

MIDNIGHT
IRELAND

ISSUE I
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MIDNIGHT **IRELAND**

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Dear Reader,

The Midnight Ireland Journal started as an idea on May 3rd at about 4pm while I was writing an essay about the Cuala Press, ran by W.B. Yeats' sisters Elizabeth and Lily. I tried to continue my work on the essay but I was so excited about the idea that I messaged Damo and we pretty much immediately began planning. After 3 months of solid work, setting up an Instagram, putting up posters, and calling for submissions I'm very happy to present you all with Issue #1 of the Journal.

Firstly, I would like to thank all those who submitted to the journal, successful or unsuccessful, all of your work was brilliant and we are honoured to publish it. We received a staggering amount of high-quality poems and prose and we really wish we could've published it all.

Secondly, I'd like to thank my Co-Editor Damo, this wouldn't at all be possible without him. Without his extensive design knowledge and Editorial input the Journal would've never got off the ground

And lastly, I'd like to thank you, the reader, for picking up our journal and trusting us to deliver to you the work of our skillful and talented authors, we hope to see you again at the start of Issue #2

Slán Go Fóill,
Max O'Donohoe

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'Max O'Donohoe', written in a cursive, stylized script.

Dear contributors,

I'm so happy you're finally holding a copy of our first poetry journal. When we began this work, a quiet concern stayed with me. What if no one was interested? It seemed a real possibility that stayed at the back of my mind. But as the deadline we had set drew a little too close for comfort, over the course of a few steady evenings (one could say overnight) that concern vanished.

Instead, another question began to form. Who do we choose? The response grew beyond what we had expected and gotten quotes from printers for. Even with a bump in page count and budget we were not able to include every piece we wanted. What we could not include this time could have filled three entire issues.

But because of that, we are very excited.

We already have some plans and projects we are looking forward to bringing you, and by the quantity and quality of all the material we have received so far we truly believe we can create some very cool publications and live events

Thank you dearly for this issue,
And we can't wait to see you at the next one,
Kindly,
Dmytro "Damo" Pavliv

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Damo" or "Dmytro", with a stylized, flowing script.

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Hear the steps?

David Fescenco

Hear the steps?

Past the curfew – two feet, counting stairs,
of a drunk man, who's stiffness is eerie.

It's the sound of me

climbing up to my place

where there's no one to be doing the hearing.

Hear the jingle?

It's the finger in search of a key,

of a man who's had not enough spirit.

Would my loneliness also abandon me,

if I managed to fall in love with it?

Pick-N-Mix Funeral

Aoibhe Dunne

Auntie Clara died from slamming into a wall while she was on a motorbike, mammy said as she unbuttoned my jacket for school. Mammy never let me have a day off school even when Sarah Murphy gave me nits that one time last year. She stayed up all night spraying my hair with tea tree oil that it looked like I didn't wash my hair for a week and combed my scalp till the dry skin on the kitchen roll looked bloody. Her hands didn't shake as she brushed my hair but now her fingers slipped over the buttons so that it took twice as long as normal to take my jacket off. It was weird that she made me call Clara, "Auntie" even though she was just Mammy's friend from school. She said the funeral was happening tomorrow and that I had to be a good girl for her, for Auntie Clara's sake.

'She might not look the same love, but I'll be there to hold your hand, ok?" Mammy said as she took my jacket and put it back on the hanger in the hall.

'Now, will I go make us some hot chocolate?' she asked, turning her head away from me, but I knew she had started to cry.

Her nose made that sniffly sound. The same noise she made when we watched Love Actually on the telly for Christmas when that blonde lady got that cd, so I knew she was sad. I didn't know that when someone died that you had to have hot chocolate, so I said yes.

I always liked Auntie Clara. She'd buy Cadbury's chocolate every single time she came over, not the gross Aldi kind that Nana would give me when we went to visit her. Auntie Clara had no kids of her own, so she'd treat me to the branded stuff; butlers' hot chocolate powder, real hobnobs coated in dark chocolate, cans of full fat coke that we kept a secret between us and sometimes toffee popcorn for the cinema.

'Your Mam will have my head if she knew all the shite I was giving you!' she'd say and I'd pinky swear not to tell.

It was our little joke, and she was the only adult that used bad words around me, so it made me feel older. It made me feel special getting all the treats I wanted because Mam said no to everything. The one thing Auntie Clara never let me do even though I wished for it every single birthday when I blew the candles out, was for her to drive me around the estate on "Herby" her motorbike that made a loud "ROAR." It was red, the type of red like Mr. Tayto packets and was so shiny. Auntie Clara let me spread strong smelling polish on the side if she was minding me after school on Thursdays, but she wouldn't let me sit on the seat because Mammy didn't like the bike. I couldn't understand why because even Barbie had a motorbike, I saw it in Smyths and in that one ad. I asked for Barbie's pink motorbike last Christmas when I saw it in the Argos catalogue because I wanted to show it to Clara, that if Barbie was allowed on one, I should be allowed too. It was one of the only things I highlighted but apparently Mammy phoned Santa to say I wasn't allowed to get it, so he sent me the Fairytoria Barbie even though I hadn't watched the movie yet.

Mammy took me to the Xtra-Vision down the road and let me pick three dvds and a small cup of pick n mix from the counter. I was NEVER allowed to get pick n mix, so it felt like I was on holidays! When we went back home Mammy put on the hot chocolate with full fat milk, no water, while I watched Charlie and the Chocolate Factory as my tongue turned blue from the bon bons. I felt bad but I wished that someone could die every week so I could watch movies on the couch and eat sweeties forever and that I'd never have to go back to school again. But Auntie Clara was still dead and that made me sad, and it made me sad that Mammy was crying, and it made me sad that I'd have to see her tomorrow.

'But Mammy that's for Christmas' I told Mammy as she took the red velvet dress off the hanger. She said that I had to save it for Christmas and that I wasn't allowed to touch it before then.

'I know but this is a special occasion' she replied also pulling out the black sparkly pumps that I wasn't allowed to touch either or else she'd tell Santa to take all my presents away and to give me coal.

'But what if Santa gives me coal!' I said putting up a fight.

'Don't mind that now Emma. I'll phone him later to tell him about Auntie Clara.'

I'd never seen a dead body before but there Auntie Clara was in a box looking all white. Connie from second class got an American Doll from her cousins in America and the doll came in a box just like this one.

Mammy held onto my hand too tight, but I didn't say anything because there were more black smudges under her eyes than normal, and I somehow knew she needed me in that moment to just hold her hand. Mammy didn't bring anything with us but everyone else who came through the church door had white pots with tin foil covering the tops for lunch. She sent me off to find the other kids so she could have "adult talk" with their parents. I could only see Jonny Blake, Zoe Kelly and Poppy Miller at the

"kids" table and the last time I spoke to Jonny he stuck gum in my hair, so I sat by myself. I liked to listen to "grown-up talk", and it was perfect that I was small, so nobody ever really looked my way. Deirdre Kelly was sitting with some lady I didn't know with red hair, but her scalp looked brown. They both wore black dresses like Mammy and black tights with loafy shoes that looked like high heels but weren't as tall.

'Never married no! Never even had a boyfriend.' the lady was saying, dunking a custard cream into a cup. 'But you know what I did hear? You know that lady with that little blonde girl that goes to church? Belle? Belinda? Betsy -' 'Belle, you're right. Her daughter's in Zoe's class. Her name's something French since her Da's from there" Deirdre said, picking up a custard cream for herself. 'Well, I didn't tell ya but she's not coming to the funeral.'

'And why is that?' Deirdre's eyes now full of delight waiting for a reasoning behind Belle's absence. 'Apparently Clara was.... having an affair with her husband! Could you even believe it! A French lad nonetheless.' The two women with their cups of tea stared at each other with the revelation.

'Are ya joking? Clara Ryan, a homewrecker?' Deirdre asked, swiping away the crumbs left behind from her biscuit. 'Now Dee, I'm only telling you what I heard from Mrs. Miller! She told me at the butcher's last week before...the accident and everything. He was gonna leave his wife and kid for her, ya couldn't make that stuff up now, could ya'

'Awful, just awful. The poor woman! I should invite her over after Sunday mass for a cuppa.' I knew I had heard enough.

Jonny found me at the table closest to the bathroom as I hunted for gingernut biscuits, the kind that I had thought everyone hated but apparently was wrong about. He asked about how I knew Auntie Clara and said he knew something I didn't know. 'Did ya know that she was a whoooooer? That's what my Dad said to me.' he said, taking a pile of biscuits in one hand. 'Nothing but a whoooooer with no kids or nothin, that's why she killed herself.' I didn't know what the word meant but he began laughing which meant that it was something mean. I was so focused on trying to figure out what a "whoooooer" was that I didn't listen to his words that Auntie Clara did the unthinkable, because that was in movies, not in real life. 'No, she wasn't. She -' I began before he raised his voice 'Yea she was, and she hated kids, so she hated you.' 'No, you're wrong. She gave me loads of chocolate all the time and let me drink coke with her. She was always nice.' 'Well, I watched The Witches, and they give kids chocolate all the time and then they EAT THEM! My Da says she's a whooer so he's right.'

So, I took my free hand, remembering to keep my thumb out like Auntie Clara taught me and swung right into his face.

Encyclopaedic Ataraxia

Cathal Naoise Brogan

4,294,345 total M1911 pistols have been produced in the past 114 years. It has been used in every conflict the United States of America has participated in since The First World War. It is a single-action, recoil-operated, semi-automatic pistol designed by John Moses Browning and produced primarily by Colt's Manufacturing Company, who has given several other companies across the globe the right to produce licensed copies.

The pistol you hold in your hands is the Colt Combat Commander model. It features a carbon steel frame, a 4.25" stainless steel barrel, dual spring recoil system, custom G10 grips, an upswept "Beavertail" grip safety and is chambered in the traditional .45 ACP calibre feeding from an 8-round box magazine.

Marketed for civilian use since the 1970s, this model is priced on Colt's official website at around \$1,249.00, but your father was able to purchase it for \$550 at a gun show. In Texas, the law doesn't dictate a requirement for any background checks during the selling of firearms between private citizens.

Named for Los Angeles County Deputy Sheriff Jack Weaver, the Weaver stance is a way of holding a pistol in order to ensure maximum accuracy without sacrificing safety or comfort. You place your body into the Weaver stance by firstly grabbing the pistol with both hands. Your right hand holds it by the grip while your left hand in turn wraps around your right hand. You slightly bend your right arm's elbow and let your left arm's elbow point straight down towards the ground.

Your feet shift into a boxer's stance, with your left foot (the one wearing the Converse All-Star with a hole in it) out in front of you. You bend your knee and place the majority of your weight on that front foot, while your right foot (the one wearing the Converse All-Star without a hole in it) goes out by 45 degrees. You lean your torso forward at the hips and focus your vision on the front sight of the pistol. You quickly align said front sight with the star on the front of your father's Dallas Cowboys shirt.

The Mozambique drill is a firearm technique for close-quarters combat in which the shooter quickly fires two shots into the torso of their attacker before following up with a shot to the head in order to make sure their target goes down. The common rhyme associated with this technique is "Two in the heart, one in the head, now you know for sure they're dead." It was first used by Mike Rousseau during his time fighting as a mercenary in the Mozambican War of Independence. Then it was further developed by firearms expert Jeff Cooper before later being brought to the Los Angeles SWAT Department where it was renamed to "the failure drill", out of fears that references to Mozambique would carry racial overtones. The renaming attempt has been unsuccessful.

You understand why there is such a need for this technique; the first two shots seem to have almost no effect on your father. It's only the third shot, the head shot, that causes his body to fall and a splatter of his blood to stain the dining room wallpaper. The blood stands out heavily against the white shade of the wallpaper (#E8EAE6 Pacific Pearl).

Elie Wiesel once wrote: "Sometimes we must interfere. When human lives are endangered, when human dignity is in jeopardy, national borders and sensitivities become irrelevant. Whenever men or women are persecuted because of their race, religion, or political views, that place must - at that moment - become the center of the universe. We must always take sides.

Neutrality helps the oppressor, never the victim. Silence encourages the tormentor, never the Tormented."

Your mother comes running into the room. She screams.

Elie Wiesel once wrote: "What hurts the victim most is not the cruelty of the oppressor, but the silence of the bystander."

You do not perform the entire Mozambique drill when shooting your mother, as your rushed aiming leads to the first two shots hitting her in the head. She falls face first onto the carpet. According to www.momsnet.com, Astonish Specialist Carpet & Upholstery Cleaner is the best budget carpet shampoo that reliably removes tough stains quickly. There is no record on its effectiveness at removing blood however, so it might be best to rely on their usual favorite: FOLEX Instant Carpet Spot Remover.

You shake your head. It's a wasted thought. You're not cleaning this up.

The Attorney General's office states that, as of 2020, there are over 270,000 unsolved homicides in the United States and approximately 20,072 unsolved homicides in the state of Texas. The most common factor amongst all of these murders is gang affiliation and remote location. Killings that happen where there are no witnesses and any witnesses that are there will never testify.

Better to play within the system, and tip the balance within your favour. Voluntary manslaughter is any intentional homicide committed as the result of adequate provocation. In Texas one can expect 2 to 20 years in prison for such an act but given the evidence of a history of abuse, your relatively young age, your whiteness and the fact you are female, you can expect a lenient sentencing. Only 14% of the US' prison population are women, and 97% of criminal cases are terminated by either plea bargaining or dismissal of charges. You grab your dad's steak knife and return it to his hand. The Castle Doctrine and Stand Your Ground Law dictate that as long as a Texas citizen reasonably believes force is necessary to stop or prevent the target's use of unlawful force, doesn't provoke said unlawful force, is not engaging in a crime, and uses the minimum force reasonably necessary to defend themselves, lethal force is permitted. It's debatable whether three shots can be considered "minimum force", but that debate is best left up to lawyers.

The average police response time in Dallas is just over eight minutes for priority calls and given you informed them that you are not currently wounded or in danger, they will probably take longer. You remove the magazine from your father's pistol and eject the loaded round. Then, you leave it on the kitchen table and open the fridge. Ben and Jerry's Homemade Holdings Incorporated, produces 98 different flavours of ice-cream in dairy, non-dairy and gluten-free varieties. Their earliest flavor to come as a suggestion from their consumers was Cherry Garcia; a cherry-flavoured variety named after the lead vocalist and guitarist of The Grateful Dead. It is the company's second best-selling flavour after Chocolate Chip Cookie Dough.

It is also your favourite.

You like the little fudge flakes.

Flicker Of Light

Malak Mahmoud

Sitting on a bench
Occupied by the device that was steeling my attention
Whilst the environment I have disregarded is trying to
gather the smallest drop of my surveillance
The wind whistling through my deaf ears that I have covered
With headphones that resist the sound of what I call nuisance
The bright green leaves twinkling in the sunlight
As they hover elegantly between the branches
The droplets that find comfort in landing on my head
Remind me of the rain calling out for my presence
Yet is the recipient of anger
The fine uncut grass soak the shoes I've spent
Hundreds on in hopes of looking like someone I'm not
I'm too busy catching up with the lives of people I put relevance to
their name
Whilst overlooking the beauty of my surroundings
The slight pink that bleaches the sky after the sun has set is aching
to be seen
Yet stays dismissed
I look up, giving nature a chance to show me it's true colours
But I'm met by a melancholic black with shimmers of the stars dull
light
The sun has left and is shining on someone more deserving than
myself.

Guinness, Guinness, you are my friend

Tara Leaning

Guinness, Guinness, you are my friend

When I'm working the pub

You're a means to my end

When your milky darkness hits the light,

Another voice calls, One more pint.

As the foam still settles so smooth and so
slow

deep inside, I wish they'd go.

Guinness, Guinness, you are my friend

But I'm really waiting for the fad to end,

When the Mr bruv boys split the G

I'm just standing there waiting for their
money

Guinness, Guinness, you are my friend

smooth and stout I'll always be with you
throughout.

4 Weeks In: Sandycove

Cormac Deane

They hold up their black wings
In shrugs of exaggeration.
Their name is cormorants,
I guess, under interrogation
By the 7-year-old reasoner.
This handle she takes with
Both hands. Easy pleasing her
When all I say is truth.
Surely all the fathers
Think again of death
When those outstretched feathers
Semaphore the things to come?
My hands are full of love
As, bidden, I watch the show
Of rock-jumping huff and puff,
While the cormorants shrug.

14 Weeks In: Poddle

Cormac Deane

What does the robin imagine
It's letting me know when it flits
Into eyeshot at the open,
Too open, hospice entrance?
I have no imagination for this.
My bird brain drags its old body,
Guts, paper-thin epidermis,
Feet, thoughts, white-knuckle entropy
Across the threshold that gives pause
Because it is a trip hazard.
The robin makes sideways nods
Like an old man on a tractor
In a country lane as we push
By, looking for respite from the rush
That brought us here. You'd be insane
To imagine a house with no pain.

Untitled

Orlaith Behan

A big bowing tree plentiful with fruit
Enough to share If it pleases her
Any time she dares think of releasing one
from her grasp
She is reminded of her first year as a
sapling
The first precious fruit she bore
How proud she was of having made it
herself
And how it was ripped from her little
branches
Now she is weighed down with fruit
They ripen with age n fall to the ground,
wasted
Even willing she is simply not able to part
with them
She will keep them hoarded, to her own
detriment
Being burdened herself is far better then
her fruit being taken from her

Petals on the Nightstand

Aine Falls

You bought me flowers last week.
You picked them up with the weekly food shop.
I made you carbonara that night, your favourite.
You ordered it on our third date, and our fifth.
I made it how you like it, not too creamy with extra cheese.
I think you liked it.

You cut the stems and trimmed the thorns, delicately arranging.
You were so gentle.
You seemed to care so much.

You placed them on the nightstand by your side of the bed.
They're still here now.
You should have taken the vase with you.
I'm pretty sure it's your mother's.

Maybe carbonara isn't your favourite.
Maybe you didn't like it, too much sauce, not enough cheese.
I could make you something else if you'd like.
I'll make you whatever you want.

You took everything with you except the vase.
Maybe you'll come back for it.
Maybe you were meant to leave it.

Front Row

Alix MacLachlan

Black umbrellas cover the sky.
Block the rain, I won't drown today.
In a sea of black, all I see is my brother's
back.
As I fall in step, I have nothing left.

Everyone gather around for a show,
watch as my world disappears as I know.
Saccharine smiles, whispers of faith.
I fall in step, I have nothing left.

Bells chime as I fall in line,
watch her drift away one last time.
Pews blur and people stir.
I can't recall the smell of her,
as she moves below.

Everyone gather around for a show,
watch as my world disappears as I know.
Six feet is so far away,
words fall short, vocal chords fray.
Heads lowered, they all pray.

Transatlantic

Niamh O'Ferall

It hurts to be so close your breath quivers in time with mine

But oh, it hurts all the more to be so far apart.

Please don't leave.

Take me in your arms,

Lay your body on mine,

and with my head in the crook of your neck

Let us melt away.

Through the sheets and the mattress and

The floorboards

Down to the kitchen and through the foundations

Through the crust of the earth until

Time no longer exists.

I beg of you have a wonderful life,

Though I might never see another moment of it;

I Love You.

Skit

Isaac Harris

they didn't fit together
not perfectly
one's hands slightly squished between other's
other's knees knocking off one's
as they felt their way
through a waltz
white soles slipping over fresh ice
milky clouds of cold mushrooming up from
escaped giggles
but dance and knock and squish they did
until a unique rhythm began
one that did not mirror the accompaniment
but rather the company.

Clean

Meabh Cahill

I don't think I'll ever be clean. I'll never feel clean anyway. No matter how many times I scrub myself raw in the shower, how many times I brush my teeth until my gums bleed, I'll never be clean on the inside. Feelings of grime and regret coat all of my biological structures. I think that maybe its just something inherent about me, maybe the guilt has been baked into me since the start. Since i was young it has spread through me like a rot, to my liver, my lungs, my heart. Ever present, ever growing. I can repent all I want but I don't know that it's something I'll ever be free of. If God is real, I hope he is as merciful as they say, because I am not sure that I deserve salvation.

I am terrified that people can tell, that they meet me, and they know there's something that's not quite right. That somehow they know there's a corpse walking among them, a poor imitation of what a person should be, a husk of a girl- kept alive on nothing but cobwebs and old batteries.

The veil between me and the spaces I inhabit only grows. A thick darkness that seems to surround only me, separating me from living: from love, from loss, from anything other than grief. Life is just me and my pulse grounded in unreality. If there is such thing as destiny, I hope this is not all I was made for, And if there is, as they say, a light at the end of the tunnel, I hope I reach it soon because it seems to me the tunnel is only getting narrower. Maybe at the end of the tunnel, I'll finally be clean.

The Idea of Home

Arpita Chowdhury

The idea of home
A place that exists yet does not
Sometimes it's here,
Sometimes it's there
Lingering transience...
They say, "Home is where the heart is"
Is it true though?
What makes you feel at home?
That familiar smell of tea
That warm blanket
That book on the shelf
Or that blissful sleep?
What if it only exists in our mind?
Moving in, moving out
The ever so changing meaning
My home of yesterday isn't the one today
The place I held dear,
Is a now a haven of someone other
A sticky temporality
The idea of home,
Is what stays within,
Calm amidst chaos

Striving for perfection
in face of
Lucy Tierney the formless of the sea;a fools game

Just as Icarus flew too close to the sun
The beautiful yet aching awareness of our
Ignorance cuts deeper than the fall itself
Struggling to avoid submergence in the
Waves of death of consciousness
The pursuit for perfection
Out of reach
But yet always on the cusp
Empty promises and beauty standards
Compacted in pills and surgeries
Presented on silver platters
By the men in suits
A rising blood orange
The dawn of a simple but effective truth
Perhaps in abandoning our quest for the aesthetic
We shall relearn to keep afloat
A glorious rebirth
As peace waves her white flag
Mother nature welcomes me with her warm embrace
As we yearn for our roots
A period before dystopia and lip fillers.

I am not your meat in
Lucy Tierney your butcher's corner shop

Ethereal vanity fair
The process of mythologizing
In essence left out bled to dry
Until your nothing but skin and teeth
My mass and scars stitched with a pinch of shame and self loathing
We did not ask for this despite how you beg to differ
The young distant brightest
Extinguished as a product of the following equation;
Measuring scales equates self worth
A fading shooting star
Named the pursuit for self
For those who were just trying to live
Through the noise of it all.

Yesterday holds its hand in mine

Lucy Tierney

While an Impending sense of doom accompanied with
birthday wishes of twenty candles stare me down
Through the mirage of lazy hazy midsomers days
I grin and bear my soul
Pearly whites glinting despite my imperfections and all
On further examination
The mirror cracks in response to
Cruel sweet nothings of an tarnished reflection
Lack of achievements on rotation
Limbs heavy
Treading on oeuvre of possibilities
My Achilles heel includes ;
A chipped tooth at age eleven ,
Bearing reminder not to dive in situations headfirst
Mouth full of sand
A result of such ugly truths ;
You can't give from an empty cup
If you drain yourself dry as a drought first
Finding oneself a prisoner of ;
Basking in the nostalgia of the present as if it were yesterday
Society screening
Curtains fall
Maybe I'm nothing but a theatrical play after all.

Eropsychedelic

Jes Treff

There is wax on the sheets, white on red.
I should have put a towel down.

My fingers shook,
Pupils shrank to a pinhead for angels to dance on.

And one drop narrowly,
Missed the veined marble of your shoulder.

It has long since gone cold, hard and I
Itch to pull at it, wedge my fingernail

Under its side and tip it upwards.
Hopefully it would break off,

in one satisfying flake.

I told you,
I want to peel off your skin and lick the cathedral,
That is the raised bridge of your sternum,
With buttress-ribs to the side.
Afterwards, spent, you asked me to move in.

Mass Produced

Jes Treff

When the world finally stopped trying to kill her with sound and lights, Sylvia rolled out of bed and got to unpacking. The zipper was stuck and she let out the quietest cry of triumph when it finally let go, after a short but intense struggle.

She really should've gotten to it earlier, she mused, eviscerating the suitcase, but oh well. Hours flew away so quickly these days. A worn out pair of jeans, following a warm jumper, following a crème bra, following... Hasn't she thrown out these shoes?

Her phone buzzed with a notification, but Sylvia ignored it. God, it was probably that guy from yesterday. Fuck, she shouldn't have given him her number.

A navy button down.

A set of opaque tights.

A dark grey blouse.

Another buzz. She unlocked the phone, wincing when she noticed a new crack on the screen. The message read: *hi Cynthia, thanks a lot for last night. I had a great time, pity it ended so quickly ;)*

Wow, what an asshole. She really needed to do something about her standards. The guy was not even that hot.

Sylvia went back to the pile of fabric and frowned. On top laid a light pink cardigan that she was quite sure she was seeing for the first time in her life. Carefully she put it aside and started inspecting the rest of the clothing. Sure enough, now that she was paying attention, more and more of them turned out not be hers.

The similarities were uncanny though. Sylvia had jeans like that, she was sure, but hers didn't have a flower embroidered on the back pocket. The button down's cut was all wrong, the blouse should have been black and come to think about it, she didn't even take tights on that trip. The only piece that was exactly as it should be were the shoes, which she could faintly recall binning after the heel broke off on uneven pavement.

She went through the clothes faster and faster, failing to recognize some and finding dissimilarities in others. They all looked so familiar just a few minutes earlier. Still, how could she have not had noticed?

Losing patience, she threw the whole pile out and flipped over the suitcase itself. Much like the shoes, it was the exact same model she had, but one look at the name tag confirmed her suspicions. *Sara Murphey*. She took someone else's baggage at the airport.

Attached to the tag was a photo and Sylvia could feel her hands begin to shake as she stared at it. The woman had darker skin, shorter hair and lacked Sylvia's glasses, but. Well. There is a certain sense of familiarity unique to looking in the mirror.

Outside, millions of people lived their lives, undisturbed. A man, seeing that he was left on read shrugged and scrolled further down his monotonous contact list. Sara Murphey put on her jeans, not noticing a lack of a flower.

Inside, Sylvia cried.

Alchemy

Caoilfhionn Duggan

I made space for you in my purse
For a gift I got you in the States,
Wrapped up in earnestness
Was a tiny tube of yellow paint,
Hope, and the colour of your hobby.
I took the car key off to fit it all in,
Squeezing myself together
In time for dinner plans.
But before any reservations crept in
You passed the sentence;
“Actually, that brings me to why I wanted to meet.”
Meaning: not me.
I walked home alone
Unfulfilled and my purse unemptied
I cannot say when during your show of “I’m not very good at this”
But at some point in our clipped conversation
That little pot of pigment?
It transmuted from a golden gift
To glorious garbage

Untethered

Caoilfhionn Duggan

Sometimes, I feel untethered by my busyness.
But there are moments,
Moments while in the drizzle, you look at Neolithic art.
The mirror stone,
And an apology for the lack of sunshine.
But you could not be happier to have damp toes
There are moments of the busyness,
That are not busy at all
(In the mind)
Moments that soothe and settle.
Sediment is layering into your foundations.
They think they used the shoulder blade of an ox
To quarry the stone
That we excavated with dynamite
And the solution and summary escape me
Untethered like the stone scattered by the doorway to
A resting place

The Dance We Do

Naoise Lardner

You wrap your vastness around me
Every movement seems unexpected
Unsure of where it will go next
As we dance to a different beat, every four or 5 steps we tap against each other
Reminding the other we are there
Even if moving in different rhythms
The taps are consistent , and frequent
but other times
Oh my
You whirl yourself around me
And it forms a tighter rope
Moments ago we had different dances
But now we are in sync
A beauty to behold
They are mesmerised when they see us
At how clearly we were learned each others rhythm

My Mediocre Words

Naoise Lardner

My skin has become thin, with my swollen heart trying to escape
I can't let it burst , tear me open and spill out on the floor
So words keep it at bay
Letting it ramble to drain some of its energy
I am ready
I have dedicated the time
But there is no good way to start
Should it begin with your face ? No your eyes ! Or your freckles ?
I could write pages on your back alone , or better yet the line down your spine
How is it that poets write one poem to share the whole of their love
Nothing I could write would be enough
My life's work, would become finding the words to reflect all that you are
But none would do
It would be enough just to look at you from afar
But seeing your eyes , glare back into mine
Only tears can show what I feel
How could you write that feeling down on paper ?
I fear that my heart will just have to pour out in some other way
I wish I could write it down , read it over and feel it when you are gone
But I would never reduce you to my mediocre words

Irish Patriots don't make me laugh

Mark Harney

It's on Facebook so it must be true
This is the story of a friend I once knew
Get them out get them all out goes the cry
From the local drug dealers to the jobless boy
Protect our women protect our child
Scream the mothers of their fatherless tribes
This country is broke that much is true
To blame the immigrants is simply not true
The people that march the people that shout
Burn all these dirty foreigners right out out out
I'm not racist I hear them say
We only care about the Irish way
The Irish way don't make me laugh
Yiz never had a job or had to graft
The land of a thousand welcomes is all but forgotten
Like a worm in an apple Ireland has gone rotten.

Plastic

Kayla Hicks

A white plastic bag
Sits on my shelf
My mother bought it this morning
A long loved treat from my childhood
It's contents once delighted me
Sugary joy only apprehended by my
mother making me share
But now I look
And all I see
Are numbers
Taking me away from who I could be

I know ill feel
Each sweet morsel wrapping around me
Clinching to my thighs
Curling around my stomach
Each piece of it making me take up more
space in this world than I deserve
So I take a little
Never a lot

And I skip lunch to make the feeling stop
And soon
Feeling full
Is the uncomfortable feeling
The worst part is
No one will ever know
Because this is the one secret I'll nv trade
Because how embarrassing
To look at a bag of sweet bought with love
And think only of myself

No Use Crying Over Spilled Ink

Amy Dowling

Tap. Tap. Tap.

He hit his pen angrily onto his page, encouraging it to flood the page with words but to his dismay, it remained blank.

Write. Just write.

Why won't the ink just do the work for him?

Why won't it just spill onto the page and form the words and letters he couldn't bring himself to write?

Scratch. Scratch.

He violently itches the bald patch on the top of his head that was just adding to his frustration.

There's a voice in his head, a voice that echoes his thoughts and leaves them there for him to interpret.

"Just get it over with Dennis," he utters to himself. *"Just get it done."*

He adjusts his grip on his old-fashioned pen, a gift from his dear wife, Anne, it wasn't a gift for his birthday or for Christmas but simply because, *"You have a way with words Denny, they deserve to be written with the finest of tools."*

Dip. Dip. Dip.

He dunked the calligraphy pen into his little black pot of ink.

He couldn't help but smile at the thought of his wife's warm glow and floral perfume that oozed through the entire house. He loved how she'd always believed in his writing, even when people told him he was an idiot for wasting his time with it. How he would never make a living out of it.

"They will never understand your mind Dennis, and how sorry I feel for them because of it."

Scrawl. Scrawl. Scrawl.

He etches the first letter of the first word of the first sentence, being extremely careful as to not leave smudges on his sheet.

This had to be done, and it had to be done right.

Ding. Ding. Ding.

The doorbell echoes down the hallway, up the stairs, all the way to the dark workspace where Dennis had been praying for a distraction, an excuse to get up and walk away from his desk and the pen that had been taunting him, waiting for him to write something, anything.

This ringing means his prayer must've been heard.

His pen would have to wait a while longer, he thought.

Creak. Creak. Creak.

The wooden stairs struck beneath him. Swinging the door open, his eyes land on a bush of blonde curls. Immediately he knew his prayer had not been answered.

"Hiya Mr. Greene. How ya doin?" A squeaky, southern voice chirped. Of course it was his nosy neighbour, Cristal. Just a perfect day for her to be on his doorstep, as if his day wasn't already going terribly. If only the ground would open up for him to escape through, or better yet, swallow Cristal instead.

Yes, that would be much better, he thought.

"I am well." He mutters hoping that's enough for her, silently begging the Gods above for that to be enough for her.

"I just came by to drop off your suit, the dry-cleaning man left it at my door by accident, isn't that funny?" She chuckles as she passes him a hanger with a plastic bag over it, covering a freshly cleaned suit.

"Hilarious." He utters. "Thank you, Cristal."

"As soon as I saw it, I said that must be good old Dennis Greene's suit and I knew I better bring it over right away." She went on as Dennis realised his mission to close the front door was a failure.

"Indeed, it is mine." He replies.

Why won't she just walk away?

"I hope it wasn't too expensive to get that old thing cleaned." She retorts. "I know you've had to spend a lot of money recently."

"Don't worry about me. I am perfectly fine money-wise." He snaps back.

"Yes, I suppose you are, but you're not fine emotionally, everyone in town is saying it."

If a person could get away with murder once in their life, Dennis knew exactly who he would pick.

"My wellbeing is no one's concern but my own." He retorts.

"I suppose that means your boys haven't come home from college yet, how are they feeling since...it happened?" She interrogated.

Slam.

That was all the motivation he needed.

The door could not have shut quick enough.

He breathes a sigh of relief.

Finally, back to silence, the peace and quiet of an empty house. The perfect atmosphere to finish the dreaded task he knew he couldn't put off forever.

Stamp. Stamp. Stamp.

Back up the stairs he went, flinging the suit onto his bed as he passed by his bedroom, before going back down the gloomy hallway to his study and plopping himself back down at his barely standing desk.

"Oh crap." He grumbles aloud.

Looking down at his page, some of the ink must've dripped down and left black droplets on his expensive parchment his wife had bought for him.

He had argued with her, saying "Anne, we cannot afford to be spending like this, it is too lavish, it costs far too much."

She just smiled and took his hand. *"My dear, your stories are wondrous, and they deserve to be held on the best paper in the world. Money cannot buy wonder. But it can buy parchment for wonder to be written on."*

More drops fell onto his precious sheet, although these were not ink droplets, but tears.

Fresh, salty tears. Tears that should have been shed before now.

He could practically hear Anne's strong voice snapping at him in his head.

"There's no use crying over spilled ink, what's done is done." She would say.

"Just keep writing."

And he would have, he would have written the most adventurous stories where she was the hero, and the most beautiful poems, comparing her to flowers and stars and all things good in the world if she had asked him to.

She never asked him to.

"There is far more interesting stuff to write about than a little old lady like me."

She'd joked and put her feet up on the couch.

Putting the ink and tear-stained sheet to the side, he reaches for another and after wiping his eyes with his sleeve and taking a well needed deep breath, he begins again.

It has to be done.

Just a few words Dennis. C'mon.

"You can do it." The voice encourages him.

"Just write." Anne eggs him on from in his head, *"Do what you do best."*

Deep breath Dennis. Just write.

Dennis finally wrote about her. Finally saw her name inscribed in ink.

To my boys,

It is with a heavy heart I ask you to return home for the funeral of your mother,

Anne Katherine Greene...

For King

Amy Dowling

I bend my legs to fall asleep.
I would hear your step and naturally twist fetal.
Three movements: sniff, launch, land.
And there you would be.
No more than twelve inches but a whole bed
Became your domain.

I am now jealous of the restless nights,
Unable to move, because now I can.
I have all the space to move but even now,
I bend my legs to fall asleep.

Earth

Amber Paris

Heaven is hidden in the darkest parts of hell
Just past the old broken well

Just by the drowning bench
She speaks to me as though in French

Sickening as the colour of the leaves
Yet beautiful as the wings on honey bees

If this life is hell then what is this?
The light that leads me from a dark abyss

The fond colours once hidden by night
To me, have now been brought alight

The dark path it once brought me down
And the lake where I once feared I'd drown

Now innocent as the spider that weaves
A tiny home between the trees

The Watch

Alice Murphy

It was discovered deep in the mud,
In the modern fields of France.
As I sponged away invisible blood,
Its sinister glimmer put me in a trance.

It now sits sideways,
Démodé in my contemporary room,
And the twinkling, the gleam, is foreboding.
I cannot escape the sense of doom,
That my mind is corroding.

The scarlet sun sets its silver ablaze,
Muted so long by the crud and the clay.
Enfin, Il est prêt à parler.
La mort est la fin, Ce n'est pas vrai.

Now every time I turn my back,
It spews stories of souls bleeding,
It haunts my dreams, I see broken seams,
Of army uniforms, sooted and black.

It chokes on blood, Its face is cracked.
Its hands spurt pus, Its body is wracked.
And just beneath it, there is a shadow that spreads,
Chanting haunted war songs of the rotten, the dead.

Separated from the warped wrist of its boy,
The watch will not fester beside its pride and joy.

His heart will not beat.
The watch will not tick.
"A noble feat",
The foulest trick,
To send a thousand star-crossed ships,
A million ill-fated men,
To where the line between life and hell slips,
Where they plunge, time and again.

The owner of this watch,
"Après la pluie le beau temps", mais.
The owner of this watch,
Wasted, War's willing prey.
The owner of this watch,
Beneath the ground,
Let him stay.

I Looked Up

Alice Murphy

The conveyor belt clicks, jerks and glides.
Feathers flutter and fall, they are pulled by tides,
Of a red sea, merciless and cold.
Killed, killed before they are old.

One looks up, the blood rushing to its head,
Made it uncomfortable, so now instead,
Of a blighting bath, charged with lightning,
Its final moments are spent fighting.

Her head tumbles down, beside the rest.
Her eyes are accusing, scrunched in distress.
And if she could speak, I know she would say.
I feel love, I feel pain.

I can feel good; I can feel strain.
I felt the sun; I felt the rain.

I felt the moon; I felt the stars.
I have bled; I have the scars.

I have breathed and I have battled,
I have seen the red river, the flesh, the shackles.

So let my nerves fester, my heart and brain rot.
I looked up, and lest they forgot,

I feel love, I feel pain,
I feel, I feel,
I feel.

The Cut

Chinmayi UdayBhaskar

I accidentally cut myself just as I left for a week-long trip to Morocco—a nasty gash in the flesh of my right thumb that made using the hand a bit of a nightmare. It bled for days, a hidden pain. Tiny enough to be unnoticeable, but even the slightest movement was uncomfortable.

I kept it powdered under a band-aid all through the flight, when I landed, and through the first two days.

On the beach, when I rode a horse for the first time ever, it rained and the sun shone at the same time. I'd never felt more present in the world. And the band-aid slipped off. Blood seeping, I carried my thumb apart. On stable ground, I saw that the cut was still red, but hurt less.

I stopped wearing Band-Aids after that.

I used my thumb as normal—typed on my laptop, winced every time it hit a key. Carried my suitcase and gritted my teeth against the pain. It didn't bleed or protest anymore, and somewhere here, I stopped paying attention to it.

In the desert, on camelback, I closed my right hand around the metal rod in front of me to keep my balance. The cut brushed against other people's hands as I pulled them up sand dunes. It burned as I sank my fingers and toes into the desert sand, soaked up its warmth, and felt it cool down as the sun set.

I washed my hands, ate with them, washed them again. I dipped my fingers in trickling rivers, ran them along grooves in canyons, and picked up red African gravel. I shook hands with people I'd met on the trip—new friends and old friends—petted horses, camels, fed stray cats. I picked up my bags with ease, styled my hair, even pinched salt and sprinkled it into my food, all while barely registering the sting.

On the flight back, my eyes just so happened to notice the cut. It had healed. A scar had taken its place.

In Frame

Gladstone Ogbonna

The Subject is important,
The star of the show.
My photography captures,
The emotions that flow.
A bookmark, a checkpoint, an indicator of
How far I've travelled.
A snapshot of the time
We used to yap and babble.
Your hair dark like ink,
Spills across your shoulder and off this canvas.
I recall asking,
"Can you hold this for a sec,
While I hang up your jacket?"
Hanging on closely
To every word that you say.
Almost as closely,
As when we danced the other day.

Sisters

Laura Quinn

Scarcely a year between us in age,
the gap seems wider as we cast away
the wrapping of our Christmas gifts.
Hers, befitting of a woman –
makeup; a romantic getaway for two.
Mine, a desperate attempt to cling to girlhood.
The only gift I wanted, really,
was her company, and hers alone.
To ask for the riches of Byzantium
would have been an easier task.
I have visions of the chasm in time
morphing into a monstrous thing;
a hulking, uncrossable beast.
I pray my wish of company.
Maybe next year, I'll find it under the tree.

Rane

Cailyn Foschi Redmond

I swim into the fields
until it is just me and the crickets.
I try to count the stars
and soon run out of breath.
I see a smudge on the horizon
like fog on a dashboard,
with my thumb aimed at the skyline
I reach to touch the lights.
I follow the blur and flex my neck completely up.
suddenly the whole world is on top of me.
it hugs my face and halos my head.
the stars have shame in Dublin,
not here though.
there can not be much to discuss here.
small town rivers of dread overflow into
solemn conversations of suicide.
driving accidents and self inflicted shotgun wounds.
but the loudest sound in all the hills remains:
very very eager toads.
I hear them gossiping after midnight
I think they are happy
they must be excited for the summer rain.
hopping sweetly into the fountain
when everything else is far too dry.
they must be relieved when the clouds wring out
croaking proudly in the shade.
bashful I imagine,
hiding their slick skin beneath the canopy.
the frogs have shame in Dublin,
not here though.

The Best Restaurant in Town

Cassandra Xavier

"Where should I go for dinner?"

You've got a catalogue of places in town you consider,
and I'm a line on your list, a "must-visit", lusted.

A pin marked on a map; a menu forever glanced at.

You keep me under the salamander's light; a tongue tip's whisper —
"Should we go there tonight?"

I look plump, I look juicy; you want to gobble me up at the sight.

I look foreign to you, a bit exotic — but not daunting, no, not quite.

Like something familiar, a fish you nearly caught; a catch you covet
to slurp up with a straw — only to spit me back out once you've
chewed me up, raw.

Leaning over my edges with eager elbows propped, chin resting in
palms and eyes batting up:

"Miss," they say, "I'm hungry.

I'm starving - I need you to feed me."

No food in their lives that they currently like, they see the oven of my
warm life — that I have slaved over with warm pride — and they ask
me to open it ...

And I do.

And I do and I do and I do, every time.

I mount on never-ending lists of desire; I'm shown off, pictures
shared, prize heifer.

You admire, you point, you leave little space between us on the street as you walk —

"I always think about trying this spot."

But as my timer ticks, men feeding from me; tables empty, admiration no currency, they always become angry at their own gluttony. They trained me — at 15, 19, 23 —

to be loyal, move fast,

but now they're bitter, with stomachs swollen and chins fat.

Used, and then used, and then used again,

I was once a shiny, new oven they dreamed to simmer in;

a heat they'd hunt for to subside a rumbling need, I'm now rusted with resentment

for keeping the room hot and hands

far too sticky.

Picky

lovers, you don't know what you like;

you see a new ingredient and you want to taste it for a night.

You stare, through my skin of window glass,

lost in the puddled reflection of a woman you only want to gaze at.

But what you always fail to see

is the *history*, passed down for years in this secret recipe.

It's the soup and salad; she's not a character, she's real; if you want to dine,

it all comes with the meal.

A historical brewing and stewing of men

who want a revolving door of access; 24 hours, days of 7

— and you're a "bitch!" when you don't let them back in.

But I'm supposed to say 'thank you', right?

You want me to be happy that you acknowledged my existence —
when, actually, no —

you didn't; all you acknowledged was that you could play with me,
your newest toy Barbie.

Tell me this, what do I do for a living? Do I have any siblings?

Do you recall my last name — do I exist in the world, or only in the
hormone-heavy confines
of your brain?

Ding; order up, steam abundant, legs spread, napkin tucked;

you begin to devour me. As your knife and fork pry — breast or thigh?

—

you pick me apart. Too dry.

Too lumpy. Too much sauce. Not quite what I was expecting.

"I don't know what I want, but it's not what I thought."

You read me with eyes bigger than your heart, and built up a fantasy
taste in your mind ...

Disappointed now, you run off — don't you, every time?

Carelessly in and out of restaurant doors, a dog chasing the feigned
raise of a ghost's arm.

Forgotten now, you're too busy peeking in the windows of that
restaurant next door; curious to see what that kitchen cooks,
wondering if it'll be thinner, perkier,

wondering how it looks - all while I drown in the overflow of my
boiling pots,
the aftermath of a feast he begged for but wasn't satisfied with
what he got.

It won't be long 'til I let the next hooligan in, they always fool me;
three childish boys in a trench coat, it's a nice and good man I
mistakenly see.

Trained under the guise that hard work
is love,

I don't recognize a good thing served in a silver sundae cup. I've
been working too hard,
timesheets scribbled all my life, learning to lick love
off a piercing knife.

I was once the new chef in town, with skill and with talent, and this
history that made me
trendy, sexy, tasty. But now,

I am a money-suck, spurned for being too good an employee; their
thick hunger to satiate appeased, they see no use for dining in me.

It must be so frustrating to realize when you want a good woman,
you have to be a good man
too;

how awful of me to demand that - to ask that you see my lovingly
plated value.

The Mothers and Sinners of Ireland

Naomi Darcy

our father
who art in heaven
hallowed be thy name

like those of the many sinners
who died at your loving hands
redacted names on state documents
black boxes over red lies

thy kingdom come
thy will be done
on earth as it is in heaven

does our loving father in heaven above
wish justice for the sinners of ireland
does he look upon his subjects, bearing followers to come
and say "scrub"?

give us this day
our daily bread

and forgive us our trespasses

the sinners plead your forgiveness, father
they plead for justice, and for a way out
for you have trapped the sinners, father,
thus pour the champagne on this glorious, holiest institution

as we forgive those who trespass against us
and lead us not into temptation
but deliver us from evil

forgive the sinners father, for they have borne followers out of
wedlock

forgive the sinners father, for they have been raped behind your
doors

forgive the sinners father, for they dare to look twice at your holy
men

forgive and forget not the sinners of ireland, father

because the mothers of ireland deserved a better father than this

Station Meditation

August Sweeney

[alight half way.]
[mind the gap.]
[meditate the gap.]
[lie back]
[to the tracks and taste]
[the rust of bloodless]
[iron- and the years]
[on a locomotive]
[to ngue]

The Last Train

August Sweeney

The sky is rotting in copper. The world is rushing beneath me in warm air reminiscent of escape, something not real, the in-between places- the elsewhere. You can call it train, locomotive, purgatory, it doesn't matter, this liminal tunnel is littered and filthed as it drags me to a different colour of uncertainty. I feel everyone and no one all at once. We are passing the places where the buses terminate, where reality might begin if only we hold our breath. Signal delays at Parkwest and Cherry Orchard.

The aperture is still narrowing out of a scratched window. I feel its analogue within me, my own depth of field stretching out to infinity in the darkening. We would get down on our knees in exaltation for the quiet, if only it were raining; if only We were. I would call the half-empty carriage sleepy if it were rest and not death that I was breathing in, if this contradiction weren't burning like hell in my throat.

There is a glimpse in the dying glimmer, of an intrigue: something slaughtered by banality at an anonymous point between the There and Here, all the years of hurrying into this city and running along the quays with immobile legs and inbent arms. A distant peal of laughter cuts through the purgatorial sanctum like pencil sharpener blades, no warmth of blood. The slowing ensnows. The Station Heustons. A seagull is alone.

Shop shutters are closed before the race has even ended, and the air is much colder than I had thought it would be.

Goodnight Offbeat Donuts. Goodnight Griffin's Londis. Almost asleep, we have stolen six o'clock's light and midnight's air, and at this bus stop I've forgotten how to stand. I place my two eyes on the ground. Firmly.

Tasting impatience, I pull out a memory of a man who once leaned over the Frank Sherwin bridge. A cheap pharmacy negative, sitting forgotten in a drawer. A man surely of hundreds leaning over Dublin bridges, searching for nothing in the night's water and finding the answers to all that he asks. I wanted to ask if he was alright as he stood in stasis there, for a time so long I could see my reflection in it- but I was not made for asking people if they're alright before they've already slumped. I cursed this social phobia, the scarcely subconscious-ed misanthropy, the diagnosis of alienation. The next day I heard news of a man's body found downstream in the Liffey. I still wonder if there's guilt sitting in my stomach for a death other than my own.

It's gone now, the light. We lost the race. The copper tarnished, with silvery sodium now dancing on deep blue above the unloved river. Soon it will be burned. Soon the city will sleep. I am not dreaming, or hoping of the apartment which does not belong to me awaiting in the suburbs. I only ever dream of that which I cannot have. On this S4, I am gluing my mind to the present with a Mr Price Prittstick and praying. But it doesn't adhere. It never does. My mind is falling away, out into the farthest depths of Dublin bay and drowning in a future I can imagine, but won't. The buses do not know my soul, and when rapture comes, rail will refuse to take me the way to inevitability. Tonight I will dream of Anyone- waiting with a sign, adorned with a name that may be mine, ink mixed with tears. The ticket inspector looking right into my eyes. Signal delays at Forever.

A Watchmaker's Blues

Andrew Watson

Her sweet breath when she awoke,
Was enough to sweeten my coffee.
As i stirred and watched the steam rise,
She worked circles to clear her eyes of sleep.
She stretched long and wide.
I wanted to take her apart,

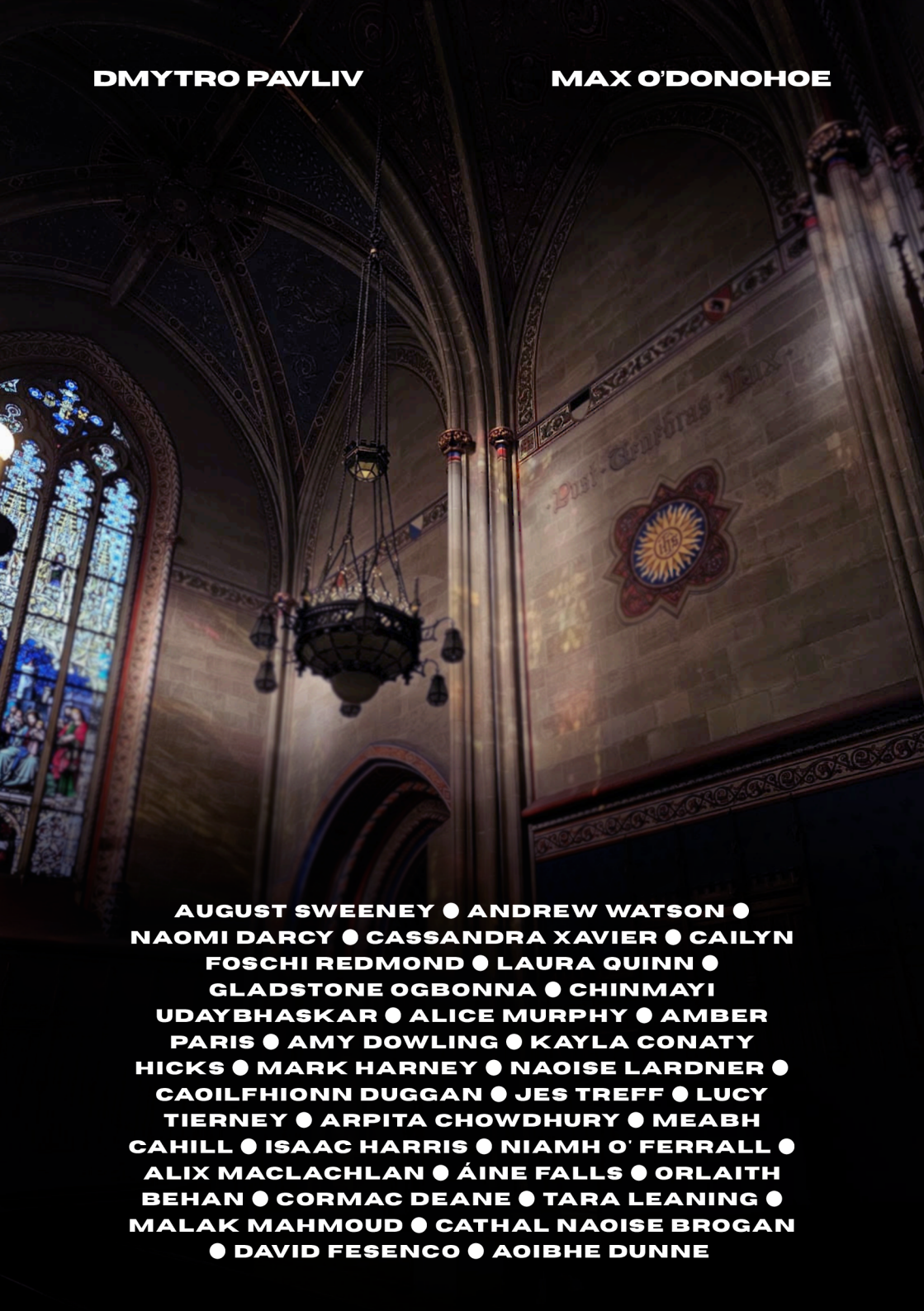
And put her back together, one piece at a time,

Like a watchmaker.

And in a last attempt at making right now last forever,
I would leave out the integral part of the watch.
Time wouldn't exist for us anymore.

DMYTRO PAVLIV

MAX O'DONOHUE



**AUGUST SWEENEY ● ANDREW WATSON ●
NAOMI DARCY ● CASSANDRA XAVIER ● CAILYN
FOSCHI REDMOND ● LAURA QUINN ●
GLADSTONE OGBONNA ● CHINMAYI
UDAYBHASKAR ● ALICE MURPHY ● AMBER
PARIS ● AMY DOWLING ● KAYLA CONATY
HICKS ● MARK HARNEY ● NAOISE LARDNER ●
CAOILFHIONN DUGGAN ● JES TREFF ● LUCY
TIERNEY ● ARPITA CHOWDHURY ● MEABH
CAHILL ● ISAAC HARRIS ● NIAMH O' FERRALL ●
ALIX MACLACHLAN ● ÁINE FALLS ● ORLAITH
BEHAN ● CORMAC DEANE ● TARA LEANING ●
MALAK MAHMOUD ● CATHAL NAOISE BROGAN
● DAVID FESENCO ● AOIBHE DUNNE**