

Slip Jigs

Monday nights, we spied on ballet girls –
pink pirouettes through keyholes,
with silent reaching arms,
block-bound feet - another breed.
Crouching in our poodle socks
and stiff-board skirts, rag curls
bobbing, jig shoes scuffing.
Tittering. Teetering.

Eilín de Paor

Beauty in the Eye of the Beholder

At water's edge, on
high cliff, along
city street

as sunset casts
sky into deep red,
eye and beholder meet.

Karen Neuberg

Clouds

clearly as busy
as this guy
with his head down
crossing the bridge
walking past junkies
carrying a load
of bread
and low-fat milk.

Diarmuid ó Maolalaí

Curves

They spoke of exponential curves
as if no-one was involved;
numbers leapt higher
and higher. Those of us who
understood mathematics
cried.

Madelaine Smith



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confined to disappear

The space in which I could be alive
became smaller and smaller till
unable to live I could only
exist, yet the shrinking
continues so I must
soon cease even
doing that.

Connor Orrico

Replica

With a flourish, he produces the house,
one-hundredth its size, places it in the air
between us, starts it spinning; a jewel
in miniature.

We can't really see much.

When inertia stills it, he pinches it
corners;
a satellite-crashing-to-the-earth zoom,
and we are on my street

Mark Ward

Nothing Hurts Me

like the innocence
of a swallow sailing towards glass,
bright eyes hurdling blue and white
cumulus. As it dips, thrumming air,
shadows distract, yet it soars in faith,
then crashes, falling to ground.

Attracta Fahy

Cage & Bird

I am a cage, in search of a bird. -- Kafka

Wherever my mind flies, it's still
Confined tightly
To this world, this very cage of
Sensory & imaginative cells

Yes, I is the cage, while the whole
Universe is a bird

Changming Yuam

Spontaneity in the shower

As the water hits
My armpits in the shower
I feel the
Spontaneity of the poem
I do not and
May never understand it
As I look at
The whispers from the tree

Paul Butterfield Jr.

Encounter

I caught you dancing
through tannin grasses,
in the hazy pre-dusk.
Head high,
tip-toeing through
barb-wired fences.
My first deer of the year.

Mari Maxwell

See one for sorrow
I count them in the mornings
sleeping in doorways

John Caulfield