

Wednesday Morning, Starling Bridge

Crossing Starling Bridge this morning,
in the half-light and almost rain,
it was not the flesh-and-feather creatures
that caught my eye, swooping
under me and ascending,
but their reflections in the river;
shimmering phantoms vanishing
in the depths of the Lagan.

Michael Martin

Stilled

An ear-shot hart twitched unseen
and its velvet-coated antennae
cut air
long before we attune and still
to the rhythm of the wild wood
where even little scarlet elf-cups
sound loud trumpets
through a lace of decaying leaf litter.

John D Kelly

Ellipsis

puncturing the page.
Those words, a rash collision
return to the mouth.

Mark Ward

Body Dysmorphia

reflections mirror
truths told slant

mind the gap

Ceinwen Haydon

Songwriting

the tunes are spilling
out of me

because everything else is sinking in

Paul Robert Mullen



A Poetry NI broadside

Issue 10 | Winter 2019

Exoskeleton

The Tarantula stays near
his shed self for days, never touches
the hollow husk, just absorbs
its doppelganger darkness, its loss.
After the molt he folds in the starlight,
the gleam and glitter of night sky
that only shows as light fades.
This is how he grows.

Jean O'Brien

Pot Black's Jolly Rogue

Watched him play trick-shots, even got a ciggy
Polaroid read: *Cheers, all the best from Higgy,*
People's Champion? He died alone.
Half-snookered by his throat
Wee pauper from The Row;
Sandy rebel in his silky waistcoat
Said, *stuf yer pomus dicky-bowww!*

Ron Wilson

The sunset's red shirt
sticks to the sweat of the sky
soaking up the day's blush.

Pauline May

Electrons Repel

Though his hand appears to rest in mine,
particles never touch.

Like Michelangelo's Adam
in the Sistine Chapel, I stretch a finger

towards the intangible, and almost
make contact with God.

Mel White

Mother

It took losing
both rings, and him
over thirty years gone,
for the grief we'd watched for
to show itself on you. It seems
it was there all along— never farther
than your finger.

Clare Gallagher

Love,

you are a small poem—
easy to underestimate,
impossible to forget.

Alan Toltzis

Dystopia

The walls have moved
in, the ceiling
dropped.

Janice McConnell

Untethered

it occurs to me that trees might dream
of being clouds: they reach for them
mimic shape - luxuriate in
hard won space - try to
forget
what
they
are tied to

Chris Allen

A bevy of birds sing
praise to the rising sun
worms hide underground

Jean Bonin

Punctuation

At the end of the day
the moon punctuates;
sometimes with a comma
sometimes a full stop.

Madelaine Smith