

alma mater

The drone of Latin verbs
escapes a summer window,
it's the last day of term.
In his sock, a slingshot.

Marie Cadden

Buskerman

I'm still here,
singing soulful tunes,
speaking crystal clear,
beneath purple moons.

Sean Maguire

Bathtime

Jane is dead.

And for the first time you have thought
about the fact that we don't live forever.

"How long will it be until you die, Mummy?"

The seconds gurgle between us.
Ducks bob, quackless.

Olga Dermot-Bond

North Street

They sit.
How long have they sat?
Birds circle above Cathedral Spires
and all along North Street
the graffiti draws
such unfocused stares.

Chris Jenkins

who was yeats

The light of evening, critical,
Great windows open to the self,
Two men in one kimono, both
Driven, one aching lonely.

Ross Hattaway

Aging I.

Glancing,
Saw the sheen of his mother's skin
On the back of his own hand.
Knew, for the first time,
He was getting old.

Colm Bradley



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Dropped Stitch

You were a dropped stitch,
a flaw in an exhausting pattern.
Every plain a pain, every purl an ache,
shoulders scarred by blackberry and cable.
A carefully arranged careless fold
was supposed to obscure you.
But you glared through,
drawing pitying eyes.

Linda McKenna

Bed

'You know what...?'
Says Billy, squatted
As the sky grows dark
As the river becomes golden oil, bat-flicked,
 fish-whispered
As he slips his fingers into the bed of it
With his sleeve rolled up

Martin Towers

Haiku

my three-year-old self
and that Dublin Zoo peacock
unrequited love

Shivaun Conroy

Absentee waitress

Moody chef
traces his smoke break
with a finger

AfricMcGinchley

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barranco

dark room and a drip
of sweat hits the floor,
the morning has been spent.
we fuck and I smell
the musk of red onions
—the heart pays the body's rent.

nathanthanki

Split Second

In a moonless sky a shooting star
kicked up dust.
In the eye of the universe;
a pinpoint of time
a dark matter blazed;
lit up a galaxy before gravity
pulled it back; grounding it
into its own empty mystery.

Teresa Kane

Sickness

Sickness is a selfish art.
The drawing in,
The probing for pain,
The world shrunk into
a bedside glass.

David Braziel

Lonely

Old webs concertinaed
in the corner
swaying to the rhythms
of the draft.

Jill Kerr

Unveiled

Her eyes are the colour of Jurate's tears,
the burnt amber of petrified pain.

Her voice is a song from a silent flute
played on the bone from a red-crowned crane.

Her heart is as solitary as a water deer
& as common as tears in the rain.

James Meredith