Inspiration

I read the words Created by a stranger Set in place by an unseen hand So a situation they never foresaw Could make sense To a person They had never known

Alison Ross

Genie

I rub the belly of the teapot a keepsake from your home wait for memories to pour out.

Geraldine O'Kane

Memory

Sometimes, the most terrible things fly upwards in us, frantic,

like the bird that flew into our window with such force that its shadow was left –

an imprint of a memory of mid- flight –

soaring turned into

a sullen shroud.

Liminal View

In a palsy, in a headlock, plucking hair from my crown like petals from a daisy, wings from a bug, he loves me, he loves me not still I sense you in the static and my lips tingle Moon oil, Spring water, Dream catcher

Siobhan Atkins



A Poetry NI broadside

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Hush Baby

They're all down there, down there in the garden, cradled in concrete, or planted like seeds out of season: unattended their blooms denied.

Anna Murphy

A Relationship as Beach Glass

Sure, the lightning strike is dramatic, but the same can be achieved with just the right amount of heat applied so that those micro shards coalesce like an accordion expiring.

Courtney Hilden

Olga Dermott-Bond
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Cobbles

The sea foams at the mouth and clatters us together 'til we let go of our edges and round into each other.

Trish Bennett

schoolboys laugh the three-legged cat hobbles through the rain

Peter Adair

.....

And what if?

What if the light goes out before you reach the end of the bookcase?

Colin Dardis

Full Moon behind Telephone Wires

Held note. Between the lines I am, you are, all we encounter here, and moving as we move, a dancer.

Olive Broderick

Slow, Blissful, Close.

Tonight, we danced -

Slow,

Blissful, Close.

And in that moment - I realised - that I can never dance without you again.

Shannon O'Brien

Melting

Blue

slips from the skies

drips from the icebergs

pools in the oceans.

Juliet Wilson

A Difficult One

It is harder for a rich man to pass through the eye of a camel

than it is to find a needle in the haystack of God.

Dan Eggs

Ad Infinitum

Walking across the yard, his hand in mine, a dog to feed in what was once a byre, flashlamp picks at ghosts of yesteryear: two figures, hand in hand and cows to milk, lantern, swinging through a fierce Northwester, drawing shadows on the flags, and, through the air, repeated down the years, the same refrain, Wot's dat, Grandad?, Wot's dat, Grandad?

Mike Gallagher