bastard with his three-piece suit and
Cocky grin is necking you. Bastard.
Instead my mouth shall fill itself with this
Amber liquid while my mind fills itself with
Dreams of your pearly whites - and the
Countless methods for exacting
My revenge”

Louis Mulcahy

Winner - 27th October 2014

brothel demise syncopation scaffolding fidget

Untitled

Did I fidget on the midget
that midnight in the brothel,
neath the scaffolding that led to my demise,
when our urgent syncopation
was heard by half the nation
till I tumbled in sheer terror from her thighs.

Jared Nadin

Winner - 6th October 2014

passion obfuscate ardent breast aftermath

Foundations

It was April.

Wet and weary, bleak Irish April.

He met her in the theatre foyer,

Waiting patiently as ER patients

For the annual local Passion Play.

This year they'd hired a "Dublin Director",

All modern prose and monologue,

Succeeding only to obfuscate the gospels.

To take the Word of God and give it that

Complicated "contemporary flare" that only

Dublin Directors do.

Afterward, he saw her again:

Locked in obviously awkward conversation

With yer man who played Pontius Pilate.

And as Pilate's gaze kept dropping down,

Down to the velvet upon her breast,

He swooped in like Casanova:

All charm and wiles,

And he stole that maiden out into

The ardent, midnight blue of the Castlebar sky.

And in the aftermath of an awful evening,

They laid the foundations of their life.

Their life that would go and go and grow and grow

To flower with more petals than a chysanthemum,

Floating free down the distant Tigris.

Stanley Notte

Winner - 28th July 2014

echolalia grecian remember cosmic simple

Untitled

Do you remember when life was simple, easy, aimless.

When all we did - all we had to do - was lay on grassy knolls,
staring at the sun, or night sky, dreaming about the cosmic dust
we were soon to sprinkle on an unsuspecting world.

Back then war only touched us through history lessons.

Big business was nothing more than the price of a drink, scoring a
nodge, or - in it's greatest sense - a weekend away in a two man tent,
military style - negative sleeping bags.

Back then we knew little of foreign lands and other cultures.

Al Frescoe was only on our tongues due to the renaissance.

Panama was a hat..

And Grecian related to a hair product we'd never, ever need.

I yearn for those days frequently now that age - and sense - and
an understanding of our world - affects all I see and feel.

I yearn to care, once again, only for records, Saturday night, and
brief, but brilliant, eye contact with a beautiful girl.

I yearn because knowing what I now know I can no longer turn a
blind eye to another inadequate reaction from the UN. To Ireland's
ridiculous response to recession. Another stupid, stupid war.

But most of all I yearn for those days because hearing elected
representatives, from every corner of the globe, practice the same
echolalia, no matter what the situation -

I promise. I promise.

I promise. I promise.

I promise. I promise.

I promise. I promise.

forces me to practice what they view as echolalia, but I see as an appropriate,
and necessary, response.

Fuck you! Fuck You!

Fuck You! Fuck You!

Stanley Notte

Fuck You! Fuck You!

Fuck You! Fuck You!

Before, to ensure they know I am no uneducated dimwit adding,

Please say something different. Please do something different.

Please, make a fucking difference.

19th May 2014

r a s p w a t e r m e d i e v a l t o r t u r e h a u l

I'll never forget that long haul

Pain echoing off marble floors,

rasping my ears.

Croaked, cracked voices,

crying 'Water' stinging my eyes,

forcing briny tears

down my shallow cheeks.

The blackened door

inching towards me.

Macabre art

- memories of medieval times -

searing the past and my wretched role upon my brain

I'm doing what I have to do I always whispered

when I reached that door, grasped the handle

I'm doing what I have to do.

That's how I hauled myself into the depths of a torture chamber

to torture others, so I would not suffer a greater torturers hand.

But torture is torture.

And the torturer is tortured now.

By his mind. His actions. His guilt.

And a desperate need not to remember.

Deirdre O'Brien

26th May 2014

barrel fulfilled envelope cyanide microscope

Untitled

Slit the clouds that envelop the clear blue
Peel back the layers to
see you
Your world fulfilled under the microscope view.
Down the barrel of a pen
Can't hide
Your words,
deadly as cyanide

Winner - 1st December 2014

marshmallow innocence plait enigma lawnmower

Marshmallow Wood

Two roads diverged in a Marshmallow wood
Puffed up trees in pink and white all stood
Perplexed by this enigma.

In balls of goo instead of bark
And feeling very lumpy
Ivy plaits climbed up in Innocence towards the sky
Afraid the lawnmower might come by.

Deirdre O'Brien

26th January 2015

agriculture loss pedantic release plod

Untitled

Tame the flora & the fauna
Plod the beaten track
Of well developed words
The agriculture of expression
Loss of random
Loss of chaos
Slow release of well formed feed
Pedantic in our effort
To disregard the weed

2nd March 2015

snow lemon glass patience devious

Untitled

I would like to capture
The softness of the snow
Flakes as they fall with patience
To land on tiny twigs and gate posts .
Feel lemon light from windows
As you clear a patch of glass
This cold and harmless frosty morn
No devious desire.

Michael O'Callaghan

26th May 2014

barrel fulfilled envelope cyanide microscope

Untitled

Sitting here,
sipping cyanide through a straw. . .
my passage to a higher plane,
to a loftier life,
away from the tumult of jobs and politics,
salaries, doles and taxes, brown paper envelopes,
the manager's microscopic eyes
disappearing now into a miasmic haze.

Peace at last.

Ah, bury me in a barrel
under the oak tree cut down and carved
into finely curving lats
lashed together with molded ribs,
with rims of iron
to fashion a lasting home in the ground
for such as me, a weary soul
fulfilled at last.

I awake in a vale, in a long, long valley,
by a hayloft, where poets are gathered.

Michael O'Callaghan

Winner - 1st September 2014

polite outward rum oblique vasectomy

Untitled

Rum, Rabbit, Rum!

Beware the human species!

when they smile, they show their teeth;

when the laugh, their throat's rattle

like hyenas.

Beware, my bunny child, of human wiles;

their smiles - polite; their laughs

beguile oblique intent;

their outward forms will charm you,

and disarm you

when they should alarm you

to the danger that your mojoe

may no more, Joe,

and before you know, Joe

you're anaesthetised, vasectomised,

oh oh ! oh no, Joe -

now you're firing blanks!

26th January 2015

agriculture loss pedantic release plod

Untitled

My death? No loss.

Release indeed, escape

from hectic pace,

pedantic grind

and plod.

To agriculture

I bequeath my corpse;

the rest

to God.

Sharon O'Neill

4th August 2014

bottom swordfish juggernaut mindful contortionist

Untitled

This is it.

Rock Bottom.

Surely things can't get any worse.

I can't get any lower.

I can't take any more.

All of it,

Overpowering,

Coming at me like a Juggernaut.

I can't handle any more.

I can't get back up.

But you can,

They tell me.

Work through it like a Contortionist.

I can't do that.

I don't know how.

Be Mindful,

They tell me.

Slice through the dark like a Swordfish.

There's light up here,

Come join us here.

Stand up now.

Be fearless.

Be stronger than you think you are.

You can do this.

And so I do.

Sharon O'Neill

Winner - 18th August 2014

ghosts hyper tourette's ladle freckle

Untitled

Trying to ride a Unicorn after losing your virginity,
Is like trying to ride a lover for whom you've lost all your affinity.
You see, the problem with it – and almost everyone forgets,
Is that a non-virgin rider gives a unicorn Tourette's.

While unicorns are mild-mannered and normally polite,
With a non-virgin rider, their perfect manners go to shite.
Even though they're usually gentle with ladles full of poise,
Once you've popped your cherry, they get hyper and make noise.

And as for trying to groom them, you've not a ghost of chance;
They'll jump and shake all over and lead you on a merry dance.
They develop tics and shudders; shaking freckles off while bucking,
And when they start to talk to you, the only word you hear is fucking!

Fucking this, fucking that, fucking him, fucking her,
When a unicorn starts swearing, it causes quite a stir.
They will not let you mount them, you can kiss that ride goodbye;
They'll try to stab you with their horn like some unskilled virgin guy.

Unicorns are awesome with amazing magic powers;
It's wrong to take it from them for the sake of a few hours
With a lover who may thrill you and make your body sing ...
But who cannot grant your wishes or show you his fairy ring.

So if you have a unicorn, be careful not to stray;
'Cos a tourette's-afflicted unicorn will completely fuck your day.
Not only that, you owe the world a duty to stay pure,
'Cos a tourette's-afflicted unicorn is too heartbreaking to endure.

Rosie O'Regan

Winner - 23th June 2014

wellness pharmaceutical goose cheese asexual

Untitled

In this cheese free wellness of
salad and cocoa nibs,
coco nuts and quinoa,
saunas and meditation;
this asexual calm,
give me a goose
cooked in its own juice,
fat on pharmaceuticals.

6th October 2014

passion obfuscate ardent breast aftermath

Molly

da scool is always hard
da techer ses strange tings
ses I'm a ob-ob obfuskaton
she no I no no whadda meen
she not nice
has big balloon brests
is a cow
a big balloon brest cow
after maths der ardents in me head
numbers hurt
cow ses I got no passion
she no see me on mown
she no see me dance widda trees

Rosie O'Regan

Winner - 13th October 2014

380 indie lingchi raucous orange

180000 km stop

All his life he travelled
always moving from one place to the next
by plane, boat, bicycle, foot
by hot air balloon in Austria
even para-glided across South Africa;
once landed in an orange tree.
He'd covered the full 380
3, 4 maybe 5 times
called himself Indie
was all hair and dudeisms, raucous
In China, aged 47 he asked for lingchi juice
or so the locals say.

Winner - 8th December 2014

missing bushfire transition muzzle crass

some state

It was in the transition,
the time before the Fuck It Ups
took full power. On the streets
the whole country were singing peace
when the FIU's sent their muzzle-off cocktails in.
One gm mongrel bit deep between my legs
to be crass, it started a bushfire
that has never died out,
something's forever missing .

Tina Pisco

Winner - 12th January 2015

artichoke pirouette sacred vapour lawnmower

Sacred

These things are sacred:

Artichokes, pirouettes, water,
the vapour rising from your skin
as we lie back gasping on twisted sheets
on a hot afternoon.

The hum of a lawnmower in the distance.
The bang of a bumblebee on the window.

These things are forever:

Wine, pomegranate, coffee,
your smile before your eyes open
on a frosty morning.

The windows fogged and wet.
The muffled dawn chorus.

These things are marvels:

Words, music, risen bread,
the stubble on your cheek,
the flat of your belly,
the reach of your arms,
holding me, and all
these sacred marvels forever.

Michael Ray

Winner - 17th November 2014

optic gradient beak scream perverse

Wane

She didn't think
him looking through binoculars
the wrong way
was the best optic
for checking
if his sperm were motile.

The gradient of his drive had plateaued,
often leaving his beak of a wife
awake, fantasising about the press
of him and her breathy screams
thrown across the bedroom
several times a night.

It seemed to be the perverse
interest he had in mapping
its wane
and her growing acceptance
of their childless life
that was keeping them together.

John W. Sexton

14th April 2014

fire president driving binoculars elephant

The Number after the Number

In the driving rain everything is as grey as an elephant;
through the binoculars of your fingers see the fire.
Trapped on the money is the face of your President.

The City of Ashes is a collapsing firmament;
enter it by falling through its soft floor.
In the driving rain everything is as grey as an elephant.

The magical Chef ketchup bottle invites incident;
three dollops of sauce on the plate turns everyone quare.
Trapped on the money is the face of your President.

Your arrival here is no mere accident;
you came by the door through the door through the door.
In the driving rain everything is as grey as an elephant.

The number after the number stated, is a consequent;
the Devil takes his time, is patient for his share.
Trapped on the money is the face of your President.

To the undertaker your death is benevolent;
he prays for happy deaths more and more.
In the driving rain everything is as grey as an elephant;
trapped on the money is the face of your President.

John W. Sexton

5th May 2014

glockenspiel hammer happy tuberculosis stiletto

My Love Came Riding

they gave her a hammer:
she hammered me flat, she hammered my heart -
she hammered me

sunbeams her trembling gown
my love came riding
on a white horse bleeding
and grey clouds sliding down

they gave her TB:
and she kissed me bright, she kissed me right through with burning light -
she kissed me

sunbeams her trembling gown
my love came riding
on a white horse bleeding
and grey clouds sliding down

they gave her stilettos:
she trod on my mind, she trod her dance through endless Time -
she trod me

sunbeams her trembling gown
my love came riding
on a white horse bleeding
and grey clouds sliding down

they gave her a glockenspiel
made from my bones; happily, happily she chimed them -
happily

sunbeams her trembling gown
my love came riding
on a white horse bleeding
and grey clouds sliding down

Siobhán Tanner

Winner - 23rd February 2015

vagabond bucket gale master terminal

Untitled

Limping, nose dripping
bulky and buttoned against the gale
dreary, soul weary
a vagabond in sun and hail
terminal but determined
to leave the bucket unkicked
master of this disaster
and captain of a sinking ship

BIOGRAPHIES OF SHORTLISTED POETS

Derek Sellen

Derek Sellen lives in Canterbury and writes poetry, plays and short stories as well as EFL materials for foreign students. His poems have been widely published in magazines, newspapers and anthologies and he has published a collection *The Arch and its Shadow*. He has written poems on topics as diverse as Spanish painters, Korean musicians and Indian cave-paintings. His work has won prizes and been shortlisted in various national and international competitions, including Poetry on the Lake, Rhyme International and Cinnamon Press Competitions. In 2014 he won the Hungry Hill 'Poets Meet Politics' prize and as a result came to know the wonderful landscape of the Beara Peninsula and some members of the West Cork writing community.

Afric McGlinchey

Afric McGlinchey's collection *The Lucky Star of Hidden Things* was published by Salmon Poetry in 2012. Her work has been translated into Spanish, Irish, Polish and Italian. She was the winner of the 40th Hennessy Emerging Poetry Award, the 2012 Northern Liberties Poetry Prize (USA) and recipient of a Faber Academy fellowship. She also won the 2015 Poets meet Politics competition. One of her poems was chosen for the Irish Leaving Certificate Examinations Book. She splits her mind/time/energy between Ireland, where she was born and Zimbabwe, where she was raised.

www.africmcglinchey.com

Adannaya Igwe

Adannaya Igwe is a 23 year old writer who spent her childhood in Lagos, Nigeria. In her spare time she runs a blog, works on schemes to encourage access to higher education through Oxcamp and is working towards her medical degree at Cambridge University.

BIOGRAPHIES OF SHORTLISTED POETS

Liz Smith

Liz Smith has loved poetry since she was little. She only recently began to write her own work, and was delighted to have three poems published in 2014. Born in the United States, Liz moved to England in 1991 and now describes herself as a Brit with an American accent.

Sheena Blackhall

Sheena Blackhall is a writer, illustrator, traditional ballad singer and storyteller in North East Scotland. From 1998-2003 she was Creative Writing Fellow in Scots at Aberdeen University's Elphinstone Institute. She has published four Scots novellas, fifteen short story collections and over 100 poetry collections, which are listed on her blog (most recent first) at www.sheenablackhall.blogspot.ie. In 2009 she became Makar (poet laureate) for Aberdeen and the North East of Scotland.

Margaret McCarthy

Margaret McCarthy grew up in Dublin. She has been a secondary school teacher in Dublin for over 25 years. Reading and writing have been lifelong hobbies. She has some pet cats. In 2006 she wrote thirteen short stories which Veritas published as an illustrated book called *The Cat Did Not Know*. That was a dream come true. Writing is still a delight.

Bernadette McCarthy

Bernadette McCarthy is a native of Canovee parish, Co. Cork. She spent most of her twenties as an archaeological researcher, and in recent years has re-discovered her love of writing poetry, encouraged by regular attendance of Ó Bhéal events. Her poetry has been published in *The Linnet's Wings* and *Causeway/Cabhsair*. She is currently writing a monograph based on her PhD thesis, an archaeological study of early medieval Irish monasticism, and also edits *Brain of Forgetting*, a journal that publishes poetry, flash fiction, and creative non-fiction relating to the past.

BIOGRAPHIES OF SHORTLISTED POETS

Mary Fahy

Mary Fahy from Abbeyknockmoy, Co. Galway is a visual artist and art teacher living in Co. Clare. While her primary medium is painting, Mary is nurturing her writing talent, as evidenced by the theme of her shortlisted poem. *I Coin a Line* is an expression of her tentative steps into the adult literary world, where she sits quietly, awaiting judgement!

Anthony Scott

Anthony Scott has been writing for more years than he cares to remember. Against all desire and logic, he became instead a computer programmer and in that role he is trapped. Besides writing he is also a keen – which in this context means ‘not very good’ - runner. His second reaction on learning he was shortlisted for this prize was to study a street map of Cork to see where he could run. Like all the other people in the coffee shop where he wrote these words – including the baristas – he is working on a novel.

Tess Sheridan Adams

Tess Sheridan Adams is a word weaver, spinning poetry, short stories and flash fiction. She likes to write perched on her “reflective cushion” in her cosy conservatory while watching the world go by. When she is not writing, counselling adults and young people, or tending her apple orchard, she enjoys swimming and professes to have been a mermaid in another life! Tess is a native of Donegal, now living in Surrey, UK.

John W. Sexton

John W. Sexton is the author of five poetry collections, the most recent being *The Offspring of the Moon* (Salmon Poetry, 2013). His sixth collection *Futures Pass* is also forthcoming from Salmon. Under the ironic pseudonym of Sex W. Johnston he has recorded an album with legendary Stranglers frontman Hugh Cornwell, entitled *Sons Of Shiva*, which has been released on Track Records. He is a past nominee for The Hennessy Literary Award and his poem *The Green Owl* won the Listowel Poetry Prize 2007. Also in 2007 he was awarded a Patrick and Katherine Kavanagh Fellowship in Poetry.

International Poetry-Film Competition Shortlist 2014

Igor Andreevski (Croatia/Macedonia/NL)	<i>Again and again</i>
Colm Scully & Conor McManus (Ireland)	<i>Crow</i>
Marcus Lee (England) & Siobhan Mac Mahon (Ireland)	<i>Forgotten Memory</i>
Joseph Stacey (England)	<i>Honey I'm Home</i>
Marc Neys (aka Swoon) (Belgium)	<i>(If) Grief (were) Briefly (to) Disappear</i>
Bruce Ryder (Ireland)	<i>I Love The Internet</i>
Elizabeth Johnston (Canada)	<i>Keepsake</i>
Dave Richardson (USA)	<i>Migrations</i>
Mike Galsworthy & Corinne Weidmann (England)	<i>On A White Horse</i>
John D. Scott (Canada/USA)	<i>Sandpiper</i>
Cheryl Gross (USA)	<i>Spell Against Impermanence</i>
Rory Kane (Ireland)	<i>Steps</i>
Ghayath Almadhoun & Marie Silkeberg (Sweden)	<i>The Celebration</i>
Simon O'Neill (Ireland)	<i>The Elephant is Contagious</i>
Othniel Smith (England)	<i>When We Two Parted</i>
Udo Prinsen (Netherlands)	<i>Common Side Effects</i>
Janet Lees (Isle of Man)	<i>everything is poetry</i>
Sami Moukaddem (Lebanon/Ireland)	<i>I'm an Arab</i>
Timothy David Orme (USA)	<i>Inhabit</i>
Elena Semak & Svitlana Reinish (Ukraine)	<i>Je tombe</i>
Tim Cumming (England)	<i>Office Building At Night</i>
Dave Richardson (USA)	<i>On a Prophet</i>
Mick Quinn (Ireland)	<i>Portrait</i>
Suzie Hanna (England)	<i>Proem (To Brooklyn Bridge)</i>
Adele Myers & Ra Page (England)	<i>Racing Time</i>
Silvie Wolff (Netherlands)	<i>Right of Way</i>
Matthew Porter (Ireland)	<i>The Moth</i>
Conor Horgan (Ireland)	<i>They Terrify Me</i>
(winner) * Marleen van der Werf (NL)	Wadland
Maciej Piatek (England)	<i>Words</i>

Winter Warmer Poetry Festival 2014

Featured Guests

Fri 21st November

Eleanor Hooker | Eugene O'Connell | Fergal Gaynor

James Harpur | David Toms | Mary O'Donnell

Snatch Comedy | TemperMental MissElayneous | Astrid Alben | Máighréad Medbh

Sat 22nd November

Poetry-Films | Sawa Le | Closed Mic

Ciarán MacArtain & *Michael O'Callaghan* | Simon Ó Faoláin | Christodoulos Makris

Eimear Ryan | Colm Scully | Sarah Clancy

Thomas McCarthy | Wioletta Greg | Ailbhe Ní Ghearbhuígh & *Úna Ní Fhlannagáin*

Louis de Paor | Alan Jude Moore | Paula Meehan



*The 3rd Winter Warmer Festival will be held at Sample Studios in Cork
from the 20th-21st November 2015*

McNamara Slam Winners 2014-2015

14 April	Samir Ousherfi
21 April	Simon Aronsohn
28 April	Stanley Notte
5 May	Oscar Delgado
12 May	Rab Urquhart
19 May	Richard Keane
26 May	John W. Sexton
2 June	John W. Sexton
9 June	Edward O'Dwyer
16 June	Michael O'Callaghan
23 June	Rosie O'Regan
30 June	Michael O'Callaghan
7 July	John McNally
14 July	Michael O'Callaghan
21 July	Donal Moloney
28 July	Stanley Notte
4 August	Mary Noonan
11 August	Jim Crickard
18 August	Sharon O'Neill
25 August	Kathy D'Arcy
1 September	Michael O'Callaghan
8 September	Cathal Holden
15 September	Stanley Notte
19 September	Bernadette McCarthy
22 September	Caleb Brennan
29 September	Seán Bent
6 October	Jared Nadin
13 October	Rosie O'Regan
20 October	Cédric Bikond
27 October	Louis Mulcahy
3 November	Maria Gillen
10 November	Matthew Moynihan
17 November	Michael Ray
24 November	Bernadette McCarthy
1 December	Deirdre O'Brien
8 December	Rosie O'Regan
15 December	John McNally & Rab Urquhart
12 January	Tina Pisco
19 January	Rosie O'Regan
26 January	Niall Herriott
2 February	Seán Bent
9 February	Paul Casey
16 February	Trevor <i>Someone</i>
23 February	Siobhán Tanner
2 March	Bernadette McCarthy
9 March	Margaret Creedon O'Shea
16 March	Cathal Holden
23 March	Seán Bent
30 March	Cédric Bikond
6 April	Rob Carlile

Guest Poets 2014-2015

14 April	Don Nixon & Poets from <i>Five Words Vol VII</i>
21 April	Niamh Ní Lochlainn
28 April	Graham Allen
5 May	Gerður Kristný
12 May	Catherine Phil McCarthy
19 May	Susan Lindsay
26 May	Kim Moore
2 June	Marcus Mac Conghail
9 June	Nicola Griffin
16 June	Moyra Donaldson
23 June	Peter O'Neill
30 June	John Menaghan
7 July	Adam Steiner & Saleha Begum
14 July	Roisín Tierney
21 July	James O'Sullivan
28 July	Raina J. León
4 August	Dan Disney
11 August	June Sylvester Saraceno & Suzanne Roberts
18 August	Donall Dempsey
25 August	Trista Hurley-Waxali
1 September	Seán Ó Leocháin
8 September	Alyson Hallett
15 September	John Foulcher & Teresa Bell
19 September	John Cummins
22 September	Edward O'Dwyer
29 September	Kobus Moolman
6 October	Susan Musgrave
13 October	Dan Moran & Jean Kavanagh
20 October	Patrick Cotter & The Mo O'Conor trio
27 October	Angela Carr
3 November	Rita Kelly
10 November	Mary Frances Turley-McGrath
17 November	Jane Clarke
24 November	Pat Galvin
1 December	Martín Veiga
8 December	Bonny Cassidy
15 December	Liz Lochhead
12 January	Helen Burke
19 January	Art Ó Maolfabhail
26 January	Arthur Broomfield
2 February	MA Creative Writing Students from UCC
9 February	Erin Fornoff & Caleb Brennan
16 February	Martin Dyar
23 February	Melissa Diem
2 March	Aifric MacAodha
9 March	Alan McMonagle
16 March	Richard Halperin
23 March	Bernadette Cremin
30 March	Noel Duffy
6 April	Jim Maguire

submissions open from

May 11th 2015

in association with

INDIE CORK

A festival
of independent
film & music



the 3rd
Ó Bhéal International
Poetry-Film Competition
October 2015

This is Ó Bhéal's sixth year of screening poetry-films (or video-poems), and the third 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 2013.

They may not exceed 10 minutes in duration.
Non-English language films will require subtitles.

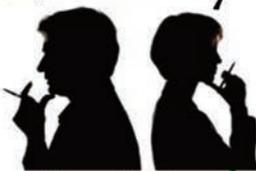
Judges: Patrick Cotter & Pádraig Trehy

Deadline for submissions is the 14th of September 2015

for submission guidelines visit www.obheal.ie



3rd Five Words International Poetry Competition



Five Words

500 euro single prize

Each week on Tuesday at midday (GMT), from the 14th of April 2015, 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 2016.

The winning entry will be announced in early March 2016. The winner will be invited to read at Ó Bhéal's 9th Anniversary event.

JUDGES: Marie Coveney & Colm Scully

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

