

Carty's Poetry Journal

January 2010

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www.cartypoetryjournal.webs.com



Paul Polansky...

Campaigning poet

Introducing the campaigning poet Paul Polansky, currently finishing a reading tour of Italy.

Undiscovered Poets

Sean Maxwell

Drew Logan

Poems from the Editor

Haiku & Verse

Articles of Interest

Profile: The Glór Sessions

Activist Paul Polansky

Book Reviews

Books from Ireland and the USA with links to websites.

About the Journal

Carty's Poetry Journal is a journal of poetry initially in online format and after in print that is to be published on a monthly basis, around the 10th to the 20th of each month.

Submissions are welcomed to cartyweb@hotmail.com – mark them as for the journal in the subject line.

Stephen James Smith:

Spoken Word Poet Profile

Compere of the Glór Sessions at the International Bar, Stephen James Smith has won numerous prizes around the country.

Haiku by Tomás Ó Cárthaigh



From the Editor:

While always an advocate of the traditional rhyming verse and reading over spoken, this journal will cater for all tastes in the genre.

It is hoped you enjoy and may even submit material to our journal, be it poetry, art, articles or whatever.

- Tomás O Cárthaigh, January 2010

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Stephen James Smith

– a Dublin Poet

Stephen James Smith is your average Dub, a quick wit and a no-nonsense style. Indeed did I not know him, the last thing I would have placed him as is your typical poet, there is nothing arty about this man, he is the average chap you would meet in a pub and enjoy the craic with.

Which in my opinion is exactly what poetry needs: to once more get in touch with the ordinary person.

The style of his delivery is strong and faultless, lubricated by lashings of Guinness!

He comperes the Glór Sessions in Dublins International Bar (see below) and his material on YouTube can be accessed through his website which he really must get finished up for himself!

www.stephenjamesmith.com

The Glór Sessions

– Poets, Beer, Ambulances and Evictions!

I have only been to one of the Glór Sessions, and I cant wait to go to another. A lively mix of music and poetry and recitations – an art in itself – among ordinary folk as well as the arty and student sets.

The night I was there, a loudmouth was escorted off premissis to his own bewilderment (“Bleeding Ballistic... dot com!” was his parting shot on climbing the stairs) by a member of the public, who himself was brought to hospital by the fine members of the Dublin Fire Brigade Ambulance a while later!

The open mic feature was aviled of by yours truly, and the night featured Stephen Smith, Marty Mulligan from Mullingar, Kalle Ryan and others.

It is held in the basement area of the International Bar, easy to find on the southside – look it up on Google Maps.

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Submissions

Submissions to be sent by email to cartyweb@hotmail.com – mark them for the journal in the email.

Journal Interactive

On the website, there is some articles and material supplementary to this issue such as videos and sound files for your enjoyment.

Featured Poet:

Paul Polansky

Artist and Activist

Some poems from Paul Polansky

KAFKA

Literary critics still debate
Franz Kafka's sex life.

Did he, or didn't he,
make love with Milena?

No one disputes the stories
that Kafka f*cked
low-class whores
around Old Town Square.

I still wander down those
little alleyways off Celetna
wondering if some
of the old women
living in those shabby
one-room apartments
entertained Kafka
on his drunken forays.

What makes a man
look for a whore
after having
one drink too many?

What do we seek
that we can't find
when we're sober?

THE PIGEON MAN

showed me the photos of his pets in prison.
After being sentenced for stabbing a man,
his pigeons had followed him there too.

Now they had found him in our refugee camp
four weeks after the KLA

Paul Polansky's name would not fall readily off of most readers' lips, most confusing him with his more notorious namesake. However, his name is both feared and revered in venues as far apart as the Czech Republic and Kosovo.

First of all, Paul is a poet, or probably should be described as an artist, having dabbled in film as well as writing, fact as well as fiction, narration as well as entertainment.

Coming first to the controversial prominence he now enjoys with the revelations of the Lety concentration camp for the Roma in the former Czechoslovakia, and of late for his work among the Roma IDPs in Mitrovica, Kosovo.

However, to restrict his profile to that would be to do him a disservice, as his work, writings and cinematography extends beyond those confines.

www.paulpolansky.nstemp.com

www.savethesekids.com

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Lazarus Unchained

A summer of sandy love, impressed & washed away
our footsteps disappear , dissolved into the waves,
the coffee coloured sea , absolved me from within.
your ever-changing moods, lithe like plasterscine,
5 times so contrite, 9 lives blown away.
ring out out the leper bell, Lazarus unchained.
bring on the dancing girls.turn up the background noise'
welcome to my world, of sad & broken toys



Sean Maxwell

Almost Classical

a silent maybe white walls & corridors ,
did i sense you blushing your eyes touch the floor,
if i know,what you know, then you can be the sun ,
when i saw what your wrote it's almost classical,
what a wonderful feeling surrounds,
the princess she danced with a clown,
as we sit here observing some gothic lament,
framed by a window... that's all,
we'll pretend to be statues excluded from time,
its almost classical,
if i know what you know, then you can be the sun,
if i thought what you thought then you can be the one,
what a wonderful feeling for now,
the princess she laughed at the clown.

Sean Maxwell is another current poet from England and he introduces himself below:

Born 1959/Chorley
Lancs,England..

Has been a musician/poet/failed womaniser most of his life.
Drinks too much,smokes too much... a rebel without applause.

Has a deep mistrust of society..
dosent suffer fools gladly...just joins in with them every so often.currentlty plays in a band called Taser Puppets.

- Sean Maxwell

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Drew Logan is a new Irish poet that has come to our attention. He introduces himself below:

"I admit it I am a poet. I can't help myself. It just happened one day. I lost control of myself after reading about Basho's Frog and his pond and wrote my own Haiku.

At first I just stuck with Haiku but after a time they were not enough.

I started reading lots of poetry and also got hooked on blank verse.

My latest addiction is prose poetry. Some times I even write in a foreign language.

I do not think there is any help for me. I am shamelessly addicted to poetry.

Probably the worst part of my addiction is the feeling that it is absolutely necessary to hook other people.

Maybe I can pay for my habit that way."



Drew Logan is a poet who writes in both Irish and English, and his poems below have been reproduced by kind permission of the author and of the websites <http://www.iorarua.com/> and <http://www.public-republic.net/>

Influences

Basho's noisy frog
kept waking me up

Whitman encouraged me and
taught me how to sing a song

All Emily Dickinson wanted to do
was watch...we watched together

Baudelaire brought me
my first water color set

William Carlos Williams
got me a microscope

What I really wanted was
my own red wheelbarrow

Bukowski showed me how
to put an edge on a poem

Gary Synder had me
climbing mountains

Ginsberg and I howled
at the moon together

Haas and I got drunk
on his strong metaphors

Mary Oliver took me for
long walks in the woods

I had to find my own way back
there weren't any bread crumbs.

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Dán

le Drew Logan

File

Scríobh i Sligeach

Scríobh i Baile Átha Cliath

Scríobh i Béal Feirste

Sin é díreach atá ag teastáil

Marfóir

Marú ag Rí

Marú ag Poblacht

Marú ag Oráisteach

Sin é díreach atá ag teastáil

Peacach

Bheith ar meisce sa cathair

Bheith ar meisce faoin tuath

Bheith ar meisce sa caolsráid

Sin é díreach atá ag teastáil

Naomh

Sábháil daoine

Sábháil náisiún

Sábháil sibhialtacht

Sin é díreach atá ag teastáil

Poet

le Drew Logan

Writing in Sligo

Writing in Dublin

Writing in Belfast

It's just a job

Killer

Killing for the King

Killing for the Republic

Killing for the Orangemen

It's just a job

Sinner

Being drunk in the city

Being drunk in the country

Being drunk in the alley

It's just a job

Saint

Saving Mankind

Saving the Nation

Saving Civilization

It's just a job



Drew Logan

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Book Reviews

Pilgrim in the Heartland

by Anthony Sullivan

This is the follow up to the book "Under Star and Under Sun" that Anthony Sullivan published back a few years ago, and is in the same genre of a collection of poems and lyrics.

Some of the lyrics have been picked up by local artists, and there may be recordings done in the next six to eighteen months, a possibility of which makes Anthony quite excited.

Extracts of the book are available on the website www.AnthonySullivan.biz

Celtic and Ireland in Song and Story

by Derek Warfield and Raymond Daly

The former needs no introduction to anyone who is familiar with Irish music, having been the backbone of the Wolfe Tones since their inception, and touring of late with the Young Wolfe Tones.

Raymond Daly is a local from Tullamore and a member of the Mid Leinster CSC, and this project has been planned between him and Derek for a number of years.

The book has been published nearly two years at this stage, and features not alone the words to many famous songs of Irish and Celtic FC interest, but most notably the stories behind them and the people who write them.

All that is lacking is perhaps notes or tabs to the songs, and the book comes with two CD's recorded by Derek Warfield featuring songs from the book.

www.CelticSongBook.com



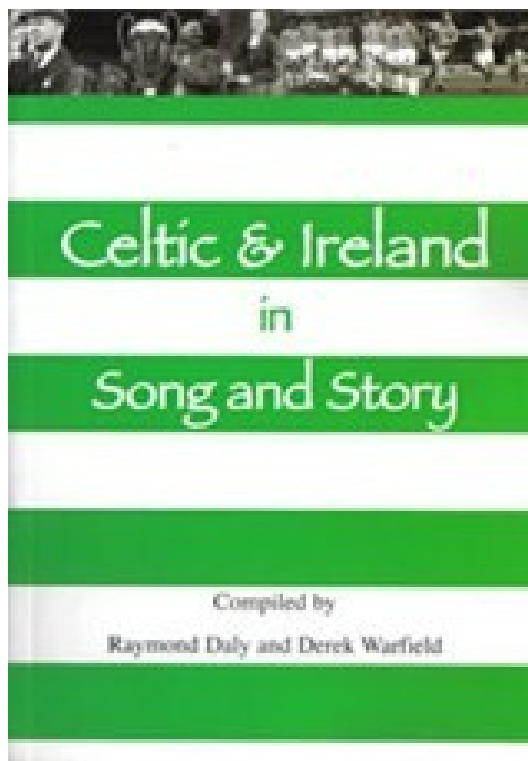
A Song Beneath Silence

Apryl Skies

This writer from the USA has recently brought out a book of poems and photography and sent us over a copy which we enjoyed very much.

A lot of topics have been covered in the book, often from a gothiquesque perspective.

www.edgarallanpoet.com



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Poems from the Editor

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

Being a lover of poetry, it is a passion in which I indulge myself on a daily basis, and I have been publishing online for the past decade or so, of late on the Facebook platform.

Editing this journal, which I hope to see growing and to becoming a print edition, has given me great pleasure, and so I give you here some of my own poems for your enjoyment.

www.writingsinrhyme.com

www.youtube.com/tomasocarthaigh



A Gun Gets A Body, Not a Bird

*A gun gives you the body, not the bird.
~ Henry David Thoreau*

A man went to get a bird
His child wanted one for fun
And to down the creature
He brought with him a gun

And out upon the moor on day
A flock flew above his head
He loaded, aimed and fired
And shot a bird down dead

And he went home happy
Rang his child, said he brought home a bird
And when he showed it to his child
Was stunned by what he heard

"Its not a bird, its a body...
It cannot chirp on a tree
It will not run round as I play
It is no good to me"

So to this tale there is a fable
Thoreau said the wise word
"A gun gives you a body
It gets you not a bird"

Why do others ill
Speak of people they do not know
Just to have a say

Mc Gonagall: poet
Yet others say a fool
But he is remembered!!!

The rain is falling
And washes the plants below
In all the seasons

I know of no man
Who can say for certain sure
That heaven exists.

There is no God at all
Faith is the belief of fools
Say the foolish.

My faith may be weak
But I believe there is a God
As I know Him