

A woman nurses the world

a premie baby left
on her doorstep one morning.
She with only the instinct to protect
and no gestation time behind her.
Since then she has never closed
both eyes together. Since then
her own growing self has not had leave
to attend to its regeneration.

Olive Broderick

Haiku

I reach for your hand,
a dark passion fired by
the scent of jasmine.

Michael Conaghan

Meditation

This is a blue-arsed fly
kind of day. I'm buzzing
on caffeine and lack of lunch
Thoughts of deadlines swat me.

Yet, on a flit from one meeting
to another, I find myself pondering
the thought, that banana sweets
taste better than banana.

Jon Plunkett

Cherry Blossom

This year the blush has been purged
from the blossoms, leaving them white
and at the mercy of the wind.

Above, the bare blue sky grows bruised.
a narrow sheet of light escapes, illuminates
black branches holding nothing but air.

Stephanie Conn

Snoozing (a Quatrain)

Ignoring the false dawn
She turns to the wall
Her duvet a caul
Her future not yet born.

James Meredith

Head Trip

"Oh, heads would turn as your mum
strolled down a street,"

her best friend declared, tugging
at a mess of tangles in my hair.

"Now you," she said, giving me a kiss-curl
and the once-over," are more like me -

We use our wit to stand out. We're two
of a kind." Licking me into shape, I felt

her faint praise trickle down my neck.

Annemarie Mullan



Issue 2 | Summer 2015

Batch

That place on the bread where it touched another
loaf
As it rose in the oven space is a scar.
Where one melded into one, for a time
Became one supporting another as they rise
together.
Only to be torn apart when fully formed and
perfect.

Stephen McGuinness

1.

Through decades
We sailed backwards,
Past memorials on the shore:

Shadowy shapes
Built with lost intentions -
Our never-to-be-worshipped
Lost domestic gods.

Connie Marquez

Wren

The wren moves with a zoetropic grace;
sudden jumps and skips causing it to appear
and disappear in unexpected places -
a magical illusion of secret clockwork powers.
It rises suddenly, vanishing into the nano-
fineness
of the ice-edged morning air.

Emma Mc Kervey

Becoming Bogart

Your plane takes off.
The gaps between my fingers
wait for yours.

Debbie McCormack

Family Tree

I look down at my mother
observing how small she's become.
How like my grandmother,
her mother, she's become.
And I cease to be her son
and become more like her
brother, my uncle.

Daniel Ryan

Poets Stand

Poets don't bother
themselves with potatoes
distributed by the potato man

Poets stand
on top of tanks
in front of newspaper stands

People believe
the word of the poet

Alistair Graham

Forget-me-not

With sticky hands he picks the flower
by its stem, carelessly littering the vase
as he dumps it in. Petals dropping like
bombs on the side of the table, green coated
in a gooey red, pollen itching at his nose, he
rubs his eyes - no tears shed from remorse.

A frequent visitor to a field, his anger rises
as they bloom for all the passers to view.

Rachel Hedley

Caesarean

You appeared,
a rabbit from a hat
in the gloved hands of a green-gowned
magician.
I would have applauded
but both arms were wired to machines.

Laura Cameron

Ghosts

13.7 billion years ago
you could hold the universe
in the palm of your hand
and after all this time apart
I still remember how
you taught me to do it again

Anthony Ferguson