

Lullaby

Sharpen your scalpel
for the unwanted cradle
that once made green
the supple limbs.
The apple tree is rotten,
and must be ripped
from the garden's core.

Deirdre Parkes

i sospiri

butterfly kisses
brushed down the throat
to the collarbone's divine hollow
where tears and whispers meet

Gerry Stewart

Off Limits

With a tremor, she asked
'Will you write about this?'
Gathering the shattered glass
I tell her, 'Probably.'

Alan Parry

For Issa

Each eye
A dewdrop
Distorting the world.

B. L. Pérez

Heave

The rhythm
of your breathing
wrestles a thin disguise.
On your inhale I hear a sigh
and when you exhale—
a lie.

Maeve McKenna



Issue 11 | Spring 2019

Vision

I have followed your silences,
your evasion. Now you turn,
a spectre in half-light.
You might talk about the disease
and how long. I wake with a fist
on my throat, a knee on my chest.
I recover air. You are long gone.

Matthew M C Smith

Baby Teeth

In his glass cabinet, a teacup holds
these little pearls of babyhood,
white as the first December snow.

He hoards everything,
keeps the bedside tumbler topped up,
propped on cardboard pillars -
and his own teeth, a silent grin
in the death of night.

Lorraine Carey

Zucchini

I was meant to use up the zucchini
Last night.
Then you called
To tell me you didn't love me
And I wasn't hungry anymore.

Joanna Magill

Half Moon Relaxing

Last night I saw the half moon
lying on her back
looking so relaxed and calm
in a starry sky so black.

Mary Parkes

Orange flute
Green bodhran
Together music

John Caulfield

Burial Ground

I hope being conceived
from Adam's rib is a lie
because I want to be more
than a burial ground

Ginny Darke

The passing airplane
Draws a pastel yellow
Across Dalkey's sunset sky.

Jack Shipsey

Three hundred and sixty degree view

Climbing the hill was easy.
We just kept trekking up.
From the top there were
three hundred and sixty
possible ways
down.

Jane Overton

Blackness

A Little Egret
Stock-still at the water's edge.
Grief now painted bán.

Kerri ní Dochartaigh

Return

The look and smile said.
The most of what I had wanted
the rest was heartbeat.

Norman Lowry