

Five Words

Volume XV

poems from the

9th Five Words International Poetry Competition

and from

Ó Bhéal's live event Five Word challenges

April 2021 to March 2022



On the occasion of Ó Bhéal's fifteenth Anniversary

11th April 2022

featuring winning & shortlisted poems from the

9th Five Words International Poetry Competition

plus

poems from live event Five Word challenges

(12th April 2021 - 14th March 2022)

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

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and to the house eMCees, board members, audiences and poets

Thank You!

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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 XV

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FOREWORD

The 11th of April 2022 celebrates Ó Bhéal's fifteenth birthday and 670th event. This Volume XV of the *Five Words* anthology series features shortlisted poems from the most recent competition, including prize winning entries from Marcella Remund (1st), D W Evans (2nd) & Peter Arvan Manos (3rd). Judge and Cork poet Maurice Riordan selected the shortlist from 617 entries (from 27 countries).

2022 sees a change in Ó Bhéal's mode of delivery from virtual to hybrid, a welcome silver lining after online confinement for almost two years. This allows us to retain the international viewership & participatory audiences gained during the pandemic. The 9th Winter Warmer Festival also boasted its first hybrid edition, integrating in-person and digitally-based poets & audiences into the same experience from its new home in Nano Nagle Place. Our hybrid events have been evolving quickly thanks to a series of Digital Capacity Building grants provided by the Arts Council.

Our core Arts Council Grant remains unchanged in 2022 despite the return of venue and accommodation costs, as well as increased digital and insurance overheads. Our efforts to generate income to cover these expenses are ongoing. We retained our Foras na Gaeilge and Colmcille grants in 2021 & 2022 and our all-important revenue grant from Cork City Council is also secured. Public donations in 2021 were significantly low, while guest fees at the Winter Warmer increased to a minimum of 200 euros.

Ó Bhéal's International Poetry-Film competition was successful in 2021, with 184 submissions received from 32 countries. Screenings were simulcast and projected in-person at the Winter Warmer festival where we included for the first time a special selection of Irish poetry-films, due to a significant increase in quality submissions.

Ó Bhéal's 2021 *Unfinished Book of Poetry* project including a well-attended online launch and outdoor readings via inclusion in Cork City Library's Poetry in the Park series. The Cork-Coventry twinning exchange also continued by taking advantage of online limitations to edit & publish *Twin Skies* (Ó Bhéal Press, 2021), a collection of twin city alumni poets. The publication was launched over two large online readings hosted by each cities' respective event organisers.

2021 was a year of immense loss for many around the world. Cork and the Ó Bhéal community keenly felt the loss of two much-loved, regular poets in the space of two short months, Joe Sweeney (RIP) and Jackie Shortland (RIP). They are remembered with fondness in the Hayloft Bar.

We are very grateful to all who supported us during our fifteenth year.

Paul Casey
Director
Ó Bhéal

“I buy soy sauce and flavour it five different ways: with sake, mirin, sugar, kombu and bonito flakes. I use them on lots of dishes at home.”

Masaharu Morimoto

9th Five Words International Poetry Competition

SHORTLIST

Winner

Marcella Remund (USA) *Caught*

2nd Place

David W Evans (Jersey) *Finding Nero*

3rd Place

Peter Arvan Manos (USA) *Bleeding Kit*

Other Shortlisted Poems

Peter Longden (England)	<i>...stream...</i>
Cindy Botha (New Zealand)	<i>Small Blues</i>
Marcella Remund (USA)	<i>Bathing Mother</i>
Christ Reed (New Zealand)	<i>A Barrow from the Marketplace</i>
Rosemary Norman (England)	<i>Lines from the Lateral Canthus</i>
Laura Theis (UK)	<i>Sleep Lessons From Birds</i>
Kyle Vaughn (USA)	<i>The Complete History of the Lyric</i>
Dean Gessie (Canada)	<i>Foregone Conclusions</i>
Eoin Hegarty (Ireland)	<i>With Blackbirds and Pirates</i>

Marcella Remund

First Place

trace steal bluebell forget year

Caught

It's best to forget.

Forget the way the bruise-blue
spreads under your skin

like seeping seawater, like a cluster
of bluebells wilting in late afternoon.
Forget each day's constant clanging—

the news, death counts, digging in
behind new enemy lines, friends
turned strangers, their mouths full

of burnt slogans. Forget that fear
was let go from its cage, how it stalks
you, fanged, gone feral, how it steals

small children. Forget pleasantries,
kindness, long embraces. Forget
nostalgia always biting at your heels.

Forget all traces of the time before.
In fact, it's best to forget
the whole year, decades even, today.

Forget the constant unravelling
of the beautiful sticky webs
we've spent our lives spinning,

and in which we've only caught
ourselves, having long forgotten
how to bite through the silk.

David W Evans
Second Place
drop ripe wool top carve

Finding Nero

How can lads worry about looks, or universal loveliness
once your mammy says you out-women women and emasculate men?
Says you outrival all living and all the dead in Livy's histories and well beyond,
starting with Saturn at the crack of time when chaos was toppled,
quashed to make a fitting world for me to rule?

A mirror of Phoenician bronze blazes out a similar truth,
reflecting back perfection mixed with god-dust. Divinity burgeoning, I reckon -
and not like that twat kinsman either – am not mad, and others see it anyway.
Carved in the stars a senator told me, swear it! A philosopher sort
said he didn't see the point till he felt it, drip by drop – if you get me?

I am Hercules come home and wear a lion pelt to prove it
that fits me like the purple. The audience ripen to my allusion,
they're big on myth these punters, I would say worshippers, but modesty
becomes the becoming godly. I can play mortals too, honestly!
Humble roles: Adonis in his happy times, or pool-eyed Narcissus...

I do him bored, recumbent, prone to greet a visitor.
Forgetting muscle for a minute, I'm bound to mention artistic talents.
The shows! The stage! I write, compose, *belong* in every genre,
indulge the critic's tears! I wade tit deep in five-star reviews weekly.
Crack the stoics dried out wrists into pyres of mad applause! Ecstatic!

The bald bastards rave nightly over dinner, coining plaudits at every banquet.
It's what I do. Have them standing for hours applause, applause!
I lock doors on enjoyment, a true poet ignores entreaties for more...

David W Evans
Second Place
drop ripe wool top carve

Encore! Encore! Wary of surfeit, I forgive without forgetting a flagging clap,
the petering out – those little pitters piss me off, smear my joyous day with shit...

Mammy's changing. Yesterday she picked apart my finest elegy (to date).
A fine conceit: the stone of Sisyphus speaks, debates the roll down Tartarus hill,
mentions Delphi, adores what I've done with the colosseum, especially the statue of me;
and for all that, Mammy turns full faced and calls it woolly Greek!
I'd spent one full hour composing it to lyre parts, the metre seemed to fit.

So mad I could hardly speak when, before a senatorial host, I swear
I heard her whisper *doggerel* or words close to that effect! One day she'll die.
One day she'll die and I shall fill to brim-full a lachrymatory – bucket sized, a trough!
Meantime, I will say: watch your diet dear Mammy mine I need you with me yet!
Remember Uncle Claudius and his mushroom fest'?

I will pare away her powers. Pluck them idly one by one, like scented petals
showered over dear Poppaea. Nothing can sweeten that lemon-sharp
pucker of a mother's disapproval except, of course, her utter removal
from this, my earth. By what harm? Poison? Sword?
Or the veiled gift of a novel yacht?

O! heavy my heart at the thought of her dying, it's fatiguing to think
of the oodles of odes, I must write to her memory!
Mammy mine, Mammy mine.

Peter Arvan Manos
Third Place
crust syntax blink cluster flint

Bleeding Kit**

Our governments are not rudderless but rather
have pabulum or greenbacks or quids or *quid pro quos*
as the syntax of the ruffraff running the stuff they do,
and running us ragged on either side of the pond,
from the centuries-old blunders or blunderbusses
of colonists with their flintlocks, to today's
automated AR-15 bump stocks efficiently
killing, and with quick cleanups the epitome
of our numbness nowadays rather than resiliency
as emergency workers and even some schoolkids
now have battlefield-styled "bleeding kits"
to better respond to mass shootings
before the blood of victims becomes crusty
as hunkered victims die in clusters of mass shootings—
events which cluster together in increasing frequency—
and we've no time to blink between one and the next
as gun lobby pundits muster new buzzwords
hovering ready for another one, like buzzards.

*** Inspired by the 13 June episode of 60 Minutes, which included a segment titled "High Velocity" regarding distribution of battlefield-styled first-aid kits for better response to mass shooting events in the US.*

Peter Longden

Shortlisted

stream queue cherry brim self

...stream...

I was thinking that this could be something about ducks;
They might be beside a stream,
Mother mallard with a stream of ducklings taking their turn,
A well-established routine of order,
To drop from the grassy bank with a slight plop
Into the stream, their invisible duckling feet
Turbocharged invisible movement
keeping them stationary against the downstream current;
Or perhaps a music queue, of the sort
Sorted seemingly at random by the Spotify algorithm
(Other players are also available)
playing five little ducks, of white, of black and yellow
on a stream lined with cherry trees
once a year brightening its passage
a celebration of spring in frosted icing
or earlier in the year would locate us:
January Japan; February Fuji
its slopes rising, old below new,
built, still building, around its brimstone heart
magnificent in its passive, not dormant self-isolation;
steeped in self-aggrandisement;
of Shinto influencer in self-promotion
live-streaming for the social climbers
now finding themselves immortalised
swimming in a stream of consciousness

Cindy Botha

Shortlisted

edge master sigh moth wild

Small Blues

have colonised the knee-high kidney-vetch
along the meadow's fringe,
those dusty little butterflies
that look like moths but aren't—

the giveaway's how they fold their wings:
not back and down, but perfectly aligned
into a tiny sail without a mast, erect
and pyriform. They're not blue either,
bark-brown and unassuming
but for the picotee edge to their wings
mimicking the vetch,
its leaves hem-stitched in white.
They ignore poppies, the wild marjoram
and meadowsweet—

but if you stoop to the shy pea-blooms
and slip your hand
through woolly yellow clusters, you'll launch,
as if on a sigh
in sudden uplift, a fleet of dainty paper boats—
more than moth, but less than dazzling Morpho.

Marcella Remund

Shortlisted

heat minute fracture question mountain

Bathing Mother

The first time I bathed Mother
after the cancer's heat carved the great
mountain of her (one I could never approach)

into a rutted hill of loose flesh and jutting
bone, I noticed for the first time the odd
angle of one rib, where some minute fracture—

falling against the bed post, leaning too hard
into a kitchen chair, or breathing—had dented
an otherwise smooth arc. I traced the rib

with a soapy hand, gently washed her back.
This new land! There, behind her knee,
a scar like a ragged star. Below her

disappearing breasts, a curtain of skin
where cancer had eaten up the muscle
and fat. The discoveries of this moment,

my mother soaked and naked, small,
afraid to look me in the eyes, was
something beyond intimacy. It was

Marcella Remund

Shortlisted

heat minute fracture question mountain

mystery unveiling itself, it was a gasp
without sound, her final unspoken question
for me, one I will never be able to answer.

Christ Reed
Shortlisted
opaque cloth twist late rain

A Barrow From The Marketplace

A shopping trolley appeared on
the curb this morning.
I do not know this trolley. I have
had no previous dealings
with this trolley nor
its previous context
and contents. Adorned with bits of ragged cloth, it is a
homeless trolley with no
discerning markings or identifying
features. It's one of them
little ones. I have no doubt
it's lost, possibly afraid. I bet
it dreams of bigger and better
things. Like a Christmas Turkey. Because,
surely, that must be the epitome
of shopping-based freight transportation:
the mother of all produce.
The turkey may be fresh or frozen (I doubt
it makes a difference when it is late
and the supermarket is quiet
and the trolleys, lined like
playing cards,
brag about their day.

Christ Reed
Shortlisted
opaque cloth twist late rain

How a child sat
in one - the little blighter,
or that older fella
did that jumpy skip
run with another). They trade
stories over a shot of oil and
a 'danke schön' from their homeland. Is there
a competition system for their tales? Do they run
their own Olympics when we
aren't aware? The fluorescent lights shimmering
off their zinc coated frames in aisle races;
the four-wheel twist ones careening through fruit and veg.
Or perhaps there is some initiation test: a
rite of passage, after which the
little trolleys drop their belly
like a middle-aged man
and let the opaque handle caps scratch
and sag.
In time, they may
get to a stage where they
can support their own baby
seat.

Christ Reed

Shortlisted

opaque cloth twist late rain

Maybe.

Maybe do some international

travel and pick themselves up

one of them coin

operated locks. Maybe do that first. Before kid seats.

I'd better get this one back. Before it starts to rain.

Let it get back to dreaming.

Rosemary Norman
Shortlisted
slow space electric fine crow

Lines From The Lateral Canthus

of the human eye are called crow's feet
already by the thirteen-hundreds

and are known besides as witch's feet
not because witches are old

but because she'd keep foot-of-crow
to cast death spells as if death

didn't come readily without her curse.
It came in the terrain of forests

and deep valleys in Vietnam marked
Crow's Foot, full of tight spaces

for ambush, and enemies of a popular
symbol of peace gave the name

to that, though there's nothing in it
of ragged talon and it's spared

no-one a slow ageing. Battle fine lines
if you must with fillers, Botox,

peels and laser resurfacing. And yet
studies have found a smile

Rosemary Norman

Shortlisted

slow space electric fine crow

rated more authentic with crow's feet
than with none, and the face

itself more intelligent, more pleasing.
Ask a witch. She won't hear of

electric remedies for eventual death
and our notion of chemical ones

for flaws left by the habit of laughter
is what wrinkles up her grin.

Laura Theis

Shortlisted

date stitch remember bright earth

Sleep Lessons From Birds

I.)

there are dates in the year
when the nights are so bright
even owls become larks

II.)

remember the kindness of sleep is winged
but claw-footed: sleep looks like an eagle-sized nightjar,
poised to swoop down where it spots you

III.)

in a nest, on a tree branch, a rooftop,
a trunk hole, mid-river, or down in the earth:
choose wisely

IV.)

dream of the sky,
dream of yourself as one stitch
in a murmuration

V.)

close your grip, let the tendons
in your talons tighten as you perch,
and you won't worry about falling

Laura Theis

Shortlisted

date stitch remember bright earth

VI.)

watch out for the moths,
they steal tears while you sleep,
don't let them drink from your eyes

VII.)

if you ask the swifts you should
sleep on the wing, once
you are high enough to glide

Kyle Vaughn

Shortlisted

date stitch remember bright earth

The Complete History of the Lyric

On this date, in some century,
someone discovered a door,
or confessed their love,
or looked through a telescope.

Light burst through a galaxy. Everything
was light, and then—the disappearance
of the moth. Silence as wild as
the edges of strawberry leaves. I gave up

my voice until the hem of her skirt
lost its first stitch, unraveled
into a green river. How long,
how long the journey of desire.

It is dust without its patience. It is.
On this day, you pronounced
my name. I dug bright purple ore
from the earth, forgot my grief

in the year of your eyes.
The day it snowed, the whole countryside
sang it—the earth remembered it—that
landscape that ends at you.

Dean Gessie
Shortlisted
horizon slant fold ice key

Foregone Conclusions

when I am one hundred, inclusive language will be rain and bulb
and we shall use these to seed the horizon with tender shoots
when I am one hundred, skin colour will be as autumn leaves
and the viewfinders of wePhones shall frame wonder and awe
when I am one hundred, the animals of the earth will be holy of holies
and they shall no longer know the bullet, the knife and the net
when I am one hundred, senator trees will be left their roots
just as the elderly shall know deference and reverence
when I am one hundred, charity and kindness will be monetized
and the currency of billionaires shall be free hospitals and schools
when I am one hundred, the atmosphere will be rich with oxygen
and we shall only hear of fossil fuel deployment in war museums
when I am one hundred, every household will care for a dog or a cat
and everyone shall know what it is to love thy neighbour as thyself
when I am one hundred, social media will be as the solar system
and we shall not see dark matter but for the billions of stars
when I am one hundred, games will have no scorekeeper nor outcome
and everyone shall know the thrill of competition and the joy of play
when I am one hundred, the stock exchange will stock things useful
and those who visit shall not want for food, shelter or friends
when I am one hundred, the gender rainbow will be the vault of heaven
and what light that slants that way shall be the flag of Yahweh
when I am one hundred, *climate change* will be axis, tilt and rotation
and polar bears shall know once again snow pillows and ice sheets
when I am one hundred, poetry will be printed on cereal boxes
and the most important meal shall be metaphor and granola

Dean Gessie
Shortlisted
horizon slant fold ice key

when I am one hundred, children will sit with lawmakers and politicians
and adults shall navigate legislation with moral compasses
when I am one hundred, houses of worship will only honor *one visit*
and those in the fold shall have as many homes as they do houses
when I am one hundred, the statues of despots will populate town squares
and only flying and roosting birds shall prove interest of duty
when I am one hundred, heads of state will be first among foot soldiers
and they shall use feet to run opposite of war and no heads will roll
when I am one hundred, jails and courts will house ghouls and ghosts
and we shall visit on Hallowe'en to recall the horrors of skeleton keys
when I am one hundred, indigenous peoples will have reclaimed their land
and generations of colonizers shall exchange loot bags for tourist visas
and when I am one hundred, I and my partner will make love like acrobats
and we shall give thanks for middle age and our next hundred years

Eoin Hegarty

Shortlisted

wi-fi blackbird drop open climate

With Blackbirds and Pirates

The youngest picks through the few shells on the shelf,
trying each one as if they're earrings. Biding time, keeping me

from the laptop and that pale screen and distance bleeding
into my glasses. The room's fussy climate of hardbacks and ink

is dull and incomprehensible to her. "Where's the sea?" she asks.
For today a blackbird whistles within a painted topshell – notes

of wing and orange drop from the aperture as cartoons
or melodious roller skates humming in the dark. And these spirals

perched on *War and Peace*, a live ariel twitching on the wi-fi box.
Too small for her ear, they're knocked together in a cold coupling,

conjuring the idea of sugared cavities or kissing boys. She moves on
to an urchin, hewn and stripped bare like a broken toy. It's supposed

to work as a magic lantern if you put a light inside. *Cockles go leor!*
A pirate falls from one of the books and taunts me. *You've been busy!*

There's a pink one from a beach south of Rome; others from colder
shores are greyer, but with ridges you can pluck like harp strings.

And here it is – the large whelk where the tide tongues
your ear like a lazy dog. "But how?" "It just does." Is my lame answer.

And for a moment we retreat into its sheltered opening, two hermits
in a pod, latching tight to its columella with the finger of a dream.

Biographies of Shortlisted Poets

Marcella Remund

First Place

Marcella Remund is from South Dakota, in the heart of the American Midwest. She taught at the University of South Dakota, where she also served as Faculty Advisor to the VLP, the university's student creative writing organization. Her poems have appeared in numerous journals. Her chapbook, *The Sea is My Ugly Twin*, was published by Finishing Line Press in 2018. Her first full-length collection, *The Book of Crooked Prayer*, was published by Finishing Line in 2020. Her recently completed unpublished manuscript, *The Sin Ladder*, is based on Ireland's Magdalene laundries. Marcella and her husband enjoy small-town living in their multi-generational, multi-species household. You can find more information and links to her books, at www.marcellaremund.com.

David W Evans

Second Place

David W Evans was born in Newcastle upon Tyne and lives in St Martin, Jersey. He won the Alan Jones Prize (2019 & 2021) and was shortlisted in Ó Bhéal's Five Words 2020 & 2021 competitions and the Wells Open Poetry Competition 2021. He has been highly commended in *Acumen* (2020 competition), *Segora* (2021) *StoryTown Corsham* (2022) and the Shepton Mallet Snowdrop Festival Competition (2022). His poems have appeared in various anthologies and publications including *Frogmore Papers*, *One Hand Clapping*, *Proverse*, *Acumen*, *The Honest Ulsterman*, *Best New British & Irish Poets 2019 -2021*, *Epoch*, *A3 Review*, *Madrigal* and *Dreich*.

Biographies of Shortlisted Poets

Peter Arvan Manos Third Place

Poems by **Peter Arvam Manos** have been published in *The New York Times*, *Yellow Chair Review*, *Eunoia Review*, *Modern Poetry Quarterly Review*, *Abstract Mag TV* and in *TAB: The Journal of Poetry & Poetics*, and elsewhere. Peter has completed two poetry chapbooks, *Walt Whitman's Wolves*, and *Myriads* which together are part of his unpublished book in progress, titled *The Real Dirt*.

Peter works as an industry analyst and strategy consultant in the areas concerning sustainability, wind and solar power, energy efficiency and electric smart grid developments.

Peter Longden

Peter Longden's passion for writing began over 20 years ago when he realised he wanted to record what he sees in the world and tell stories about it, perhaps for others to read. This is particularly in poetry, a few poems have been published in local anthologies; but also, he has written a fantasy adventure with his son Joe (still looking for a publisher) and enjoys short story and flash fiction writing:

"I guess, I really just enjoy writing! My mum gave me my love of reading. I am married to Sally, 38 years this year and we have two grown-up sons, Ben (31) a graphic designer in London; Joe (28) a mature student of English and Creative Writing at Coventry University, completing in 2022. I had a long and varied career in youth services retiring from my role as a local authority Youth Service Manager in 2017 - more time to focus on my writing!"

Biographies of Shortlisted Poets

Cindy Botha

Cindy Botha was born in Kenya, grew up in South Africa and now lives in New Zealand. She began reading and writing poetry at nearly 60 while caring for her mother, a dementia-sufferer. Her work has since been published in New Zealand, the UK and USA. She was awarded 1st place in *The Rialto* Nature and Place Poetry Prize 2020.

Chris Reed

Chris Reed is a New Zealand based high school teacher, a musician, and an award winning writer. One of his main passions is promoting reading for the benefit of young people throughout the country. He believes wholeheartedly in the power of words and of sharing stories through poetry, short stories and novels. Chris's home is in Auckland where he lives with his wonderful wife and two beautiful girls - to whom he dedicates all his writing and successes.

Rosemary Norman

Rosemary Norman lives in London and has worked mainly as a librarian. One poem, 'Lullaby', is much anthologised and her fourth collection, *Solace*, is due from Shoestring Press later this year. Since 1995 she has collaborated with video artist Stuart Pound and their work together has been screened at Ó Bhéal poetry film events. More can be seen on Moving Poems and Vimeo (vimeo.com/user22959458).

Biographies of Shortlisted Poets

Laura Theis

Laura Theis grew up in Germany and writes songs, fiction, and poetry in her second language. An AM Heath Prize recipient, as well as the winner of the 2021 Oxford Brookes Poetry Prize and the Hammond House International Literary Award, she was runner-up for both of the 2021 Mairtin Crawford Awards, shortlisted for the Alpine Fellowship Writing Prize, and longlisted for the BBC Short Story Award and the UK National Poetry Competition. Her debut collection *how to extricate yourself* (Dempsey and Windle, 2020) won the Brian Dempsey Memorial Prize, was nominated for an Elgin Award and selected as an Oxford Poetry Library Book of the Month. Her work has been widely anthologised, appears in places like *POETRY* (forthcoming), *Mslexia*, *Rattle*, *Strange Horizons* and *Aesthetica*, and was published in the UK, Ireland, Belgium, Germany, Canada and the U.S.

Kyle Vaughn

Kyle Vaughn's poems have appeared in journals and anthologies such as *The Journal*, *Adbusters*, *The Boiler*, *Poetry East*, *Vinyl*, *A-Minor*, *Introduction to the Prose Poem* (Firewheel Editions), and *The Shore* (2021 Pushcart Prize nomination). His prose has appeared in *English Journal*, and his photography in *Annalemma* and *Holon*. His non-fiction book *A New Light in Kalighat*, featuring photos and stories about children in the Kalighat red light district in Kolkata, India, was published in 2013 and featured by Nicholas Kristof's Half the Sky Movement. His book *Lightning Paths: 75 Poetry Writing Exercises* was released in 2018 (NCTE Books). You can find more information at www.kylevaughn.org, on Twitter at @krv75, or Instagram at @kylev75. Kyle can also be contacted via email at kylev75@gmail.com

Biographies of Shortlisted Poets

Dean Gessie

Dean Gessie is a Canadian writer who has won or placed in more than 100 international literary competitions. Among other honours, Dean was included in *The 64 Best Poets of 2018* and *2019* by Black Mountain Press in North Carolina. He also won the Aesthetica Creative Writing Award for Poetry in England, the Periscope Open Fiction Prize in England and the Creators of Justice Literary Award from the International Human Rights Arts Festival in New York. Elsewhere, Dean won the Frank O'Hara Poetry Prize in Massachusetts, the Enizagam Poetry Contest in California, the Ageless Authors Poetry Contest in Texas, the Spoon River Review Editors' Prize in Illinois, the Allingham Arts Festival Poetry Competition in Ireland, the COP26 Poetry Competition in Scotland and the UN-aligned Poetry Contest in Finland. Dean's short story collection – called *Anthropocene* – won an Eyelands Book Award in Greece and the Uncollected Press Prize in Maryland.

Eoin Hegarty

In 2018 **Eoin Hegarty** won the Cúirt New Writing Prize and was shortlisted for the Poetry Collection Award in the Listowel Writers' Competition. In 2019, he was part of a mentorship programme with American poet Sandra Beasley and took part in the Poetry Ireland Introductions Series in 2020. In 2021, he won the Listowel Poetry Collection award, and worked with Thomas McCarthy as part of Munster Literature's Mentoring Programme. He has been published in *PIR*, *The North* and *Southword*. He lives and teaches in Cork, Ireland.

Judges' Comments

Maurice Riordan

Judging the Five Words Competition had some unexpected pleasures. One was hearing the jingling and sometimes jangling (a bit like goat-bells on an Alpine mountain) of the eponymous five words across entries. A second was spotting the serial entrants, including a serial writer of villanelles! None of which, alas, has made the prize list – the villanelle is the least forgiving form. But it was still a feat of ingenuity to have the given words so variously churned in the repeating lines. And I liked the one about cats.

My main pleasure, however, was the steady accumulation beside my desk of poems I loved -- poems (about thirty in all) that told me something I didn't know, or refreshed my view of the world, and that moved me, or made me laugh; poems that also knew how to run with an idea, how to keep it alive, and when to stop. When it came to winnowing that small pile, then it was with regret I set several aside. But some were unfinished or felt a bit 'draft-y'; others had weak endings; others again seemed too consciously *poems*. There were also – and this has carried through to the winners' enclosure – some lazy titles.

- **Maurice Riordan**

First Place - **Caught** (Marcella Remund)

Arriving at the winning order has more to do with taste than objective judgement, a matter of what seduces the eye and the ear more than what satisfies a set of criteria – and on another day, one suspects, or in a different mood, other poems might take one's fancy. But 'Caught' I found irresistible on many readings. It is a beautifully achieved poem. It has a toned perfection both of voice and stanzaic muscle. The repetitive use of the imperative provides an efficient little engine to propel the poem through our world of danger and damage, resonating at times with perennial fears, elsewhere suggesting recent circumstances. And then, almost unnoticed, 'forget' mutates into 'forgotten'. How smart is that! Never I suspect has 'silk', that last word, been used in the context of such forlorn constraint.

Judges' Comments

Maurice Riordan

Second Place - **Finding Nero** (David W Evans)

By contrast, 'Finding Nero' is a poem of exuberant excess, freewheeling through that infamous life while giving its outsize subject a contemporary speaking voice, one we overhear in all its delusional self-obsession -- in its petulance, pettiness, cruelty, in its murderous insouciance. At the same time, this high-flying, often comical monologue is always tethered and secured by demotic phrasing and grounding detail -- 'perfection mixed with god-dust', 'they're big on myth these punters', 'pool-eyed Narcissus'. Is the maniacal narcissism, I wonder, specifically pertinent in our current world?

Third Place - **Bleeding Kit** (Peter Arvan Manos)

I was immediately mesmerized by 'Bleeding Kit' -- very much a sad gloss on our age. It's a noisy poem in the best sense -- with words and sounds clashing and ricocheting: 'quids' against '*quid-pro-quo*s', 'blunders' into 'blunderbusses', 'flintlocks' and 'bump stocks', culminating with the off-rhyme closure of 'buzzwords' and 'buzzards'. Executed high-tempo as a single sentence, the effect is percussive and abrasive and in keeping, both in sound and image, with its disturbing subject-matter.

...stream... (Peter Longden)

I loved how '... stream...' contrived to self-invent itself from the off by simply -- but resourcefully -- following the promptings of association. Would the conceit snap, you wonder? Or would it all become a tangle? But no, it glides smoothly, as if without effort to its witty, seemingly inevitable, conclusion.

Judges' Comments

Maurice Riordan

Small Blues (Cindy Botha)

'Small Blues' knows its butterflies. This poem is exquisitely, attentively, precisely observed. The phrasing – 'perfectly aligned / into a tiny sail without a mast' – is throughout *perfectly* calibrated by the lineation, and the effect is as finely drawn as a naturalist's vintage depiction by, say, Maria Sibylla Merian.

Bathing Mother (Marcella Remund)

'Bathing Mother' echoes John Donne's 'O my America, my new-found-land' but how powerfully, indeed shockingly, it alters the erotic context and transforms it to raw physical vulnerability. And that switch is, well, also in a sense, erotic – or, as the poem puts it, is 'something beyond intimacy'.

A Barrow from the Marketplace (Christ Reed)

Who'd expect any 'lyrical' potential in an old shopping trolley? 'A Barrow from the Marketplace' sparkles with invention, humour and deftly choreographed movement. It is delightful in its lively mock-human engagement with the preposterous material. This is whimsy of the highest order.

Lines from the Lateral Canthus (Rosemary Norman)

The title 'Lines from the Lateral Canthus', so arresting itself, runs on into the tightly flexed couplets that follow. Ever alert to the surprise of a well-judged line-break, this is a skilfully articulated poem, agile and sure-footed in each step of its elaborate development from title through to the final image.

Judges' Comments

Maurice Riordan

Sleep Lessons from Birds (Laura Theis)

'Sleep Lessons from Birds' recalls Wallace Stevens' 'Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird' but brings its own bravura to this method of improvisation. Each of the seven units is a mini-poem in itself, each its own vivid moment, but stacking up overall to make a satisfying whole: a remarkable feat.

The Complete History of the Lyric (Kyle Vaughn)

The title 'The Complete History of the Lyric' is poised provocatively above the poem's five tidy quatrains. This must be folly, we think! But no – the poem executes a daring series of steps and turns through terrains both familiar and unexpected to pirouette finally, and aptly, into being a love address to the 'you'.

Foregone Conclusions (Dean Gessie)

'Forgone Conclusions' is a splendid piece of anaphora. It unrolls with sustained energy and impressive range and variety as it imagines a futuristic Utopia. Cleverly, it builds that ideal world simultaneously with reminding us of its hopeless remoteness, if not its absolute impossibility.

With Blackbirds and Pirates (Eoin Hegarty)

'With Blackbirds and Pirates' presents a domestic study in every sense. It creates a vividly cluttered scene that blends parental irritation and parental affection – the scenario gracefully resolved with child and father (one thinks) united in childish, timeless wonder listening to the sea in the sea-shell.

Sketches by Margaret Creedon O'Shea



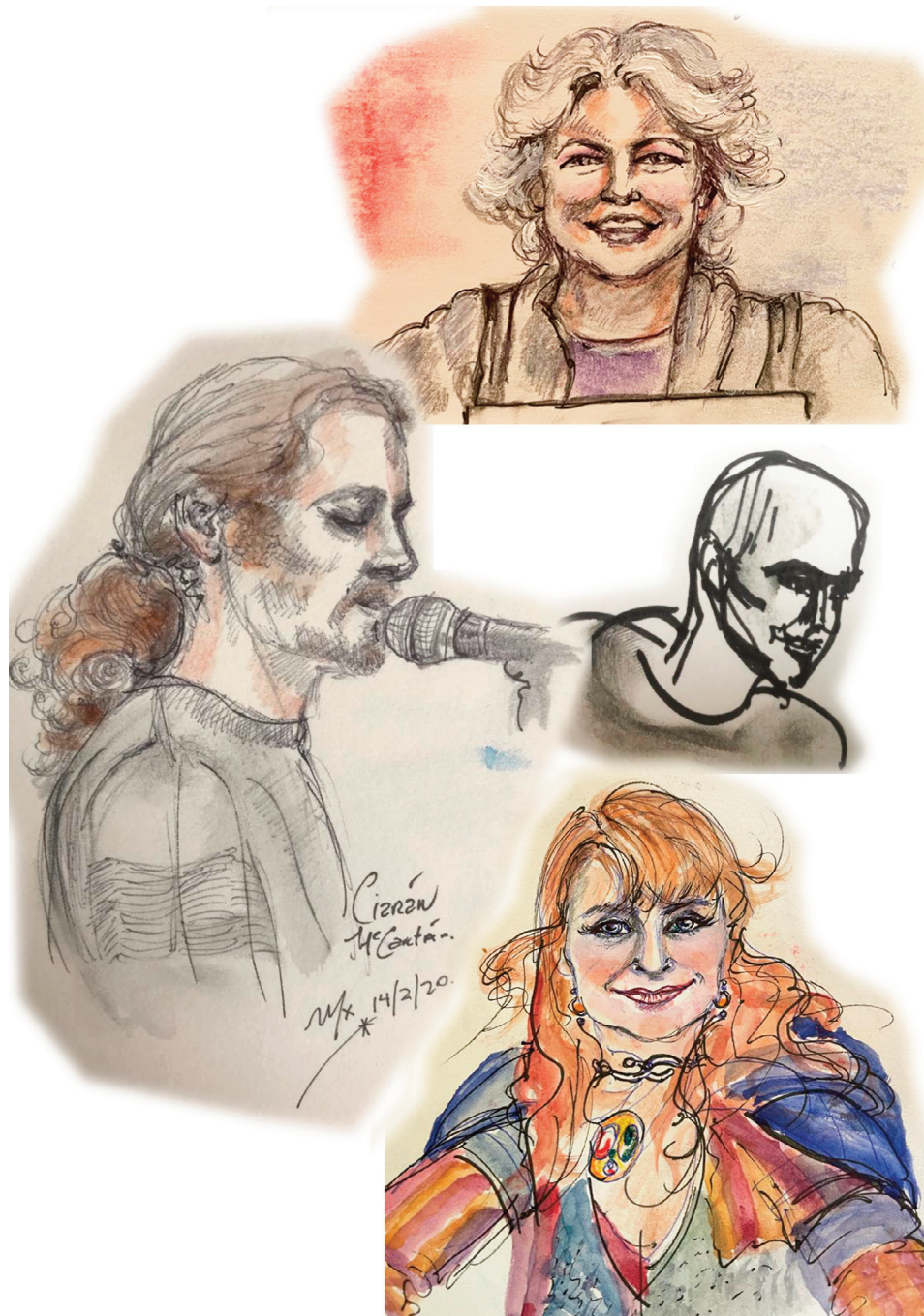
Sketches by Margaret Creedon O'Shea



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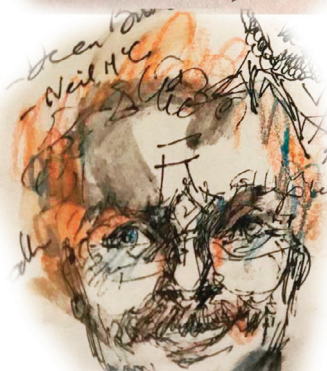
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Catherine Badin

8th November 2021

cough friend escape memories cat

Hairball

My cat coughs
He coughs a LOT
Cough Cough Cough Cough Cough -
Sometimes it is accompanied
By a grosse gooey hairball
And sometimes - if I'm lucky - it is not.

Oh, do I love my cat?
Well, of course I do..
I have such pleasant memories
Of his licks and purrs and kisses..
He really is my very best friend -
And whenever I feel sad or blue
He gently puts his paw in my hand.

But then..
Cough Cough Cough Cough -
Up comes another disgusting hairball.
He has left me a charming gift to clean up.. great!
That's when I pretend I don't know him... never met him..
And I make a hasty, well-timed escape.

Catherine Badin

10th January 2022

Grecian sensuous incorrigible kerfuffle monk

The Kerfuffle

It was 8 o'clock and Grecian Monk, Nikolai, was nowhere to be seen. In truth, he was always getting himself into all manner of unconventional kerfuffles with tourists which, more often than not, had wrought incorrigible and horrible outcomes. The other monks had thus aptly dubbed him, "The Rascal of Mykonos." But tonight.. tonight was different. He had finally succumbed to his latent sensuous yearnings which he had not heretofore allowed himself. Sister Sophia couldn't help but ask.. "Would they be found out?."

14th February 2022

love rocking scorn edge cynic

A Valentine's Day Gift

I'm all in for love; usually, that is.
rocking with my lover until the wee hours of the mornin'
but last night!
last night i became a cynic in the love game,
my lover had me sitting straight up on the edge of the bed screaming.
he'd brought me an ugly, scaly lizard as my Valentine's Day present!
"A lizard"??? I bemoaned.
"A lizard," he replied with a knowing smile...
"good luck for regeneration and renewal?..." he explained.
"isn't that what you said you wanted?" he asked impatiently.
"Oh, no!" I said with scorn.. I wanted tickets to see Eddie Izzard!"

Catherine Badin

Winner - 14th March 2022

rain oak lust ragamuffin bitter

The Ragamuffin

This may start out sounding a lovely story; but it really isn't.

The rain came down gently on the oak trees beneath which huddled a teeny tiny ragamuffin. Everything about him was small, from his teeny tiny hands to his teeny tiny head to his teeny tiny widget of a dicklet.

Oh, what a sad and sorry ragamuffin!

It was almost St. Paddy's Day and he had no one to love him of the same size. You see, he had been trapped under a spell of bitter unfulfilled lust brought down upon him by an equally tiny leprechaun who, just like the ragamuffin, bore teeny tiny grudges.

Cédric Bikond

12th April 2021

lake marvellous bill shrine preacher

Her

I cannot forget her
but the memory of everything else is
uncertain

Sometimes when I try to remember.
I see a lake with, at the horizon,
an invitation
to elope with her,
Skip the whole thing,
the wedding,
at a marvellous shrine nearby.
Paddle hard! Flip the bird to the preacher.
Paddle into the sunset!
Or maybe run... into a field of sunflowers,
eloping, still.
The price of our love is our family footing the bill.

We laugh off the day until the sky darkens and the air has this chill...
Running down my spine.

I'm forgetting it.
I pray to remember again with the next pill.

I don't want to forget her?

Cédric Bikond

14th June 2021

cat baldaquin constricted curtain floral

The Messenger

I was visited by a black cat, yesterday.
Discreet neighbor,
Symbol of thoughts I should not feed, yet cannot help but entertain.

He came by and near the window
sat and stared into my soul,
through the floating tulle curtain.

The omen was not good,
with the distance between us uncanny.
The silent messenger was only bearer, no support.

The phone rang, my mother spoke.
The words were not told,
held back in our chests already constricted

The cat watched me rain inside
His side of the window was sunny
with a floral baldaquin for shade

When the clouds cleared from eyes
The feline nodded and moved on
Taking with him a piece of me.

He will not be back.

Cédric Bikond

9th August 2021

release beercan intimacy hoe tofu

Untitled

"I'd like my tofu fried, please"

"Tofu, fried. Very well"

The waiter scribbles on his paper and immediately walks away.

This bounty, given on a slow evening, is a release. The shift might end sooner.

There are a couple of lovers on the floor, sown like seeds

by an amateur, scarce and spaced out.

This arrangement, however, allows for perceived intimacy,

as the tables do not realise that quiet atmosphere enables eavesdropping
on conversations. The serving is done, the eating carries on.

The waiters are ready to reap the orders, notepads for baskets, pens for hoes.

Nothing grows out yet, except for the mundane, personal conversations

about divorces of neighbors and recent births; Even vacations

eventually came out, naught to be responded pre-emptively

"I liked this brew! Maybe they will pour it in a beer can for me".

All waiters raise their heads, yet only one heads out to the table,

in a perfectly synchronised movement, as if they shared a hivemind.

Another walks to the door and flips the sign "open"

The harvest has ended; they will go home early.

Rosalin Blue

14th June 2021

cat baldaquin constricted curtain floral

Transcendence

Placed on an altar of sunshine
purring, eyes narrow
beneath a baldaquin of leaves

Cats meditate in stillness
Zen oozing from their essence
into summer heat

A curtain of Wisteria
flows its labiate lilac
woven in floral cascades

Over this site of prayers echoing
Curls its roots
around these rugged ruins

Church windows with no roof
constricted by the beauty
of wilderness

The tranquillity exhales light
as my breath rises to merge
into the vastness of the sky

The cats lift up their eyes
follow the rays of my vapour
and linger on the fragrant drapes

While religious boundaries
transcend
their mantra melts into brightness

Rosalin Blue

13th September 2021

glow rugged obstreperous skill float

Skills

With the skill of Angels
we float across this
rugged terrain of time
without ever burning
the soles of our feet

With the skill of the Warrior
we glow in obstreperous defiance
ready in the face
of the current winds
and whirling currents

With the skill of Woman
we hold a space of softness
for the angels to land
and the warrior to recharge
in the silkiest clouds

With the skill of the Gods
we will transcend
all that is weak and indecisive
until the fervour of love
will power everyone's wings

Rosalin Blue

8th November 2021

cough friend escape memories cat

Gone

The scent of you
wakes memories
my Love, my girl
now silent and estranged

I drown my missing you
in dancing alone
escape in busifying myself
with poetry not mine

Direct my love to
my wilder friend
new little tiger purring
cat keeps me sweet

And when you write
an angry email, cutting
I cough and scoff
at your young contempt

And tame my hurt
lick my wounded heart
while waiting patiently
until you evolve to return

Because forgiveness is
the nature of motherhood

Martin Brown

9th August 2021

release beercan intimacy hoe tofu

Chain Gang

(‘inspired’ by an idiot brit politician wanting to institute chain gangs for offenders)

Chopping tofu with a blunted hoe

is no fair task for hi-vis man.

I beg release so I can go

to seek intimacy with a full beer can.

Pam Campbell

13th September 2021

glow rugged obstreperous skill float

Taken

Fireflies float
in our Mason jars
glow guilty
stolen light
obstreperous
childlike-rugged
human hands
skillfully catch
breath not ours

10th January 2022

Grecian sensuous incorrigible kerfuffle monk

A Man Boards

a train going
somewhere.
Incorrigible
he is
in public view:
unwashed
brokenness
sensuous stink
monk-etched
kerfuffle
railway Grecian
hum...hum...hum...

Pam Campbell

8th November 2021

cough friend escape memories cat

Purrhaps

coughs
silky-soft
tortie cat
into dank darkness
of junkyard
rabble

tail switches
like windshield wipers
left to right
again & again
*fur*midable lines drawn
between enemy & friend

*claw*ful clatter
snarls & growls
escape
battle-torn
bodies
rage

tortie bends
half-bit ear & body
made wiser
by life on-the-lam
memories stir
of gentle touch & care

*paws*ability sings tortie
silky-soft *paws*ability
song of hope

Pam Campbell

14th February 2022

love rocking scorn edges cynic

Old woman

rocking memories
keening
sorrow
burns cold hearth
flickers
like a movie reel
come undone
flaps
curled edges

old woman
breathes
in broken
scorned
cynical
spaces
warmth of love
lights
smile-flickers

Jeff Cottrill

12th July 2021

ludicrous ship pyrolysis touch calm

She Calmed Me

She calmed me with a light and ludicrous touch
Upon a ship, which I thought was just too much
She said her name was Pyrolysis Such-and-Such
Before her stroke became a painful clutch

Jeff Cottrill

9th August 2021

release beercan intimacy hoe tofu

Johnny's Tofu Ale

They told me of a brand of tofu beer
And soon, the liquor stores would sell it here
The taste was nothing special, so they said
But everyone should bring a beercan to bed
Because it was a boon to intimacy
Viagra couldn't hold a candle, you see
With every drop, a man got great release
And every ho would willingly cut her fees
“A case,” they said, “of Johnny's Tofu Ale
Will see to it that no more marriages fail!”

Jeff Cottrill

10th January 2022

Grecian sensuous incorrigible kerfuffle monk

The Truffle Kerfuffle

There was a great kerfuffle
Over a Spanish truffle
The incorrigible monks
Were even worse than the drunks
They said that truffle eaters were all sinners
Especially when they downed them after dinners
One said it wasn't Spanish – it was Grecian
The only flavour worse than the Phoenician
Another said it was divinely sensuous
To eat a Spanish truffle with your mistress
But while these arguers went on with their fray
I stole the Spanish truffle and slipped away
And ate it while it was within my power
It was all right; parts of it a bit sour

Margaret Creedon O'Shea

14th June 2021

cat baldaquin constricted curtain floral

Cruinniú na mBád / Les Barques Fleuries

Ma mere du Sanary-Sur-Mer.
I'll fashion a baldaquin around your face.
Thread coral roses for your garland.
Peridots of greencat's eyes.
Pearls for tears. Closed, demure in prayer.
Voileveil to seal you.
Decorate mosaics .
Paint frescoes of Damascus.
No azimuth will find True North.
Lady of St Nazarin, of L'Occitane.
Save our dead reckoning.
My sextant finds the lunar distance
to your Constant.
High noon, our boats bedecked,
Gardens, vines embrace my mast.
Virgin from Galicia. Stone boat of granite .
Galicia to Sanary to Connemara
Brought them to James ...
My High-noon Latitude. My Polar North Star.
Hail Queen of Heaven, the ocean star.
Watch our Seas, from Sanary to Connemara.
Les Barques Fleuries - Cruinniú na mbád.

Margaret Creedon O'Shea

11th October 2021

chaos autumnal yellow hybrid battery

Rocktoberfest

Hybrid of near meets far.
Paul's wizardry of three laptops
Conveys y'all here.

Lined up in a Hayloft, clucking battery hens.
Happy chatterings. Low-flying hugs incoming.
Missed you loads. How surreal it's been.
Chaos split our nucleus. Yellow hazard signs arrest us.
Fraternity of room chi, of missed nuances.
Twists of smirks that hint ... Not sure about this.

Parked up near the Mall, by the Phoenix Bar,
Autumnal branches grace the Lee-
Harvest young, emergent lovers.
Sycamore Branches, leaves strewn before us
On our Via Appia ... to the Long Valley.

Take it easy on the liquor
For we're re-woke, reblended, reconfigured .
O Virginia! O Chicago! O Clonakilty! O Passage West!
Don't wait too long to press our Flesh.
Rock back. Throwback ... October Ó Bhéal -fest.

Margaret Creedon O'Shea
8th November 2021
cough friend escape memories cat

Lady Boy

Sable fur. Sabre-toothed.
Black coat. Piebald gummy.
None but one single tooth, in truth.
Jade-gazes through me when you saw fit.
Languid on my lap, my Eartha Kitt.
Con Hyde searched you, foundling, on Pipe Hill.
White ankle socks? No. Not him. His were Bobby socks.
Still we took in Patches
'Til Pascha returned to hide behind him.
Mornings when we must wait
For the mountain to melt.
Through the window frost
The collie skates to me in his silken tux.
Lady boy retracts his claws
On his garage window sill
Balcony of Contempt.
Then in he comes to read the room each time.
On the make, by the fridge, on his perch,
Gazing, trying to bewitch one last treat.
He once clung close to keep me warm
When first we came in Millenium,
And I too tired for turf and logs. He sustained my lap.
Vanished now tonight.
Plaything for feral men? For predators of the creature world?
Did you think of me as I do of you, my sable clad Lady boy?
Adieu. Mein schatz. My very splendid cat.

Margaret Creedon O'Shea

14th March 2022

rain oak lust ragamuffin bitter

Jaunty, King of the Flat-Car

Lusty cries of a soggy ragamuffin guy
Stranded in the rain.
O, it's alright for you.
You have your sherry oak cask drained,
While I sip a tinnie of Eastern bitter.
All blue ... collared, like a Philadelphia lawyer.
All fired up on your uppers and downers.
In your fancy trilby hat. Bet you think you're at Ascot.
But you don't look jaunty to me.
More like the jaunty king of the jarvies.
The sulky king of the sulkies.
Phoney alley cats, the lot of ye.
Impoverished am I, but I have a clear view at the sky.
My pen, from the AIB, is ... Free.
The ink of my Drinklink mind flows for ... Free.
I've got my memories. They're rich and ... Free.
Sing it, *The best things in life are* ... Free.
Empty pockets. Eyes full of stars ****
I'll hoof it off and let you pay off the loan on your
FancyYankee *Flat* Car.

Jim Crickard

Winner - 9th August 2021

release beer can intimacy hoe tofu

The Naked Mind

Blonderbrau, Dutch Gold, Karpackie,
The wind chime tinkle of glass bottles,
Sunsets trickling through my body,
The hollow clang of beer cans,
Dim morning light spilling through.

I've turned my back on Biggie Smalls -
"Who Shot Ya."

Now I'm a sober-hoe, poppin' bottles of Kombucha,
Waking everyday to scrambled tofu and facon
Released into uncharted lands of intimacy,
and only with this naked mind.

Jim Crickard

Winner - 17th September 2021

soap smile medical insight tangerine

Untitled

I emerge from the soapy bath water
Like Glen Close in Fatal Attraction
Glistening under the harsh bathroom light
with the sound of the incessant fan
Along with flotsam of shower gel bottles
and one driftwood lufa

I want to spill on to the floor, like the girl from The Grudge
But I don't have the hair, at least not yet,
Worn by a bemused mannequin head,
staring into nowhere.

Make-up brushes, like a surgeon's theatre,
Medically clean, I begin the procedure
of turning my skin tangerine,
smiling, baking, like a terracotta tile in the sun
Until hit with the insight I'm all dressed up
with nowhere to go

Jim Crickard

14th March 2022

rain oak lust ragamuffin bitter

Untitled

A plastic bag floats in the rain
like a Portuguese man of war
nebulous immortal being
caught on the branch of an oak
that has seen wars and weddings,
horse-carts and Hyundais
and now a ragamuffin who urinates
golden streams of pale ale
all over her feet
feels bitter that she cannot speak
lusting for revenge she tilts her twigs
and drops a water bomb on his head

Michelle Delea

10th January 2022

Grecian sensuous incorrigible kerfuffle monk

Hollow

Was there ever a tongue
carved in your closed mouth?
Kerfuffle of Nikons and iPhones.
Cacophony of Canon shots.
Angel, goddess, caryatid,
carrying your delicate,
Corinthian load.
Your garments allude
to smoothness,
a bellow of an old wind.
Incorrigible Grecian
sculptors and their
monk-like shadows
hack away at
your sensuous cheeks,
shut your eyes forever,
or as long as stone lasts.

Massimo Elijah

Winner - 11th October 2021

chaos autumnal yellow hybrid battery

Untitled

I am not just this or that
Just black or just white
Just flesh or just spirit
I am a hybrid

My body of energy
Is not just a battery
It's also a conductor
Making anything conducive to experience

The possibilities are so endless
You would think that everything would be chaos

But for some reason
We have seasons
We have clocks
We have clothes
We have language
And find a strange paradoxical luxury in being human
That we can enjoy the unpredictability and the vastness of what we do not know
Through the safe medium of unbelievably dependable controls

That's the only reason that I can attend an autumnal poetry event
In a country all the way across the world
In the middle of a galaxy
Where the sun is so hot
That it turns me yellow from a million miles away

Massimo Elijah

13th December 2021

devil carry Christmas love wrinkles

Untitled

Swing low sweet chariot
Coming forth to carry me home

To somewhere where my weary soul
Can rest and need not roam

Over troubled waters
Thy grace bestills the waves

Thy love is an immortal flame
That does not die beyond the graves

Thy joy is like a healing balm
That smoothens the wrinkles of time

Thy forgiveness is a blanket
Covering this sinner from his crime

Though this life's but a flash
Thy peace is eternal in its flow

May I not seek to seek it
But just remember it is so

The devil's just a thought
Maybe even God is too

But if I live to see another Christmas
Then I will know that grace is true

Julie Field
9th August 2021
release beercan intimacy hoe tofu

Distracted

You are vegan
You say you like tofu
You are a liar
Nobody likes tofu

The dinner party is distracted by
a lunatic moth
battering about the kitchen,
you stand to save it
to release it
you are vegan

You even set aside your beer can,
I slide open the patio door
for you
impressed at how you cradle
the moth, at how you
pirouette around the hoe,
confused by the intimacy
you display to
the uninvited guest

You invited me
I await your attention

Julie Field

11th October 2021

chaos autumnal yellow hybrid battery

Diego 23

A hybrid home
welcomed a yellow
lab with our bones
open arms
3 weeks of chaos
autumnal decay on my face
batteries running low
not sure how this will go.

You are challenging me
a canine colossal
life change
wish I knew what you were thinking
by Christ your farts
are stinking the gaff
this too shall pass
let's hope you settle
hope will help me cope.

Ray Hanrahan

Winner - 8th November 2021

cough friend escape memories cat

The Bitter Kitty

It's not easy friend, being a cat,
That fur doesn't lick itself, y'know!
Yeah you get your food handed to you
But that's no good, I prefer the chase
Yet I'm made out a criminal for the fancy.
Would you like to have been separated
From your darling mother
At such a young age as was I?
Nah, didn't think so. My kittenhood rearing
Doesn't make for the fondest of memories.
The moment I cough, the humans
Who think they own me
Think I'm sickening to death.
So off to the dreaded vet.
I can never escape.
So if you ever say I have the life
I'll scrawb your goddamn face off!

Cathal Holden

Winner - 13th September 2021

glow rugged obstreperous skill float

Lesson from the heart

The skill is to float

On the surface

Until the depth arises

Like a worm on a hook

Like an ancient

A rishi on a pillow

Brigitte Bardot in a cocktail glass

A thinker in a drunk tank

A drunkard in a think tank

A pharaoh in a honey trance

The skill is float

On the surface

Until the

depth

arises

Rugged mind is

obstreperous

She must remember

How to glow

Cathal Holden

13th December 2021

devil carry Christmas love wrinkles

Lucia

This is the day of st lucy
The lightbringer
See her descending, wrinkling the devil's darkness
Her two arms full of survival,
she carries her candles in a wreath in her hair
It is christmas in the catacombs
faith has been hiding
for hope is a diamond
hidden in pockets deep under the world

My love,
Love is a fire

See her now tied
To the stake in the square
For her kindness

Lucia, the lightbringer
She comes through the flames
Whole and unharmed and unburned

Augustina Adéolá Jekennu

10th May 2021

yarn troublesome onion coldsore cassava

Yarn Made Of Love

Grandma was like a big ball of yarn made for love
You could pull at it forever and would see no end to it
That yarn knotted us together.
Kept us coming back
Making memories and staying on track with the family news
The last time I saw her, things changed rapidly
The start of it, she was strong, by the end of it, she was gone
Like an onion, each month that passed
another layer of loss was revealed,
more tears would come
Bitter tears
I quickly learned how troublesome knowing
that she was leaving could be
I won't erase the memory of her arms and legs
swelled up, hard and cracked like cassava
I tried to massage it, she behaved like she did not know me
But she knew me, and her eyes told me that
She spoke in parables, no more long sentences
no strength to shout
being fed by hand
cold sores formed from the nights I would stay up praying
begging for more time, until I broke into fever
I did not have enough of her
I needed more of her
I could not let her go
My grief, resembles an everlasting yarn,
It has no end.

Augustina Adéolá Jekennu
Winner - 14th June 2021
cat baldaquin constricted curtain floral

4 Paws in 4 Doors

I didn't choose the street life
the street life chose me
Having free things fills me with glee
actually why would I ever have one when I can have many?
spoilt rotten I am
I get what I can and then some
House number 5 has a lady who calls me "cat"
House number 3 calls me Mr Black
House number 11 calls me peter
and the house with the baldaquin and sequin curtains thinks I'm a girl
See life is good!
Let me tell you why I could never settle down
I will live my youth forever
Because I have options, I gat choices
All of them rapped around my little paw,
giving into the sound of my purrrrr purrr purrrrr
meow
Sardines for breakfast, meow
dried for lunch,
meow that wet pouch with chicken for dinner
my own designated floral cushion in a warm room where I don't feel constricted
handy on them rainy days
easy peasy scratch on the door
bump my head on the window
nudge with my paws
yes master
what is your desire
yes master do you want a rub
yes master have you eaten

Augustina Adéolá Jekennu

Winner - 14th June 2021

cat baldaquin constricted curtain floral

yes master it's cold out, stay inside
yes master here's a snack
yes master have some water
yes master, I noticed you don't like the tesco value pouches,
I went to the butchers just for you
you sweetheart
why on earth would i settle down
when I can have all 4 paws in all 4 doors

11th October 2021

chaos autumnal yellow hybrid battery

Hybrid Strain

The chaos in her belly simmered
As her half flat social battery
Showed glimmers of life
She looked around and saw others
Meshing together
Like an intricate hand woven blanket
Autumnal colours
A comforting yet exhilarating
Hybrid strain of collective consciousness
She soaked herself in the moment

Augustina Adéolá Jekennu

8th November 2021

cough friend escape memories cat

Clear my throat with every sip

I thought I might escape this cough
and be in the company of friends
forming fond memories
but I thought about how the fear of covid
might have people uncomfortably looking at me
sitting in the pub enjoying the warmth
trying to clear my throat with every sip
thinking hopefully they believe me when I say
it's flu season, and that's all it is ha!
but instead,
I sit here, watching online,
talking about the neighbourhood cat
to potential housemates
soon to be filling an empty room

Róisín Leggett Bohan

11th October 2021

chaos autumnal yellow hybrid battery

If I could have put your breath back in...

recharged your respirations
using a hybrid battery
made from the chaos
of a wren's heartbeat,
I might have seen a spill of turmeric-yellow
or the shadow of an autumnal halo
in the space where you used to lie.

Winner - 8th November 2021

cough friend escape memories cat

The Cat Girl

The cat girl escapes
the aviary at night,
picks the locks
with fire-engine nails,
sips in the memories
left out by all the strays.
Lonely chip bags cough-up ketchup,
It smears the potholed streets like a disease.
She licks her tail long with a sandpaper tongue, feigning indifference—
all she ever wanted was a friend.

Róisín Leggett Bohan

13th December 2021

devil carry Christmas love wrinkles

Sick

It is true

that the wrinkles you carried with the grace of crows' feet
side-saddled your eyes—recognized time.

It is true

that love passed through your devilled-lips like the champagne
you knocked back that Christmas...

you were terribly sick.

It is true.

Kornelia Mlak

10th January 2022

Grecian sensuous incorrigible kerfuffle monk

Monkey

In a Grecian pillar sits a sensuous monkey
with a sheet of brown paper for a head
and a pen for a hand and a pen for the second
hand No one is told the ink colours
but we all know they are incorrigible.

In a Grecian pillar sits a sensuous monkey
with lines and twists of kerfuffle for a head
and their hands are just hands and to us their head
is now danger So we lock them in a Grecian
pillar behind a carving of a smiling monk.

Matt Mooney

14th February 2022

love rocking scorn edge cynic

Rock 'n Roll

On a schoolday, not yet the sixties,
rock 'n roll reared its head
on the town's Fair Green between
the stone-walled Courthouse
and the blue of Loughrea Lake:
a band of reveling rebel gypsies
were rocking 'around the clock',
before a thousand teenage thoughts,
thrown airborne and caught again
in a smashing thrashing dance just in
and we couldn't wait to emulate
to every electrifying Elvis number
that enchanted our love lives then.
Sent in a spin by 'Blue Suede Shoes',
that took us to the limit of our aching
lust for life and living to the edge
of all that seemed safe and solid
as an old time waltz in a village hall.
Gone, gone, gone, "Are you going
to San Francisco", carried on and up
by flower power in the summer air
that rocked the cynics on the sideline
into liberation, silencing their scorn.

Brendan Mulcahy

14th June 2021

cat baldaquin constricted curtain floral

Just because you're clueless don't mean you ain't gonna get crowned

Unheralded,

Baldaquin the Bewildered

inherited

the throne,

succeeding Floral Leviathan Stope V,
(prim Jim McCurtin missing out again,
after that catatonic incident).

Constricted in a nutshell,
the Danish prince
also fell by the wayside.

The rest, we know
(Baldies, Beldams and Baldwins),
is
Silence.

Brendan Mulcahy

13th September 2021

glow rugged obstreperous skill float

Catwoman And The Cats

Her mother visited often,
Usually arriving in a well-decked-out Lexus.
A skilled operator: neat hair, glamorous glow,
Outfits fitting, together.

Catwoman cycled, in sports clothes, to work.
On return, she toured the grounds
With her bouffant, obstreporous Persians.
In a puffa coat herself, her hair in a towel.

There'd been a bloke who used to come,
But he'd gone at some point.
Now it was just Catwoman and the cats
And her mum in her classy slacks.

The day the female floated silkily
into the back of my car, I asked its name,
Luna, she said, extricating.
Short for lunatic? I offered, to no avail.

There are others here: Bikini Woman,
OCR, the Madwoman in the Attic, J-WAD.
And the rugged Pyrrhus, lifting
Weights in his studio. It's a community.

Sarah Murphy

Winner - 12th April 2021

lake marvellous bill preacher shrine

The Preacher

for Bishop Christopher Jones

The lake – his lake – is marvellous in the early light.
He is old, older than he'd dreamed he'd reach and
Still he says his morning prayers, like all the days.
He had been a preacher and now he mutters the words
By heart as he drinks his tea, his mundane sacrament, and notes
In passing a bush that he will later prune, or begin to prune:
Small steps are now the order of his days.

The shrine at which he worships has changed,
Is greener, less gilded, his pulpit no longer a marble
Podium, his garden is where he works now,
Butterflies and birds to whom he preaches -
Speaking of, he hears a splash, sees a heron plunge its
Shiny bill for a drink, he gulps his tea again:
In empathy, in communion.

Lauren O'Donovan

12th April 2021

lake marvellous bill preacher shrine

Lunch with Lucifer

I lunch by the lake,
eating marvellous cheesecake
with a base of crumbled flakes
topped with a swirl of lavender liqueur.

I can't decide which to prefer—
the cake, or the previous steak,
which dripped blood and gravy
over an embrace of roast veg.

Not being a connoisseur,
I defer to my tastebuds,
competing in a purr of pleasure,
while my belly aches for more space.

By the time I call for the bill,
my plate is a shrine to the skill
of the chef, the preacher
in this holy house of food.

Or, I think with a chill, judging
by my arteries thickening,
maybe instead, the chef is Lucifer
and I am just a vessel of his will.

Lauren O'Donovan

10th May 2021

yarn troublesome onion coldsore cassava

Cassavastina

The cassava, she says,
is like a yam or potato.
It's basically just another tuber,
but a bit more troublesome.
It peels in long strings– much like yarn.
You can boil it or roast it,
mash it or toast it,
but most often it's eaten in a soup or a stew
with pieces of meat and lots of onion.
It's native to South America,
and although perennial,
they grow it as an annual–
a source of carbohydrate,
in fact, it's the third largest source
of food carbs in the tropics.
You might know it best as tapioca,
yes, like the pudding.
It can be sweet or it can be bitter–
just like a person.
Some dry it and grind it to powder, then paste,
believing in medicinal properties
to cure cold sores and infections,
but that's not true.
What is true is that improper preparation
can leave residual cyanide,
enough to cause intoxication, paralysis,
even death.
Oh and also, she tells me,
if I may be a bit naughty,
it's related to the eggplant in that
cassava also means...

Lauren O'Donovan

13th December 2021

devil carry Christmas love wrinkles

Underworld Christmas

It's dark this time of year—
actually, it's always dark here,
but Erebus looks so festive,
carrying souls along its flow,
illuminated by inferno-red
wrinkles of rippling lava.
The souls are seasonally dressed
in jumpers knitted by the furies.
Intricate patterns of snowflakes and skulls
in the colours of midnight and moonlight.
Guided by the ferryman,
they descend before the judge
who decides who's nice or naughty,
with the nice banished to above.
Those chosen are led by Dante,
adorned with elf ears and toe bells,
through the grotto, around the Lethe,
until they arrive to queue
at the throne of father.
One by one the souls ascend.
Some pet Cerberus as they pass,
dropping treats of pomegranates.
On the altar, they climb
bony knees and sit on the Devil's lap
to whisper Christmas confessions
and promise to never look back.

Lauren O'Donovan

Winner - 10th January 2022

Grecian sensuous incorrigible kerfuffle monk

This Poem Will Win the 5-Word Challenge

I don't mean to cause a kerfuffle,
but it's true,
this poem isn't a prediction—
it's a piece of propaganda,
for I have purchased the promise of victory
from the ancient monks on mount prosody.
They plucked the starlight from the eyes of a newborn deer,
and bewitched the river Booze that flows down the long valley
to ensure my ultimate victory,
this treasure within my grasp
yet each month slips away like sand.
This crown of Laurens— I mean, laurels,
woven with an Ó Bhéal logo
and a link to the weekly five-word window.

But who can trust monks?
So I doubled down, I pulled a Trump,
and unleashed a campaign of bribery and blackmailery.
For Stan, that fellow with the grecian hair
and sensuous bespeckled stare,
I hired a click farm to make his website number one,
and my triumph, as secure as done.
Mr Casey, I threatened to reveal his addiction to...
MacBook Pros, of which he has not in threes but fours.

I tried... but Rosie is completely incorrigible— I mean, incorruptible,
and could not be swayed by my sweet song.
Kornelia, well that was easy, for I have seen their true heart
and all I needed was a Spotify playlist

Lauren O'Donovan

Winner - 10th January 2022

Grecian sensuous incorrigible kerfuffle monk

with 100 hidden gems from 2010.

I could go on, but you get the point

(And a 50 euro gift card to Waterstones, I promise

will arrive tomorrow in the post).

So to conclude, if you love babies and kittens,

in the chat type Lauren.

If you want to save the whales and end direct provision,

in the chat type Lauren.

Tonight, let's unite under a flag of peace and poetry

and raise our voices and keyboards in a cry of

Lauren!

Rosie O'Regan

14th March 2022

rain oak lust ragamuffin bitter

Ragamuffin James

When rain falls, he remembers the oak
the body of the tree, his body, how
they were one, in-out-out-in
they breathed together
beneath those outstretched arms he was never lost
time and again, when it rains, James remembers
himself, forgets the bitter seed that grew his ragamuffin heart
the axe man's fall

Michael Ray

Winner - 17th September 2021

soap smile medical insight tangerine

Zoom

Ó Bhéal is in preamble, perched on the lip
of my bath, and I'm watching,
wearing an expansive smile and a few
suds after a frisson with my favourite
tangerine soap when I have an insight
so fleeting it disappears before
I have a handle on it and I brush my screen
with the tip of the loofa I'm using
to conduct a syllabic chanson,
when suddenly there I am,
in the world, all pink and rectangular
and open-mouthed, reclining
half underwater as if part fish, part
exhibitionist, waiting for a virtual medical.

Catherine Ronan

11th October 2021

chaos autumnal yellow hybrid battery

BOB

There was something about Bob
So different in a red dress

A cheeky chap with yellow nails
Clinging onto chaos with a smile

A hybrid kind of guy
Neither here nor there

An autumnal lover
On his wet knees

A cloak of russet leaves
A crown of thorns

Pockets full of nonsense
But oh, how perfect he was

My Bob
My Battery Operated Boyfriend!

Catherine Ronan

Winner 13th December 2021

devil carry Christmas love wrinkles

My Christmas Party 2021

The day bristles with Christmas cheer
The red day of San Nicholas draws near
Devil of queues if you tarry
Laden in the rain with too many
Paper bags to carry
- I have been there!

Covid is shit but masks hide wrinkles
Fairytale of New York always worth a tinkle
Santa comes just once a year
To those that live beyond the Lee
But we have the man himself here
- Our very own Paul Casey!

Now I send my love to all in this room
And to all my new friends
- on Zoom!

Catherine Ronan

10th January 2022

Grecian sensuous incorrigible kerfuffle monk

The Garden of 1977

The monks grew everything good in their garden

Award winning cucumbers and courgettes

All was peaceful until harvest time

When the incorrigible nuns would descend

With needles to mend their hems if you please

But in 1977, two nuns made a beeline

For the same hem – a monk with the biggest courgette

There was a fisticuff kerfuffle

I saw him first said Sr. Bernadette

His face like something on a Grecian urn

Well you will have to wait sensuous Bernadette

Said Sr. Mary Contrary and taking the first turn

She sewed his hem all, day, long!

Catherine Ronan
Winner 14th February 2022
love rocking scorn edge cynic

Stray Cat Strut

Keep on rocking in the free
Red world of love
You said as we passed on the stairs
To the Hayloft Bar
Being the cynic
I smile coyly – I know better
I know life on the edge
We start on a lusty retreat
In bed for four fabulous days
In a flat off Patrick Street
No safe words or secret rooms
A bed of roses without thorns
Open-mouthed truth without scorn
Duvet days in the rain
Ordering Just Eat
So we don't have to break the spell
Of new found Valentines
That is – until the door bell rang
It was your wife reclaiming her straying Tom
I was right – love is just another
Four letter word

Colm Scully
Winner - 12th July 2021
ludicrous ship pyrolysis touch calm

Untitled

Pyrolysis is the least of our worries
in our air rich, ludicrously moderate Irish Summer.
Getting the barbie going
can be a touch difficult.
Striking matches by the three,
shading charcoals from the uncalm breeze.
Someone suggests shipping
everything indoors.
Have the party in the kitchen.
If only it were legal.

(Written during covid restrictions, when all indoor gatherings were banned)

Phillip Spillane

Winner - 10th May 2021

yarn troublesome onion coldsore cassava

Her Onion Heart

Her Onion heart
beats to the tempo
Of troublesome
Troublesome,
Troublesome.

She says her wounds
Are not wounds
But are only small cold sores
that will heal up soon,

Troublesome
Troublesome
Troublesome

She is clumsy
big cassava fingers,
Troublesome limbs
blistered texture,
And they have a mind of their own.

Troublesome
Troublesome
Troublesome

In the end
of the yarn of time,
Nothing will matter anymore,
Dust in the desert of many,

Phillip Spillane

Winner - 10th May 2021

yarn troublesome onion coldsore cassava

sandstorm spinning.

In a Troublesome

Troublesome way

Laura Theis
Winner - 12th April 2021
lake marvellous bill shrine preacher

reading shakespeare by the lakeside

I am alone today
that is
I'm not really alone

what I mean is
I've got the lake
to myself

sharing only with a handful
of dark-feathered ducks
that look like

preachers
with their white collars
their stretched-out wings

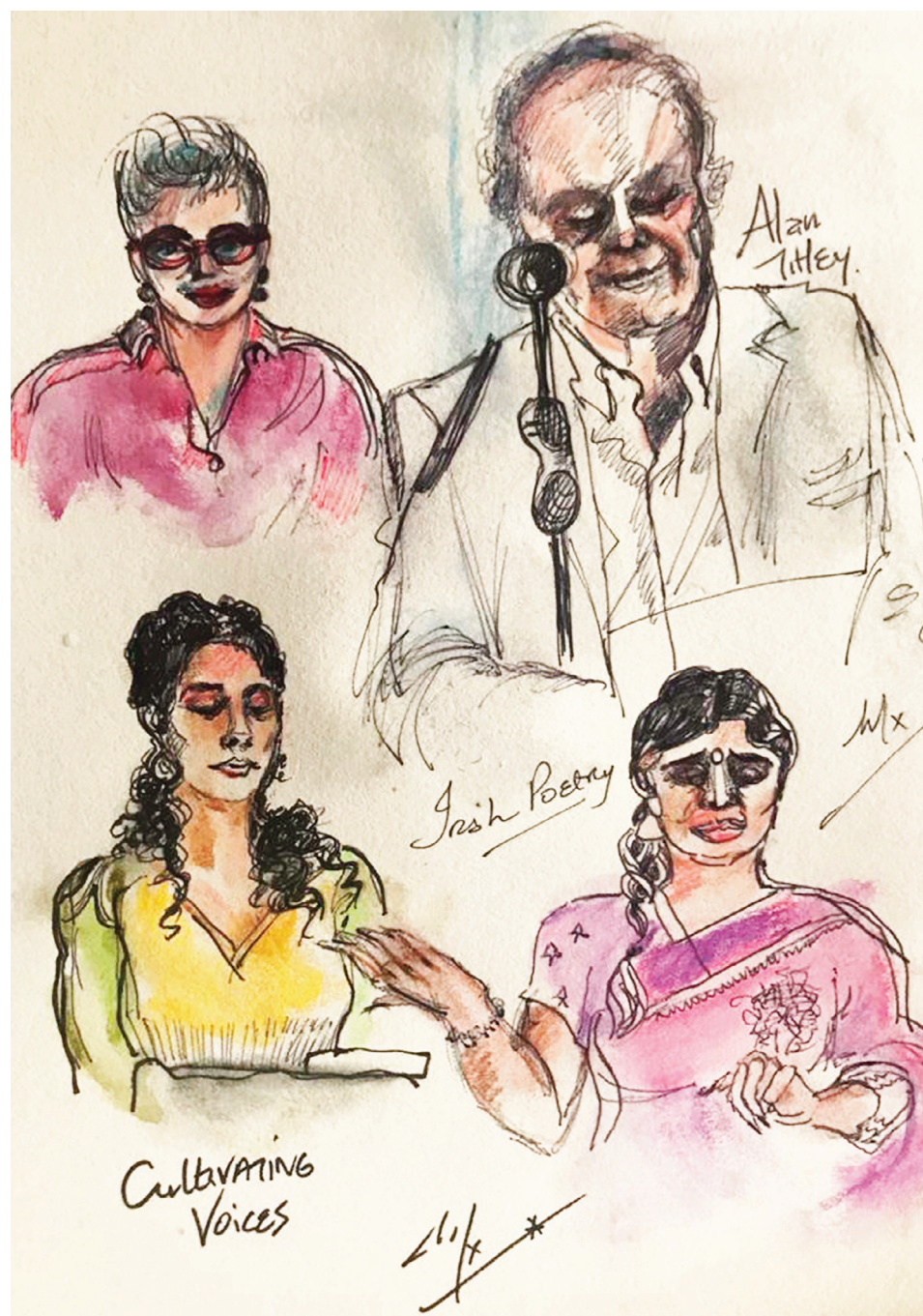
and I've got a dog
eared copy of the tempest
so in a way I've got him too: bill

as I call him
affectionately
that marvelous dream

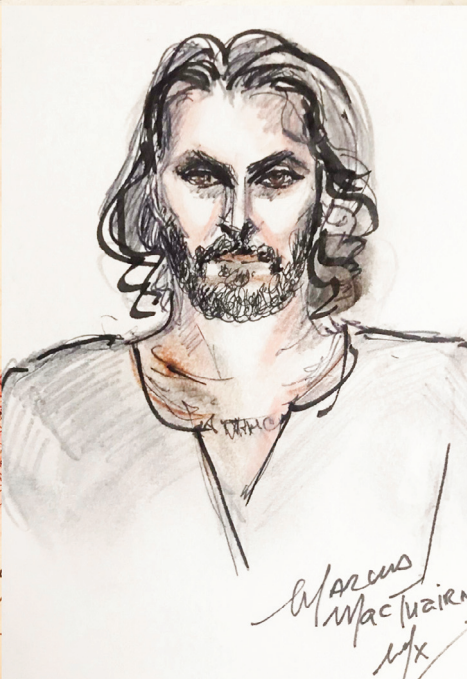
weaver whose legacy
is enshrined
In our language

between him and the
chattering ducks I have all
the company I need

Sketches by Margaret Creedon O'Shea



Sketches by Margaret Creedon O'Shea



Sketches by Margaret Creedon O'Shea



Sketches by Margaret Creedon O'Shea



International Poetry-Film Competition Shortlist 2021

Screening A

available now at vimeo.com/650683189

Caroline Rumley (USA)	<i>Stitch</i>
H. Paul Moon (USA)	<i>Song of the Open Road</i>
Paloma Sierra (USA)	<i>I Am Soil Breaking Off</i>
Curtis Brown (UK)	<i>The Darkness</i>
Colm Scully (Ireland)	<i>Yesterday's Wardrobe</i>
Noriko Ishibe and Kirsten Irving (Japan/UK)	<i>Be Nice To Them</i>
Mad Pirvan (Romania/Spain)	<i>Las Hermanas del Desorden: Incantation</i>
Aaron Kierbel (USA)	<i>Somewhere in the Sky</i>
Janet Lees (Isle of Man)	<i>What I fear most is becoming "a poet"</i>
Grace Wells (Ireland)	<i>Banaís Ríghí, the High King Speaks</i>
Abril Iberico Mevius (Perú)	<i>Barbed Song</i>
Pamela Falkenberg and Jack Cochran (USA)	<i>Legacy</i>
Angela Ify Mojekwu-Egbera (Ireland)	<i>As I Rise</i>
Marco Joubert (Canada)	<i>The Atoms of Reality</i>
Eoghan Mac Giolla Bhríde (Ireland)	<i>Scamail</i>



International Poetry-Film Competition Shortlist 2021

Screening B

available now at vimeo.com/650800867

Jonathan Brennan (Ireland/Mexico)	<i>Four Attempts At Making A Human – (not) after the Popol Vuh</i>
Eduardo Yagüe (Spain)	<i>Los caballos están tristes</i>
Luke Morgan and Michael Martin (Ireland/USA)	<i>Light Throwing Light On Nothing But Itself</i>
Sjaak Rood (Netherlands)	<i>Jabberwocky</i>
Pat Boran (Ireland)	<i>Building the Ark</i>
Jim Hall (USA)	<i>requiem for a spoken word</i>
Suzie Hanna (UK)	<i>The Cherry Tree</i>
Simone Massi (Italy)	<i>The Infinite / L'infinito</i>
Felix Castaldo (Ireland)	<i>The Manifestation of a Situation</i>
Janet Lees (Ireland)	<i>The answering voice</i>
Mark C. Hewitt and Matt Parsons (UK)	<i>Excuses</i>
Marius Grose & Caleb Parkin (UK)	<i>The Zone</i>
Frank Wimbush (England)	<i>The Pencil Sharpener</i>
Charles Putschkin (UK/Sweden)	<i>Disorderlily</i>
Ciarán MacArtain (Ireland)	<i>Lón</i>



International Poetry-Film Competition Shortlist 2021

Irish Selection

available now at vimeo.com/650457703

Brian Mackenwells	<i>Cur Síos</i>
Pierre O'Reilly	<i>Joy</i>
Colm Scully & Rosalin Blue	<i>Der Fischer</i>
Aisling Keating	<i>Carrying the Songs</i>
Grace Wells	<i>Cranborne Woods</i>
Damien B Donnelly	<i>Dali Distractions</i>
Colm Scully & Margaret Creedon O'Shea	<i>Stills: Contemplation on a Painting</i>
Luke Morgan & Michael Martin	<i>Grand Hotel</i>
Anna Loi	<i>Millenia Seeking Infancy</i>
Isabel Ronan	<i>Policing Mary</i>
Pat Boran	<i>The Sea</i>
Colm Scully	<i>What News, Centurions?</i>
Jim Mc Dermott	<i>Borderland</i>
Sinéad McClure	<i>Lineage</i>
Eoghan Mac Giolla Bhríde	<i>Tusa</i>



Friday 26th Nov

written by



Lorna Shaughnessy

3.00pm



The Sacrificial Wind
a poetry play on video + Q&A

directed by



Max Hafler

5.00pm



Nóirín Ní Riain



Rita Kelly



Antony Rowland



Anna T. Szabó

7.00pm



Eóghan Stübbhart



Alan Titley



Marcus Mac An Tuairim

9.00pm



Gabeba Raderoon



James Cagney



Victoria Kennefick

Saturday 27th Nov

11.30am – 12.30pm

a single screening
of 15 poetry films



1.00pm

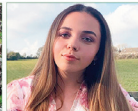


AN EARTH SONG

A multilingual collaborative writing
project by Cork City Libraries.
Produced by Good Day Cork.



Cinthya Torrez Quispe



Claudia Maria Zedda



Tina Pisco



Dr. Lekha Menon Mangassery



Ngobizitha Vella



Cecilia Gamez



Anja Bakker



Jo Dukkupati



Ray Greene



A Hybrid Poetry Festival
online and @NaglePlace

Saturday 27th Nov

2.30pm

Closed Mic Set



Catherine Ronan
Margaret O'Regan
Mary O'Connell
Brendan Mulcahy
Matt Mooney
Cathal Holden
Mags Creedon
Jim Crickard
Lucy Holme
Cáitín Rikard
Pamela Campbell

7.00pm



Máire Dinny Wren



Piotr Florczyk



Greg Delanty

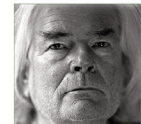
9.00pm



Isobel O'Hare



MK Chavez



Maurice Riordan

Sunday 28th Nov

12.00pm – 2.20pm

two screenings
(15 poetry films each)



POEPOLIT II

Universidade de Vigo

3.00pm & 5.00pm

round table discussion & readings



Cornelia Gräbner



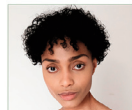
Dave Ward



Yolanda Castaño



Paul Casey



Bene Sebuyange



Lucía Aldao



Julie Goo



Natalie Linh Bolderston



George Harding



Eleanor Rees



Emma Pedreira



Molly Twomey

POEPOLIT II

Universidade de Vigo



with thanks to our sponsors



McNamara Slam Winners 2021-2022

12 April	Sarah Murphy and Laura Theis
10 May	Philip Spillane
14 June	Augustina Adéolá Jekennu
12 July	Colm Scully
9 August	Jim Crickard
13 September	Cathal Holden
17 September	Jim Crickard and Michael Ray
11 October	Massimo Elijah
8 November	Ray Hanrahan and Róisín Leggett Bohan
13 December	Catherine Ronan
10 January	Lauren O'Donovan
14 February	Catherine Ronan
14 March	Catherine Badin

Guest Poets 2021-2022

12 April	Sinéad McClure, Jill Munro and Laura Theis
10 May	Dubhán Ó Longáin and Julie Field
14 June	Theo Dorgan and Lang Leav
12 July	Bebe Ashley and Tom Moore
9 August	Twin Skies – Poems from Cork and Coventry
13 September	Colette Nic Aodha and Colm Breathnach
17 September	Elizabeth McGeown and Jenny Lindsay
11 October	Neil McCarthy and Dean Browne
8 November	Tribute to Joseph Sweeney
13 December	Conor McManus and Leontia Flynn
10 January	Mark Granier and Massimo Elijah
14 February	New Creative Writing from UCC
14 March	DS Maolalai and Jacqueline Saphra

10th Ó Bhéal



poetry-film competition

Ó Bhéal's 10th Poetry-Film Competition is open for submissions
from 1st May - 31st August 2022

International submissions are accepted for any poetry-film under
ten minutes (English subtitles are required for non-english language films)
Entries must have been completed since May 2020

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
Ó Bhéal's Winter Warmer Festival in November 2022
One winner will receive the festival prize for best poetry-film

Free to Enter!

For submissions and guidelines visit: www.obheal.ie/poetryfilm



10th

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Bhéal



Five Words Poetry Competition

1st Prize €750

2nd Prize €500

3rd Prize €250

Have you tried the Five Words Poetry Challenge?

It's only €5 to enter ...

Every Tuesday from 12th April 2022 to 31st January 2023,
five new words will appear on the Ó Bhéal website. Entrants have
seven days to write and submit a poem which contains all five words.

The winners and shortlist of 12 entries will be announced in
March 2023 and invited to read at Ó Bhéal in Cork
on the 10th of April 2023.

This year's Judge is Victoria Kennefick

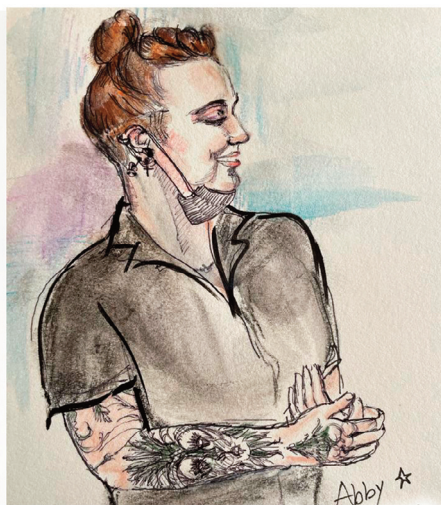
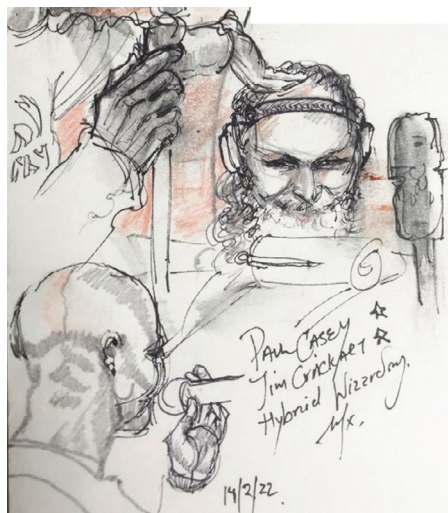
visit www.obheal.ie/fivewordscomp
for this week's words, guidelines and submissions



Sketches by Margaret Creedon O'Shea



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Five Words Volume XV features the winning poems and shortlist from our 9th poetry competition. Entrants were given just seven days to write and submit their poems using the five words posted on our website each Tuesday.

From over 600 entries, our Judge Maurice Riordan chose a shortlist of twelve outstanding poems, including 1st, 2nd and 3rd place winners.

April 11th 2022 marks Ó Bhéal's 670th session.

Our congratulations to this year's overall competition winner ...

Marcella Remund!



Poems have also been included from Ó Bhéal's Monday evening (live) Five Word Challenges, held online since April 2021, as have sketches of guest poets and regulars made by local fine artist, musician & poet Margaret Creedon O'Shea. The five words used in Ó Bhéal's live events are provided spontaneously by those present and the winner is chosen by audience response. These spontaneous compositions are written in 15 minutes and can be considered as first drafts. Often they are developed further for journal publication elsewhere. The Five Word Challenge was conceived by poetry aficionado and emcee Gerry McNamara.