

Carty's Poetry Journal

February / March Edition 2011 ::: Issue V
www.cartypoetryjournal.com



- India: Dinesh Sairam, Susheel Kumar Sharma
- Ireland: Emma Hogan, Anthony Sullivan, Ken Hume, Tomás Ó Cárthaigh, Roibeard McElroy, Fred Johnstone, Siobhain Daffy, Dave W. Moore, Niall O Conner.
- USA: Tate Morgan, Ken Taylor
- UK: Sam Thomas, Janey_B
- Kosovo: Fehredin Shehu
- Croatia: Zanina Bilic (translation)
- South Africa: Kerry O' Conner

Introduction:

Allbeit a fortnight late in publication, nonetheless we are pleased to bring you in this issue new poets from Ireland, among them the Western Writers Centres Fred Johnstone.

We feature poems from many poets from other lands among them Fehredin Shehu, who we featured in depth in the previous issue, and no less that two poets from India, and other writers from South Africa and the UK and USA.

Our new website is now live – www.cartyspoetryjournal.com where all previous magazines will be downloadable in PDF format and browseable in HTML format.

ISSN is in the process of being applied for as well.

In this issue, we have dispensed with the standard contents page, allowing the journey through the journal to be one of a hopefully joyful discovery of poetry and imagery of poets and photographers, and that you will reel enriched after reading it.

Of course, we are always looking for more material, and we hope to keep to our standard of 40+ pages for future editions, so send in those poems.

Rhyming is preferred, but also welcome as you can see in this issue are non rhyming and also haiku.

Translations are welcomed as well.

Editor:
Tomás Ó Cárthaigh
20th of February 2011

Haikus

- Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

Snow now melted, and gone
Winters bite is not as deep
But still causes pain.

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

Open doors hinges
Allow the door to close shut
As well as open

Cast not your cold eye
Horseman... Just pass by: think not
Of Death and Life

None have walked here since
The door forever was closed
First feet walk in time

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.

Writers squabble loudly
While making a mess of the
Poetry of the Gods

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

A poet with a pen
Can bring joy to a sad heart
With a written word.

A fool with few words
Causes to lovers heartache
Spreading lies and doubt.

The cold winter wind
That chills the very bones
Gives life to earth.

A cold spring wind blows
Like a massage to the face
But knife to the lung.

Drunkards are shouting
Swear words at passing cop cars
Who can not hear them

Welcome

Emma Hogan :: Ireland



Croi na Mara

In our house by the sea
Lovely, sticky, stubby,
Children surround you and me,
Boisterous brown, hens lay eggs for tea
But shop bought milk, as city folk
Just about manage gathering yolks.

China cups of jumbled patterns
Some in tatters, so you say,
Unearthed in sales, beyond the brink
Eclectic, I like to think

Lavender scented linen
And intricate lace, adorn our place
Polished oak and glass
Reflect what's left

Crinkly, cotton checks, cashmere,
Silk scarves protect silver hair
Once dyed, but now why bother
For the dithery old fool.

Faded memories,
Lost smiles,
Mainly due to decay
Twinkling eyes
Remain, at dancing play

Now winter, home
Lives beyond our creation
The magic still of Love's
Imagination

Fly

Fly Swallow,
Follow the sun,
Inherent navigation,
Find destinations

Long off North
Season stir calls
Clear spells
Rain washed wind

Depression omits flight
Insight prevails
Grounded by gales
Engineered on radar

Planely angels,
Molted feathers fresh
Flying fast past,
Implement reliant

Airborne pests
Innate sextants
Stay the course,
Heavens embroidered cloth

Conduct nocturnal voyagers
Skies daunt
Seasoned travelers
Doubt cannot

Defer The Plot
Weather...delays
Clouds, swathe sun
Winged wonders
Wait.

Seasonal illusionists
Reappear in Spring

Emma, of Dublin 22, has never been published before, so when she makes the big time, remember where you read her work first!

She enjoys both reading and writing for many years now, and only of late has considered publishing.

She is one of an array of Irish women poets who are emerging on the scene, writing and performing in all genres of poetry.

"I am a final year student of English in Trinity College Dublin.

I write poetry and short fiction and have been published in "Springboard", "Icarus", "Read This Magazine", "The Record" and "Teaching English Magazine". – Kate Mc Namara.

Pressing Petals

Pressing the petals
of rainbow-hued daisies,
the proper name for which
I can't recall,
or the first snowdrop
I have seen
since callous Winter
first took breath,
or the Valentine's roses
my dad always buys
for the three women
in his life,
or the orchid which
bloomed and bloomed and bloomed
long after my
twenty-first birthday had passed,
is something which
I always mean to do,
preserve the beauty, colour, joy,
for when winter sets in,
but who would think
to bring a coat
when all you have is
sun and sun and sun?



Wash Away

The path is maybe
two raindrops short
of being washed away.
The rain is in my eyes,
and so they sting and cry
and erase the edge
of everything I see.
The lines on your palms
warm the lines on mine.

This press, this sweat,
the calluses on your skin
unfog my mind.
This is not
first butterflies
in a lazy haze
of Bambi days.
I feel the warmth in
my fingertips,
my smile forming wrinkles.

Your gloves are new and thin
for better grip
on the handles
of your bike,
so my fingers don't have
to stretch so much
to accommodate thick wool,
but
I'm not even sure
which hand's mine anymore,

until our fingers
disentwine
and I find mine
lacking and lacked.

Kate Mc Namara ::: Ireland



Biographical Note – Emily Cullen

Emily Cullen is a Galway-based writer, academic, arts manager and musician. She holds a Ph.D. in English and works as Programme Co-ordinator with the Digital Humanities Observatory. In 2004, she curated the Patrick Kavanagh Centenary celebrations. Her first poetry collection, *No Vague Utopia*, was published by Ainnir in 2003.

Google Earth Moment

for Kevin

When we guide satellites
from our sitting-room
to delineate our Galway street,
we are deities morphing aerial maps
into real-life faultlines, heartlines.
As we bond over the Earth
our Parnassian love, giddy
with the possibilities of technology,
raises us to omnipotence.
When the parochial becomes the universal
under our right-click
I muse that Patrick Kavanagh
might have parted
with his beloved bicycle
for this epic moment.

Backing Up

Streaming media constantly,
your face firewalls me.
You can barely interact
for downloading apps and MP3s.

*'Your phone should be syncing
all the time', you chide,
letting me touch your screen.
I'm a child scorned,
dumber than my smartphone.*

*'You might get those photos back
if you place it in a bag of rice,
leave it for a while -
the grains should dry it out.'*

Why do we relate in binary code?
You think I've committed the cardinal sin
of not backing up everything
but all our memory is up in a cloud.

Compilation Tape

*'Thank you for the days,'
Kirsty Mc Coll graciously said
when our relationship was dead.*

A soundtrack mapped by you
onto cassette,
prompted a craze in me
for earmarking inner territory,
labelling each one lovingly,
cutting out an apposite
image for its inlay.

Sometimes yours got caught
from overlay _
I would stick a biro in the gap,
wind our chart back into place,
marshal into a kind of order
soundscapes I could not control.

My impulse to fossilize
time and emotion
into musical impressions:
neat, rectangular artifacts _
has never been replaced
by compact, metallic discs.
I think back to the joy they brought:
those chartered cassettes,
musical *mappae mundis*.

Emily Cullen ::: Ireland



Zanina Bilic of Zagreb in Croatia is a pianist of accomplishment, and runs a cultural evening called Celebrating Roses, featuring piano music, song and the reading of local and international poetry.

--- o O o ---

Grad Polako Biva Sve Življi

Grad polako biva sve življi
otkako je jutro otpočelo
i ja za zadatkom svojim idem
kojeg započeo sam na suncu.

Svijet prolazi pred mojim očima
sav užurban i nemiran
ja, pjesnik, više volim protok polagan
volim mir, spokoj ljubak .

Nije užitak u onome što posjedujemo
već u onome što to za nas znači.
I ja ću uživati u danu
samo tako, zbog dana samoga.

Zanina has been kind enough to both translate and read a few of my poems, one of which I reproduce below.

Her website is www.zaninabilic.com

--- o O o ---

A City Slowly Comes to Life

A city slowly comes to life
As the morning has begun
And I the task for to bask
I have started in the sun.

The world goes by in from of my eyes
All in a rush and frantic
I, the poet, prefer to take my time
I like it slow, more romatic.

Its not what you have that you enjoy
Its what of it you make
And I shall enjoy the day
Purely for its own sake.

Kerry O'Conner (South Africa)



IRISH ANCESTRY

I trace my Irish ancestry from my father's family, being the fifth generation South African O'Connor. My ancestor, Patrick O'Connor, was an officer in the British Army, in the early half of the 19th Century. His journey to Africa was a circuitous one, being stationed at Gibraltar, The Crimea, India, Hong Kong and finally, at the British colony of Natal in South Africa. His wife traveled with him, and a child was born at every port of call, my Great-Grandfather in South Africa. The family remained in Durban, thereafter, my Grandfather, Owen O'Connor, born in 1899 and my father, Terrence O'Connor, born in 1938. My maternal Grandmother, Eva Reilly, was born in England. I have one brother, named Donovan, who is presently residing in the UK on his ancestral visa.

BIOGRAPHY

I grew up during the Apartheid era: born on 15 June 1964, 3 days after Nelson Mandela was sentenced to life imprisonment; in the 70s, Hector Petersen was shot during the Soweto uprisings, the day after I turned 12. I lived through the undeclared war of the 80s and welcomed in the New South Africa in the 90s. I consider myself to be an African and work every day to improve the country in which I live, through educating its youth.

I am married and have two teenage daughters. I have lived in the small country town of Ladysmith, since 1986, where I work as a high school English teacher. If I want to watch a movie or buy a book at a decent bookstore, I have to travel at least 1 ½ hours to do so.

Much of my inspiration as a writer, is drawn from the beauty of the natural world, which surrounds my home, and my life-long love affair with English literature.

Brigid of Ireland

A fiery arrow
Is the daughter
Of the Dagda
Búadach
Victorious
Goddess of poets
Flame-haired
Yellow-green
Enchantress
Of the willow
Brigid of Ireland

'No fire, no sun, nor moon shall burn me'

When her son
Ruadan
the Red Hunter
Was slain at
Magh Tuireadh
She keened
Caoine
Over his bloodied
Broken body
The first lamenting
Woman of Ireland

'No lake, no water, nor sea shall drown me'

W

With fingers deft she weaves tales of the world
The dire histories of chronic misrule:
First in a garden where a snake lay curled,
Then her thread depicts a fraternal duel,
The spray of kingly blood picked out in red,
Three hundred Greeks become a fatal tool.
Her ivory fingers are worn to shreds
And fine furrows have lined her anguished brow
While on the loom these mortal men lie dead.
This labour's no less than a silent vow
She'd turn away, were a stranger to ask:
Why do you never cease but only bow?
What curse has bound the maiden to this task?
Perhaps a gallant knight once stole her heart
And the battle cry became his death mask.
His life wasted, he merely played his part,
Inherent evil none can overthrow ~
She transforms all killing into fine art
Lost souls shine in her Tapestry of Sorrow.

Kerry O'Connor

Her mantle hangs
Upon the rays
Of the golden sun
Radiating light
She ignites all
Fires of the mind
Stirs the passionate
Embers to
Inspiration
In the hearts of
Bards of Ireland

'No arrow of fairy nor dart of fay shall wound me'

Protect me now from the Threefold Death
Oh, Triple Goddess of Springtime
Exalted Mother of Songs and Music
Who whistles through the reeds
Búaid na fine, Siur Rig nime
Glory of kindred, Heaven-King's sister
Say I, the Sacred King of Ireland

Kerry O'Connor

Terza Rima (2 poems)

Tapestry of Sorro

The Waterbearer

*"I was drawing water from the well
When suddenly he looked at me –
I was so moved
That I let slip the rope."*

(African Traditional Poem)

She walks with infinite grace, shy gazelle,
Her swaying hips keep to her heart's strong beat,
An earthen pot held high, balanced by spell
Alone, and she bare-breasted in the heat,
Takes the river path to draw fresh water
And stops to rest upon a stony seat.
Unique beauty marks this chieftain's daughter,
In almond eyes of bronze and high cheek bones,
Too soon, betrothal oxen he'll slaughter.
A noise alerts her, scuffing foot on stones,
She clutches at the teetering pail,
And gasps to see a herdsman stand alone;
He looks at her, a spear so swift impales
Her heart, her hands grow numb, letting tumble
The water pot to shatter on the trail.
He smiles just once, throws a word of humble
Greeting, turns to the embrace of dry grass;
All about her, life begins to crumble,
A cloud across the sun is slow to pass.

Kerry O'Connor

Sonnets (2 poems)

Stolen Days (Shakespearean Sonnet)

A Summer day, the purple mountains bask
While a lake sees its mirror in the sky's face –
Two friends who perfectly reflect . They ask
No directions, park in an empty space
And watch a stormcloud sweeping up the dust
Of lonely farms – a perfect yellow day.
A day in Autumn, clothed in leaves of rust,
Driving in the ice-rimmed dawn of late May,
They taste red wine for breakfast, tipsy sips,
And lose their way down winding forest tracks.
Cigarette talk exhales from smoky lips,
Songs shared between them all the long way back.

(These days are stolen from the yearly store
They hold them close and hope for just one more.)

Kerry O'Connor

'I am one who sees through a glass darkly...' (Shakespearean Sonnet)

I am one who sees through a glass darkly
not expecting any face time with god
the world etches on my brass brain starkly
images of maggots beneath the sod

All that lives dies without help from above
mud and gore the inevitable fate
of Adam, no evidence that god is love
nor the crude antithesis: man is hate

Space is finite: side to side, down and up
science defies a man's levitation
doctors restore the dead to life's full cup
law courts provide a sinner's salvation

(You may think I'm reasoning like a child
since I have lived to see my faith defiled)

Kerry O'Connor

Poems inspired by Irish poets (2 poems)

A Middle-aged Woman Foresees Her Life

(Written in the style of WB Yeats: An Irish Air-man Foresees His Death
Four quatrains in Iambic Tetrameter)

When darkness comes I lie awake
And dream about a distant land,
I count the lives I will forsake
Before I build on foreign sand.
It seems so real, I smell the sea
And watch the lazy river glide
Beside the reeds, beneath the tree
A lover waits at eventide.
Yet sleep descends, at last it must,
Disturbing my reality
And all my dreams are turned to dust
Reason's eventuality.
The day resumes at sleepy dawn,
When I must wake and live again –
My vision dies upon the morn
That shreds the hope I can't retain.

Kerry O'Connor

Dividing Point, August 2009

(Written in the style of Louis
MacNeice: Meeting Point, April
1939)

Spring came back but I was gone,
Snowdrop shook a tentative bell –
All was silent in my heart –
Ringing out that all was well.
Spring came back but I was gone.

A smoky fire scrawled in the air,
A message clear from me to you –
Burnt away, ashen grey, my heart –
The signs all say my love was true.
A smoky fire scrawled in the air.

The moon was full in the Eastern sky,
A Trojan shield burnished bright –
You slashed your sword across my heart –
Before the battle, I lost the fight.
The moon was full in the Eastern sky.

Spring came back but you did not,
Swallows flew in from the desert North –
Love lies abandoned in my heart –
Sickle-wing'd, fork-tail'd, they all set forth.
Spring came back but you did not.

Kerry O'Connor

Villanelle (1 poem)

To Any Young Poety

Do not clutch your brow in
hopeless despair,
Young poets should dip quills in
dark blood's heart;
Ink lines of life on this true
parchment bare.

Your teachers froze your core with
their cold stare,
Their cutting words crippled your
dormant art;
Do not clutch your brow in
hopeless despair.

Dead Poets stand guard, they watch
with faithful care,
Send inspiration from their realm
apart:

Ink lines of life on this true
parchment bare.

The world has turned its back on
poetic flair,
Days there are when you know not
where to start –
Do not clutch your brow in
hopeless despair.

Embrace the Muse who whispers in
the air
Of passion, grief, sin – all will play
their part;
Ink lines of life on this true
parchment bare.

And you, my friend, whose words
defy compare,
Stamp your nonpareil verse on
freedom's chart.
Do not clutch your brow in
hopeless despair,
Ink lines of life on this true
parchment bare.
Kerry O'Connor

Free verse (4 poems)

Mountainrise

Let's walk
in the shadows
of the mountain
Barefoot ~
and wet grass
springing cleanly
beneath heel and toe
crushing green

And sleep
in the cradle
of this valley
Dreaming~
an eagle's cry
soaring free circles
feather, beak, claw
stretching air

Sing with me
water's many
dimpled song
Let's dance~

with speckled trout
ankles chilling
to finest bone
splashing gleams

We'll drink
newborn raindrops
freshly squeezed

wings

if Thoughts had wings
would mine

Fly
like Hawk or Sparrow

would my Ideas stretch across the open sky
like wandering Albatross

or remain confined
in a willow cage
like yellow
Canary

would my Hopes beat 100 times a second
faster than bejewelled Hummingbird

or circle like grey Vulture
lazy as dusty death
and never flap at all

would my Dreams skim low as Gull over the wet skin of oceans

or spiral high as Kestrel
summer

and when my Soul migrates to warmer climes
would my

Swallow-tailed Love
always return

to the same muddy nest under your restful eaves?

Kerry O'Connor

Taste again~
heaven on the tongue
and a cloudburst to
drench our clothes
melting hair

Kerry O'Connor

African Love Letters

African love letters
Are written in beads:
Love is a secret
Matter of the heart
Not to be put into words
But strung in multi-coloured
Strands of adornment.

My words are my needle
And love is the thread,
Each gleaming bead
A thought of you.

I will thread three rows
Of blue and white,
Inkankane nobumhlope
I will sing a song that will
Stay in my ears –

Then add a cross
Of red and white,
Intothoviyane
The tears of love will dry –

The border will be of ruby
Umlilwana
I love you so much -
Ngiyakuthanda kakhulu.

My poem is the letter
Of this secret love
Adorning my silent heart,
Each word a bright bead for you.
Kerry O'Connor

Waterscape

Waterscape

I escape over a causeway
of sounds
/textures/
/emotions/
to a place where water
reflects sky
/reflects/
/water/

and there is no turning back

I surrender my body to break
the surface
/plunge/
/submerge/
and dive through a prism of blue
wrinkled crêpe
/concentric/
/ribbons/
and there is no turning back

I swim beneath the surface of
Water clouds
/open-eyed/
/refraction/
between dark roots tangled
above and below
/cleansed/
/renewed/
I belong to no-one but the music
And there is no turning back
Kerry O'Connor

PLEASE NOTE:

- The quotes used in *Brigid of Ireland* were sourced on the internet, from the original legend.
- The African Traditional poem I have quoted at the beginning of *Waterbearer* is of an anonymous source.
- The words in italics used in *African Love Letters* are in IsiZulu, and have been loosely translated within the body of each stanza

Anthony is a member of the Tullamore Rhymers Club, a small group of local writers that write poetry among other genres of writing.

Anthony's speciality is lyrics for songs, and he has written for many local acts from the Mills Brothers to the Dunican Sisters, and has a few projects being considered by a small group of local writers that write poetry among other genres of writing.

He has been published in print and online, in the local press as well as in ezines such as Whisper n Thunder among others.

He contributed to the Spirit of Peltier tribute anthology, a second edition of which is in the planning stages as we write.

For this issue of Cartys Poetry Journal, Anthony has submitted along with his regular work, a series of Haiku, a new one for him for writing which he is showing himself to be adept at, as we expected.

www.anthonysullivan.biz



Love ;

- 1) *I have a picture
Of her smiling, beauty framed
Her heart beguiles me.*
- 2) *Two hugs, and counting
Ev'ry touch worth each lost breath
Breathlessness, come soon!*
- 3) *Her eyes are pillows
Upon which my dreams whisper
Reveal thy secrets.*
- 4) *Upon thy lips rest
The spark of passion's true flame
Thou art my desire.*

The Seasons

- 1;
*With one last, sharp bite
Winter leaves her reminder
Her farewell is brief.*
- 2;
*Grass, once green, turns red
Upon meeting Summer's kiss
As life must bring death.*
- 3;
*Small goodbyes begin
In hours of Fall's rusty hue
A time to greet all.*
- 4;
*As hope comes to bloom
Spring perfumes the world with fire
And passion awakens.*

The Elements;

- Water..
- As the river flows
Finding it's course in being
Each ripple is birth.*
- Wind...
- Dark winds rumble forth
Defeat the sun at midday
Not the unafraid.*
- Fire...
- The hearth, come twilight
The spell of time immortal
Be warm, friend, be warm.*
- Earth...
- The soil is man's soul
Demands his sweat, takes his blood
Honest rest is earned.*

Anthony Sullivan ::: Ireland

SOUNDINGS - A TRIBUTE

(To The Book And Those Therein)

Soundings, of spirit and of soul
Find freedom now, to travel faster and far
Beyond the shyness of a growing man
Scared to allow his dreams stretch for a star
But here, nearer September's sweeter scent
His skin, well-worn by the march of seasons
In each breath such soundings deepen
Unabridged by the blade of human treasons

T'is now those ancient masters speak
To no boy-soldier, timid outside their ranks
For cold mornings now reveal the journey
Show those lines of learning for little thanks
That as the hours grow into years, and slow
All thoughts of life as an unmastered rhyme
Are not the days most wasted when
No starlight brightens the passing hands of time?

Soundings of spirit and of soul
Great awakening of the seeker within
Eyes opened not to view the to and 'fro
But rejoice where tragedy might begin
That match, once struck, robs fear of it's darkness
Pierces the silence of the unspoken
Builds the boy into a soldier
Fueled by this courage; truth cannot be broken!

OUR MOONLIGHT SERENADE

Beneath a starlight symphony
Playing our moonlight serenade
The sky belongs to you and me
Tonight our dreams are on parade
Each secret wish at last revealed
While whispers of passion cascade
Beneath a starlight symphony
Playing our moonlight serenade

{ CHORUS }
Ev'ry breath lost is worth the cost
To all lovers on their crusade
And you bring breathlessness to me
When love is shown and love is made
During our moonlight serenade

The stars sparkle like our hearts beat
Dancing our moonlight serenade
We move in time 'til time's no more
Oh how your lips softly persuade
That all the world my arms could want
I hold in you, our promise made
While stars sparkle like our hearts beat
Dancing our moonlight serenade

{ REPEAT CHORUS X 2 }

Beneath a starlight symphony
We dance our moonlight serenade

{ REPEAT CHORUS }

How you bring breathlessness to me
During our moonlight serenade.

OLD - SOUL EYES

Could spend hours in your company
Forget the whole world while we chat
Darlin' you hold my attention
In as powerful a way as that

Ev'ry word draws me in further
To where the deeper mystery lies
And not even for a moment
Do my thoughts stray from your eyes

{ CHORUS }

Your old - soul eyes
So full of life's beauty and pain
They rival the sky for wonder
No two visits reveal the same
Can almost see your emotions
Begin to form and then burst free
So like clouds, shaped by heaven's breath
Your old - soul eyes are worlds to me

Ain't been a slow - burn kinda thing
Can still recall like yesterday
The first time I ever met you
And how I felt walkin' away

Took only the moment needed
For one heartbeat to realise
Just how much I wanted to know
What's behind those old - soul eyes

{ REPEAT CHORUS }

Your old - soul eyes
Like a map laid out before me
And I'm ready for the journey
To learn of scars that make you wise
Lend gentleness, to your old - soul eyes

{ REPEAT CHORUS }

Could spend hours in your company
Thoughts never once stray from your eyes
From your old - soul eyes
Ain't been a slow - burn kinda thing
Fell all at once into those eyes
Into your old - soul eyes

Your old - soul eyes.

Anthony's latest book *Pilgrim in the Heartland* can be got from his website at www.anthonysullivan.biz

Also online there are a selection of his works from the current and past book and some new writings.

Anthony writes also to help human rights campaigns such as Leonard Peltier, animal rights among other issues

Fred is a writer I was aware of before I came across him and made his acquaintance on the modern wonder that is Facebook.

We bring you a detailed outline of his life and works as supplied to us by the man himself, as well as some of his poems in both French and English!

He writes both in English and in French, and he runs the Western Writers Centre in Galway.

He is widely published in the French and Breton media for his writings in the French language, following in the ghostly footsteps of Joyce and Beckett!



Fred Johnstone (Ireland / France)

Born Belfast, Northern Ireland, Sept. 27th, 1951. Educated there and Toronto, Canada. Lived for a time in Spain and Africa. Educated St Malachy's College, Belfast. Moved to Dublin in 1968, Galway 1976. A new collection of stories is due from *Parthian* (Wales) in Spring 2011; 'Orangeman', a collection of stories in French, appeared from *Terre de Brume* (France) in October 2010.

Worked for some years as a fulltime journalist, writer and sub-editor: Irish Press, This Week magazine, (1970), Woman's Choice (Creation Grp, Dublin), and Belfast Telegraph (sub-ed.) Two years in public relations in Dublin: FOC here for a time and initiated the unionising of PR and Advertising outfit in Dublin. Edited *Westword* Magazine, Galway and, for a time, two literary pages in The Galway Advertiser, Galway.

Received *Hennessy Literary Award* for prose in 1972, judges V.S.Pritchett and James Plunkett. Received *Sunday Independent* Short Story and Poem of the Month awards in 1981 and 1982 respectively. Co-founded, with Neil Jordan and Peter Sheridan, The Irish Writers' Co-operative in the mid-Seventies. Has published four novels, eight collections of poetry (including *Browne*, a long poem, from Lapwing Poetry, and *True North*, Salmon Poetry, published April 1997), had three plays performed, one of which, *No Earthly Pole*, dealt with the ill-fated 1845 expedition of Sir John Franklin to discover a North-West Passage. This was produced by Punchbag Theatre, Galway, for the Galway Arts Festival. A collection of short stories, *Keeping The Night Watch*, published (1998). *Atalanta*, novel, published 2000. *Being Anywhere – New & Selected Poems*, published 2001 (Lagan Poetry, Belfast); *The Oracle Room* (Cinnamon Press, UK, 2007); *Northern Lights* – translations of the poems of Colette Wittorski (Lapwing Publications, 2009.) Literature Bursary, Arts Council of Northern Ireland, 2000; *Prix de l'Ambassade* 2000; Literature Bursary, Arts Council of the Republic, 2001 and other years.

Most recent novel, 'The Neon Rose,' based in the Paris legal world, was published by Bluechrome to acclaim from *The Irish Times*. New collection of poetry from Cinnamon, UK, 'The Oracle Room,' appeared October 2007. Poetry written in French has appeared in France in the following publications: *Jointure*, *HOPALA! (dernier numéro)*, *Revue Aero-Page*, *Aujourd'hui Poème*, *Fôret de Milles Poètes*, *Le Cerf-Volant* (Paris), *Éclats de Rêves*, *Ouste*, *In-Fusion*, *Le Grognard*, *Art et Poésie de Touraine*, *À Travers Champs*, *Portique*, *Tchatte* (sur le Web), *Le Journal à Sajat* (Paris.) *L'OuvreBoite*, *La Page Blanche* (en traduction),

Comme en Poésie, *Traction-Brabant*, *Poésie du Monde* (en ligne), *Temporel* (en ligne), *Verso et La Moulin de Poésie* (Saintes), *Le Capital des Mots* (en ligne), *Translation Ireland* (en français) et *Les Citadelles* (2005 – en traduction.)

Founder of Galway's annual international literature festival, CÚIRT, in 1986. Writer-in-Residence to the Princess Grace Irish Library at Monaco, 2004.

In the 'Eighties he wrote and broadcast for RTE Radio 1 a four-part series on the literary history of the West of Ireland. In 1983 he produced the cassette recording, 'Poets in the West,' featuring poets Gerald Dawe, Paul Durcan, the late Sydney Bernard Smith and his own work, with musicians Seán Ryan and the late flute-player, Charlie Brown. Poetry and short stories have been published widely, in this country, the US, Australia, Canada, broadcast by BBC radio, RTE, and BBC World Service. Poems have appeared, for example, in the TLS (Times Literary Supplement), The Financial Times, The Village, The Spectator, Studies, The Independent (London), The Sunday Times, The Irish Times, Irish University Review, Poetry Ireland; prose in The London Magazine, Stand, anthologised by Pan Books, and in The Literary Review (USA). Further information on published work can be supplied on request. Visits France regularly and has read and lectured there.

Main poetry reviewer with *Books Ireland* for many years; reviews poetry also for The Irish Times and The Sunday Tribune; books for The Irish Examiner, Cork, and visual arts for them also, as well as arts features; visual arts reviewer for The Sunday Times. Has reviewed also: Irish University Review, Harpers & Queen, Poetry Ireland Review. Interview pieces for Irish Music magazine. Also written for some time for RTE's 'Sunday Miscellany' and various arts programmes. Writes on occasion for *An Irishman's Diary*, in The Irish Times. Broadcast travel pieces for RTE Radio's Sunday Miscellany and 'The Quiet Corner,' for Lyric FM Radio (Ireland). Regular contributor and literary commentator on Irish radio.

Teaches Creative Writing at NUIG (Adult Education). Has given workshops on creative writing widely at a variety of literary and arts festivals. Edits a small Galway-based magazine. Has taught English as a foreign language. Keen interest in Classical and traditional Irish music; has recorded two albums with *Parsons Hat* and two solo albums. Founded and organiser of Kinvara Writers' Group. Founder of the Western Writers' Centre – *Ionad Scríbhneoirí Chaitlín Maude* – based in Galway (www.twwc.ie)

LE PORT

C'est pas difficile
D'être
Un homme qui croit
En les mensonges

En effet, c'est plus simple:
Un filet
Des mensonges
S'envole dans l'air fluide

La vérité met
Un cache-sexe; les marins
Macabres
Cherchent à talons pour son cul

Le prix de départ
Est aussi
L'indemnité de la vie chère
Dans le port de la lâcheté.

BÉNÉDICTION

Une carafe
sur une table impeccable,
plein de l'eau
plein d'une lumière brillante -

ta main
sur mon front,
plein de charme,
plein de grâce salutaire -

un petit pruneau
dans les doigts
d'un enfant innocent -
un arlequin de la guerre et la moquerie.

CARDIAQUE

Il y a beaucoup de jeunes dans la salle cardiaque,
Et le soleil est toujours dans les arbres -

Nous avons peur dans la salle cardiaque,
Mais les médecins ne nous regardent pas -

Le soleil est dans les arbres et sur le toit noir,
La lune fait un examen de rayons X -

Nous sommes perdus dans la salle cardiaque:
il y a beaucoup de larmes sous les arbres vasculaires.

HARBOUR

It's not hard
being a man who believes in lies

Actually, it's simpler:
a net of lies
casting into the shifting air

Truth iwears
a G-string: dodgy sailors
in high heels
reaching for her backside

The price of leaving
Is also
compensation for the good life
in the comfort of cowardice.

BLESSING

A jug of water
on a well-laid table,
full of water
full of gleaming light

your hand
on my brow,
charming,
full of a sturdy grace*

a little bullet
in the fingers
of an innocent child,
a clown of war and mockery.

** in French, grâce can also mean charm.
There's a little wordplay in the original*

HEART TROUBLE

There are lots of young people in the cardiac
ward
And the sun is always in the trees -

We're scared of the cardiac ward
But the doctors don't even look at us -

The sun is in the trees and on the black roof
The moon creates an X-ray picture -

We are lost in the cardiac ward
There are lots of tears under the veiny trees.

Dinesh Sairam (India)



A finance student by profession; Budding Chartered Accountant. An internet devil (Ex-Amateur hacker) and a sucker for good music. Michael Jackson, Pink Floyd, Sting and AR Rahman mostly cover my interest in music.

I started off with poetry as a means of killing boredom. Gradually, it became a grand passion. I've realized that poetry is the ultimate art form and have dedicated my interests to it.

I usually write in rhyme and rhythm. Gothic, Free verse are some genres that I gave up on. Favorite genres being Romanticism, Nature and Haikus.

Dinesh Sairam Tiruchirapalli, India

<http://www.writerscafe.org/DineshThePoet>

INTERVIEW:

Who is the best poet?

William Shakespeare

John Keats

PB Shelley

Sylvia Plath

Emily Dickinson

Robert Frost

Rudyard Kipling

Milton

WB Yeats

Walt Whitman

Leaves

I wish leaves never fell on the ground,
And make a constant rustling sound.

Albeit in a melody,
They should not be disturbing me;

They bring me back sad memories,
It's simply not the nature of leaves.

But I think the ones in trees are good,
Because they do not change my mood.



A Loners Dream

I was once looking away
Into the blinding horizon,
Sitting by myself,
Nobody to hold.

Crimson sun loved to sink
Into the lasting lake,
And then far into
The hides of my heart.

Birds would often flutter
Along my mind,
Only to perch somewhere
In the branches of my thoughts!

Crowded streets of dawn
Usually left me alone,
Thousand faces with smiles,
Strangers who don't know me.

Delicacies of the night,
One silver moon shy,
Street lights still alive,
Blinking and Blinking..

Nothing being more poetic
Than a beggar's sleep,
Whose torn clothes and heart,
They lay silent in peace.

Millions of questions on life,
If ever only one was answered
Things would now be different,
Somethings skewed, locked in place.

If I ever had a dream,
I wish it could come true
And I would dwell amongst abodes,
A loner and a dreamer, just once!

Ariels Wedding Song

Ariel at a wedding

His maiden is a flower,
Decorating the hour;
When these lovers live too close,
Then she's all a springing rose!
Angels and muses from above,
Forever envy their love.
Sitting under sunlight's spell,
Only this poor Ariel,
Ringing notes so loud and sharp:-
Good tones of this aeolian harp;
What would my sweet music be,
If you would not sing with me;
Sing with me this song,
Come along!

Ariel's not a poet,
Just a musician, but-
Playing a harp in a tune,
Conducted for them alone.
There's a magic in the air,
Making the surroundings fair;
Much to please the groom and bride,
Walking by Ariel's side.
To love is to never tell,
Tells this very Ariel:
Words are not with which they feel,
Their hearts are but ideal;
Sing this all day long,
Come along!

Faded Blues

Love must leave us soon,
And Lovers' hearts alone.
And we can think in peace,
Those faded memories;
Anything fair and blue,
Is dying quick or gone;
So pick a flower or two
And carry them back home

A Dying Rose Is Glad

The budding roses are red
In nature's greenish bed.
During summer showers,
They surpass to flowers;
The roses old and calm,
Become the golden balm.
When all of rain is had,
A dying rose is glad.

They Come, Rescue My Thoughts

The skies when filled with the stars
The moon when moonlight is sparse,
They kiss the motions of the heart;
They come rescue my thoughts.

The cuckoo sings to belong
And still the nighttime is long
When song of cuckoo it starts,
They come rescue my thoughts.

The roses move in a sway;
The winds are blowing this way;
And odors of roses are caught,
They come rescue my thoughts.

The night is silent in rest
And drinks from the nature's breast
Myself when dissonance brought,
They come rescue my thoughts.

Religion and Science

Some follow religion,
Some are for science.
I will choose none,
Nor, opinions.
And I am confused,
At which I should choose;
And, because science teaches,
Apple falls from trees;
Religion only preaches
Of Adam and Eve.
Yet, if someone should ask me,
I'll tell them of gravity;
And that, even if they are two,
They are one and same;
I think it's just the point of view
Or a matter of name.
And from what I've known of men,
And half of Newton,
I might guess what will happen:
As religion outwears appliance,
It will change it's name to science.

Tonight

So we'll just keep loving to-night;
Where the best of loneliness be.
The winds will be moving to-night,
But not sweet more than you and me.

The night is lover's weather,
When they long to meet together;
So we should be close tonight,
Speaking things and sharing delight.

Time will be a-dying tonight,
And mornings come too soon;
So we'll just be lying to-night,
Gazing all night at the moon.

Maybe by the lake, we could rove,
And all our pleasures prove,
Or feel everything of love's thrill;
But we'll do so, by being still.

We'll be lovers yet, to-night;
Our beats in one moving tonight.
We may then forget to-night,
But we'll just keep loving tonight!

Gathering Flowers

I always pick Flowers from some tree,
And in my hands will let them be;
Be it a hobby,- or a theft,
I gather until none is left;
Be them bright, or unusually duller,
It's just a Matter of the Color;
Or on sad moods, their pretty scent
That wish me well with Good-time spent;
Or someday in the night-time cold,
I grasp them with a tighter hold;
But all these along with a smile,
Enough for them to last awhile,
And then beside me, let them fade,
Making no Profit Off the Trade.--
Of-course, I seldom feel guilty,
But they are useless in a tree,
So, let them be inside my Hands,
Far better than in Stools or Stands;
And is it not of Nature's Plan,
That Flowers are also made for Man?

About Fehredin Shehu

Born in Rahovec, South East of Kosova, in 1972. graduated at Prishtina University, Oriental Studies. M.A. in Literature.

Actively works on Calligraphy discovering new mediums and techniques for this specific for of plastic art.

Published books:

- NUN- collection of mystical poems, 1996 author's edition,
- INVISIBLE PLURALITY- Poetical prose, 2000, author's edition
- NEKTARINA- Novel, Transcendental Epic, 2004, publishing House, Rozafa Prishtinë- project of Ministry of Culture Sport and Youth of Kosova
- ELEMENTAL 99- Short poetical mystical stories, 2006, Center for positive thinking, Prishinë
- KUN- collection of transcendental lyrics, 2007, Publishing House LOGOS-A, Skopje, Macedonia

Issues on papers and magazines:

Essays in daily paper ZERI, Prishtinë,
Essays in daily paper LAJM, Prishtinë,
Essays in daily paper GAZETAEXPRESS, Prishtinë,
Essays in daily paper ILIRIA POST, Prishtinë,
Columns and essays on weekly paper JAVA, Prishtinë,
Poetry on Magazine of Center for Humanistic studies
GANI BOBI, Prishtinë
Essays on Journal "Oriental Studies", Kosova
Orientalist's Association.
Poetry in Magazine STAV- Tuzla, Bosnia and Herzegovina
Poetry in Magazine ZIVOT- Sarajevo, Bosnia and Herzegovina
Poetry in Magazine ULAZNICA- Zrenjanin, Vojvodina
Poetry in Magazine URRRA- Tirana, Albania
Poetry in Magazine POETA- Belgrade, Serbia
Poetry in Magazine, ISTANBUL LITERARY REVIEW,
Istanbul, Turkey
Poetry in Magazine, MOBIUS MAGAZINE, New York
Poetry in Magazine OBELISK, Tirana, Albania
Essays in electronic magazine SEGURAWEB, Holland
Essays in electronic magazine GAZETA START, Albania
THE WORLD POETS QUARTERLY (multilingual)
VOLUME No. 58
THE WORLD POETS YEARBOOK 2009
Poetry in www.balkanwriters.com
The Book of Poetry E-Book in www.ronopress.org, London
The book of Poetry in Nadwah Press, Hong Kong http://www.arabicnadwah.com/englishpoetry/fahredin_shehu.htm
Poetry Romanian version <http://orientul-meu.blogspot.com/2010/11/asa-grait-tamara.html>
Poetry in English on The Sound of Poetry Review <http://thesoundofpoetryreview.wordpress.com/2010/04/26/fahredin-shehu-kosovar-poet/>
Poetry at <http://www.mediterranean.nu/?p=1794>
Articles in www.worldbulletin.com
Articles in www.newropeansmagazine.com



Participations:

Exhibition of Calligraphies in Cairo, Egypt, 2004
Sarajevo 44th Poetry Meeting, Sarajevo 2005
Congress on 600th anniversary of the work of Abdurrahman Ibn Khaldun, Cairo, Egypt, 2006
Meeting for the ethnic minority rights, European Parliament, Bruxelles, 2006
Exhibition of paintings and calligraphies at the Ministry of Culture and Tourism, Cairo Egypt, 2007
Participation on the Congress on 800th anniversary of a Persian Poet RUMI, organized by UNESCO/Albania and Saadi Shirazi Foundation, Tirana
Participation at the International conference on Identity and building bridges, Canakkale, Turkey
Debates on national KTV, RTK, TV BESA, TV 21
Artists Profile "KULT", "AVENY" on RTK Public Broadcaster
Interviews for all nation wide Electronic Media and Press
Translated in English, Serbian, Croatian, Bosnian, Roma, Swedish, Turkish, Arabic, Romanian
Ambassador of Poets to Albania by Poetas del Mundo, Santiago de Chile
Works in Administration of Radio Television of Kosova RTK

Fehredin Shehu
(Kosovo / Kosove)

Charged circle

"Black"

Empty cans No liquid evaporated

In the air full of pride

Polluted grains of soul

Lost their consistency

Pure fluids of light

Erupts as marshmallow bombs

Death squad penetrates deeply

Aiming to meet Anubis

A Tsunami whirled its wish

Passion and glutton declared independence

The dream of becoming a parallel nation

To co-habit with leukemia of creativity

A sex drive 4x4 retired

A crippled veteran of passion

Bags for the mercy of soulless utilitarian army of human entity

Better said plankton a homo-plankton of miserable creatures

Even worms and larva are disgusted by our hatred

Fecal, a skunk of fear

An eclipse of love that spans for ages

From birth to death

A spectrum displays its ripeness

Ejaculates liberty as blast

A dazzling dance of shaped and amoeboid forms of manifestation

Truth

Bitter the honey with suffer

Powder a chamomile with royal jelly and ginseng

All of sudden a wind blows

Spores of the old pines

"White"

The soul of parallel nation of Angeloid

Is striving pleasure of life?

Lives now

Perpetually woofs a rainbow muslin with the divine light

Inter-woofed dress

Newborn immaculate fellows

Perfuming

Oh those smell of paradise

Mint, Neroli, Oakmoss, Amber

A bouquet of divine pleasure

And Acacia kissed by a queen bee

Yes the queen of Enneagram

Of course

The work produces sweet essences

Oh Sarmouni of our Millennia

Melt the cataract-ic lance so they may see the beauty

Heal the flu so they may smell fresh ozone

A charged circle of light and love
Overwhelm
Remove the pulp from the reed
So may divine tune perform light?
Tao
May be your torchbearer
In the dark valley and by then you may see a
spectrum
That encircles an infant fear
For an eternal life
Yet I kiss that that time sequence
Where Jin and Jang harmoniously co-habit
I a Feng Shui of Love
Defragmenter of hate's files
Zipper of dark matrixes
Arranger
So you may know they do exists
So you try them in order to enjoy the sweetness of
life's honey
In this porcelain valley
Where goodness and mischief
Hand in hand are gliding furiously
Alas pure the morning with dew of love
Oxidize hate with apple vinegar
Sing to celebrate both solstices and have a cup of
vine
That swoon you
That filters all starry
Cells of brain and ganglia

Perfume her navel with rosewater and kiss, kiss,
kiss
Do a divine Tantra
With all visible and invisible and semi-visible spirits
Kiss topaz of her eyes
Kiss ruby of her heart
Kiss diamond of her nail
Kiss cooper of her feet ankle
Kiss jade of her bones
Kiss sapphire of her cells
And a flame-y waterfall of hair
And a silky pubic...
Oh...kiss and kiss and kiss whatever belongs to her
Make her a necklace
With your purest and noblest spermatozoids
Then call her as you wish
Wisdom, Hikmah, Sophia
Or simply Goddess that makes you Angeloid.

Teardrop of a golden fig

I'm the flower sweetest among flowers
Protected by snakes on a Plexus Solaris
As a treasure of wisdom dormant
That opens from within

When the sun says its quatrain
In the midday pondering existence
Warms my heart full of tiny pearls
For necklace of SOPHIA eternal

I melt my sugar as a teardrop
To cure the wounds of past suffers
Leaking on your body between two breast
To sleep in the hole of the navel

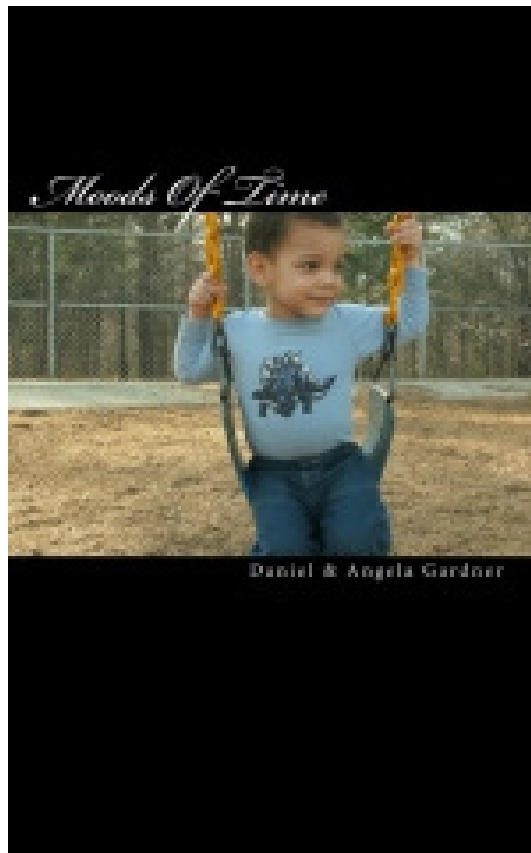
For another thousand years

White roses

Open my chest
If you want to see
The rod of heaven's river
While it strains in its bed
Where the white roses swim



Moods of Time (book review)



The data:

Buy Online:
<https://www.createspace.com/3469633>

Publication Date:
Aug 19 2010

ISBN/EAN13:
1453703241 / 9781453703243

Page Count:
100

Binding Type:
US Trade Paper

Trim Size:
5" x 8"

This is a collection of poems. Mostly made up of works written by Daniel & Angela Gardner. A number of other poems were donated by Ten members writerscafe.org. The poems donated were selected from the winners of a contest held on that website. This book was made in order to show case talent while raising money to support Seth M. Gardner.

Seth was a 3yr old who was undergoing chemotherapy to treat a rare brain tumor. Only found in under thirty people in the U.S.A as of 2000. Only one is known to be living other then Seth at the time of this publication. Also most of the money raised will be donated to a cancer research program to help aid in the research of PNET brain tumors.

Sadly, Seth passed away lately. This book is a fine tribute to his memory, and hopefully will raise money for a worthy project.

Further volumes are planned.

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh ::: Ireland

www.writingsinrhyme.com

A Poet Contemplates No More Travelling

To where have I not travelled yet
In warmer, or colder climes
Destinations which I am set
To go in forthcoming times
And walk their roads under the sun
That shines and scorches on all
Or a shower of rain begun
I shall refuge seek from the squall.

This world unseen to open eyes
Shall be seen in times to come
Unveiled to the walkers surprise
Its much the same as where he's from
For man is man and hills are but
Hills, though some are great and more small
Some steep, so steep, so hard to climb
And others are not so at all.

And people are but people, deep within
Of different tongues, each speak
Men are but bone covered by skin
We find it so if so we seek.
We want to others understand
Their customs, music to have known
The only lesson we will learn
Theirs it is the same as our own.

All men both they laugh and they cry
Their sounds they are the very same
The language of all, it is why
A baby speaks the first that came
To help mankind communicate
The last sounds of old Babylon
Tongue; confused by God so irate
At mankind's arrogance upon

Which he said no more could they try
One tongue to speak, or Heaven to
Try to climb, and the Knowledge by
Which they built their Tower and rue
Through confused tongues evermore

Walk each others lands, try to talk:
Fools such as I on foreign shore
Among other nations lands walk

To understand and marvel at
What is the same outside my door
When I the tourist realize that
Ill never travel anymore.
And I shall lie, and old old man
And rest on pillow my aged head
Draw my breath as long as I can
After which the wanderers dead.

Words Written While Listening to Moonlight Sonata

As if the gods were striking the strings
The air the piano plays
And I listening am transported
Back to former slower days
When the world was better and people purer
For all the faults we know they had
And I look at the world and its woes
And its greed and I am sad.

It is strange that, to think
In, when the music was written, it was
Looked down on to be proud and vain
The sin of Pride was frowned on because
Not just it was in the Bible written
But in the Principle people actually believed
Usury too was taboo
As a way others were deceived.

And as the music slowly fades
The frantic beats of Trance I hear from a car...
And after it the aggro of some rap track
I drift again from the here and now far
To the tinkling of the piano strings
By the fingers to the notes that softly strike the keys
And I linger on the thoughts and longings
Of a world of more honesty, peace and ease

Don't Box With God

Young man, young man, your arm's too short to box with God.

~James Weldon Johnson

You may may dance like butterflies
And no pain you may feel
That will make you shirk a blow
Or the pain you may conceal
So that others there watching
See you jab through day and night
And they may at you wonder
How you keep the energy for the fight.

But there is one fight that you desire
That you will not win
That is the final judgment
When appraised will be your sin
And the others there watching
See you argue how you were right
And they at you may wonder
How with God himself you fight

But He will have the final say
No matter what excuses to him you bring
He is the opponent, and the referee
Who will cast you from the ring
And the others at you will be watching
And they will pity you as a poor sod
A young man who foolishly believed
His arms long enough to box with God.

Life To His Kind Was A Game of Chance

Tom Reilly was my mothers uncle, and he fought in the US and the British Army in WWI and WWII respectively, losing his legs and arms in Dunkirk, he died in military hospital in 1953 or so.

He had two sons by a German girl to whom he was married, she died in childbirth and he gave the kids to her parents to be brought up.

Adventures sake
Brought the young sons of Erin
Into uniform

Thoughts of great glory
Among shot and shell in hell
Of the battlefield

To return to home
To kisses of loved ones
And relieved mothers

As hero's of old
Of whom they heard as children
At their mothers knee.

It was not to be
So many fell wounded and dead
The latter lucky.

A few unscathed bar
A shrapnel wound to the leg
A bootload of blood.

Some found love and lust
In Fräuleins welcoming arms
Seduced by victors.

To fight yet again
Same side, a new uniform
Maybe faced their own sons.

Their own flesh and blood
Under enemies high flag
As Germans were raised.

Hiding maybe the fact
That their fathers they were from
The enemies side

And as proud Aryan
Uniform they wore and fought
For land and for blood.

Germanys honour
Faith, Fuher and flag, they stood
Listened to Hitler

Hiding the fact that
No German were they but were
Half one of the Gael

And with weapons they faced
The fire of the enemy
One who was father

But father does not
Matter to such men of arms
Who fight for Fuher

Sometimes I
I think of those two young boys
Raised by grandparents

In a Rhine banks shop
Their mother who died in birth
So the boys could live

To hold guns to fight
And to face their own father
On a field of battle.

Strange... such it is life
Its twists and its turns weave odd
Patterns in lives.

Writers Cafe.org Poetry Competition

We had a poetry competition at the website WritersCafe.org, and here we publish some of the submissions.



The Manor House entrance is gated and secure
Behind lies the magical garden of perfect ness
So envied by many, and loved by more
Beckoning Rhododendron, so pretty in bloom.

Driving down the Laurel lined driveway
So tall and elegant are these trees
At the end lies the Buxus, so perfectly manicured
Topiary, the new art décor of the quintessential English garden.

Entering the maze full of lines of 7 foot high conifers
All twisting and turning
Leading to the centre of this amazingly green maze
To the Maple, full of redness with its awesome coverage of leaves.

The Manor House stands majestically
With its sculptured Buxus in the form twirls
So handsome and elegant, so lovingly created
Awaiting the guests to inspect their beauty.

We don't have her full name, but JaneyB of WritersCafe.org is the featured poet from the contest.

This is the overview she sent us of her as a writer:

“Well, I have wanted to write for years. At my friends funeral wake last year, I met the Minister's husband who told me he

wrote. After chatting for a while I felt encouraged to give it a go, and write something. After all life is too short.

I hadn't a clue what I wanted to write about. Then one day that week, I just sat down and started, and my first piece was

"A day in the life of Zoe". I loved writing it, and feel free when I write, a wonderful feeling.

"Absence diminishes mediocre passions and increases great ones, as the wind extinguishes candles and fans fires." (François de La Rochefoucauld)

My addiction is strong
Like the stark robin's song
Saddled with the weight of time
As the ripples disperse and embrace the rhyme.
In my heart there's a fire that craves your cruel dark
It's dying, but trying to rekindle your spark.
An ocean of lust, the embers of trust
As you bequest my sweet fix, with an addicts soft kiss.

The stars in array, as the moonlight compels
Whispering sweet nothings, I'm enslaved by your spell
For your taste, and embrace, for your lingering touch
To hold, and satiate, to soothe as I clutch,
To your kind side, as you fight my request
But to feed my addiction, you'll acquiesce
And surrender your toxins, to strengthen my plight
As I bask in addiction, a harrowing sprite.

When you are gone I falter, a mere breeze in this life
Staggering to find you, to redress my dark strife
Longing for your breath, as it caresses my neck
Your music empowers, like a four string quartet.
But you always return, to strangle my heart
To seethe my addiction, your fatal black art.
You give in to my kiss, to inspire the flames
To reignite my heart. My addiction is tamed.

My Quake

By "Revolutionary @ WritersCafe.org

I placed one bare hand on the ice. Winter slapped me as the frigid ice rejected the pulse of warm blood flowing through my fingers and sent me face first on to the frozen lake. I placed the hand still wearing a glove on the ice this time. Using both hands I hoisted myself and retrieved my missing glove. There I stood alone on a puzzle shaped piece of ice. I peered across the lake of broken pieces at the people clinging to random chunks. Others were frailing in the freezing waters as their bodies began to stiffen from hypothermia. on the shore many watched in horror as some dove in to the frigid waters to save their loved ones in vein. Despair overwhelmed me as I began to panic. I closed my eyes and took one deep chilling breath to help calm myself. A moment within that breath I just knew that when I opened my eyes the lake would be a solid sheet of glass with a hole in it just a few feet away. My tip up flag would be waving in a light December wind, and the biggest fish you ever seen on the end of that hook. My puzzle piece cracked as the icy water bubbled violently above ten inches of trembling ice. I opened my eyes to the chaos around me. The screams of desperation. The frantic efforts to rescue the doomed souls now floating face down or trapped on a shingle of shattering space. I wanted to move, wanted to help. I tried to reach out, but it was as if the shingle of ice was crawling up my legs and through my flesh. I was as solid as stone, staring into the eyes of a tiny child. Might she be some sort of Medusa. One glance at her sad little eyes will leave you an ice sculpture.

Sam Thomas (Ostensible Truth on all sites)

Sam is a writer from the UK, and writes about what he sees around him. He has a different view of the world to most, and incorporates this into his poetry. He has written for many years and has a diverse range of styles, from traditional to modern.

links –

www.writerscafe.org/Ostensible%20Truth/

www.ostensible-truth.blogspot.com/

Through the panic and devastation she stared at me. Her pink bubble coat unbuttoned and exposing a fire inside her naked chest. Her little feet blue from standing barefoot on the ice. She reached for me and just like that she was in my arms. She never left her ice piece or touched the water yet she was soft and warm in my arms. I held her tightly and whispered that it would be fine, and she replied. She did not reply with words. Instead there were visions. The lake calmed and the ice melted. The surface was warm liquid. The little girl and I stood on the water and watched the flag pop up in the distance. We both ran across the surface of the water laughing and tugging at each other as we raced to the tip up. She helped me net the humongous muskie. A true trophy fish. I had only dreamed of a trophy like this. What a fighter he was. I noticed the child's look of disappointment and I realized I did not need this trophy fish. I placed the gigantic trophy below the surface of the lake and watched it swim away. The little girl smiled and her voice entered my head. As the silent lake froze again beneath my feet she told me that I am merely a heart string mending a hole in the tapestry.

I now realize that I can not shatter the ice or melt into the lake. I will never save the world, or conquer death. Most of all I realize that trophies are worth nothing if you do not cherish the experience that earned them.

The puzzle piece that I now share with this unknown child is giving in to the thunderous quake that now moves all of earth, but I am not scared because I am wrapped in the arms of the future, and she is pure burning light.

One day in spring this lake will thaw,
to reveal the bloated bodies of us all.
some faces will be twisted with a parting scream
others will be placid as their souls remain serene
Scientist will research what anomaly happened here
and this beautiful lake will be feared by all
as it turns to ice next year
My remains never to be found
Because for me this is only a dream
But when my day of judgment is abound
my face will be placid my soul serene.

My name is Tonya Overstreet. I live in Hale, MI. where I run a creative writing class for elementary kids. I am inspired by their imaginations. I also find inspiration in the beautiful lake that is the center of life in my community. I watch the lake change with the seasons.

Roibeard McElroy ::: Ireland

Roibeard Mc Elroy is a poet, activist and writer. He keeps a travel blog, and also publishes poetry online, and in the local press in Ireland.

<http://meltthecelt-insightsofachameleon.blogspot.com/>

*“Every old man I see,
Reminds me of my father,
When he'd fallen in love with death...”*

- Kavanagh “In Memory of my Father”

We all remember the famous words of the poem, one we learned by heart in school, but back then few of us paused to take in the emotion of the poem, seeing it as many poems are seen by students as just another verse to learn off for the exam and missing the sheer beauty of the verse.

Many poets write of the passing of a loved one, be it a parent of a spouse, and this month, our regular contributor Roibeard McElroy joins their ranks, writing of his own father who passed away just before Christmas, on the Winter Solstice to be exact!

From his travel blog, we with his permission reproduce his Gods of the Neale post, with accompanying verse.

This island of ours has such history and culture, which one only comes to see if they, like Roibeard, take the time out to actually go around and visit it, bit by bit.

In time, as with many who travelled this island before and took the time to record it for posterity, these blogs and poems may provide a window into a past forgotten or unknown nationally, but recorded for all time by a wandering poet, with a soul of the ancients...



From the web

– www.mythicalireland.com

Aoir le Cairbre ar Bhreas

(At the beginning of The Second Battle of Moy Tuireadh, a traveling poet, Cairbre, visits the court of Bress, king of the gods, and is denied due hospitality. The next morning Cairbre rises and topples Bress from his throne with this poem. The tale is thus not only the primary myth of the duty of hospitality, but the basic myth of the power of poets.)

**Gan cholt for criabh ceireine
gan geart fearbú fora n-asad aithrinni
gan adhbhai fhir iar ndrúbaí díasoirchí
gan díl daimhe reisse ropsain Breisse
Ní fil a mhaín trá Breisse**

2. Cairbre's Satire on king Bress

**Without food quick on a platter
without fresh milk for a calf to grow on
without lodging for a man when night prevails
without sweetness for men of art - such is (the like) of Bress
No longer is prosperity Bress's.**

"The 'Gods of the Neale' monument"

One of the most intriguing monuments that I've seen on my travels around many places in Ireland, is the "Gods of the Neale" monument in the village of the Neale, south Mayo, between Ballinrobe and Cong. I first encountered it by pure chance in 2003 (though I had been been to the area up to twenty times previous to that, I ironically never knew of its existence). It's one of those coincidences that I talk about in my book about the Languedoc and Rennes-le-Chateau, and is an example of synchronicity falling into place at the right time!

Located on the estate of Lord Kilmaine (John Browne) who moved to Mayo in the late 1500's and then settled around the Neale; it is a type of stepped pyramid-like monument with a central carving, depicting three figures: a Griffin (a mythological creature from antiquity), a horse and an angel. Beneath it is a long, slightly faded - like the way porcelain fades in time - medieval inscription carved in medieval writing, clearly referring to something way back in the far distant past. It refers to a Diana Ffeale (a possible synonym for the goddess Danu of the magical Tuatha De Danann from mythology!) but probably Diana should be split up into two words Dia na and hence Dia na Feile in the Gaelic, would render a meaning: "Gods of Welcome"; the naming of the Neale derived from this; the God Conginus (from whom Cong got its name) and Lugh, the Sun god from our mythology – Lugh of the Long Hand (who it's believed was buried at the Long Stone of the Neale (a Standing Stone in the area!). One possible interpretation of the carved inscription, could be that it is signifying, that the place was at the very least an ancient Druidic Grove.



From Left to right: A horse, an angel and a Griffin, to which the Bardic Searcher is pointing.

Where the picture gets muddled and befuddled, is

the fact, that the monument is unknown outside the locality and according to local tradition, the monument was found in a nearby cave and the person then engraved it for posterity. The inscription, is dated 1745 as its signature, at the end of the narrative. The clear inference is, the narrator and chronicler, wanted to preserve the knowledge and memory of something significant about the area for posterity. (Assuming the whole thing isn't an elaborate joke on the part of someone at that time; such as an associate or colleague of the then Lord Kilmaine in 1745!).

PROBABLE AUTHENTICITY AND IMPORTANCE ATTACHED TO THE AREA

But to throw weight on the side of it being authentic, and a genuine allusion by the narrator and carver, to something very significant about the place and the area, is the fact that the area is steeped in mythology and megaliths. No less than William Wilde (father of Oscar) had a house in the area, explored and studied it at length, which he documented in his beautiful book "My own true Corrib". He was convinced the megaliths proved our mythology to be true and that the area was the staging post for one of the Battles of Moytura between the Fir Bolg and the Tuatha De Danaan. To digress, there is a huge cairn nearby in the Neale called Eochaidh's Cairn, believed to be the burial cairn of Eochaidh, the last Fir Bolg king killed during the battle and there is also the second biggest cairn in Connacht – Ballymacgibbon Cairn – where it's believed the battle started! Perhaps the "Gods of the Neale" is in some way tied into the battle or could it depict something even more ancient? Around Cong, for instance, there are many subterranean galleries and caverns, and the bizarre natural phenomenon, to be seen in Cong, of the "Rising of the Waters", when the lake, Loch Mask, suddenly shoots up from its underground cavern for about ten metres before going back underground! The area is a hot bed for mystery and phenomena!

Perhaps it was no accident that this Lord Browne, set up shop and planted his estate here? Perhaps he established a Masonic lodge, or was aware of the significance of the place, and was doing covert searches and explorations himself?! All of this is conjecture, as the monument has never been studied or analysed, as I've earlier said! But one thing I'm certain about: the monument called the "Gods of the Neale" is for me, one of the most bizarre, perplexing and intriguing monuments in the country and is a great example of hidden Ireland. It

needs to be studied and investigated deeply!



Esoteric moment at the "Gods of the Neale"; one of the most intriguing monuments I've found in Ireland.

"The Gods of the Neale":

Where fires of truth burn magma
and myth in cerebral fusion
some sage has carved without stigma
the silver plinth in his infusion?

Hidden Ireland hath many claimants
of hidden treasures many suitors
but one perplexes like a book of payments
and intrigues the most abstract tutor

Where lakes vibrate as they gleam
sweet Conn, Corrib and Mask;
what writers, wordsmiths, speak eloquent
of the Scarab Beetle in its cask?
Near the 'Plains of Moytura' ancient
the 'Pilgrim of mysteries' is sentient!

Who were the 'Gods of the Neale':
of some Elder race the remnants
like the Tuatha De Danaan regal?!
What artist with carved pennants
came but to auction the Eagle?

Or were they but fallen idols
toppled by unknown tremors?
Are the Griffons mere symbols
the wax of long lost candles?
Did they have coats of many armours
more evolved than Neolithic farmers?

The 'Gods of the Neale' monument
'tween Ballinrobe and Cong, Mayo -
pounds my brain like a sharp instrument
Long lost Gods, Angels, Elders, who know?!



The Fun and Blessings of Reminiscence

- **Roibeard Mc Elroy**

Fun and glad tidings I'll concentrate on; the medley of good cheer I'll sing in this piece. Much like reggae musicians often reminisce of events in the past, so my childhood tolls its far distant bells now. Much like the bards would sing, record and chronicle memories and events for future generations, I'll also do in this piece of memorabilia.

I remember Dad, when the TV Series, *Kung Fu*, would come around, every Saturday evening, we'd never miss it cometh rain, hail or snow! Before it started and after it finished, we'd rehearse and practice every scene and move; normally, I was Kung Fu and you were the enemy. We'd jump and leap like two Ninja or Samurai imitators – so much so, we could have auditioned for a part in the series or *The Seven Samurai*. I remember Dad, when we watched the classic and cult cowboy series, *Alias Smith and Jones*, just like with *Kung Fu*, I'd say: "Dad, let's do Alias Smith and Jones" and so again, we'd recreate all the fervour, adventures and shenanigans they got up to! The craic was mighty!

And then there was sport, Dad! I remember we'd recreate Muhammed Ali's famous fights. I was Muhammad and you were the opponent. It still amazes me the energy you had and the attention you gave; I really kept you on your toes, excuse the pun! And in this you were a very loving father, as I worked all the moves, and you let me dance and move and dream that I was Muhammed Ali in the movies and winning the world title!

I remember all the Michael O'Hehir gaelic games commentaries that you recorded – so much so I would imitate them, imagening that I was Michael O'Hehir himself! I would repeat all the descriptions, all the witticisms, all the picturesque images he would convey, all the excitement and drama, even the pitch and tone of his voice, as if I were doing some 'Method acting' and had totally taken on his persona! A child's innocence but you knew how to bring it out! You know how to extract it like extracting iron ore or a mineral from subterranean depths, which hitherto hadn't been dug or plunged into. You had the innate intrinsic knowledge of the workings of a child's mind.

I remember Dad, all the Irish music, ballads, country music, you taped and archived (I don't know if you

realised it, but this got my ear in tune to the Irish Ballad and Folk Song, many of which I'd often later sing and perform as an adult. It was a remarkable music archive you had - as extensive as a Ciaran MacMathuna or Cathal O'Shannon archive, I dare say! I couldn't have got a better schooling or inside track on Irish music, ballads, folk music etc.

And then as an adult, I remember, the Sporting Memories – that June day in 1990, when we ran onto the road like headless chickens, leaping and whooping after Dave O'Leary put the ball in the Rumanian net during the penalty shoot in Italy '90. I remember the following year in 1991, when I came in after the All-Ireland final, which Down had just won, and I uttered a delirious whoo-hoo like a town crier coming into a town for the first time, and from the dining room, you replied in cue as a refrain. And then we talked and analysed the match, and how it reminded you of the 60's; the speed and flow of the Down attacks. Football analysis is a spiffire jet breaking the speed barrier at such times!

Then Dad the following September in 1992, we watched with Dominic, boxer Michael Carruth in the Olympic final (after seeing Wayne McCullough get a silver medal). When Carruth's hand was raised in victory, we danced and jumped as if on giant stilts; it seemed we touched the ceiling, and we certainly touched the high ceiling of the mind, the high ceiling of the house of ecstasy and delight!

I remember Dad in '97, we willed Ken Doherty across the finishing line in the World Snooker final; two years earlier, we had impelled Steve "The Celtic Warrior" Collins to beat Eubank in the boxing! I remember in 2000, we watched along with Dominic on that historic and never to be forgotten day, when we saw a guy called Brian O'Driscoll score a hatrick of tries in Paris – something that hardly any other rugby player has ever done; that was the sporting or rugby equivalent to witnessing a new planet being discovered. We were beholding the birth of a legend – a rugby legend, a sporting legend, an Irish legend, a phenomenon of nature coming out from its lair, like a being coming out of the wilderness to deign man with his presence for the first time!

I remember all the football we played in the back garden, and at Glendalough; so much so, the garden could have been made into a museum or

gallery; so much so, that we could have bought rights for ownership and possession of that part of genteel Glendalough! And the time in the car coming back from the north, through Louth, that the three of us sang: "Will you go Lassie go!" The Clancys and Tommy Makem would have been smiling if they had heard us and we recreated them in that moment coming through the village of Castle Bellingham - (a village one never sees now going from the north east to Dublin!)

And then in recent years, during my hospital visits, when I'd sing a few songs like Danny Boy or Spencil Hill, there was a fleeting second, a moment as if a spectral awakening in a florid flame, when the Alzheimer's seemed to go and flee like a cowardly foe, and recognition flickered like a twinkling eye! Oh for all the fun, the memories, the craic, I shan't forget!

RIP Dad! (Patrick McElroy passed away on Dec 22 – the Winter Solstice!)

To my father in his twilight years

The motley birds dare not fluster
in the cerebral closets you hallow;
the high Heavens with pride bluster
for you, the unploughed field's fallow.
The mellow isotopes you've garnered
from the frosted face, sickly and fallow,
and the gentle thief you've cornered,
in throngs, are lined all callow;
where the green baize's newly covered
you're a finely tuned advanced fellow!

Father fashioned in the joyful mornin'
thoughts as fresh faced youths who cherish
the dawn's gloss of satin;
the sweet leaves of peace shall not perish
when you make the sign in passion;
the patois/vernacular, o' your fellow Irish
is a heart song plucked and woven,
as the sylvan summers good wish -
in crimson aisles your eyes rovin';
o' trad music and Westmeath rustic -
and Mayo you're bound and beholdin'!
Oh Dad you're like an agnostic:
a simple conundrum yet a mellow mystic...

26/4/08 Written three months before my father was officially diagnosed with rapidly progressing and acute Alzheimer's - one of the worst cases encountered by the hospital, to which he was admitted in November '08.

Life Is But a Chess Game

It is just a game they say
There is nothing to prove
A pawn a rook to win or lose
It matters not... but its your move

Life is but a chess game
Each move is to wield a sword
And you may lose or you may win
The Dance of the Chequered Board

To play or not you have no choice
You must make a move each day
There is no timelimit in this game
The Chess Game of Life we play.

- Tomás Ó Cárthaigh



Siobhain Daffy ::: Ireland

Siobhán Daffy is based in the Glenasmole Valley, Dublin. She is interested in poetry as a spoken art and performs her poems accompanying herself with percussion and ngoni African harp. Her poems have appeared in *The Sunday Tribune- New Irish Writing*, *Southword*, *West 47*, *THE SHOp* magazine and *Crannog*.

Keeping the Wolf from the Door

The wolf is in.

Through the door

and upon me.

One leg devoured at least,
half of another.
It is a gory scene.

I might have saved myself
the sight, had I invited
him in for tea long ago.
I have been holding off
week to week:
tightening the purse
strings, dancing
on a shoe string.

Now the wolf is in,
I shall be eaten alive
and reborn again
in the morning.

This time I will come
back as a wolf.
I will wear the door
around my neck
as a charm.

Published in The SHOp Magazine Autumn/Winter 2006

Horses Hooves

I will have horses hooves,
a graceful curve to my moves,
grooved-with-metal shoes,
I will have horses hooves.

Today, with my head amongst clouds,
my feet are bare,
emptied of being,
and I recognize a solution.

I will have them shod like hooves
to pull me closer to the earth.
Horse-shoes,
to beat for my feet a track.

I will have hooves heavy
with dead earth,
the weight of it to
pull me down.

Only when I wildly ascend
kicking heels
to the sky,
do I leave no footprints.

I will have horses hooves,
a graceful curve to my moves,
grooved-with-metal shoes,
I will have horses hooves.

Susheel Kumar Sharma ::: India

Dr. Susheel Kumar Sharma (b. 1962) completed his M. A. in English in 1982 and M. Phil. in 1983. He earned Ph. D. degree on his thesis entitled 'The Theme of Temptation in Milton' in 1989 and Diploma in Creative Writing in English in 1991.

Dr. Sharma started his teaching career as a Lecturer in English at I. K. S. University, Khairagarh in 1983. In 1985 he moved to G. B. Pant University of Agriculture & Technology, Pantnagar which he served first as an Assistant Professor (1985 to 1996) and then as Associate Professor of English (1996 to 2001). For two years (1993 –1995) he was at Chitrakoot University of Rural Development, Chitrakoot as a Reader in English. There he was also the Dean, Faculty of Languages and Social Sciences for about one year (1994-1995). Dr. Sharma joined the University of Allahabad as a Reader in English in 2001. Since 11 December 2003 he has been serving there as a Professor of English.

Prof. Sharma has published three books, twenty-nine research papers and twenty-seven book-reviews. He has completed three research projects and has participated in about seventy National and International Conferences/ Seminars and presented papers there-in. He himself has also organised various seminars. Dr Sharma is a creative writer too. Some of his poems have been published in the UK, the USA, Canada and France. A collection of more than thirty reviews (*Bricks and Bouquets* Ed. Sanjeev Kumar, New Delhi: Creative Books, 2008, pp xxxii + 69, ISBN: 81-85231-32-X) of his first poetry book (*From the Core Within*, 1999, ISBN: 81-85231-27-3) has been published.

Prof. Sharma's current interests include English Language Teaching, Comparative Literature, Indian Writings in English and Contemporary Literary Theory. He is a life member of Indian Association of English Studies, Indian Association of Canadian Studies and Forum on Contemporary Theory. He has been a member of Ralph W. Emerson Society (Worcester) and Indian Association for Studies in Contemporary Literature besides many others.

Prof. Sharma lives with his family at Vishrut, 5 MIG, Govindpur, Near Uptron Crossing, Allahabad – 211 004. He may be contacted on phone no. +91-532-2542514, on Mobile phone no. 09450868483 and on e-mail: <susheel_42@indiatimes.com>, <susheelsharma.avap@gmail.com>.



Hope is the Last Thing to Be Lost

Man ever since he came into existence has been swinging between hopelessness and hopefulness. Modern man's predicament has become precarious because of so many new man generated complexities. The poem is an attempt to capture the persona in various moods, among various problems—physical and psychological—and of course various solutions that come to him from his consciousness and through tradition. The poem has six sections of varied length and is experimental in nature.

I

The damp dream
Was being dried in the open
When the Sun was covered
With green clouds.

The dream could not be
Dehydrated then.
It was kept
In the electric oven.
It emitted black light there.
We thought it was roasted
And could be had at the tea-time.

The voice cracking the dream
Remained faint
The key could no more be turned
The dream was not yet impregnated.

Was it not a mistake
To have dreams
At tea-time?

II

Many souls have burnt themselves
In the eternal Pentecostal fire
To purge themselves
Of the worldly material.
Their dreams were dreary
Their prayer not-attached
They wanted to put off
Sense and notion;
To find order in disorder was
Their chief prayer.

The sound of the voice
And, the sound of the noise
Are not much different.

The praying mind discerns
The right sound
And, listens to the Lord's clicks.

The world does not listen
To the praying mind
And gets involved
In the incendiary war.
The plant listens
With gaiety
And is saved.

Will the posterity think
Of Brahman and become infinite?
Or, will it be carried
To taste the forbidden fruit
To fall asunder?

III

I want to learn
The art of caring
And, of not caring.
Who will teach me
To tread the path of
Walking on the sword's edge?
The Guru has meandered through
The jungle of temptations
And has come out
Shining like a moonlit dome of the Taj
Or like a flagship from the Tsunami?

The one who abandoned his wife and son
Sleeping on the couch
The one who renounced his throne
The one who was beckoned
To become the light of the world
Is suggesting the way out.

Be your own Buddha
Be your own enlightened soul
To realize the reality
And to shun
Whatever is false
Whatever worldly
Whatever comely.
By watching the breath
Going in and going out
One can know
What to do
What to know and
What not to know
What to embrace and what to shun.

Be your own Buddha
To find the garden
Among the rocks
To salvage the savage.

IV

Sitting still is a great task.
 I just have to watch my breath
 And forget all my projects
 And, agendas.
 I've to forget my body
 And, the ant's crawling over it
 And, the mind bogging games
 To turn the government upside down.

Breath is the only reality.
 The smell of simmering *samosas* doesn't matter
 Nor does the sweaty smell of the body
 Nor even the aroma of South Indian Coffee.
 Skin below the nostrils is the only reality.

I've come a long way
 To learn this art
 Of sitting still and
 Of watching breath
 And turning the back on
 The baggage of nostalgic memories.

The world is at my door steps.
 People don't salute me anymore
 They just fall down on their knees
 And, bow down to touch my feet
 And, seek my blessings
 As they did to Buddha.

The world will live longer now,
 There won't be any War
 Over the issue of water
 Nor, to capture Oil Fields
 Even the power of Atom will remain dormant.

Neither will be required space-ships
 Nor will be required space-covers.
 The earth, my earth, has become
 A safer heaven
 I thank you Lord
 For teaching me
 To sit silently.
 I thank you Buddha
 For teaching me
 To sit silently.

V

If it was easy to insert
 Blood in his sight
 And speak knife in his voice
 The water could be boiled on his back.
 The country would be free

And the race redeemed.
 The hatred gone
 Love remains
 I remain
 Yes,
 The *dravid*, the untouchable,
 The nigger, the outcaste
 Will wither
 Angst will be gone.

VI

Hope descends from the sky
 Spreading its wings
 Around me like a dove
 To safeguard its chicken.

Hope descends from the rising sun
 That waits patiently to shine
 As the dark clouds disperse
 Under the stroke of sharp wind.

Hope comes from the busy bee
 That engages itself every winter to make
 A new beehive –
 To store honey
 Knowing fully well that
 Angry hungry humans
 Wait for the opportune moment
 To plunder honey and render
 The bee homeless.

Hope radiates from the monk
 Who sits patiently on the Ganga Ghat
 For salvation to descend on him and his disciple.
 The world does not move
 If he does not get peace within.

Hope has some feathers
 To wrap me around as
 I shiver traversing the Naini Lake
 On the lower Mall near the Library.

Hope gives me courage to
 Enter the gates of the Operation Theatre
 To touch the etherised patient
 Lying restful to get rid of the pain
 That moves his conscience
 Now and then.

Hope gives me courage
 To enter the gates of Heaven
 Where I have to face God
 To accept my retribution.

Ken Hume ::: Ireland



Ken Hume is a member of the Tullamore Rhymers Club, and in addition to blogging on his poetry, he also does film reviews and is acutely involved in the arts scene in Tullamore.

364 Other Days

'Valentine's is but one day a year'
When roses, chocolates and teddy bears rear
Their mocking, greedy heads and sneer
At the lovesick and lonely who rightly fear

The stigma of the singleton on this day
When adults, adolescents and little ones all play
Their needy, dating rituals and say
I love you, don't leave me and stay

With me forever in Cupid's maze
But they forget about the 364 other day's
There with the 364 other way's
To show how much you care and raise

The level of your love and devotion
That's not just about the roses and emotion
Or brought about by some magic potion
It takes some hard work swimming through the ocean

Of commitment with a lot of self-sacrifice,
Patience; strength and consideration to be concise
It's not always brought about being nice
But by knowing when to step up and fight

For her or him
On the 364 other days
In the 364 other way's
And not just Valentine's

AUTUMNAL BLISS

Watching the brown and golden autumnal leaves dance pirouette-like across the tarmac and along the pathways, carried by the sudden spurt of wind, onwards and upwards. Other leaves lying flat on the ground as if attached leech like, immobile, unstirred by the other activity, create a specked carpet to adorn the greyness.

Remembering walking along tree lined country lanes, thickly blanketed with beautiful shades of brown, gold & russet leaves; shuffling feet through the thick pile and hearing the rustling noises timidly interrupting the peaceful countryside. It was another world away from the active hive of town and city life where contrasting sounds polluted the air. If one was fortunate enough to pick blackberries along the way, there was the bonus of a succulent home-made jam in the months ahead.

The smells carried by the wind were at once perfumed and farmyard, reflecting the life and times of the inhabitants scattered across the fields and lanes with its ebb and flow of daily activity.

It is so easy to empty the mind and renew the body and spirit here, where burdens are lifted and float away beyond the realm of awareness.

A calm; peaceful energy overtakes and envelops, immersing one in total serenity, lingering long after the experience.

IF I DID EASY BABE, I WOULDN'T BE WITH YOU

If I did easy babe, then I wouldn't be with you
Don't have to please me babe, just have to look into
My eyes, they'll tell you no lies because they be
feeling a bit blue
Not just a colour for me but speaking for my mood

When we fall out or fall in
To a rut, yet I've never been
More alive and excited about what lies ahead
You've revived & invited my soul in from the dead

The texts on this page are taken
from Ken Humes blog
"Snowstorm of Doubt and Grace"
which can be seen on
<http://kenhume79.wordpress.com>

David W. Moore ::: Ireland



The Compulsion

Her emerald eyes burn the canvas
with fevered intensity.

Her fingers, ending in horsehair,
lightly caress its surface.
Music plays in her head;
insistent...
Demanding...

Ethereal vapors coalesce into shadows and forms,
dancing to the beat.

She takes her most intimate knife,
time-honed and scarred,
and reopens the wound.

Scarlet soul weeps forth
in lines and swirls,
slowly coursing the canvas.
Images flash,
multi-hued movies,
clutching...
pulling...
commanding...
Binding her.

It is started,
and must be complete
regardless of the cost.
She wilts, slowly diminished
as the effigial image sharpens.
She collapses,
drained and cathartic,
as the portrait is realized.

She raises her head
and the dim emerald beams
hauntingly illuminate the figure as it walks away,
its own green eyes luminescent with life.

Syncopated Rhythm

Apollo dances to the pounding beat,
drives his hands into the earth,
and tugs the tail of the sleeping iron dragon.

He surfs waves of glass,
laughing as they liquefy:
molten rain falling up into the sky.

A handful of sand; tiny diamonds
squeezed and crushed,
vitrified and shaped with arms and legs.

And I walked and walked
for days and weeks, upon the burning sand.

Plucking fruit for sustenance from heat trees,
I walk from one day to the next,
drinking human perception and mirage.

There! Father! There! Mother!
Crystalline pillars coruscate power
and the beat sings acceptance.

Then it stops. Or I have gone deaf?
My heart pounds with a muffled thud.
Syncopated rhythm assaults my bones.

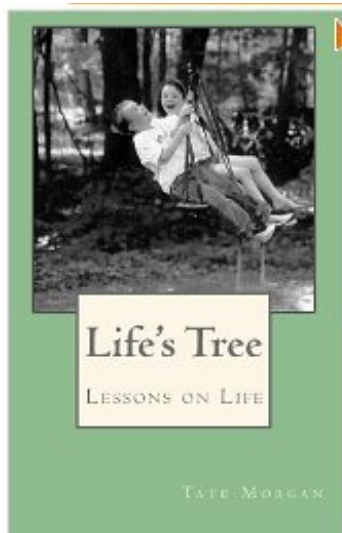
Voices sing and voices shout.
A lullaby plays my soul without affect,
harmonious distortion overwhelms.

And I dance. I dance the dance of death.
A jerk and pop, and crack the arm,
which shatters amidst the ruins.

Spider webs weave my legs,
pumping counterpoint and seeking.
Move as I might, they grow.

And I walked and walked
for days and weeks
upon the burning sand.

And all I saw was
Sun and heat. It scared me,
So I ran.



- **Paperback:** 154 pages
- **Publisher:** CreateSpace (October 14, 2010)
- **Language:** English
- **ISBN-10:** 1453880593
- **ISBN-13:** 978-1453880593
- **Product Dimensions:** 8 x 5 x 0.4 inches

Tate Morgan is a writer from the USA I found on WritersCafe.org – of Irish extraction he writes emotive poetry in rhyme.

Tate Morgan ::: USA

Intro from Tate Morgan...

I am a product of the Midwest. Raised on the plain states of North America. I was nurtured on a ideal akin to Mayberry. I grew to manhood under the Midwest sun. Playing Baseball and running the streets of my little town. Where friends were lifelong spirits. Essence of their souls follow me still. It was a simpler time. There were no shades between right and wrong. Full to the rim with absolutes. In the place I came from all was right with the world. But as I grew so did the world. Along with me the rest posed immortal questions to the creator. Till the world was as you see it now. A complicated shade of gray.

I am a poet by nature. Compelled through a life time of experience to give voice to our existence. To honor the struggle. Not the reward. Hopefully to see something of note. The reason why we were born. To look for our place in this universe. Pointing to the sign posts up ahead. Leaving bread crumbs for others to follow. In the hopes that we can be remembered as special. That we might just be fondly remembered by our children and our children's children!

I believe poetry should flow from the heart to the soul. Reminding in its nature the melodies of rhythm and song. Not to be the constant ticking of the metronome.

Sins of the Father

I pen these words to my father
in the winter of my fifty years
As my time shares some resemblance
to his life long aches, pains and fears

I see the trouble one must face
in raising the children of some
A few friends suffer senselessly
through Perdition's flames they have come

I only want to say thank you
for the hard lessons taught those days
Time I spent along by your side
prepared me well for life's rough ways

However I have evolved some
I learned a few things on my own
Planted seeds of love in my boy
watered the field then as he's grown

I saw in myself no reason
to pass sins of my fathers on
The purpose in using guilt again
seemed to me to be all but gone

I know you did as you were taught
Six generations now it's been
I think it's time we start anew
to listen less to our old kin

The Letter



This my letter to you my dear
who have never written to me
I set before you my great hopes
of the dreams that may come to be

I laid out the coin we minted
within my heart's own treasury
To toss about the thoughts we had
of our own benedictory

You stamped this coin upon my soul
embossed with love of hope divine
Pressed in the mint of memory
you will age like the finest wine

Should you choose to ever leave me
may we find our own love and stay
Like dreams we both have forgotten
from the hopes of our yesterday

Shakelton



True success known by oh so few
who have held its taste so dear
Becoming one's most loving friend
as well as the thing they most fear

Is success so overwhelming
or reflection's failure you dread
Have a mind to be tested here
before on your fears you are fed

It's not he thinking better not
who will be served life's greatest dish
Only a man who risks his pride
can dream of dining on his wish

Whichever man you choose to be
In this lifetime as in the next
Will lay foundation for the others
who study you and feel perplexed

The man who sees his limits dashed
rendered from toil of sweat and tears
Is he who has lived more in life
than most will know in all their years

Life's Purpose

by Tate Morgan

“

My duty in this life is clear pass love from the
child within me Along with prayers from those
that died for all the hopes of things to be

”



Faith is a fine invention
that plays within us safe and warm
I hope that it will make death wait
till I have weathered through life's
storm

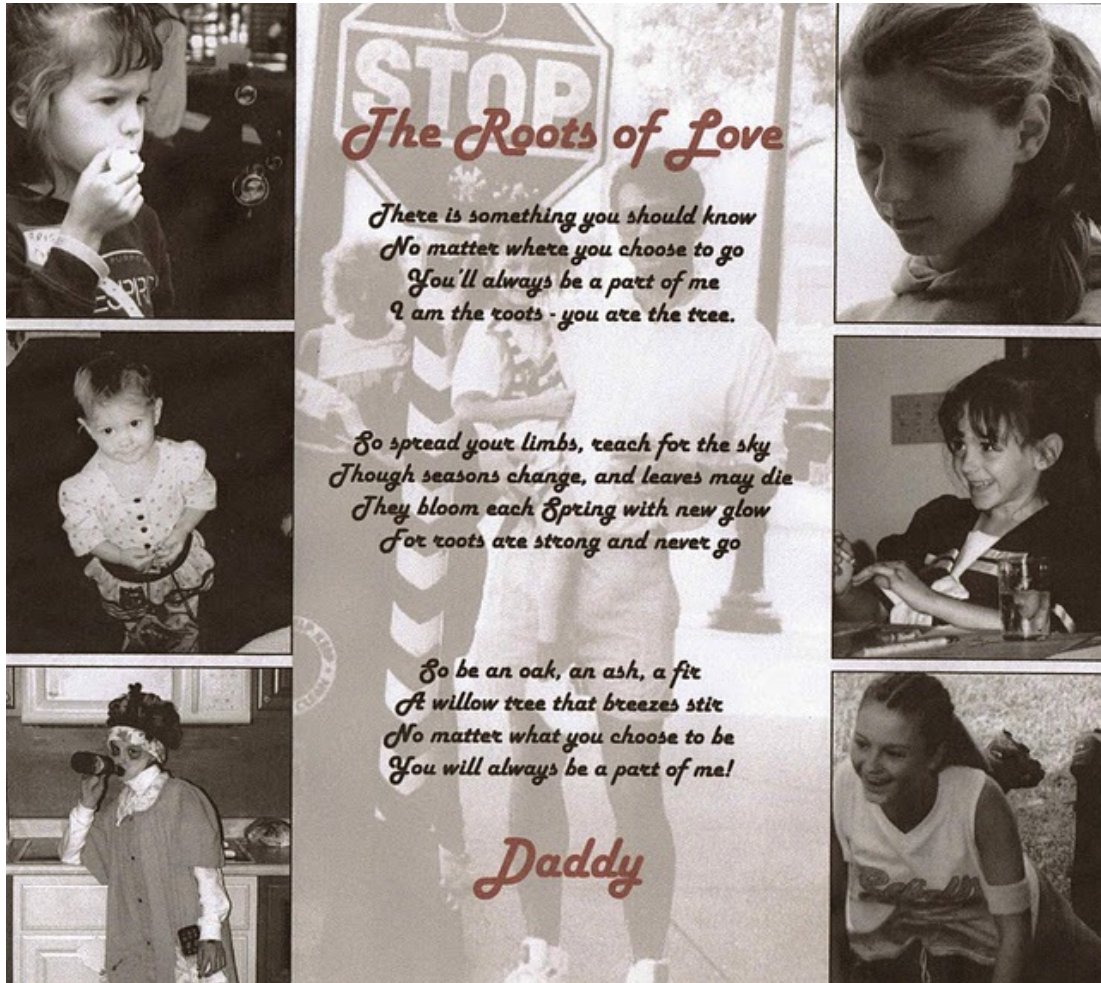
Each day I wonder why I'm here
is it to fill what love requires
Or is there much more to my life
than all the joys my heart desires

I have been the emissary
of ancestors who came and went
My purpose lay within the genes
that through life and death they have
sent

As thousands struggled lived and died
they entrusted within my soul
Hopes and dreams of generations
to lead family in life's goal

My duty in this life is clear
pass love from the child within me
Along with prayers from those that
died
for all the hopes of things to be

While I tie my child to the past
a line back to antiquity
He takes me into the future
granting us immortality



Tate Morgan

“Poets of the World” prepares meeting with the Mapuche people.

CHILE, Santiago: The NGO-WORLD- La ONG-MUNDIAL 'Poets of the World' is organizing the FIRST MEETING OF POETS OF THE WORLD 'ROAD TO THE SOUTH' _CAMINO AL SUR - UNE TRAWÜN WALMAPU WIRINTUKUFE WILLI RÜPÜ MEW, activity will take place from Saturday 19 to Monday, February 28, 2011 in Santiago, the Chilean capital, la Isla de Chiloé and the Región de los Lagos, more than a thousand kilometers south of Santiago, in the heart of the country.

The program also provides an event commemorating the first anniversary of the earthquake that struck the area on February 27, 2010, earthquake considered the fifth most violent recorded on the planet and left hundreds of deaths and hundreds of thousands homeless. The activity will take place the same day 27 February and at the epicenter of the catastrophe that hit hard to Chileans.

Another of the highlights of the event will be the visit to the Mapuche prisoners detained in jails in Temuco and Angol accused of 'terrorist acts.' Many will remember the hunger strikes emblematic these prisoners held in the course of this year and had several of them on the brink of death.

This event is part poetry which is one of the prime duties of every poet of the world do not miss visit any neighborhood to spread the word, as if it were rain falling on the earth, making a show of grace, as if they were flowers to the eyes of the mankind. The poet will be the guiding light to the warrior like dunes in the dark of night. [Article 8, Universal Manifesto of poets of the World]

First International Meeting of Poets of the World
'ROAD TO THE SOUTH'
Une Trawün Walmapu Wirintukufe
WILLI RÜPÜ MEW
From 19 to 28 February 2011

Poets of the World in its mission for the peace, justice and the protection of indigenous peoples, organized the first international gathering of poets 'ROAD TO THE SOUTH', as an expression of solidarity with the Mapuche communities that since the arrival of invading living in constant resistance to those who harass their existencia. We call upon the poets of the world to take cognizance of the reality of the Mapuche nation and express their support through the art of the word.

www.poetasdelmundo.com

English became the international language of the world and the Eminor.eu project stands for this tendency. The First European English Poetry Book Competition for authors who write verses in English without having it as a mother-tongue was launched in Jan. 2010. In Dec. 2010 the book consisted of the winning entries was published. This is an Anthology of Contemporary European Poetry, called Poetry Pieces Of Europe, Vol. 1, which represents six authors from across Europe and their works: Claudia Salajan (Romania), Paola Di Gennaro (Italy), Sandra Stolnik (Austria), Sabrina Ferrai (Italy), Lionel Daigremont (France) and Hans Saturn (The Netherlands). The result ended up to be an unconventional read where one could enjoy, amongst others, the story of Count Dracula told by a Romanian poet, the contemplation at history written by a representative of the cradle of history, Italy, and love verses delivered by a French author.

Number of Pages: 82 pages

Published: December 6, 2010

Language: English

ISBN: 978-1-4466-7927-2

Poetas del Mundo

PdM is an association of poets from around the world who write from an angle of peace and justice, campaigning on human rights in the areas of the world both known and unknown.

Tomás Ó Carthaigh has recently signed up as a member as will act as their Irish ambassador.

Submissions to join can be forwarded through him via this journal, or direct through the website

www.poetasdelmundo.co

NIALL O CONNER ::: IRELAND

Monument Unfinished

Nine stones I piled up
Each plucked from the Atlantic rage
Nine images I shaped
Of a life segmented by age
And into a tower they tottered
Tongue-tied and eloquent
A monument writhing
On a boulder millennia old
Nine stories till then untold

Fairy Tales

All fairy tales are loaded with dread
Evil witches and trolls
Around the young child's bed.
Adult titillation at nature's cruel
breast
Twisted symbol
Passed through without test
One to titillate, one to scare
One for the daydream
One for the dare



Biography:

Conceived in Roscommon and born in Cork just after the middle of the last century, Niall was too late for the Beatles and too early for David Bowie. As a result he turned to Poetry and Short story writing. One time winner of the North Cork Writers Poetry Competition, his poems have been published mainly in *The Examiner* and most recently in *The Stony Thursday Book 2010*. Otherwise he has been supported by his friends and long suffering wife Sandra. He hopes to be remembered as a poet rather than a nice guy, but so far it is pretty much 50 /50. Niall blogs erratically at dublinepost.blogspot.com/, lives in Dublin, and is currently working on his first Novel.

KEN TALOR ::: USA

Ken Taylor lives and writes in North Carolina. His poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in *The Chattahoochee Review*, *The Stony Thursday Book*, *The Fish Anthology*, *elimae*, *MiPOesias*, *Whale Sound*, *Eclectica Magazine*, *The New Guard* and *Poets & Artists*. He has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize.

Kens website of sketches and photography can be seen at:

Affair With The Poetry Editor

she sips her chamomile tea,
lifts my poems off the stack
to her face – takes in their essence.
she taps the meters on her thigh,
eyes them sideways –
wants my poems to please her.
she vets them first with her skin,
the drift of her neck,
the thirsty map of her back.
she lets my poems raise her skirt,
flirt with the hairline of her lap.
she weighs them facing
the memory of her favorites,
the history of excellence.
she crumples them to see if they
brace against her pressure,
tenderly smooths them to see
if new texture renders extra play.
she sets them down and goes to sleep
but keeps the images for her dreams.
she gives them hope with her delay.
in the morning she turns them
into kindling— the edges catch quickly –
burn the wedges of wood in the stove.
then air and momentum
poke the small conflagration
so that oak smoke and poem smoke
extend in skeins up the chimney –
bound for their sources.
the similes and metaphors
unravel in the coral sky –
the vapor rolls to a single
word before disappearing: no.

Originally published in MiPOesias.