

CARTYS POETRY JOURNAL – ISSUE VII --- AUTUMN ISSUE – OCTOBER 2011

[www.cartyspoetryjournal.com](http://www.cartyspoetryjournal.com)



# CARTYS POETRY JOURNAL

Issue VII - Autumn 2011

Published October 2011

[www.cartyspoetryjournal.com](http://www.cartyspoetryjournal.com)

## Cover Image

“Lane from Rossbawn”

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

## Poetic Quotation:

As to the pure mind all things are pure, so to  
the poetic mind all things are poetical.

[Henry Wadsworth Longfellow](#)

## Introduction

Again its late, but again its Irish, and again we think that it is worth waiting for.

In this issue we bring you an invitational contribution of women poetesses after an online posting by Amy King lamenting the perceived difficulty in getting published if you are a woman.

In response we sent an invite out on Facebook, Twitter, and one three poetry listserves for women writers in particular, which then rose the submissions from the fairer sex, only for men to submit their as well even though this issue was to be for the ladies!!!!

We bring as well the second part of the submissions from the WritersCafe.org contest we ran for the last issue, we only fitted half of the winners and runners up in, so we think we got the rest in this turn!!!

Local events here in the Tullamore area we also outline, with pictures and articles from the Readings at the Pallet festival, Ken and Triona Humes book launch, and the Culture Night event in Ireland that we attended, as well as the PREDA Fundraiser in Dublin.

Some writers – particularly male!!! – have had their submissions put off for the next issue, due for December but which may be out sooner if we get sufficient submissions in for the next issue – and I got the time to get the issue together!!! So if your not in this one, it should be in the next.

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh  
Editor  
Cartys Poetry Journal  
[www.cartyspoetryjournal.com](http://www.cartyspoetryjournal.com)

### About the Journal:

We publish new and emerging writers, Irish and non Irish with a particular emphasis on rhyming poetry.

We publish all other sorts as well, but we wish to especially promote rhyming poetry. See our back catalogue for poets we have published, and feel free to submit. Details on our website.

### Special Feature: Women Writers

Frances Ayers (USA)  
- Grief Has No Hold  
- As The Night Descends  
- Reigning In The Shadows  
- Of Winter Born  
- Refresh My Soul  
- Soul Speak

Book Review: "VOLCANO"  
Tatjana Debeljacki

Máire Morrissey-Cummins (Ireland)  
- Cat Haiku  
- For Brahms (RIP)  
- Garden Haiku  
- A Lily Light Afternoon  
- Early Morning Wonder  
- Idyllic Altamount  
- Letter to my Emigrant Daughter

Rachel Sutcliffe  
- If  
- For Grandma  
- Morning Walk

Patrice M Wilson (USA)  
- Where I Am Going  
- The Storm  
- Pygmalion and Galatea  
- Wind in the Willow

Elaina Perpelitt (USA)  
- A Garden's Annual Funeral  
- What a Way to Die  
- Gamblers of the Highest Stakes  
- The Feminist Speaks

Elena Botts (USA)  
- Empty Sound  
- Hope  
- Lantern  
- White Color

Amy Evans (UK)  
- Pointers Home  
- Pause; Before Birth  
- Coast

Ann Neuser Lederer (USA)  
- The Bath  
- Dog With a Bloody Face

Naomi Buck Palagi (USA)  
- Triolet: What struck me was  
- Delta Triste Terza

Sarah Tibbing (USA)

- Thirteen, perched
- July
- A Thirst
- Daybreak
- Late April, Early Evening

Chella Courington  
- Essay on "Eurydice"

**Feature:**  
**News from the Irish Poetry Scene**

Photo Gallery - Readings at the Pallet  
100000 Poets for Change Overview  
Photo Gallery of "Culture Night"  
Culture Night, Poetry, Music and the Craic

Imbibe - Paul Buchheit (USA)

**Feature:**  
**WritersCafe Contest Section II**

"Just One More Step"  
*Annie Ning (USA / PRC)*  
"Pilgrimage"  
*LJW (USA)*  
"Lady in the Half Light"  
*Alvin L. Kathembe (Kenya)*  
"The Sky Tears Asunder"  
*Tim Holt (USA)*  
"The Beauty in Writing"  
*Coby Coyle (USA)*  
"Breath"  
*Emily (Canada)*

**Feature: The Male Corner**

Tom O Haire (Ireland)  
- Tidy Town  
- Baggage  
- The Last Days Of Summer  
- Fast Forward  
- Still Life  
- This Is It  
- The Road

Austen Roye (USA)  
- ten. twenty. thirty.  
- as they never do.

Frederick L Light (USA)  
- Making an End of Music

Anthony Sullivan  
- The Story of a Dance

Jonathan Hicks (NI)  
- Before You Go Out  
- The Lily Of Shunum  
- The First Pleasure  
- What Courage  
- The New Owner  
- Flaw In The Machine

David McDonald  
- An Abandoned Soldier  
- For Our Veterans  
- The Death

Special Feature –

# Women Writers of Poetry



Amy King, the American poetess, on the Buffalo Poetry Listserv, lamented the fact that the publishing industry in general seem to favour male poets, and cited publishing stats from various papers in the online debate. In response, I sent an invite out for women poets in particular for this issue, and here I feature the submissions.

The findings from the special call that went out via Twitter, Facebook, and three poetry listserves was that female submissions went up from about one in three to nearly one in two, but the lads not to be outdone, flooded more submissions in!!!

So, as far as I can gather, men are more pushy in submissions, more focused on promoting their work, hence their apparent success in getting published.

## Frances Ayers (USA)

I am a middle aged Poet living in NYC. I have been writing poetry for only five years, since the death of my brother. My poems have been published in three facebook anthologies and online. My poem, "As Old As The Sea" came in as third runner up in the [voicesnet.com](http://voicesnet.com) international poetry competition for May 2010. When I am not writing I am a fulltime Caregiver to an elderly uncle. Previously, I worked as a Social Worker with abused and neglected children. I graduated from Fordham University with an MSW. I am of French/Irish descent.

### **Grief Has No Hold**

I will not keep you behind an iron gate  
But will unlock my soul to accept the beauty  
Of the dawn and ascending road  
Invisible as the path may be  
I will feel my way through  
With head held high and shoulders straight  
For there is more light than shadow  
Hope is more prevalent than fear  
I will remember more songs than weeping  
And the joy that comes after a long battle

### **Reigning In The Shadows**

Sometimes doubts and fears arise  
As the shadows of life grow longer  
Pity and fear, the light does despise  
For the light makes souls stronger  
We flounder in the shadows path  
Lost in our own dark night  
For the darkness later shows its wrath  
Clear within our sight  
But the light soon reigns in the dark  
And brings us faith, and hope  
The dawning light provides the spark  
To erase the shadows and help us cope

### **As The Night Descends**

As the night draws the curtain close  
And all the earth lays down its head  
The moon and shadows strike a pose  
As our little ones are tucked in bed  
Ethereal beings take to flight  
As heavens' curtain slowly falls  
They pass unseen through out the night  
To undertake their sacred calls  
To guard frail humans in their sleep  
Bringing hope to weary souls  
From house to house, they quickly leap  
To carry out heavens' goals

### Of Winter Born

Of winter born, a pale child  
Restless like the rolling wave  
Surviving, barely, in the wild  
She calls to nature, to be saved

Wolves are restless, hearing cries  
Of one so little, as new as snow  
On a tiny crevice, here she lies  
Above a hill, creatures below

No human parents to embrace her  
And shield her from the wind and cold  
They lay buried underneath her tears  
A newborn they no longer hold.

And suddenly her cries are heeded  
As wolves encircle her fragile frame  
Providing warmth to her as needed  
No prey is she, they know her name

The years pass by like lightning  
The seasons flee like grains of sand  
Embracing nature, she looks frightening  
As nature's parents lick her hand

### Refresh My Soul

Refresh me with the sound of your voice  
Echoing throughout my listless mind  
Helping to drown out all other noise  
Leaving problems far behind  
Help to reawaken my tired soul  
And immerse me in refreshing springs  
With you beside me now I am whole  
Enjoying surprises our life brings

### Soul Speak

Tell me of your deepest yearnings  
And need to feel you're not alone  
Trust me with memories you treasure  
Have patience when I take that tone  
And wish for me all life's goodness  
Few tears that sting like braided rope  
Patience and luck in equal measure  
And strength anew to help me cope  
Hoping to attract that kindred soul  
With a longing that knows to wait  
My heart opens up to accept the one  
Forever more to be my mate

оаза ватре  
огањ црвени вулкан Марс  
кум свих вулкана

fire oasis  
the flame is red volcano Mars  
godfather of all volcanoes

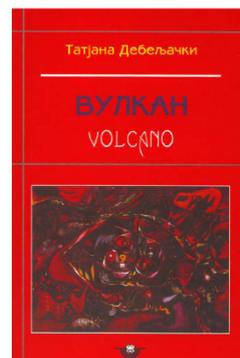


еротски занос  
таласне вибрације  
ватрени вулкан

flaming volcano  
erotic passion  
vibration of waves

## VOLCANO -

Tatjana  
Debeljacki



I had the pleasure of reading through the collection of haiku from Serbian writer Tatjana Debeljacki of late, and the collection is available in Serbian and English bilanguage edition which

is a very welcome addition to anyone's literary collection, be it in hardcover or in software.

I publish two of the haiku above, both in English and in their native Serbian, and the beauty of the words carry well to the English language, a difficult feat for any writer to achieve, never mind an English translation of a Serbian poem written in a Japanese format!!!

Reference:

- [Vulkan: Volcano](#)

by Tatjana Debeljacki

ISBN 8690589511 (86-905895-1-1)  
Hardcover, Lotos

## Máire Morrissey-Cummins (Ireland)

### Biography:

I am Irish, I was born and raised in Tramore, Co. Waterford and presently live in Greystones, Co. Wicklow. For many years, I have lived Europe, in Holland mainly. I still move between Ireland and Trier, Germany as my husband works in Europe. I am married 30 years, I have two adult children. One has his own business in Dublin and the other is living and working in Madrid. I am a published Haiku poet with the Irish Haiku Society and Haiku Ireland. I am really enjoying my attempts at standard poetry also as I am very new to writing. I have had a number of my standard poems published in various poetry anthologies, journals and online. After a life working full-time in the Financial Sector, finding poetry has been a real gift and I am just enjoying the journey of being free to truly enjoy life.

Published haiku poet with the IHS and Haiku Ireland, I have been published in Presence magazine by Marin Lucas in edition 44 and in Haikuj, an online haiku site. I also write standard poetry and have some success with publishing. I write a variety of poems, whatever flows to be honest. I have been writing for the past year after a lifetime of working in the Financial Sector in Holland and Germany mainly.

I have an online blog which I update weekly, I have only started it but it is coming along well.

<http://kerkedijk.blogspot.com/>

### Cat haiku

evening sunlight  
her nose smudges the window  
admiring herself

summer pruning  
his claw marks still  
on the maple trunk

### For Brahms (RIP)

her kneading paws  
the rhythm of my fingers  
on the laptop

lazy sunday  
her body purring  
into mine

### Garden haiku

cutting back rhubarb  
cradled in the stems  
a blackbirds nest

June gardening  
starlings circle a blackbird  
with a worm

light breeze  
purple lupins point  
dancing towards the sea

trees bend and sway  
each leaf a different sound  
blithe symphony

summer noon  
bees gather nectar  
in honey sunshine

sea breeze  
foxgloves freckled lips quiver  
whistling a tune

hedge clippings  
in the wheelbarrow  
autumn leaves with spring

## A Lily Light Afternoon

A shaft of sunshine

streams through magnolia clouds  
glides over a sleepy village  
streaks shadows on patchwork meadows  
and warms textured straw bales  
wrapped in harvest light.

Milk laden cows  
graze clover fields  
as sheep stud the hillside.

Sprinting brambles  
prickle wild hedgerows  
swollen with purple fleshy fruits.

Song birds bolt  
from beech to sycamore  
humming sweet melodies  
blossoming the breeze  
on a lily light afternoon.

## Early Morning Wonder

In the stillness of the morning  
I open my window.  
I wonder is it you  
who calls me,  
through the trembling leaves  
fluid birdsong  
or the cool breeze embrace  
gently touching my face.

I scan the sky  
clouds drift to the east.  
I search for your face  
a sign, a trace.  
An apricot sunrise lifts the dawn  
shadows streak the fields  
a path of light melts the sea.

I close my eyes  
basking in newborn rays  
I wonder could it be your glow?  
I hear soft whispers  
circling the maple tree.  
I sense your aura  
as baby pink rosebuds bloom.

House martins skim the trees  
clipping in and out of nests.  
Dewdrops drip from their beaks  
to nourish their young.  
I wonder can they see you?  
I watch in silence  
in wonder.

## Idyllic Altamont

*Altamont is an old family home in Co. Carlow, Ireland. It is abandoned now but the gardens and lake are magnificent and well kept. It is free to enter and has so many gardens within the garden, it is magical. I tried to capture some of it in this poem.*

Old stone pillars flank the entrance  
draped in ivy, brambles and weeds.  
An avenue of beech  
curves to an abandoned house  
where a peacock's cry  
resounds from purple walled gardens  
at idyllic Altamont.

Weeping Aspens quiver  
dappling sunlit walls.  
A faded pink facade lies buried  
under a myriad of trees,  
vines meander the windows,  
moss creeps the steps.

From the doorway,  
a thick path spreads through lawns,  
lined by pyramids of clipped box,  
sweeping beneath arches of Yew.  
Trellised roses perfume the view  
down to a lily clotted lake.

Swans with their young  
forge a path through yellow lilies  
dipping long necks into raven waters.  
They drift the summer sunshine.  
Bird song fills the lake  
lacing the trees with lilting melodies.

A woodland of Rhododendron,  
gnarled branches of purple and pink  
bracelet the lake,  
leading down to a dank bog  
swamped with giant rhubarb  
and grassy reeds swish the breeze.

A diverging path  
coils to a cascading waterfall,  
crashing into the river Slaney.  
Dense dark Ash spiral upwards  
to a bright grassy clearing  
to intoxicating views  
of the Blackstairs mountains.

A feast of surprises,  
at each path's twist and turn  
with a seat to sit and ponder.  
A place of peace and beauty,  
freedom to roam in the midst nature,  
How I long to return to Altamont.

## Letter to my Emigrant Daughter

I used your mug for my tea today  
I thought it needed airing.  
Your name etched in green  
with the Irish flag flying,  
a white shamrock growing on the side.  
It's a fine mug,  
a gift from your Kylemore days,  
befitting your name  
testament to your Irishness.

As I hold it up, it catches the light.  
I see the flash of orange,  
but your Dutch life comes to mind  
and then a splash of red  
taints my thoughts as I acknowledge  
your new Spanish life.  
With your Irish mug in hand,  
you are my cailín na hÉireann  
but you barely lived here.

The sun is shining today,  
the garden radiant  
with a glint of your touch  
in the chard, still growing strong.  
And the mustard cress,  
from one seed, a massive mound.  
You, who had no interest in gardening  
have left so much of your spirit behind.  
The yellow rose has more buds  
than it could ever hope to bloom  
and the white Lilac is so sweetly scented  
especially for you.

I smile to myself,  
mo leanbh beag bándearg  
and I wish you were here today.  
Lunch in the garden has no appeal without  
you.

The new teak loungers  
lonely on the deck,  
they await your return.  
The fold-up table, weathered  
from our years of use.  
It holds memories of your wonderful salads,  
displayed and presented lovingly  
in the wide ceramic bowl.  
I think of the countless pots of tea,  
the elderflower cordial  
and the jam we made together  
as we journeyed  
through our Greystones years.

I look at the garden,  
there are traces of you everywhere  
in all your glory.

### Notes:

(i) *Kylemore days* – Kylemore Abbey Boarding School, Galway, Ireland where my daughter studied for five years. The school is famous but has recently been closed. It is still a tourist destination, very popular.

(ii) *my cailín na hÉireann* = Gaelic for my Irish girl

(iii) *mo leanbh beag bándearg* = Gaelic for my little pink girl



**St Brendans Church, Birr**

Photo: Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

## Rachel Sutcliffe

### If

If I could cry an ocean then I could swim away  
Away from grief and sorrow in search of better days  
If I could write a story and live the tale it told  
I'd write in joy and laughter and leave suffering untold  
If I could dig a tunnel and follow the path I dug  
It would lead me someplace special where everything were good  
But ifs are only wishes and reality is tough

### For Grandma

Today I saw a frail old day,  
Walking with a white stick.  
She reminded me of another old lady,  
Who we all loved to bits.  
Grief brought a tear to my eye,  
As I remembered where she would sit.  
So these words are meant for her,  
I hope she thinks them fit.  
I pray she's now with the angles,  
Surrounded by the candles we've lit.  
Our much loved mother and grandma,  
Who blessedly this life did quit.

### Morning Walk

Sun shines down through tall trees,  
Leaving marbled patterns along the street.  
Footsteps pound with regular beat,  
As foolhardy runners brave the heat.  
Engines roar raising clouds of dust,  
Top down becomes a must.  
Buttercups soak up the golden rays,  
Life gets lazy in the hot heady days.

### Bio:

*As a child she had a great imagination and loved story writing. For a while her creative writing took a back seat as she discovered the joys of foreign language learning and spent 2 years teaching in France and Spain. However she remained an avid reader despite not writing as much herself. Personal circumstances have led her to really concentrate on her writing again. She is an active member of a writing group and has had several of her poems and short stories published in various anthologies and magazines. She has just set up her own blog, which has definitely fuelled her creativity.*

<http://projectwords11.wordpress.com/>

## Patrice M Wilson (USA)

Patrice M Wilson's poetry has been published by the *Journal of New Jersey Poets*, *Nimrod*, *Barbaric Yawp*, *Hawai'i Review*, *Hawai'i Pacific Review*, *Byline*, and *Common Ground* among others, and is forthcoming in *Eclipse*. She has three chapbooks by Finishing Line Press, *On Neither Side* (2009), *When All Else Falters* (2003) and *A Different Current* (2011). Her ancestors are African-American, Tsalagi (Cherokee), and Irish. She is an assistant professor of English at Hawai'i Pacific University.

### Where I Am Going

I am going  
down the drain  
with all the sloughed-off  
waterdrops that have cleansed  
me for years, with every last  
sud and bubble I have so  
carelessly created in so many  
showers and baths  
till I was squeaky clean  
and ready to face the world,  
well-groomed, well-dressed,  
well-spoken, well-tried.

But now, I am going  
down the drain with those slaves  
to my cleanliness, find out  
what they know, apologize  
for not listening earlier,  
too busy using them  
for my own gain,  
for my own good appearance.

Then, once we understand  
each other, all the ill-used  
bubbles and waterdrops and suds  
and I are coming back up the drain  
to haunt to world  
like historical memory,  
like spirits of ancestors  
long gone.

Once we are friends  
we can do that,  
together command  
the demanding dirty world  
to listen.

### The Storm

(After Pierre Auguste Cot's Painting)

Come, Love—  
maybe we'll find a cave  
or a huge hollow tree  
for shelter from wind  
and rain—otherwise, where  
would we be running to  
in this deep forest,  
I in my shepherd's skin,  
you in your diaphanous dress,  
both beneath this crazy  
buff-colored cloak  
flapping and flailing  
above our wary heads—  
how could they protect us?

We are young and swift  
on our bare feet—  
we shan't stumble,  
or if we do, we shan't fall hard  
on this earth of grass,  
where even in the rain  
I would caress you  
'til you slept,  
despite thunder.

And if we awoke drenched and cold,  
a bit sick perhaps, we could hold  
each other up and limp slowly  
to the sheep farm, so far from which we wandered  
for our interrupted tryst—  
Never mind. We could dry our clothes  
before the fire, rest in bed—  
or on the rug before the flames  
that would keep us warm  
until the day shone through again,  
so clear and lovely,  
who could refuse it?

## Pygmalion and Galatea

(Painting by Jean Léon Gérôme)

Solitude speaks perfect  
though its own non-words,  
marble softening into flesh,  
its creator's arms, desire to possess  
encompassing before, behind.

But we let go.  
What quickens in solitude  
walks helpless into undefined space  
where we rarely see reflected dimension  
closing as soon as it opens,  
small point of air that snaps shut  
when you poke a finger through—

whether a trap or actual love,  
moment on canvas,  
life of flesh-endings  
on a hard white pedestal  
to step off of.

## Wind in the Willow

I.  
You whisper beautifully, he sighs.  
It's because of you, she says.  
Of course it is, he says.  
Of course it is, she agrees.

And they went on like that,  
On and off, all night long,

With me on the other side  
Of the screen, pleased

With how suddenly cool  
The exchange between

Something unseen in motion  
among so many thin green leaves

Sheltering a thick trunk  
And two prominent branches

In the midst of a heavy, humid  
summer,  
Like respite from some deep-seated  
grief.

II.  
How beautiful our bodies are,  
Regardless of flaws, how our heads,

Thought to be masters,  
Follow after our hearts

When the real storm comes.  
How our legs would walk so far

As to require aid from a passer-by,  
When we want to meet someone

We have loved and not seen  
For months or years on end,

As if the world were not so big  
As all that, as all the sorrows we feel.

Summers are the hardest, when  
hurricanes threaten, when

The stroke of heat could create  
A backup of heart's blood.

III.

The grave is in Hampton, Virginia,  
A tree the culprit in the one-car

crash that crushed his life.  
Grass grows round his stone

In the wreath that I can never  
Take to him, because I live across

A continent and an ocean.  
And because he did not belong

To me, and because my love  
And his never met in the night,

Or in the day for that matter,  
Neither in summer or winter,

When he used to bake plum puddings  
To share with the family—

Another old shoe that blisters  
The foot when you are lost and

Walking those miles you think  
Will bring you closer.

IV.

But there is that willow tree  
Outside the window

Where I sleep in my mother's home  
Whenever I see her out East.

One night after a harsh thundering  
And frightening flashes of light,

I heard the voices of a life  
I could never have known

Without the colorless wind that blows  
Across our lives like a caress,

Or like something unsure that we are  
real,  
Unsure of the logic of endings.

## Elaina Perpelitt (USA)

### A Garden's Annual Funeral

The nauseous breath of change blows bravely  
into my warring heart, saying gravely

I have a greater calling

outside my parents' house where the garden  
dies annually, a sickly warden

of youth, ever stalling.

I pray to a different God today  
than yesterday, a funeral away.

This God sends me spinning

into adulthood with a Dev'lish wink.  
Not ready, I bend over the kitchen sink

a child, a coward, a beginning,

seeing nothing but distorted distortion;  
potential fleshing out of proportion.

But then!  
I see a vision perfected.

One day  
I'll come back with mask of sagging skin,  
stomach settled, and I'll see the garden

Die and be resurrected.

### Gamblers of the Highest Stakes

We gamblers of the highest stakes, we play  
for keeps. We play for Fortune's luscious lips  
gleaming in a most licentious display  
as we clamor like dogs under tight whips—  
we never had a chance! We bet it all.  
Every chamber, every vessel, every drop,  
we had to match perfectly to call  
the bluff. To win, we thought, we'd hit the top!  
To lose never entered our infallible  
minds, not with such temptation, the promise  
of something so pure, an incurable  
passion ever-breathing fire! We miss  
the obvious: when you gamble with a heart,  
your destruction may be Fortune's work of art.

### What a Way to Die

I know it must be hard to swallow  
when you've got Destiny's hands around your  
throat...  
oh, what a way to die, ever so slow.

Poisonous words spike emotions with "NO!"  
and as heat fills our incendiary bellies, we  
bloat.  
It becomes hard to swallow.

I craved water, water, water, to ease the pain  
below,  
but now there's much too much water to stay  
afloat,  
so I sink. What a way to die! Ever so slow...

You save yourself, letting go, as I blow  
my last breath into a seething sea. I watch as  
you gloat,  
and it's hard for me to swallow.

But then a sense of relief, like a quiet snow,  
surrounds me, and as I fall, I hear the most  
beautiful note...  
ahhhh, what a way to die, ever so slow.

Finally released from the words that used to  
flow,  
from lips incensed with rage, from pens that  
wrote and wrote  
"No, no, no!"... those words so hard to  
swallow.  
What a release! What a way to die, ever so  
slow...

## The Feminist Speaks

you boys  
were taught to sharpen your sticks  
and bring down the beasts.  
you were called hunters.  
we girls  
were taught how to deal with dead beasts  
and bear children.  
we were called mothers.

you boys  
were taught how to sharpen your wit  
and conquer the world.  
you were called pioneers.  
we girls  
were taught how to play dumb  
and make you feel better.  
we were called inferiors.

you men  
fought for your country  
and died bravely.  
you were heroes.  
we women  
sewed up your wounds  
and died quietly.  
we were widows.

we women  
are told that strength is ugly  
and weakness is pretty.  
and if we disagree,  
we are usually lonely.  
you men  
are told to protect and defend  
and so you build bombs.  
and if you disagree,  
you are cowardly.

we say  
how many women have started wars?  
you say,  
you filthy feminist.

### **Bio:**

<http://abreakfromconstancy.blogspot.com/>

I am a student of screenwriting at Chapman University, where I also pursue my love of drawing, photography, prose, and poetry.

## Elena Botts (USA)

### Empty Sound

Look at the fog and how it gathers.  
Oh, but I am lost and there is nothing I'd rather  
be the case but this,  
to be lost amid this great spectral wisp.  
It gathers thick and smooth and fast and fine.  
It cloaks the world of any sign.  
The spiders dance amid their webbed  
creations.  
Upon these weavings  
are infinitesimal droplets sieving.  
So fine and fast the spiders dance,  
and the fog I am never leaving.  
Here I can hear my own heart beating.  
How it reverberates in empty sound

### Hope

He doesn't notice  
But keeps on dancing with fire  
A spark moving in the dirt  
Rebounds off the ground  
Worn threads tearing  
Seams coming loose all along  
The patterned squares turning  
Crimson in the dark  
So his mother waits  
Leaning against the cracked threshold  
Emptiness trickles from her eyes  
Like warm dew-drops  
Her hand tightens on the door-sill  
For a second, then comes to her face  
Wrapping around her eyes  
Petals coming in tight around a rose  
He picks up the ball, eyebrows flickering  
Like cat-ears, he notices  
her standing there.

"Come on", she says, her hand  
Slipping into her pocket,  
"Let's go."

## Lantern

Funny how the light moves.  
It flickers, and I think of friends,  
the simmering turmoil of a heart,  
a glimpse of black eyes,  
a hint of a smile, of bright teeth.

It is when the night pinches  
away the light  
when my thoughts turn,  
my inner lantern  
setting the shape of the wilderness.

Far off in the mountains  
there is a place  
where a tree resides,  
its branches touching the sky,  
roots feeling at earth.  
Here I sit by the reflecting pool  
stones spread at my feet,  
clouds cast overhead.

A sailor wonders  
what he is searching for.  
He is truly lost,  
a castaway, so he grasps the plank  
with splayed fingers  
and floats on his back.  
His eyes are washed  
away by tide, blue settling  
around black pupils. Clouds pass by,  
streaks of grey wandering  
through his irises

## White Color

He asks us to run around  
in circles again  
on the black white-striped black black.  
I start forward,  
lunge forward,  
wrestle my self forward.  
I am spinning on the disc again.  
My legs shoot down  
when it is over  
like needles  
on an old-fashioned record player.

The bright bright light  
is in my face in my face in my eyes.  
I feel like I am somewhere else.  
I am in a white white room.  
I can feel my strength pulsing in my chest  
as I stand here in this white white room.

The walls stretch on and on.  
They don't have any color.  
They don't need any color.  
They can't have any color  
because they stretch on and on  
and the light flicks on and off  
and swings from side to side  
like the pulsing in my chest.  
Then the room disappears.  
I am standing on the black white stripe black.  
He asks us to run around  
so I do.  
I am treading water,  
my face looking up at the sky  
as my neck floats on dead shoulders  
in the middle of the black sea.  
Then the water drains  
from my arms my legs my legs my feet my  
shriveled toes.  
I am alone  
in my white room.  
Here I am,  
my being plastered to these walls,  
my mind wandering the white space  
like gulls in grey skies  
like men in white suits on rainy days.  
The light beats back and forth and forth  
and my chest beats.

He asks us to go around again  
so I do.

I can feel my soul  
here in my chest,  
the light that shifts from side to side  
in this limitless cavernous space,  
the space that is my head,  
that is my mind,  
that is my soul,  
that is me,  
that is the world.

I reach the ground,  
the black white black ground.  
I touch it with dead fingers,  
dead fingertips.  
I can see the bright bright light sun.  
I can see the white white bright sun  
shining through the chasms in my face,  
shining into my eyes.  
There is colour.  
There does not need to be any color.  
There cannot be any color.

There are so many colors  
That stretch on and on  
like the pulsing in my chest.

## Amy Evans (UK)



Amy Evans' first pamphlet, *Collecting Shells*, was published this Summer by Oystercatcher Press (July, 2011). Her poems appear in the current *Shearsman* magazine's anniversary edition and the forthcoming *Women's Studies Quarterly: VIRAL* special issue. Her artwork and criticism have featured in *Jacket*, *Jacket2* and *Wolf* magazines. She co-edited with Shamoon Zamir *The Unruly Garden: Robert Duncan and Eric Mottram, Letters and Essays* (Peter Lang, 2007) and is finishing a PhD on Robert Duncan and women poets at King's College, London where she is a Visiting Lecturer.

### Pointers Home

Sky scraped  
and aping shine  
while in fact  
mainly grey  
again

Cat tails meandering  
ways back  
flinging black if  
lucky  
& if mine

Such land 'scape,  
land fled  
as my head; I  
can stand  
it

### Pause; Before Birth

Oh Mother, be  
-reft of oestrogen,  
where has your  
heart gone too?

(I can hear its  
pulse, still)

I am not yet borne,  
don't leave me.

## Coast

*noun:*

*1 the part of the land near the sea; the edge of the land; ....| [as adj. ] the coast road.*

*2 a run or movement....without power.*

We kissed there on that corner  
the hump of the road twists where we waved,  
your way taking you  
towardsthere, where  
we kissed another  
year& age on the bench by the seafront, waves'  
lappingirrelevant, they sloppy & in different in return -  
rhythmically un-  
bothered by breast or fierce teenage trust, public loos our other border  
(not venue):a shared  
scarf as abode hooked gently under your spliff. We kissed and

asa very changed sea along the same  
front begins to chill on my back tonight, I  
know that if I turn  
left, this cheek too sides a landscape of kiss: that way on the path,  
behind the hedge, then under, yes we  
kissed, we found each other out  
there. Round the sea wall's another kiss that we  
kissed, held hands pulse to pulse with out, in  
those days, a thought of blood:clear salt water our fluid, filled its bay –  
the Folly's grey brick set back in  
the trees capital  
ofour sweet  
hearting, palatially safe, where

we kissed, expert at a love with no  
qualification& young among sea-moist leaves  
whowhispered our instincts, agreeing the made town forbid  
all us twos too fresh in our touches. We kissed  
and kissed and I sit here, unmissed but  
warm from the gone loving:  
not yet dead and mapping our only  
ourkisses, felt like un-  
idlingechoes to the touch

*(Bus station, Ryde seafront, Isle of Wight)*

## Ann Neuser Lederer (USA)

*My poems and nofiction appear in online journals such as Brevity, MiPo, and Diagram. My work is also included in anthologies such as Best of the Net and The Country Doctor Revisited. My chapbooks The Undifferentiated, and Weaning the Babies are available through Pudding House.*

*My website <https://sites.google.com/site/annneuserlederer/> provides additional information and links. I am a Registered Nurse and am employed in Kentucky. I was born in Ohio but also lived and wrote in Pennsylvania and Michigan. My mother's maiden name was O'Dwyer, and her ancestors were from Tipperary.*

### The Bath

Pan of warm water, early dawn.  
Lemon scented oil.

Two soft cloths on either side.  
Eyelids, ears, all the way down.

Blue mist lifts, a sigh of relief.  
Steam ascends from the quiet pan.

No more fear. ("Be not afraid.")  
Brushed hair, dry head, fluffed pillow.

The bathers depart with a final pat.  
In the room, pastel tints, and quiet.

New sun slides higher this wintry morn,  
blanket snow hints promises of warmth.

### Dog With a Bloody Face

Out in the high field, a white dog prowls.  
All day, it races after squirrels, or skunks, like a pup.  
At twilight, it bounds through children's windows,  
darkening their pre dreams.  
Twigs twist into the fur of its coat,  
burs cling to its underbelly and footpads.  
Its hot breaths through its ragged teeth  
are nearly silent, visible as steam.  
The white dog's hair is almost gray with grime.  
At the word Bath, it would run off.  
The white dog grins into the gloom.  
Its howls now echo through the metal doors  
of the empty, locked garage.  
The child in bed, trying to sleep, calls out:  
Who has set the white dog free?

## Naomi Buck Palagi (USA)

She has been interested in words, sound, meaning, and dialect since growing up with an eclectic set of experiences based in rural Kentucky. She became focused on writing poetry in 2008 as an amazingly flexible vehicle for thought and communication, and since then has had work published in journals such as Spoon River Review, Otoliths, Moria, Wicked Alice, and

Blossombones. Additionally, she has two chapbooks, Silver Roof Tantrum (dancing girl press), and Darkness in the Tent (Dusie Kollektiv 5). She lives in Northwest Indiana with her husband and her two young children.

**Triolet: What struck me was**

how gentle he was with the dead bird.  
and placed it at a street lamp's base,  
an echo of its call still heard--  
how gentle he was with the dead bird.  
No remembrance but this word--  
and stillness, in the young man's face.  
How gentle he was with the dead bird,  
and placed it at a street lamp's base.

*\*for Jason*

**Delta Triste Terza**

like herons, nesting in the dead oak trees (lost fishing hook)  
like pavement, like bread, like opening a package  
to find plain brown paper wrapping a soft used book

like all these it begs the question of our parentage  
(swooping red arrow points again to Africa);  
the delta pulls our blues out early for our age.

it doesn't matter what you saw, what you saw  
was not what mattered then, what mattered then was twine--  
pair of donkeys, stick cotton, the gee and haw

and money. those with/ without an inside (blood) line:  
language gives us away. sooner or later gives  
us away. *what you think bout that old buster pine?*

*or, that man at the pump, was his mother, still lives  
in a nursin home on 49, was her  
they said Emmett Till whistled at. it gives*

us away. azaleas. cypress, moss, river.  
his daddy was sheriff at the time sending  
Panthers to jail, Klu Klux to 'Nam, the son was never

liked, he said. quit high school. in the woodshop spending  
time with bearded black Walter, or Angus the rot-  
weiler, *Angus, you want a nigger lady tendin*

*you with pea soup? sit!* step through this town with not  
one frown, one smile that isn't taken in, all part:  
Betty with her smile, her darkness, child, he bought

her the house. it begs the question of our bloody heart.  
the delta pulls our blues out early for our age  
blue, and cypress, colors, deep colors for words. start.

## Sarah Tibbing (USA)

### **Thirteen, perched**

indian-style on a rug  
head bowing to nothing

untangling  
with spidery hands

the knots in my stomach  
a senewy cat's cradle

### **July**

I stepped out  
And the tangerine sun  
Turned rotten in the sky;  
All the golden faces tarnished.

### **A Thirst**

dream fiends lie in peach trees,  
drinking stars from tea cups.

### **Daybreak**

The morning light shattered  
on the beach—  
I tiptoed around  
the jagged edges in the sand.

### **Late April, Early Evening**

Against the dusk sky  
dissolving pink and blue,  
I saw your face.  
The beauty filled me,  
and I floated up above you—  
my sneaker got caught  
in a cherry blossom.

About Sarah:

Sarah is studying writing at Studying English Writing at William Paterson University. She lives in Vernon, New Jersey.

## Chella Courington

Bio: Nominated for the 2009 Best of the Net Anthology and the 2009 Best New Poets (University of Virginia), Chella Courington teaches literature and writing at Santa Barbara City College. Her recent work appears or is forthcoming in *The Los Angeles Review*, *lo-ball*, *Gargoyle Magazine*, *Opium Magazine*, *Everyday Genius* and *riverbabble*. “Diana loved anything orange” was runner-up in *The Collagist* 2009 flash fiction contest. Her first chapbook was *Southern Girl Gone Wrong*; her second chapbook of prose poetry, *Girls & Women*, was released by Burning River in April; and her third chapbook, *Paper Covers Rock*, will be released by Indigo Ink in September.

### “Eurydice”

Written in 1916 during the breakup of H.D.’s marriage to Richard Aldington and her relationship with D.H. Lawrence, “Eurydice” can be read in light of the poet’s personal quest to understand herself as a woman modernist among and apart from the male modernists. By giving voice to Eurydice, the voice disregarded in Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*, H.D. begins to talk through her own place in a poetic patriarchy. Entering the mythic present of Eurydice, the poet-persona examines issues of gender and sexuality that engulf the female poet.

In this seven-part poem, the twice-departed Eurydice addresses Orpheus after he has turned on her, breaking Pluto’s caveat not to look back at her until they reached the upper air. But anxious for another look, Orpheus turned and the palpable Eurydice vanished. Ovid writes: “Dying now a second time, she yet cannot reproach her husband, for how can she blame his impatience to behold her?” (Bulfinch 174). In response to Ovid’s patriarchal idealization and dismissal of Orpheus’ wife, H.D. articulates Eurydice’s complaints, embodying rage and despair that evolve into self-acceptance and personal power.

When the poem begins, Eurydice accuses Orpheus of her second death: “So, you have swept me back,” (1). The use of the conjunction “so” has dramatic effect. First, it suggests a connection with a previous action, in this case Orpheus’ annihilating turn that triggers Eurydice’s accusation. Second, “so” is used frequently as an interjection to indicate awareness of a discovery. Eurydice becomes cognizant that Orpheus is the agent responsible for her going back to the underworld: he “swept [her] back,” clearing out Eurydice. Her second death is not the result of

forces pulling her but the result of Orpheus’ willful act—his transgressive gaze. In addition to opening the poem with “so,” H.D. starts the second and third stanzas with “so for your arrogance.” The anaphora names and reinforces Orpheus’ betrayal and helps build Eurydice’s indictment against him.

This use of repetition to make Eurydice’s case is the poet-persona’s strategy throughout the poem. So the reader and Orpheus do not forget his active role in betraying Eurydice, the poet-persona draws on the phrase “swept back” again in part one when Eurydice says: “I am swept back/ where dead lichens drip/ dead cinders upon moss of ash” (8-10). This second reference shows the ensuing non-life for Eurydice: a passive, symbiotic state where she loses reality and becomes a romantic ideal for Orpheus. At the same time, these lines surprise the reader in their musical beauty. The alliterative *ds* and the repetition of *i* and *s* create euphony that suggests symbiosis can be pleasing and hence seductive. Again in the second part, Eurydice declares herself to be “swept into nothingness” (27). This image of the black underworld as “nothingness” signifies the view of the female as nothing unless illuminated by the male: she is considered the other, the “dark continent,” that which threatens to annihilate the male ego.

One of the poem’s most startling revelations occurs in the list of questions initiated by “why” in the second part. Not quite accepting that Orpheus denies her a second chance at life, Eurydice tries to understand her plight and why he abandons her.

The mounting questions are her way of coming to terms with her life below earth: “why did you glance back?/ why did you hesitate for that

moment?/ why did you bend your face/ caught with the flame of upper earth/ above my face?" (29-33). She asks about the "hesitation," a gesture indicating second thoughts. Eurydice's questioning shows that she intuits, at light's threshold, his doubt about needing her on earth. In fact, the memory or idea of Eurydice inspires his song more than her physical presence as he looks down at her. Her first death was an accident; her second, his fault, leading perhaps to even more pain and sorrow in his song. This symbiotic relationship, prefigured by the lichen, makes Eurydice's passivity, hence death, essential to his art.

The darkness of Eurydice's underworld foreshadows the proliferation of colorful flowers on earth, largely "blue crocuses" though red and gold are mentioned (II-IV).

Why would H.D. choose crocus over other popular flowers in Greece like orchids or daffodils? Crocuses are early spring flowers that come back to the earth after winter as Eurydice would come back after being in the underworld. The female stigma of the purple crocus produces saffron, the most expensive spice and first cultivated in Greece. Thus, H.D.'s imaging of Orpheus as "wild saffron that has bent/ over the sharp edge of earth" (51-2) hints at a beneficial relationship between the female and male, echoing the lichen symbiosis.

This male/female union also suggests a transgression of sexual boundaries that informs the poem's subtext. In Greek mythology, the beautiful youth Crocus was impatient for the nymph Smilax and was changed into the flower, a type of emasculation to teach him patience and understanding of the feminine. In Ovid's account of the wedding day of Orpheus and Eurydice, she was wandering through the grass with her Naiads when a serpent bit her to death. As a result of Orpheus's failed attempt to restore Eurydice to earth, he swore off women and turned to boys. Asking Orpheus what he saw in her face, Eurydice says: "What had my face to offer/ but reflex of

the earth/ hyacinth color" (40-2). Why hyacinth? Ovid's Hyacinthus was the doomed beloved of Apollo transformed into a flower. These floral allusions bring to mind that H.D. and D.H. Lawrence wrestled with their own bisexuality—a tension that the poet-persona embodies in her treatment of Eurydice's life on the border between earth and the underworld, between male and female.

By the poem's end Eurydice has reached self acceptance and a recognition of her own inner strength: "At least I have the flowers of myself, / And my thoughts, no god/ can take that;/ I have the fervor of myself for a presence/ and my own spirit for light" (124-8).

The female hero has completed her journey from loss and rage to acceptance and rebirth.

Alicia Ostriker writes: "She [H.D.] is the single one among the Moderns who begins poems with death and ends them with birth" (40). In seven parts recalling the seven days of Biblical creation, the marginalized female poet has re-created her life out of darkness, her art out of obstacle. Recalling Milton's rebellious angel, Eurydice confronts the male hero/poet: "I tell you this:/... hell is no worse than your earth" (95, 101). Though "Eurydice" is an early poem in which H.D. works through persona, her voice already sounds apocalyptic in its revision of Greek mythology.

#### WORKS CITED

- Bulfinch, Thomas. *Bulfinch's Mythology*. New York: The Modern Library, 1993.
- Doolittle, Hilda. "Eurydice." In *H.D. Collected Poems 1912-1944*. 1983. Ed. Louis L. Martz. 8<sup>th</sup> printing. New York: New Directions Book, 1986.
- Ostriker, Alicia. *Writing Like a Woman*. 1983. Ann Arbor: The University of Michigan Press, 1993.

## PREDA Fundraiser in Open Heart House in Dublin

I had the privilege of giving one poem as a contribution to an arts evening in aid of Fr. Shay Cullens PREDA foundation in the Phillipines.



Fr. Shay Cullens work against the trafficking and the bars featuring under age sex workers is legendary, and he has been nominated a couple of times for the Nobel Peace Prize along with his foundation and is a winner of the Wiemer Peace Prize. But his life is not about accolades, it is about effect, and while there I got a copy of his autobiography which I am now starting to read. While there, I had a good conversation with Shay, and it turns out he is a writer as well, writing both songs and poetry in his spare time. Like all good writers, he was more interested in hearing about others writing than talking of his own, and our conversation wandered between discussing the Phillipines, Paul Polanskys work in Kosovo and we finished up talking about Latif Yahia's new film The Devils Double.

### The Event

The event was a two day affair, and I missed the first day which was attended by both Anthony Sullivan and Ken Hume, and I joined the merry party yesterday. There was a jazz band, a lady who sang traditional Irish songs to a good reception, and a young girl and boy who played very heartfelt self written songs. We left as the chanting began - we'd a train to catch!!! - and between all of the beforementioned I read a piece, as did Anthony Sullivan, and towards the end Ken Hume done his bit for the second day of the event.

The theme of the night was "Reflections on Freedom", which I chose to be the title of my piece written especially for the event which I post below, with artists, musicians, dance groups and poets giving their take on the phrase, giving an angle on the work and culture of the Phillipines through that where possible.



A large display of art was there and a few pieces were sold raising funds for the centre, and the intermission allowed artists, vendors and visitors a chance to chat.



The Hard Boys, that pillar will never collapse while Anthony Sullivan and Ken Hume are there to save the day!!!

Shay Cullen himself was a very interesting man, though not in an academic way. He's the kind of chap you'd meet and enjoy a drink with at the bar, who'd be as happy talking about horse racing as the big issues of the day. His passion for his work is very evident, and his obliging nature for those who wanted photographs, etc., was natural to him. A pleasure to meet. Now that's what I really call music,

passionate, and original. Hope someone got it on video! Below is the poem I write and read at the event.



**Reflections on Freedom**

*(written for the event)*

Everybody desires freedom  
Of culture, faith and their land  
And blood is spilled where some have willed  
That forced on others be what they've planned  
And in that fight for freedom  
As by them it is seen  
Others freedom to exist is ignored  
Crushed by another's dream.

But as Connolly said, that's just for banners  
The emblems change, tyranny the same  
The fight to be free may as well not be  
If its only for freedom in name.  
For the freedom for poverty is forgotten  
The fight for folk is to merely exist  
And flags fluttering may give a sense of pride  
But the point of freedom is missed.

And poverty drives crime which thrives  
Among others who see no other way to succeed  
Some sell sex on the street to make ends meet  
And pimps manage them out of greed.  
And these people we forget, have souls hopes and dreams  
Shattered by the men they supply  
With the sex they crave and pay for  
With each one the prostitutes souls die.

And, though lesser known than in Thailand  
Some of those selling are very young  
Used and abused, dignity refused  
The ones below life's' bottom rung.  
And they, mere children deserve freedom:  
More than any flag, faith or notion can give  
Sex for them aught to be something to giggle about innocently with friends  
Not a fact of life they daily have to live.

**- Tomás Ó Cárthaigh**

## Readings at the Pallet, Banagher, Co. Offaly

Banaghers annual poetry festival was held as usual this year, and like all things in Ireland it never just a year by year, its always give or take a few weeks!!! It was won jointly this year by Dave Boylan and Mark Ivory.



Top left: Anthony Sullivan reading

Top right, Anthony Sullivan, Tomás ÓCárthaigh and Ken Hume

Bottom right: Bro. Johnstone, who started the festival.

## 100,000 Poets for Change

**What do you get if you place 100,000 poets on a common cause? A lot of pontificating, versification and general verse!!! Its a good thing they were spread all over the world!!!**

We do not know how many exactly we had, whether or not it reached the 100000 number or not, though between the poets and those litning and interacting, it quite well could have.

Poets are known for being the conscience of a nation, speaking that which others fear to speak. In Ireland in ages past, the bards satire was much feared by the kings of the island, both High Kings and the local Rí of the Tuath.

And God knows, there is enough going wrong these days to keep poets busy with satire and poems of protest for the next millenium!!!

The idea was one of two Americans, Michael Rothenberg and Terri Carron, and was organised in an anarchic fashion via Facebook and other social networks. All styles of poetry were represented from the Slam / Rap scene to the more sedate but no less angry New Formalist verse of the Tullamore Rhymers Club.

Ireland hosted seven events, the White House Poets of Limerick had a do, the Western Writers Centre held an event, Twisted Pepper in Dublin and ourselves among others.

### **So, what did Tullamore do?**

As usual, we were so not prepared, and in trying to organise our own reading, we got invited to the Culture Night event in Edenderry – on the night before 100TPC event – the World Poetry Day event on the 6<sup>th</sup> of October, and the all new Last Tuesday Club in Tullamore. So we decided to patronise all three events, and make them part of our contribution to the 100000 Poets for Change event.

Preceding this, we had been in Dublin for the Fr. Shay Cullen PREDA Foundation fundraiser in Open Heart House in Dublin, which we made into a forerunner event, reading specially written verses on the topic and interpretation of “Freedom”.

At Culture Night, Ken Hume, myself and his mother Triona read out poems with a theme of change and reflection, and as Anthony Sullivan could not be there, Ken Hume read out his 911 tribute poem to a good reception.

We also done not one but two online TV stations, featuring poetry of local poets and international poets on the topic of change. The latter was a co-operative feature with Roma rights website [www.romafilmfund.com](http://www.romafilmfund.com) who donatied their homepage to us for the duration of the event, featuring poetry of anf from the Roma and Irish Traveller poets from across Ireland, the UK and Europe.

Another initiative was what we called “Poetry Cards” – left for collection in Chocoalte Brown coffee shop and in Balcony Books in the town and also at Culture Night in Edenderry, it consisted of a poem and text on the theme of the poem from each of the writers in the Tullamore Rhymers Club printed as a photograph and left for collection by the general public.

Lastly an online broadcast of my poetry and poems of others I liked was done on USTREAM, and can be seen at the address below: <http://www.ustream.tv/channel/writings-in-rhyme>

A photo gallery is on the following pages...

# Culture Night

Edenderry Library



Top: The crowd listen as the county librarian starts the night.  
Top right: Triona Hume reads her poems and reflections.  
Bottom: Ken Hume reads his and Anthony Sullivans poems.

## Culture Night in Edenderry, Poetry Music and the Craic

We had planned to do a reading for the 100000 Poets for Change event in Tullamore, but a family illness on my part, and sheer lack of co-ordination meant it did not come to be. While quering venues, our good friend Ken Hume got invited to Culture Night in Edenderry, an annual culturalevent in Ireland, held for the first time outside of Ireland.

And so we renegades of the Tullamore Rhymers Club decided to infiltrate the event and merge ours with theirs, and so a day early we kicked off 100000 Poets for Change at the Culture Night in the Library in Edenderry in Co. Offaly... as you do!

The evening started off with Irish traditional music from members of Edenderry Ceoltas (Irish music society) that featured a man and a number of young relatives on banjo / ukelele, accordians and a harp, the latter of which was excellent considering the young age of the harpist.

A talk, morelike conversation from Geraldine O' Neill about how she got into writing stories and books kept all agog for a half hour or so, after which we had a break for more wine, skewered cheeses, salmon on crackers and other delicacies I could not recognise but ate regardless. It must have been the wine, but they tasted lovely regardless!!!

After that Ken Hume read out poems about a local character here in Tullamore, and

another two poems, and read Anthony Sullivans 911 piece recently published in the Midland Tribune.

Then his mother Triona read out two of her pieces to great acclaim.

She was followed by a local poetess Fionnula ? who had three evocative non rhyming poems, one on the loss of her sister as a child, and another on street signs of all things, and my favourite one, about the bog.

Being up next, I kept to the theme and read my poem "Walking the Bog", followed it up with "Out of Tune" before finishing up with "Fate and Faiths".

Geraldine O Neill took the stage again and gave tips about writing, afterwhich the usual thanks to all was given by the county librarian and the librarian of Edenderry, and we had a chat and mingled a bit before heading home from a very enjoyable night.

### Imbibe

Adrift upon the night, a rare perfume  
betrays my lover's secrets: she returns  
to me in colors bold, an amber bloom  
of light upon her skin, as passion burns  
from mine. Partake do I of flavors sweet,  
obsessive; unto me her spirit pours  
seductively, as if she could secrete  
her potions as the fitting metaphors  
for my expanding feats of derring-do.  
With numbing flows of warmth does she confide  
in me about a future rendezvous,  
pray not my fevered urges should subside.

**Paul Buchheit (USA)**

## WritersCafe Contest – Section II

The WritersCafe contest we ran for the last issue, we missed some of the winners and runners up due to demands of space, and so we include some of them here.

The contest brings us three young writers, and other writers from Kenya to China, Canada and of course the USA. It is our hope, that seeing their writing in print will help these writers develop their writing careers.

### Just One More Step

by Annie Ning (PRC/USA)

<http://www.writerscafe.org/ningx2>

*Young USA writer with a future ahead of her. Living in China.*

I see you sitting there,  
Under your favorite tree.  
I hope and hope with all my heart,  
That you still remember me.  
I left you many years ago  
But you weren't supposed to know,  
That I was always here for you  
I just never said "Hello"  
I heard you crying every night,  
A sound that broke my heart.  
You should've known that I loved you,  
That it would've hurt too much to part.  
I was the sunshine that danced with you,  
The footsteps in the dew.  
I was the wind that guided you,  
That helped you to break through-  
That wall you said you never could,  
But you did in the end.  
I was always in the shadows,  
Always just around the bend.  
If you'd just taken one little step away,  
From the comfort zone you're too used to  
You would've known that I was there,  
Always there, for YOU.  
Instead you stayed where you thought you belonged,  
Filled with endless sorrow,  
When all along you could've controlled  
The way you saw Tomorrow.

## Pilgrimage

A Poem by [LJW](#)

*I am in the medical field. Married to a very patient man. Mom to four cool children who'd never do you wrong. Cat lover/Dog liker. I like all things old, the older the better. My computer, phones, cars, and a few TV's are about our only nod to the technological maelstrom that swirls around us all, threatening to suck us all down into a neon light- filled silicon chip- lined version of Hell. Oil lamps rock.*



*Published in print/cyber-print in:*

*Heroin Love Songs; Outsider Writers; Alabaster & Mercury; Calyx; Eviscerator Heaven, Issue #4; Phoebe Clockwork Cat; Medusa Netzine; Isotope; Zygote In My Coffee; BadWriter; New England Review; 10K Poets; Anderbo; Vulcan, and of course now in Cartys Poetry Journal.*

What distance from here to there  
if measured in sweat or skin  
A beggar's purse once full  
no name or want of kin?

The silent man moves forward  
away from all he's known

The hulls of seeds left scattered  
atop grey ash and brittle bone

The sum still to be counted  
the weight of life in kind  
Slips through his withered fingers

as he straightens his old spine

Erect and feeling purpose  
he makes a solemn vow  
Steps into the vast nowhere  
where he resides even now

A man without a nightmare  
cannot discern a dream  
A beggar with a hollow stoop  
is not the fool he seems

Sometimes in the northern night  
just before they die  
Pilgrims in bejeweled coats  
cast gold against the sky

## Lady In The Half-Light

A Poem by [Alvin L. Kathembe](#)

I write for the mind...and if I touch your heart  
while I'm at it, I'll take it.

<http://poemhunter.com/tma>

I saw Truth, glimpsed her briefly  
Amidst a murky haze  
Her face shone with animation  
And her eyes were all ablaze.  
She was lithe, and fair, and fragile  
Her lips were firm and full  
She was at once so lovely,  
So pure, and terrible.

I saw Truth, glimpsed her briefly  
Amidst a swirling shroud  
Her face shone with illumination  
And cast its rays around.  
My heart swelled with emotion,  
In my eye glistened a tear  
I felt at once elation,  
Transport, and joy, and fear.

I saw Truth glimpsed her briefly  
Amidst a stifling dark  
Her face shone with authority  
And her eyes bid me hark;  
If I'd blinked I would have missed her  
Her lips were firm and full  
Her eyes dared me to kiss her  
Before she melted once more into gloom...

## The Sky Tears Asunder

Tim Holt (USA)

My name is Tim Holt, I'm 17 years old and I love to write (obviously)! I am an absolute firm believer in Jesus Christ because He saved my life from the wreck it was! “

The sky tears asunder,  
Green paths beneath scarlet trees,  
Sunlight glancing through  
Fractures in the scarlet patterns.

The sky tears asunder,  
Bare feet seeking unknown paths,  
Scarlet leaves descending to Earth,  
His bare chest its landing.

The sky tears asunder,  
Wandering eyes seeking, ever seeking,  
A voice on wind, A shadow in mist,  
A terrible beauty, A heart indecisive.

The sky tears asunder,  
Haunting beauty descends from the soul,  
Her graces masked in sin,  
In blindness, In passion, In lust.

The sky tears asunder,  
Velvet eyes fall upon his prizing,  
A wedding dress lost in decay,  
A beauty with eyes of lilac darkness.

The sky tears asunder,  
Scarred hands join and entwine,  
Revealing only in heart,  
A desperation hungering in forgiveness.

The sky tears asunder,  
Eutopian purpose found in itself,  
Uncontained hope arising  
Of mouths that do not share.

The sky tears asunder,  
Majestic king from Heaven's mystery  
Descends to our lovers,  
Silence radiating from the scarlet patterns.

The sky tears asunder,  
Healing hands laid, Grace undying bestowed,  
All knowing eyes, Wisdom entwined,  
Terribly wondrous , Gloriously breathtaking.

The sky tears asunder,  
Scarlet leaves fly, encasing Love,  
Radiant white daring sunlight,  
Breathtaking beauty unmatched restored.

The sky tears asunder,  
Passionate lips meet, wondrous, unmatched,  
What sought now discovered,  
What requested now delivered.

The sky tears asunder,  
Green paths beneath scarlet trees,  
Sunlight glances through  
Fractures on the scarlet patterns.

## The Beauty In Writing

A Poem by [CobyCoyle](#) (USA)



*From the USA, Coby is another young writer, from Michigan she is 16 and writes under the nom-de-plume of Coby Coyle.*

When you are writing, you are painting a picture  
Making the words in your head more than a whisper  
Putting a scene in someone's head  
Saying things formerly left unsaid  
You are creating a completely new world  
Letting your imagination come unfurled  
Your mind is in a better place  
It's like you're floating in outer space  
You have something to pour your heart into  
Your writing telling what is really true  
It's when you let yourself go  
Writing or typing, letting the words flow  
Writing something that touches the soul  
Where the writing is the one in control  
Only a writer could understand  
The real meaning of a pen in your hand  
Let yourself take your notebook off that shelf  
Let the writing save you from yourself

## Breathe

A Poem by [emily](#) (Canada)

Faith in her heart cherished without hesitation  
Once warmed the beating muscle so pure  
As her serene smile lit up the lives of all who saw.

Little girl who endlessly loved so wholly,  
Why now do you turn solemnly to the sky  
With mourning eyes for the faith once clutched  
In an impenetrable nest by thine own small fingers?

You tremble beneath far reaching shadows  
Of which whisper your name with an icy breath  
To lightly brush your goose-bumped flesh.

Why does fear now dampen those eyes  
That once held infallible courage so strong  
As clay lays dried over a smile of love  
Hardened into steely mask of sorrow?

You look to the clouds with that betrayed eye  
Sprouting forth tears unintended for you to weep  
Into this life that hath failed to learn  
Lessons of countless, secretly told.

Will those sorrows ever depart  
Returning love unto your breast?  
Oh small child how I weep for you  
Mourning innocence with utmost grief.

How I beg that smile to crack the clay  
And survive to brighten one more day.

“I am a twenty-one year old Human Services student aspiring to do all that I can to change this world for the better, if only in the eyes of just one person. I am very passionate about performing arts, filmology, human rights and helping people in anyway I possibly can. I love to write; creating new worlds, lives, situations, emotions, its an undescrivable feeling whn you create something you adore.

## Tom O Haire

Tom is originally from Glenties in Donegal, and is now living in Dublin. He has been writing for the past few years, and here we publish a selection of his poems.

### The Last Days Of Summer

The heat  
that day  
took the town  
by surprise.

Jumpers shedded  
strewn on  
passenger seats  
of cars embedded  
in bubbling  
tarmac  
the length of the town.

The hope of  
a breeze  
brought people  
out of their  
sticky kitchens  
and onto  
kitchen chairs  
softened by  
makeshift cushions.

Through the haze  
heads turn to  
greet  
unstoppable force  
meet  
immovable street.

The force rips  
rider from ride  
and helmet  
from rider;  
all three become  
bullets from  
an imperceptible gun.

The latter  
shatters  
in a  
blinding  
display of  
sunflash  
shards.

Outside the butchers  
took the brunt  
where fuselage found  
a softer target;  
Our very own  
Ground Zero.

## IRL

Yet no mayor  
nor presidents  
were there to praise  
the fallen heroes.

The only epitaph;  
a spot where the  
sun shines not  
even on the sunniest  
of summer days.

### Fast Forward

What was that for?  
my father asked through the bear-hug I gave him  
from the back seat as we sped away that sunday.

Nothing I replied.  
I was only five and a half and only now know  
thirty five years too late that it was for everything.

### Tidy Town

Shit-stained sheep  
huddle up on her street  
like discarded canvas  
by defeated artists.  
Darkness creeps in  
and the natives get restless  
falling through doors  
like men in a western.

The air on the street  
is heavy with heartbreak  
tinged with regret  
and the sweat of a  
long day on a high stool.

Between two glens she lies  
resting and waiting,  
regrouping, contemplating  
her next move and all the while

her flowerbeds fill with the  
contents of stomachs, her  
people flummoxed with  
nowhere to go.

It's a while since we won it  
three years in a row.

**Baggage**

We carry what we can.

We leave behind the things  
that left their mark.

The awkward case  
that dug into the palm.

The weekend bag  
unopened in the hall.

The wheels too small  
to take the weight of all  
the trinkets we collect.

We'll carry on regardless  
until we learn to travel light.

**Still Life**

The best days of our lives  
are the ones we can't remember.

The worst the ones we can't forget.  
Remember now before they're gone.

It's not too late yet.

**This Is It**

She waited until we were gone;  
then she went.

With her dignity intact  
the way she always was.

When the phone rang I knew.

All the way in the car  
in my head like a mantra.

This is it.

This is it.

This is it.

**The Road**

Moving swift along the Binbane hills,  
the car tilts and lalts like a song.  
With every hump another goosebump  
about the future and the past.

The car leaves the road;

And back again as the stomach turns and settles.  
Lights of houses in the distance shimmer through watery  
eyes  
hoping that one of the lights is ours.

## Austen Roye (USA)

Born and currently residing in Cleburne, Texas, a small town just south of the Dallas/Ft. Worth area. Twenty-four years old, author of numerous poetry collections, two novels and a series of creative non-fiction collections. Previously published numerous pieces through Chrysalis Press, Vagabondage Press, LummoX Press and The Battered Suitcase, among other independent literary magazines. Held jobs as a projectionist, waiter, copy boy, grocery bagger, bookseller and bank teller. I work, drink and write. Big fan of independent presses, street art, bookshops and DIY work ethics..

### ten. twenty. thirty.

they only know exactly  
what they don't want,  
and when they decide on  
something they don't mind  
so much it's something like  
a bicycle cut in half and set  
on fire in the gallery while  
everyone drinks mineral  
water and watches from  
behind the velvet lines.

the abstracts don't sell  
since thinking is such hard  
work, the performance  
artists  
choke on glitter, it's horrible,  
and the lights are on  
somewhere  
around here, only we never  
see it  
and if we ever do, it isn't us  
who  
sees it, it's our  
grandchildren or  
their grandchildren, ten  
twenty  
thirty years after they've  
stuck  
the shovel into the heap.

and maybe that's that and  
maybe that's just the way  
the world works, and with  
some luck, in ten twenty  
thirty years I'll be behind  
the velvet lines holding a  
glass and hating everything  
in the gallery and knowing  
everything about art

which is to know that  
all art is  
not as good as  
not as good as  
not as good as  
what was and  
could've been  
could've been  
could've been...

### as they never do.

she took the crucifix  
down from above her  
bedroom door and  
put it away somewhere,  
some place where he  
couldn't stare down  
at her anymore,  
it was unnerving,  
nobody needs that  
kind of pressure.  
she took it down  
off its hook and  
the roof didn't cave  
in, the mirror didn't  
break, the earth  
didn't open up,  
there wasn't the  
slightest hint of  
tremors in the  
ground, not a  
single black cloud  
and no fires in  
any direction that  
hadn't been set  
deliberately.  
she took it down  
and was told it was  
the principle of  
the matter, the  
importance of

confessing  
your true  
self  
publicly.  
she took it down  
and was told  
all manner of  
frivolous  
platitudes,  
all that sordid,  
sentimental  
crap about  
a grandmother  
in tears all alone  
in the sanctuary  
with her beads  
and mourning  
black dress and  
how could you  
do this to her,  
she's too old,  
you know how  
she is, she won't  
let it go, she's  
calling her  
friends, she's  
calling the  
priest, she's  
up all night  
by the candle  
chanting at  
the ceiling  
for your  
soul.  
But she took it  
down and they  
all noticed,  
everyone  
noticed,  
they noticed  
the cross  
for the first  
time because  
it wasn't  
there.

## Making an End of Music - Frederick L Light (USA)

1  
Music has consumed the  
Muses and concerned  
The masses, who have no  
great poetry learned.

2  
Let poetry win your thoughts  
or music will.  
Take Shakespeare for your  
soul and Nietzsche kill.

3  
Nietzsche the stuporific  
dominance  
Of Dionysos would in war  
enhance.

4  
To pulsant imbecility inured,  
No minor stupor has your  
mind endured.

5  
Music, ever more besotted,  
is ever more  
Besought, not ceasing her  
compulsive roar.

6  
Apollo is restricted to the  
word,  
But Dionysos leaves the folk  
absurd.

7  
Arduous attention to  
particulars  
Of chancy lucre a guitarist  
jars.

8  
A clarion blindness is in  
music blown,

And nothing seen in noise  
by light is shown.

9  
Fully conformed to  
slothfulness, no fast  
Ideas of reason framing,  
students are amassed.

10  
Though recognizing notes,  
no guide you find,  
As music is the knowledge  
of your mind.

11  
Not daunting equitable  
quietude  
In colleges, the iPod I'd  
exclude.

11a  
Vibrations of orgastic  
vehemence  
May unintelligibly remain  
intense.

12  
With blind cognition  
Beethoven accept,  
In unproductive happiness  
adept.

13  
The voidest influence has  
made you vain  
Who with vibrations get no  
brilliant gain.

14  
In pallid cognizance no sight  
you prize,

As music is the wanness of  
your eyes.

15  
A pulsing stupefaction has  
possessed  
Americans, conformably  
regressed.

15a  
Losers their unpropitiated  
faculties  
Abuse who Bacchic feelings  
would appease.

16  
Illiterate delectations are  
prolonged  
Wherever stadiums are for  
music thronged.

17  
An acquiescence in  
vacuities  
Accords the people, all  
accepting these.

18  
Music, when more  
triumphant, ever more  
Traduces reason as inferior.

19  
Miseducated nationals,  
concerned  
With music, to the Nazi  
party turned.

20  
Active minds are not  
enamoured of musicians  
But act upon their rational  
decisions.

## THE STORY OF A DANCE - Anthony Sullivan (Ireland)

From whence comes the love of writing? Why would one dare even to begin such a dance with so elusive a partner? A certain form of madness is, no doubt, one very reasonable answer, and one which certainly applies in some degree or another, to most writers of my acquaintance! For me, and for many more like me, I suspect, the love of writing was first born simply of a love for the written word itself. And where else would first exposure to such occur, and to an intensity and with a frequency to create either a life-long love affair or an enmity to the death!? Why in school, of course! And where else in school, but in English class!

Now schooldays, for reasons that have always puzzled me greatly, seem to have acquired in popular lore a position of undeserved esteem as the ' best days ' of our lives. For me, however, no matter how murky the haze of years I may be looking back at those years through, ' best days ' is not a tag that will ever be applied to them! What they very possibly were, though, was among the most influential days of my life, and for one simple reason, indeed, the very one that made English class my favorite place to be a ways back then ; a poetry book called ' Soundings '.

Opening it's pages was, to me, an experience wholly akin to opening a portal to another world. A world where words made manifest emotions so often without shape otherwise. A world where ordinary and everyday events were somehow magically transformed into the most beautifully expressed sentiments of life. A world where moments that may have flashed past in a mere matter of heartbeats were captured forever within the eternal embrace of a few lines that once again, for all who would read them, would reduce the world to the unseen but universal truth of the fires that first catch flame and begin to rage in mere heartbeats of time.

' Soundings ' contains so many lines of such precious and fragile beauty, from writers whose individual talents would easily lay claim

to the status of Sun in any universe of the written word. Names such as Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Keats, Emily Dickinson and Dylan Thomas have captivated the imaginations of, and illuminated the lives of, dreamers, lovers and lost souls alike for generation upon generation.

But for me, among the first seeds of my love for writing to be sown, were those in soil worked far closer to home, in lines planted by men who transformed words from instruments just of day-to-day contact between one or more, into almost sacred revelations exchanged between self and soul, in views of and reflections on, both the wider world and also on one life alone.

Men like W.B. Yeats when, in ' No Second Troy ', he wrote of " beauty like a tightened bow " , or in ' September 1913 ' , " Was it for this the wild geese spread/ The grey wing upon every tide ". Men like Austin Clarke, who, in ' The Planter's Daughter ', tells us " men that had seen her/ Drank deep and were silent " , for " she was the Sunday/ In every week ". Men like Patrick Kavanagh, who wrote of the " half-talk code of mysteries/ And the wink-and-elbow language of delight ", in ' Iniskeen Road : July Evening '. And like Thomas Kinsella in ' Mirror In February ', writing " ...for they are not made whole/ That reach the age of Christ " , and " I fold my towel with what grace I can/ Not young and not renewable, but man ".

In words such as all of these a magnificent honesty is achieved, courtesy of a courage to not just look, ...but to see. To not just exist, ...but to feel. To not just be present in this world, ...but through your presence, to be a part of this world. That all of this can be done by the power and gentle grace of words still amazes and excites me as much now as when that realisation first began to dawn on me so many years ago, when ' Soundings ' first called the tune, and I first dared enter the dance-floor of page-and-pen.

## JONATHAN HICKS (Northern Ireland)

*Writer from the northern Irish city of Belfast, Jonathan sent in these poems for your enjoyment. [jonee.hicks@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:jonee.hicks@hotmail.co.uk)*

### Before You Go Out

put this on. You forget so easily.  
These scars you bear were bought with much.  
Now leave the hall where the mirrors hang.  
Your past life beneath the great deceit lies  
whose unknown heart in France died years ago  
killed by the shrapnel of blown goodbyes.  
History will throw its flowers and wet cement  
having their say and soldiering on their way.  
So before you go out, remember  
to put this on. You forget so easily.

### The Lily Of Shunem

Under death's prepared pots the crackling  
attack of laughter, under the moon-mad

drool and the sun, grugged with cloud.  
It's toilsome to breathe in the troubled air

of my servants. Beyond, the mediterranean  
recedes. But a faraway singer's song

drops freely from the branches  
whose promise is overflowing

and through this sepulchre's open vent  
comes the fragrant scent of revival.

From the village of Shunem, a lily  
whose faith, precious as a sin forgiven

revives. But death, dissatisfied death  
with it's gluttonous jaw hangs heavy

on this crown she will by courage, duty  
or honour be cordial with, lie with, serve.

O Jubilee O sweet felicity, life  
dotes on you! my honorary daughter

who keeps her promise. Now your presence  
her soft, white poetry of loveliness

is at hand. Look, April, the year's recital.  
Spring has sprung and splintered icy winter.  
Now

it's I who waits on your arrival.  
On that day the cauldrons will be cold.

### What Courage

When war was war and men were men  
eating red grouse and drinking wine  
around the dining table, I drew my pen  
as soldiers marched to the front line.

Bursts of laughter to unspoken tales -  
man's shocking achievement, dumb with  
courage crawled under shells like snails  
as fortune failed to favour the myth.

Surely no-one in their right mind kills  
and yet they speak of war as glorious  
while falling under its beastly nostrils  
flaring up on its honourable face.

'Honour' isn't that a two-sided flag  
as loyalty is... God! Am I afraid to die?  
What courage have I packed into my kitbag  
sitting here more afraid of the lie

eating my conscience feeding my country...  
The tree of liberty needs manure  
and here this loaded pistol before me  
waits upon the table... One thing's for sure

war can start and finish in the head  
but the world wont give me courage to be.  
Do I lack the guts not to fight? They said  
it runs through our family tree.

It's not who inflicts but who can endure  
if they arm their words with honesty.  
There's always a choice but that's no answer  
when losing your lover and family.

The call of the cock red grouse in season  
is beckoning Go bak, go bak, bak, bak.  
We're born not free but into tradition.  
The tree gives its handle to the axe.

## The New Owner

I  
To thwart those end of summer raids  
and daylight robbery of his ten apple trees  
where those ripe heavenly bodies

the earth and universe provided hung,  
a wall went up and a sign went up:  
Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted.

No more to load the stretched baskets  
of our grey school jerseys  
the windfall remained private property.

II  
So they are falling, lying, and decaying  
with no hand to catch the falling.  
What the eye don't see the heart won't want.

But like a world wounding  
a phantom limb holds out for the freely given,  
the real estate on the gathering ground.

## The First Pleasure

I shake above you the blossom branch  
and watch to see where the petals will touch.

The first pleasure, the old pleasure comes  
out,  
the yearned-for pleasure, out of Victoria  
on a flower-decked float wearing a smile.  
Undraped loveliness in this light  
is springing up - a lily, young and white  
from the ruins of a war, her silent euphoria  
and fire shapely as a Folies Bergere  
in her grandmother Eve's evening wear:  
the most difficult costume to flout,  
the easiest of costumes to revile.

Wrist, neck, hair, cheek, belly, fingertip -  
One settles and remains on your lip.

## Flaw In The Machine

'Hello?'  
I'm sorry, that was an invalid response.  
Please press 1

## David Mc Donald (UK - Scotland)

### An Abandoned Soldier

---

Lines hewn as if of granite worn by eons past  
Each line etched with tales to tell of lives lived  
by you  
Cheeks hollowed as if by hunger but sallow in  
their set  
Sucking in each shallow breath as though pain  
would follow through

A stern chin set at an angle a bony grimace on  
its own  
A dimple gouged by a bullet which had  
reached right to the bone  
Scars torn across the face rent from the hot  
shrapnel's path  
Eyes with depth you have never seen but  
much deeper than life alone

Each scar is a tale within itself which fear  
prevents from being told  
A youngster barely past his teenage years with  
an age belying those he has lived for  
This the face of a young soldier whose face  
reflects life lived in a six month tour  
The face of one who has been abandoned his  
face a reflection of the war

Bio:

**Born in 1956 in the Highlands of Scotland  
David found School an uninspiring event  
and on leaving soon enlisted, Having seen  
service in conflicts and now a Retired British  
Army Veteran of 18 Years, he uses the life  
he has lived to provide him with the  
emotional content for the Poetry he writes.  
He has also just published his first Fiction  
Novel.**

### For our Veterans

---

Why must I share with the scum of the  
race?  
The ones who pass by the battle scarred  
face  
Why should my tax pay for their fun?  
When we ask for respect these old  
soldiers get none

So many of our young have turned into  
scum  
They never would have stood and faced  
down a gun  
Yet now they will stand but only in packs  
And jest and throw stones at old soldier's  
backs

The soldiers have served and paid all their  
dues  
They now look for some help from you  
But if a soldier was to stand and beat on  
the young  
The old soldier is the one who gets the  
back of a judge's tongue

What crazy land will ask its men to serve  
in war?  
Promise them all they will be cared for  
But when they return the country turns its  
backs  
The soldier too much now, the drain on  
our tax

So the streets fill each day with the cream  
of our men  
Left to their own while the young abuse  
them  
And still we walk with our heads held high  
Just open your eyes and ask yourselves  
why.

## The Death

---

Soft thud sick feeling the buckling of my legs  
Jacket fresh on this morning to look my best  
Flesh torn jagged from shrapnel still hot  
I am staining my trousers the last ones I got  
I hope the folks think I am alright

Blood seeping from gashes wounds open up  
“Don’t worry Dave we have you we won’t lose you”  
I can see blood pooling “why is it black”?  
Quickly more fluids “just hang in there Dave”  
I hope the folks think I am alright

A sharp pain rising from somewhere inside  
“We are going to give you more morphine bud”  
A scream starting to rumble in the back of my throat  
“Shit this looks really bad call a casevac”  
I hope the folks think I am alright

I can open my eyes but don’t want to see  
“Lie back mate we will get you out”  
Something sticky is all round my back  
“Talk to him try to calm him down”  
I hope the folks think I am alright

So tired now it must be time for me to sleep  
“We are losing him I cannot get the bleeding stopped”  
I will rest now I think my war is won  
“Is there anything I can do for you my son I am a priest”  
Tell my folks I am alright