

IRISH ANTHOLOGY

TABLE OF CONTENTS

SHEILA MANNIX <i>SHANDON STRING</i>	2
ANNAMARIA CROWE SERRANO <i>LEAVING LAND • APPLE & EVE • UNDERGROUND</i>	8
DAVID LLOYD FROM <i>BAR-NULL: EPISTROPHES • MIRRORVOIR</i>	11
DAVID TOMS <i>"I SAW TEETH WAVER" • JUL • NORWAY'S NASJONALGALLERIET</i>	16
FERGAL GAYNOR <i>TWO FUTUROLOGIES</i>	19
CHRISTODOULOS MAKRIS <i>"FREEDOM OF SPEECH ISN'T ALL IT IS CRACKED UP TO BE" • "MARKETING HAS WORKED PERHAPS TOO WELL"</i>	20
KIT FRYATT <i>MINE OWNE NED POINS... • HERO • "JALOUSE"</i>	23
KARL PARKINSON <i>CITY SONATA • THE MURDERERS OF POETRY • A MELODY</i>	27
CAL DOYLE <i>QUICK CODES • OF COURSE, THE WORLD ENDS ALL THE TIME • SEE THE SOURCE? • PHOTOSYNTHESIS • DEATH TO EVERYONE</i>	31
TREVOR JOYCE <i>WHAT THEN</i>	36
GEOFFREY SQUIRES FROM <i>LANDSCAPES AND SILENCES</i>	39
AODÁN MCCARDLE <i>"I THINK ABOUT HIM" • "THIS WALKING" • "WHAT IS IT THERE"</i>	41
SARAH HAYDEN FROM <i>-SITEVISIT-</i>	46
ELLEN DILLON <i>FOR WHY ARE YOU IN THIS PRISON PUT? • ADVERBIALY SPEAKING 2 • FROM SONNETS TO MALKMUS</i>	52

SHEILA MANNIX

SHANDON STRING

For Trevor Joyce, Shandon 2016 - 2017

Brief Tableau

FINNEUS & STONE Take Advantage of the Coast Being

Clear & Steer into Harbour

By Pope's Quay, FINNEUS sits under a London Plane tree (*Platanus x hybrida*) to which he is roped lasso-style. STONE fires pellets of sourdough at him which fail to land in his mouth.

FINNEUS: Oh, for the tongue of a pangolin.

STONE: Or a chameleon.

FINNEUS: Or a sun bear.

STONE: Or an okapi. They use their tongues to clean their eyes and nose.

Seagulls swoop to the pavement and peck.

FINNEUS: Aye, aye, aye. My bread.

STONE (*addresses the gulls*): You enjoy. And don't listen to a word he says to you.

FINNEUS: You plural is 'ye' round here.

STONE: Ye enjoy. And don't listen to a word he says to ye.

FINNEUS: North Gate Tavern. North Mall. This is where we started school. 'The North.' Bombs. The IRA. Hunger strikes. The UVF. The Shankill Butchers. Bloody Sunday. Torture.

Bells.

STONE: What's that?

FINNEUS: Tourists enjoying the Unique experience of Ringing the world famous Shandon Bells.

Frère		Jacques
Frère		Jacques

Dormez-vous?
Dormez-vous?

Sonnez	les	matines
Sonnez	les	matines
Ding,	ding,	dong
Ding,	ding,	dong

Frère		Jacques
Frère		Jacques

Dormez-vous?
Dormez-vous?

‘These are the first scary bells we run into in the poem.
The speaker doesn’t have a strong presence.
Nope, this guy isn’t freaky, delusional, or ranting about a lost lover.
Actually, he’s kind of personality-less.
He’s not talking about himself or speaking in the first-person.
There’s no “I” at all.
We’re already a long way from golden harmony.
We’ve fallen a long way from those happy little jingling silver bells.’

At sixteen ‘I [will] affirm...my own separateness, my own independence, the differentness of my constitution.’ I will
against violence, injustice, religion & the law. I will rant &
kick

in my door. I will listen to protest poetry in the form of
post

I will read the Existentialists. I will write diaries & poems. I
punk.
will
smoke Camel unfiltered cigarettes & drink brandy in secret
behind the bar.

Counter.
I will.

Wear black. I will wear a 1960s French raincoat.

ocean / island / space / group / adore / rock / draws

Aisling [blank]. I wanted a mansion with horses and a view of the
[blank]. It was to be a self-sustaining commune, preferably on an
[blank] of forests and mountains. Everyone would have their own
[blank]. There would be no imperative to join a [blank]. 'Both of
us sitting on some sea-shore [blank] to contemplate the spectacle
I [blank].'

And now my heart aches. On Lloyd's Lane, Quarry Lane.
'When vast office-blocks, highways, and panoramic hotels
Could be built, and houses for the poor could not be provided.'
He's sweet, he's petite. Chinese? He's the muse.
Bred on Bambi and thrown to the wolves.
In Eugene's the talk is of permits.
The need to cook venison on a slow heat.
I always party mid-week. You forget work.
Strategies in the Speaking module.
Narrating, paraphrasing and summarising. Conversation repair.
Providing personal and non-personal information.
'When the battle was at its height, a ball took effect on my horse
Which tumbled with me into a ravine.'

Ireland is on the eve of a great anniversary; the centenary of the proclamation of the republic. In response the Arts Council is planning to surround the River Lee with reinforced concrete. Cyclist to Van Driver: Will you put on the two lights flashing, please? Van Driver to Cyclist: Fuck. Off. Cyclist is rattled, veers to the left, towards the dinghy dredging missing persons. Cyclists and vegetarians are ruining the country, declares Prime Minister of right state of Poland. *Concerto for Two Bicycles* is composed by Frank Zappa in 1963. In Dublin in 1916 a barricade stretched across Upper Abbey Street is made with the entire stock of a bicycle warehouse: thousands of bicycles, piled eight or ten feet high, jammed into each other. Welcome to Shandon Historic Quarter, Cultural Quarter. Cork Islamic Info, Oriental Delights, Blarney Street. Inside Africa Store, Alysha Spice House, Knit O'Flynn. Victoire Market, Tattoo Cork Ink, The Tackle Shop. You're the kind of person who hangs out with foreigners. Next thing we know you'll have a Muslim friend. People were shouting 'go home', some were applauding the police, she said. Her daughter was crying. *Love Trumps Hate*. Daddy, Daddy, the fascist. Daddy, Daddy, the man who *loves* Hitler. Daddy, Daddy, the man who *loves* Trump. Daddy, Daddy, you're hurting me.

Brief tableau

'A dark night in which all cows are white'

STONE: I don't like this Airbnb. What do you think of it?

FINNEUS: Not much. It's a bit dark.

STONE: Yes, well, I've never been in a room like this. It's scary, isn't it?

FINNEUS: Nonsense. It's fine.

STONE: What's that?

FINNEUS: Just a bit of thunder. Nothing to worry about.

STONE: Oh my god, what was that?

FINNEUS: I don't know. I don't know.

STONE: Aaah! The window, Finneus. The window.

FINNEUS: Don't worry. That's it now. Listen, there's a phone ringing.

In Marymount Hospice, Aunt Máire the Publican
(Of *The Celtic Twilight* Public House) reveals

Grandad the Republican fought the British Empire
Because of the poverty he saw in these lanes

This is Grandad the Republican
The Brits suspected
Killed a cop on this street

Grandad the Republican
Whose Public House was set alight
The night Cork burned

Grandad the Republican
Whose disguise was *Cattle Drover*
When he went on the run

Grandad the Republican
Who carved an heirloom harp
Out of a cow's horn

Grandad the Republican
Who returned to engage
In a civil war

Grandad the Republican

Who wrote prison-comrades'

Last

letters

home

From The Quays: DELETE DELETE DELETE // DELETE
DELETE DELETE //

DELETE DELETE // DELETE DELETE // DELETE
DELETE DELETE //

#STOPTHEWALL

ANAMARIA CROWE SERRANO

LEAVING LAND

after Aifric Mac Aodha's 'Echtrae Conlae'

Conlae's lips move
all over me, uneasy:
my skin his skiff start to finish
finish to start
unsteadily travelling my feet.

Under me no keel or rudder
but glass legs:
woman no more at sea
but fish: a thousand scales
strumming my ribs.

I'd swear the water under me
wept as we lay
the sorrow of dry land swelling
in waves, unsoothed
betrayed.

Three things he forested from me:
branch-light on the ground
every unknown woman in me
the slender fox
flushed out at dusk.

DAVID LLOYD

FROM *BAR-NULL: EPISTROPHES*

Between lovely bluenesses the horizon rules
its edge, listing seawards. All round, blood
in its milk, red moiré, ash grey streaking its
milky silk. It pivots around the standing
stone, pebble dressed, a dot'll do you.
A stone standing along the rim, a pine
cut-out, fog-dodged, determine the limit
you'd meet, a human looming maybe on
the foreshore, a blade opens the distance
jottings shed from its sharp edge
seeding the cloud.

Between there and
here it is light that is moving as light
is made to, sky light sea light, ear
enlisted to its wavelength, reduced
to one note rung out, hardly there.

How there was always something all edges
asseverating, you have the body it is
the body I want in this gathering of
the querulous. Always we come after
the body that was spirited away, a dense
word cluster tightens the knot in your gut.
Remote and magical dusting takes on
the impress: they keep finding traces
rubbed out, rubbed in, they lift off
the stone with their prints intact,
but still not the thing they want: the want
stays. It may be the want you want,
after all, after the body's been lifted,
after the wanted are rendered into
this afterlife that is the life of things,
something desperately signaling the body I want.

By word of mouth or a stone fort opens
its wings to the sea below, below. I
miss you now though there was nothing
between us, only this great null of ocean
an embrasure embraces. A selfie
peeled up from the rock consumes
from the edges: see how it burns!
Round this end of time sense certainty
is circulating, the lone thing taken up
into its sublime abstraction is your con-
cretion or a Jerusalem stone facade redux,
flattened five stories to one, say, such
odds, when the rap comes to your door:
cement dust, ash, blown along the ex corridors.
But to be partial to things, this desert
is full of their traces in the attentive ear,
only word of mouth readies them
in their much bled persistence.

The voice waves break on the tympanum.
I wanted to net the surf tonight, its
splashy spume falls back from the furl. I was
all set to skim voice traces from the wall
tonight, they were so pressing to my ear,
the frantic orphaned swarm unhiving.
Nothing like you comes back, nothing of your
remains, words dissolving in the acid sea.
An odd leaf falls through radio silence, static
on the air, voices corroding between
the frequencies, snatches of sound dapple
scratching the gap between things. I wanted
to ride every broken wave to the ground
tonight, run interference patterns in the
backwash, waking shattered voices from
the undertow, stories of everything turned to stone.

MIRRORVOIR

Silver Lake, August 2013

Mirrorvoir:

tree version and
peak dip

sostenuto

in its silvering—

it is still there

and it sings—

eye agape

listening in
the tocsin
extends its half-life

inwardly falling

DAVID TOMS

I saw teeth waver
uneven lines of evensong
a Christmas garland

hoarfrost
hills switched
off in the fog

forever green
the hack & cut

I saw dust drift
to the ground.

Stumped.
— How do we tip this thing
on its side?

JUL

Raw morning:
cancelled train
among the ailments

winter brushes the white ring
the day dawn withering.

Mourning cold,
folk lower stories:

giving ear
they get throat
a windmade moan

the darkest midnight in December.

NORWAY'S NASJONALGALLERIET

autumn appalled like winter
unset sun an augury
multe berry leaves
this world for the next

icing the lake the sky
a string of pearls
a sled pulled by a goat
Christ among the doctors

an old man sucks the tit
of a young woman in Lorenzo
Pasinelli's Roman Charity
c. 1670

low church devotion
in a hearth-room
Hauge goes heavy
the sloop across the ocean

play and dance
the snow is the sea
all is blue or black
bar the stars

FERGAL GAYNOR
TWO FUTUROLOGIES

I

Spring was scheduled,
but nothing happened –
something had been
removed from the earth.
We hadn't realised...
pleading innocence
to empty skies.

Some prospered,
or felt they had –
their children came not
to their deathbeds.
Difficult
in any case:
the machinery
to keep them dying
filled the room –
wondrous, transparent,
humming and breathing.

II

The sclerotic being dismantled,
a fine automaton springs downtrack.
Arises a roar,
not from any gathered,
but from the earth's five corners,
a wind,
accelerative of the hero,
no, of his image,
atomized with speed,
passing into light,
melded with the smart horizons.

CHRISTODOULOS MAKRIS

freedom of speech isn't all it is cracked up to be
'customers' started to use Facebook for other things
it was quite a surprise the Arab spring
a user posts a cartoon of Mohammed the prophet in France
is it true that many Americans think Je suis is French for Jesus?
he did not 'invent' social media. he did not invent the self publishing upload page
someone else did. he just nicked the idea
a Muslim family posts pictures of their son tortured by US soldiers
I wish my daughter could find a lovely man like that
if the whole of humanity follow the 10 commandments with love, whatever their
religion

marketing has worked perhaps too well
there are ethnic Austrians living in Italy, ethnic Germans in Belgium and
the Czech republic, ethnic Swedes in Finland, ethnic Celts and
Anglosaxons living together in the UK
we over here in the US spending trillions of dollars
still passive
consuming the pornography of family, the pornography of Mom's apple pie,
the pornography of sunsets
the sheer amount of bandwidth to fill
Cheese Puff or member in hand, idly masticating
engages in a diegetic re-enactment or simulation of the events being
portrayed
the hilarity of cat burning, the excitement in a busy market square
when a miscreant is about to be disembowelled
confused, disappointed, and scrolling to the bottom
we can actually cause genetic mutations simply by watching violence
people discuss the pleasant buzz and addiction to getting a tattoo
the same rush of gratified ideologico-religious/tribal hatred when the idealised
enemy is dispatched
carpet bombing good, beheading bad
my local ISIS store is doing a 3 for the price of 2 deal
you also get a free bag of popcorn
Bill your like your namesake Homer
the envious, peevish Caliban to our munificent, hectoring, proto-liberal
Prospero
this is not good journalism
extemporised riffs on beheading
why did not religion win over Marx
as an ex revolutionary socialist you ought to be ashamed of yourself
veering towards drugged up zombies being gangbanged or tricked into sex in
some way
normal just-walking-down-the-street-girls paid to perform
most women will do that if you offer them a few dollars you know
you can get them free on the internets
MPs' hawkish wings clipped by the Twitter bird, Wall Street is occupied,
Ferguson up in arms
glamour scenes never feature a female nipple
I figured I would go enjoy some violent videos on LiveLeak instead

I know which kind of pornography I prefer
head and fundament, perpetually absorbing one another, ouroboros-like
suppressed in the calculus of perceived necessity
I tried running it through Google translate, but alas there's no English ->
English option

KIT FRYATT

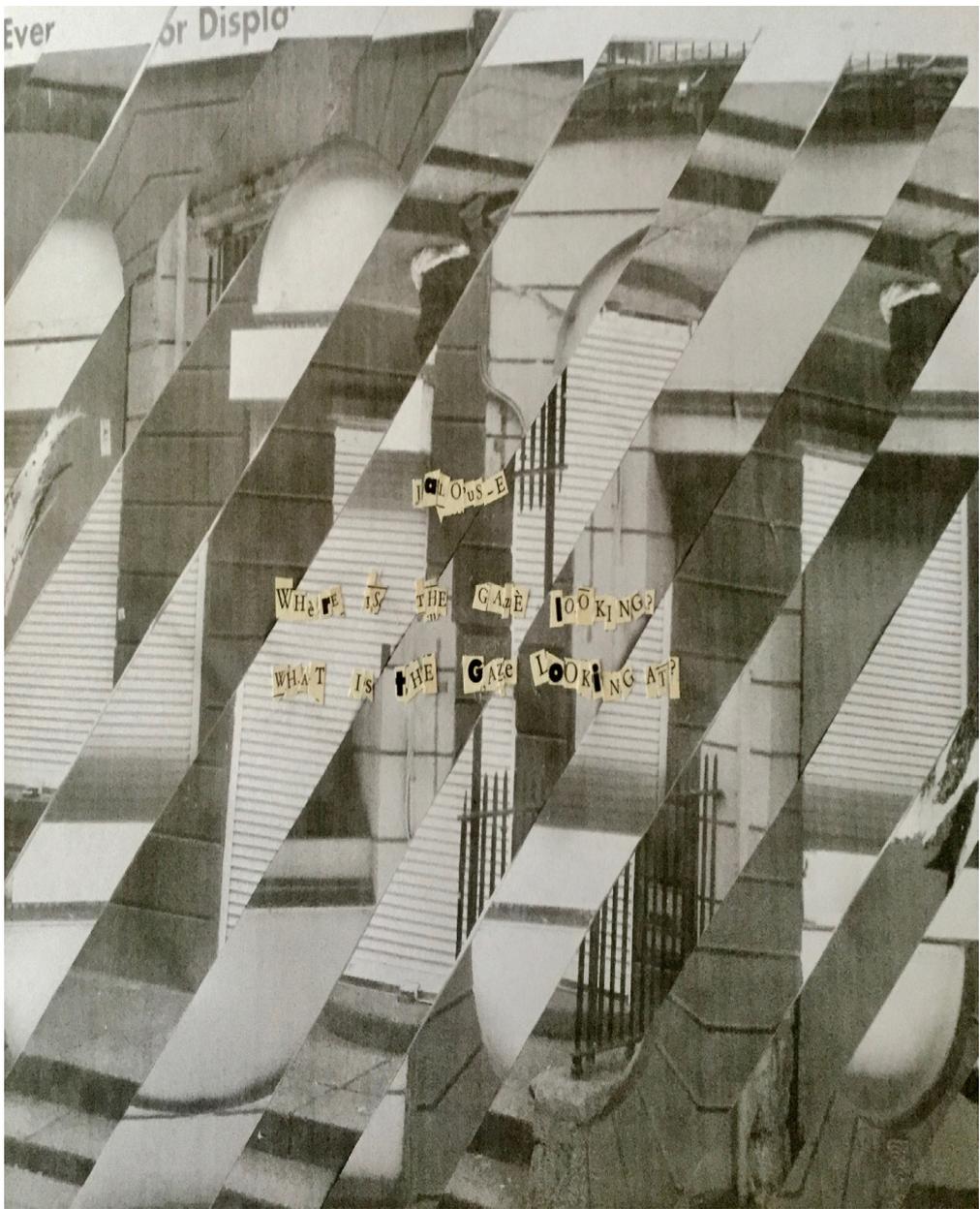
MINE OWNE NED POINS...

Mine owne Ned Poins, dark pool
liquidity reflects the terminal frequency
of greenscreen, it's picking up along
the river and my scalp stings where
it's shaved to the eartips, if I hadn't
left my chaperon in that condensation-
sodden crank food café I'd put it on
and my collar up against the electric bray
of thirty thousand chartered dolts,
each with a sprig of paper skagbloom
in his coat, the more jerk that
it's not the sort of pap that feeds
a dream on, sometimes you feel
you're going against the grain
just to hold the camber of the road.
I think, I'm out of work, back home
there's a cup of warm piss a berserker
left on the windowsill and this
city's a good one to fly, or swim in.
My Poins, I cannot thread a dromedary
through echo charlie two romeo but then
again, I can't not, green light plays
on a lake of tryacle, we are in thrall
to all the goliath trixies ever laid by flow
traders in an antic time; in echo eight
drivers the enlarged posterior hippocampus
is a result of the knowledge base to echo
charlie three mike (thine owne)
the gold-plated wildmare rarees out
of a turbo carapace, the photocopier
lamp passes hot and green under
my palm, the marine cavalier braces
his golden thighs to hold the cant
of the shell, the faithful reprobate
writes so to his bean manly alice oh
dolly dorcas to all comers, dowriest cod
on herself, naff brute that in utter scharda
zhooshes their martinis with her own flayed pelt

pupped to cark, no pity, ducky & no praise.
I'd do the very same for my bean butch affair
zhooshing his skin with my nantizhoosh stiff,
like a snake that drops its schmutter
by carking it to become not so.
If only my pelt was all over bona riah
to reef his, to park him such fantabulosa drag
that would fairly charver his filly lucoddy
his box, his cavalier bagadja
bold as day, ducky, even to be the batts
that plate his lyles, so he could troll
and mince all over me for a year or two.
We have not yet done as we ought
and shall we swing for it, hard choad,
my Pains, judge me how I spend
even into that sweetly furzy intercrural gap
that were thy peach colourd once
green digits spill through the blind slats
onto your cheeks, scroll up your spine;
here we are, my shadow, just come
at cockcrow in Kent and Christendom
(gently rise and do not even softly call)
you evanishing, and I answer: dead elm.

HERO

Across the stream a man is standing.
I want him. I want his body. If you understand
the difference, I don't. He's dressed for three-
quarters of a century ago, decent *déshabillé*:
barefoot, thin worsted trousers, shirt untucked
and open. His back is to me, he's facing away,
did I say that? One hip thrust out with all
the fragile self-esteem of those gay old photographs
and under rationed flannels his belly,
taut and convex, forms a funnel—part of my brain
reels away and thinks of Lower Drumcondra
I have worked in Lower Drumcondra for the best part
of a decade and the worst best part of my life
and I have never heard anyone say *tundish*
forgive me, it's just the way I'm made—
of muscle, and his cock's the spout of it. Rilke
called it a smile, and it does occur in nature, rarely,
rarely. I will him to strip (and he does!) so I may
take in his rangy shoulders, the breathtaking
incurve above that almost-articulate arse, lean thighs
and furzy calves, so I can see what awaits me,
cracked hard skin on the heel, the other foot
unseen in the long grass. What will he say,
when he turns his head, showing me my face
in a horn-backed mirror, what will he say, in my chest
voice, the voice I keep locked away in an ivory cage,
the voice in my head, my buzzing brainpan, will he say
the water is wide, I cannot swim over (to which
I make replie, you are deceived, I am no woman
I) or lift his hidden hoof and say these are the hills
of heaven, my dear, where you shall never win?



KARL PARKINSON
CITY SONATA

I sing the city into existence from my dreaming.

I will arise and go now, and set out for the city:
walking in Dublin, April,
a yellow flower grows on the street,
I am in bloom with it,
I am a note in the melody of people an industry,
ghost children serenade me,
*"A ring, a ring, a rosie,
a ring, a ring, a rosie..."*

Tablature turns to wet petals in my heart,
twists torn's round my brow
and makes wine from my blood,
a sacrament of song,
a love supreme siren.

The dead smile at me with black roses in their hands,
oriental woman in red dress's dance with the dragon,
bloody black river, clotted with memory,
green leaves blow in the air like omens
and the ghost of Bang Bang aims a shot at my heart.

I am the yellow flower that grows on the street.

Sunlight beam on orange brick buildings,
staccato shriek of fallen angels high on heroin,
gulls circle above rooftops of tormented house blocks
with mouths that groan and spit out cigarette butts and syringes,
plastic bags hooded over teenage boys and girls heads,
hands and feet wrapped in tin-foil.
Overflowing bins, torsos of men who died
of unfulfillment, entrails made of empty soft drink cans,

chocolate bar wrappers and rotting fruit.

Among this, the prophet walks,
milk dribbling from his beard,
tambourine haloed above him, tisk, tisk, tisk,
The hymn of his hair turns pigeons into hawks with feathers full of miracles
and I am the blooming yellow flower on the street.

THE MURDERERS OF POETRY

This is for you the murderers of poetry.

You with your lines that wait like creeps in alleyways.

You with your lyric's fit only to be sung by baboons.

You with your melancholy kebab sonnets.

You with your adolescent music played in your room.

You with your pseudo intellectual cantos of nothing.

You with your self fellating diatribes on the train to death.

You with your muffled manifestos of dull paintings.

You with your stanzas so boring they make a glory of jogging.

You with your voice like a garbage disposal aria

You with your voice like a rat squealing in agony

You with your voice like a smashed in drum

You with your voice like a fortune cookie

You with your voice that hates Homer, Dante and Virgil

You with your voice that simpers like a puppy in the night

You with your voice that croaks like a drunk on the Karaoke

You with your voice that makes frogs into sopranos
and car horns into Tenors.

A MELODY

Outside the wind's a never ending aria,
and the rain is Stockhausening down.

Two hollering women;
the middle aged mother of a doomed child,
others dead: Aids and overdose, she's pissed again.
The younger, high on coke, cans and strong weed.

It's all so loud and boring
why don't they whistle to the winds tenor,
or paint rain drops as they're falling?

CAL DOYLE
QUICK CODES

I end up writing quick codes that solve my problem:
unmistakably modern, yet not short-lived fashion items.
I'm pretty sure I spent thousands of dollars
on those silly things. I come across one every now and then.
They slide up and down silver swells, the moon bright
enough to render their eye-caps redundant.
Toys are so expensive these days.
You should know that I also bet on elections.
An old rancher is talking about politics to a young
man from the city: Dreams take him to the past, to his time
as a shackled god, where a cat sat knotted
on his chest, purring. I can't believe it's Halloween.
It's scary how fast time flies. There's even 110-volt outlets
for passengers who carry things like toasters on airplanes.

OF COURSE, THE WORLD ENDS ALL THE TIME

The trees are drunk, but I don't judge them
by any dance of firelight.
Of course, the world ends all the time.

My consultant days are richly filled with salt water.
The cells that make up your body
are dying and being replaced all the time,

without the fuss and expense of a fireplace –
being new and very well arranged pleases
the minds of all. Modern skyscrapers in the shape

of flames; all that's left is the mind.
In this chamber a person will float weightless.
In any case the mash-up wasn't successful,

but for a perfect business look, as well as shirt and shorts.
In short: the urban pulse of time for your wrist.

SEE THE SOURCE?

The M&M's don't get into paradise until we're all dead.
They were standing on a rocky hill south of almost
everything stars and sky; the insignificant circle of earth
below the horizon was black and featureless.
A botfly jarred in a sudden gust of hot wind.
It was after midnight.
Our eyes flickered between man, confection and machine.
See the source? A roughly rectangular patch of scorched woodland
at the bottom of the hill? Or rather, a roughly
rectangular *outline*: the center of the area appeared to be unburned.
He appeared to be conversing with a gunmetal ovoid
half his size. Liberty was taken in the selection
of English Doxologies.
The Milky Way was so beautiful it hurt.

PHOTOSYNTHESSESIA

I once decided not to eat for 70 years too.
I lost some weight.

I went on a few ethereal journeys.
It was no big deal.

Weirder shit has happened.
Some plants get their nourishment from water vapor in the air alone.

Osmosis. Synesthesia. Photosynthesesia.
Sightings of demonic figures were increasing,

blunt social skills notwithstanding,
even I'm more subtle than a fleet of fire-breathing killer blimps.

I once went 70 hours on only a box of Count Chocula
and a six pack of J.R. beer while meditating.

These stories were in my last two newspapers
for 2016: a rhapsody of potato & the icing on the Ghent cake.

DEATH TO EVERYONE

A fig leaf of an image

The subtle bluish glow of zodiacal light

Two independent sources of information

Asserting a certain “technology-ness of technology”

My intention was to talk about emotions without being emotional

Death to everyone

As mentioned above, for those who patiently listen:

Aesthetic gestures coincide with the narrative of human history and the legacy of its feelings

A collage of videos from YouTube where men explain to male users how to pick-up women

Soothing, corporate IBM deep blue

The speculative billion, the only human nature

These works built upon the questions about the essence of genuine information

I have the authority to write sonnets saying this is going to last forever

But what captures our attention is those keywords

TREVOR JOYCE

WHAT THEN

Cé hé sin amugh

A bhfuil faobhar ar a ghuth

Ag réabadh mo dhorais dhúnta?

1

open open up comes sharp
command with entry smashed
in by their rams and axes and
all flight routes shuttered off
these officers of crash crescendo
of their seizure sounds
even above the whimpering
of infants so there be rapture
in the glutted cells a certain
shuddering as filth clogs
the extended settlements
the broken groves

2

what if you knew that this
light of your life this balm
for all life's ills this before which
you lay down your all your
sum of days this drought
which drinks which strides
openly across the sheer
vault of the city were nothing
but a moving thirst a sure
insatiable need were nothing
but a suffering that is forever
beyond comforting what then

3

as the body of submerged water
glides dissolves reconstitutes itself
what sound connects the open

with the veiled as we were stood
awkwardly in our own light
blocking thereby that swift
spontaneous spill from one life
to the next from individual agent say
into a reservoir of alien forms
and only over the succeeding
days do you come to recognize
that boundary crossed

4

in a country called time
in a city called the past
in a street called memory
a man is hammering
on the gate with his fists
inside a woman hesitates
she knows that voice so sizes
up the situation let us dance
our flesh they'll take for
shadows and our eyes for flame
nearby a strange car pulls in
this has happened before

5

shut up shut up shut up
i can't admit you cuz your
fingers stained with powder
even were you dressed in woman's
clothes no nothing would thereby
be changed though you
be drenched now and the cold
is sheeting down around
you so you're sore
exposed I am shut up where
certain technicians sterilize
several doctors inflict pain

6

those too bright instruments
excise the streaming from
its homely night
and set it raw
amid the glittering them
selves flange back through
unacknowledged darkness
where they tend
on monsters whose anxiety
perturbs the airy lightness
of this theatre in summer
midday and shocks

GEOFFREY SQUIRES

FROM *LANDSCAPES AND SILENCES*

Waking we saw what it was we had heard
The night before arriving in the dark
Tired after the interminable drive over the plain
A broad river falling over a weir
Between ancient stone houses
And the air clear as a plucked string
When the sound had seemed to come from everywhere
Filling the night in the small town
And the bare white rooms of the government hotel

+

Glimpse of abstraction snow
Covering everything lying everywhere

Here and there a clutch falls from a branch
Suddenly and without warning
In a light shower of silence
Or slides off eaves or off the roofs of barns
Leaving a patch bare

And the road is unmarked
But for the long line of poles
Stretching into the distance

Luminous emptiness of winter sky
Like a voice that sings and sings out of nowhere

+

So quiet now that the slightest movement
Disturbs everything

What is it at these times

In the evening early evening when the wind drops
And the birds begin to settle for the night
Each one on its branch posted in the darkness

What is it this being which is ours not ours

Faint stir

And the stillness everywhere

As if there were a watching the whole thing observed

And a waiting if that's what it is

AODÁN MCCARDLE

I think about him
I remember his [redacted]
I remember him [redacted]
from the school bus
he even [redacted]
eyes like [redacted]
a [redacted]
a mute looking
a [redacted] of doing
and then
[redacted]
was it [redacted]
was it [redacted]
I think surely it was [redacted]
but then [redacted] I think is
what [redacted] me
I remember walking
through the middle of [redacted] at night down by the
Chinese chipshop in Belfast looking for [redacted]
I remember walking
up past [redacted] and thinking [redacted]
but [redacted] also made me think
[redacted] it all
everything
everyone
so for him was it a [redacted]
or was it [redacted]
or was it [redacted]
but I never saw him [redacted]
I only saw him [redacted]
[redacted]
like I think a
[redacted] might want to be
somehow contained
[redacted] then
[redacted]

quiet walk . giving us a lift . drove quietly . a calf . quiet calf . soft kind . that . quiet . raging . raging . rage . save/s/d . a group of fellas . a reaction . the soldiers . so what I get shot . rage . fuck . fuck . fuck . rage . quiet . mad . mad . gentle . soft . quiet . monk . that . happened . violent . violence . quiet . violence . harm . quiet . violent .

is it a [redacted] act
can [redacted] be [redacted]
not an absence
of sound
but an absence of [redacted]
an absence of
intention to [redacted] but
that
could that be [redacted]
could that be not [redacted]
then maybe what?

This walking
us
in the middle of the [REDACTED]

in the middle of the [REDACTED]

for you
not so [REDACTED] e
but a [REDACTED] e
not in [REDACTED] e
but [REDACTED] o [REDACTED] e

it's cold and dark but not raining
to move at that/this pace
contravenes
disrupts
resists
disturbs
provides
instills
asserts

These shared...

cloth
weight
posture

inhibiting the intimate spaces
unprocessing consumption
tuning in to it
or avoiding it
similarly
but here

a single bluebell

grows
under the blue cedar
half in half out
of its shadow
it's there

a kitten steps
out of a pot
into another
on a kitchen
worktop
in another house
years ago

this walking
behind

SARAH HAYDEN

FROM *-SITEVISIT-*

:betweentimes:
verticals are rising.
churned earth—blackier than we could have thought, [stri--ated]
with mineral riches
—is studded first a miscast starmap, then throws up flat perfect
a sublimely unambivalent logic asserts itself____.

this is my house
this is where I live
mudgreen models promised a setting near-sylvan : we aw

i pe

thermally insulate//vermicularly ventilate//let there be light

:meantimes:

mindful of the fact that the transplantation of such structures from the altogether alter-context of the domestic single-family dwelling results, unerringly, in an unsatisfactory fit between the capacities of the residence and the needs of its inhabitants, we have devised an entirely new and specifically apposite system for this development. an especial degree of consideration has been given to the arrangements made for heating, lighting and sanitation. the new example being proposed will, it is hoped, serve as exemplar for city councils the world over. promotional realty has already been acquired in influential trade publications (Germany, Sweden and the United States). studio photographs of the relevant maquettes, finished to the finest possible level, have been commissioned from steady hands.

they say,

ions

ait installation of the trees for which these windows were designed
meantimes, earth dries and cracks in mimesis of miniature tectonics
er down onto this colorado from among the striplights of innerspace
& cannot imagine those trees arriving
not anytime, not ever, at all.

we drink them in the sun
toasting our zukunftswelt
after tiptoeing toosmall interior spaces
under those grey smiling eyes,
[those] of the man who looks over his shoulder backwardly. afra
amid the puddled slicedup soil among us, his futurevision shows
promisings. makes sure his wrist as he contracts with dusty speci

Cut of its anchor-ropes
a ball between the ribs floats, somehow,
upwards.

Finding, behind the sternum, its
spirit level__
it bobs there throughout the duration
is held firmly in place within the

Beyond:
a ball falls
to remain in this sunken posture until such a time as the necess

Failing, often, to connect the ensuant affect with this, the means
the mandate of an imperative inconstant. Being voided of the
familiar business concerns and is given, upon occasion, to maki

id, once at last alone, to turn his blinded back upon it. standing
it to him differently. infills all awaiting spaces with hologramic
alists in the futur proche.

of all days intra-interior
grounds and, once line-of-sight is maintained, in the wider context.

ary conditions are reinstated.

of its generation, she will occasionally zoom off into town under
motive force driving her intention, she wanders haphazardly between
ng rash and soon ill-qualified purchases.

It all: not, of course, to suggest that this
chain of events could or even should
be avoided. But, rather, to offer minor
avertissement as to some of the less
anticipatable effects of establishing
residency. Here.

Some former inhabitants have reported an ever-decreasing will

<<Today, a [real and genuine] interest in the best of modern bui
at first i didn't dare to hope, but then i turned up and there she
all dollied up & with her
side-flank cantilevered

freed from the mangle and the basin, women float
suddenly returned to them, days expand. dawn and
further apart. thus uncoupled from the exigencies
find they have more time and energy to expend on
improvement is appreciated in the disposition of
occasional to the everyday. in idler afternoons, you
tea and to exchange lipsticks. over readyslices of sh
merits of a new compact. their husbands, no longer
towards work, arrive at end-of-day refreshed by the

.verdant drives_____

we never had it so good.
we never wanted it so bad.

to be elsewhere, if it can at all be avoided.

this is not to say that the [equilibrium effect] is not occasionally undermined by unwonted confluences of physiognomies—not to mention conjunctions of apparel, personal paraphernalia and any 'gifts' such occasions may entail. in case of such a scenario, some relief can be obtained by the designation of a chamber for the reception of all such articles. it is advised that particular care be taken to divest each unfortunate unit of all components of same intake, before re-opening

For The Enjoyment of The Family.

lding is shared by home-owners everywhere>>

was

free as soap-bubbles. with so much time
dusk are pushed
long deemed their birthsexright, women
the finessing of their toilette. a marked
wifely apparel. cosmetics move from the
ng mothers visit their neighbours to drink
opbought cake they consider the relative
compelled to entube themselves daily
cartrip home from town.

_____ dampen vices _____ dry tongues.

ELLEN DILLON

FOR WHY ARE YOU IN THIS PRISON PUT?

What does the wording, when you won't hear a single?

State acknowledges right life

I can't even remember if we all screamed for ice-cream

unborn and, due regard equal right

but I think I know that I wouldn't have forced rhubarb even,

life mother, guarantees its laws to

very strange mother, my mother, to clamour for a 99.

respect, and, practicable, its laws to

Pre- 'Life is Beautiful' Benigni's benign syllabics

defend and vindicate that right.

rocked me to sleep, but this night I dreamt you, Princess

This subsection shall not limit freedom to travel

and woke up angry that you'd played on all my human

State and another state.

feelings while I slept. Reedy pal Yacho supports life

This subsection shall not limit freedom to obtain

in the abstract, loves formaldehydable human potential

or make available, State, subject such

with pungent fervour. You are a good egg, smooth

conditions may be laid down law,

and featureless. It is a sad and beautiful world; nest us all

information relating services lawfully available

in shredded paper wording our continuing state of detention

another state.

Dead on the ground. We are a good egg, my friends.

ADVERBIALY SPEAKING 2: CAPITAL SPICERS

Constantly

the one who could have been a gazelle
shuffled animal cards before settling
for hedgehog instead – prickly yet tender-
tummied she would bowl herself against
the shins of other enemies than time, over
and over and over again, and train her gun
to shine like an un-banked diamond

Temporarily and witlessly

ignoring business, the public poet borrows
time with interest and vice versa, finds his
home in danger of repossession, no longer
worth the hoard of words he drew down against
its future value. He's been protesting, too much,
against metaphor and not enough with simile.
There are no waves, pebbles or shore – just an
ever-lengthening slime-flow seeking a sea to
slither under where there is none. The Dyno-Rod
guy said this foundational seepage was a new form
of attack. So do our hastily-assembled minutes end

Immediately

frosted funambulist on a taut wire, too
icily teeth-jarring to be human, my
arms would rather a moomin-soft
hugger, but mine eyes dazzle at your
pizazz. Tell me about the stepping: who
taught your toes to find the line and hug
it; how comes your arms have never learned the
same embrace? Are those appendages each and
only your fingers and toes, without suction-
cups or extra members? Who is the membership of you?
Where will this brinkmanship end? When we're all rear-
ended by gravity will your years of close friend-
ship buy you a berth in the last mid-air?

FROM SONNETS TO MALKMUS

Stay Christmas Day
taking umbrage when it's offered
easy to see looking
pretty a thread bear-skin
hunt something to burrow
emerald & lilac tinted
neckerchiefs make space to breathe

*Medley your songs a club sandwich sound
a moment I could learn to love
like a spindly Montgolfier, brother
kept most my marbles traded, some them
mouth 'ohs' its surprise (concerned emoji face,
understand that it's not always easy) to green
severed filaments*

Second thoughts you & first regrets
turn fidgeting & wandering eyes
everybody had a second love
pleating chronology you had yours first
handling implications like they're paper planes
entangling anglepoises to shed complex light
near tangled paper questions poised cut or flight

*Maybe it's penguins, players sin-bins
anchovy pizza Cefalu
lay a bed scattered foliage
keep queasy souvenirs, toothy cysts jars
measure their hand-spans pinkie thumb
unfurling rubber gas-filled dreams
sisters, I need assistance, nit-combing & seeing, I*

Snakes age finding ways not to be footwear
the sin taxi encodes your fare take your belongings when you go
elders box us circus-ring locution
prime location-specific prepositions leave us hanging mid-air
hors d'oeuvres sound that don't fill that gap
either here or there & rattled ordered words
neither this nor that & ordered word rattles

*More foreign day (line to check view)
& id is all we have, so wait
loose hands, find idle work
keeping beats & company bad,
mingle nuts grapes & cheeses
use all those puddles evil
so many fortresses & ways to attack*

CONTRIBUTOR BIOGRAPHIES

Sheila Mannix is based in Cork, Ireland. Publications include the chapbooks *female corpse* from smithereens press (available free at smithereenspress.com) and *Dual Poet Reader One* with Nathan Spoon from hardPressed poetry. Recent work has appeared in *tears in the fence* and *Shearsman* magazine (UK).

Anamaría Crowe Serrano is an Irish poet and translator of Spanish and Italian to English. As well as having been anthologised and published widely in journals in Ireland and abroad, publications include *KALEIDOgraph*, written with Nina Karacosta (corrupt press, 2017), *on^owords and ^upwords* (Shearsman, 2016), *one columbus leap* (corrupt press, 2011), *Femispheres* (Shearsman, 2008), and *Paso Doble* (Empiría, 2006), written with Italian poet Annamaria Ferramosca. In recent years, she has been involved in several collaborations with other poets, including the Upstart project in Dublin and Steven Fowler's "Yes, But Are We Enemies?". For more information, visit www.anamariacs1.wixsite.com/amcs.

David Lloyd is a writer and critic, born in Ireland and currently living in Los Angeles and teaching at the University of California, Riverside. *Arc & Sill: Poems 1979-2009* (2012) collects his new and selected poetry. A bilingual edition of his play, *The Press*, is forthcoming from Nouvelles Scènes at the Presses Universitaires du Midi. *Kodalith*, a sequence of poems, is @ Smithereens Press, <http://www.smithereenspress.com/>. He is the editor of Cusp Books, a chapbook press.

David Toms lives and works in Norway. His poetry has appeared in a wide variety of magazines, journals and edited collections. He is working towards a second collection.

Fergal Gaynor is a poet, critic and editor, with Ed Krčma, of *Enclave*

Review, a magazine of contemporary and modern art. His first collection of poems was published in 2011 by Miami University Press. Recent work appeared in the 2016 issue of the Irish University Review.

Christodoulos Makris is "one of Ireland's leading contemporary explorers of experimental poetics" (The RTÉ Poetry Programme) and "a straw in the wind, a forerunner, in Irish poetry and Irish poetry publishing" (*The Irish Times*). He has published two books - the most recent *The Architecture of Chance* (Wurm Press, 2015) was selected as a poetry book of the year by RTÉ Arena and *3:AM Magazine* - and several pamphlets, artists' books and other poetry objects. His practice is concerned with public-private language and multiple/shifting personas enabled by digital communication. He is the poetry editor of *gorse* journal and associated imprint Gorse Editions, and co-director of Dublin's multidisciplinary event series Phonica.

Kit Fryatt lectures in English at Dublin City University. Poetry publications include *Rain Down Can*, (Shearsman, 2012) and *The Co Durham Miner's Granddaughter's Farewell to the Harlan County Miner's Grandson* (Knives Forks and Spoons Press, 2013), and a new collection, *Body servant*, is forthcoming from Shearsman in 2018.

Karl Parkinson is a writer from inner-city Dublin. *The Blocks* his début novel was published in 2016 by New Binary Press. In 2013 Wurm Press published his début poetry collection, *Litany of the City and Other Poems*, and his second poetry collection, *Butterflies of a Bad Summer*, was published by Salmon in 2016. His work has appeared in the anthologies, *New Planet Cabaret* (New Island Press) and *If Ever You Go: A Map of Dublin in Poetry and Song* (Dedalus Press), *The Deep Hearts core: Irish poets revisit a touchstone poem* (Dedalus Press).

As well as in several journals, including *The Stinging Fly*, *The Poetry Bus*, *Penduline*, *Colony*, *Can Can*, *The Pickled Body*, *The Bohemyth*, *The Incubator*. His work has also been published in *The Irish Times* and *The Dublin Inquirer*.

Cal Doyle's poetry has appeared in *The Stinging Fly*, *gorse*, & *Poetry* (Chicago). He lives in Cork.

Trevor Joyce co-founded New Writers' Press in Dublin in 1967 and SoundEye in Cork in 1997. This year marks the fiftieth anniversary of his first book with publication of *Fastness*, a translation from the English of Edmund Spenser, by Miami University Press. A chapbook of thirty-six 36-word poems, *The Immediate Future*, has just been reissued by Smithereens Press. He was awarded the biennial N.C. Kaser Lyric Prize in 2016. He is a member of Aosdána, the Irish affiliation of artists.

Geoffrey Squires (b. 1942) grew up in Co.Donegal and after living and working in a number of countries settled in England. He is now retired and living in Hull. He has published a number of volumes several of which have appeared in bilingual editions in France. His translations of Hafez won the annual translation prize of the American Institute of Persian Studies and his translations of early Irish (*My News for You: Irish poetry 600-1200*) were described on Amazon as a masterpiece. For full details of his work visit geoffreysquirespoettranslator.wordpress.com

Aodán McCardle is a painter, a poet, tattooist, father. He is a co-editor at Veer Books. His PhD is on Action as Articulation of the Contemporary Poem though physicality and doubt are the site of meaning and the stance respectively where the action operates. His current practice is improvised performance/writing/drawing.

Sarah Hayden's chapbooks so far are *Exteroceptive* (Wild Honey) and *System Without Issue* (Oystercatcher) and most recently *Turnpikes* (Sad Press), with other poems appearing in Golden Handcuffs Review, Steamer, Internal Leg and Cutlery Review, Tripwire, on Datableed and in various other fine places. She also collaborates with artists, at every opportunity. She is a Lecturer in the Department of English at the University of Southampton, where she directs the Centre for Modern and Contemporary Writing and runs the Entropics reading series. Her book on Loy and avant-garde artishood will be published by the University of New Mexico Press in April. *Field Pulsations*-- her book with Paul Hegarty --is also forthcoming.

Ellen Dillon lives in County Limerick. She is working on a PhD project on dynamic abstraction at the School of English in DCU, Dublin. She has completed poems for the pamphlets *Potential Space* and *Sonnets to Malkmus*, some of which have appeared or are forthcoming in *Zarf*, *Datableed*, *Paratext* and *Adjacent Pineapple*.