

Poznań - Październik 2016

Konkurs Poezji Irlandzkiej Październik 2016



Markey Robinson,
Dockyard

PATRONAT HONOROWY

KONSULAT IRLANDII W POZNANIU



PATRONAT MEDIALNY

Radio Merkury Poznań



Szanowni Uczniowie!

Zapraszam Was do wzięcia udziału w **XIII Edycji Konkursu Poezji Irlandzkiej**, którego finał odbędzie się 21 października w auli Szkoły Muzycznej II stopnia, przy ul. Solnej w Poznaniu.

Dwanaście dotychczasowych spotkań z poezją irlandzką - zarówno tą mówioną, jak i śpiewaną - to dwanaście wspaniałych przeżyć, które pozostaną nam w pamięci. Historia tych lat pokazała, że młodzież polska rozumie i ceni poezję irlandzką i - według opinii Pana **Johna McGowana**, jurora i sponsora Konkursu z roku 2012 i 2013, 2014 oraz 2015 - potrafi ją zinterpretować nie gorzej niż rodowici mieszkańcy Zielonej Wyspy. Cieszy mnie niezmiernie, że moja inicjatywa przyjęła się wśród młodzieży w naszym regionie i dzięki niej anglojęzyczna poezja Irlandii stała się lekturą i przedmiotem interpretacji słownych i muzycznych.

Tegoroczny Konkurs przypada na setną rocznicę Powstania Wielkanocnego w Irlandii, które sto lat temu wybuchło na ulicach Dublinu (Easter Rising) i stało się momentem przełomowym w historii walki o niepodległość Irlandii. Edycja 2016 stanowi szczególne wydarzenie w dziejach Konkursu Poezji Irlandzkiej w Poznaniu i w Wielkopolsce.

Fundatorami nagród **XII Edycji Konkursu Poezji Irlandzkiej**, będą: Konsulat Irlandii w Poznaniu, Irlandzka Szkoła językowa The North West Academy of English z Derry w Irlandii oraz Szkoła Języków Obcych Program. Wśród nagród za interpretację poezji znajdują się: półroczne kursy językowe w szkole Program w Poznaniu, nieodpłatne egzaminy Cambridge English, nagrody książkowe i słowniki oraz cztery zaproszenia do publicznego wykonania nagrodzonych utworów muzycznych w czasie obchodów Dnia Św. Patryka w marcu 2017 w Poznaniu.

Dwie główne nagrody za najlepszą interpretację utworów muzycznych to ufundowane przez **The North West Academy of English z Derry** dwa dwutygodniowe kursy językowe w Derry w Irlandii.

Serdecznie zapraszam do wzięcia udziału w Konkursie 2016 !

Katarzyna Lisiewicz



REGULAMIN KONKURSU RECYTATORSKIEGO POEZJI IRLANDZKIEJ

Założenia Ogólne i Cele Konkursu

1. W konkursie mogą wziąć udział uczniowie szkół gimnazjalnych i ponadgimnazjalnych (kategoria wiekowa także stanowi kryterium oceny).
2. W Konkursie nie mogą wziąć udziału laureaci edycji Konkursu z roku 2014 oraz 2015.
3. Organizatorem konkursu są: Szkoła Języków Obcych Program oraz Szkoła Muzyczna II stopnia Gimnazjum i Liceum im. M. Karłowicza w Poznaniu.
4. Wszelkie działania koordynuje Pani Mgr Katarzyna Lisiewicz, Dyrektor Szkoły Języków Obcych Program (office@angielskiprogram.edu.pl).
5. Cele konkursu:
 - Konfrontacja i ocena umiejętności recytatorskich, aktorskich, muzycznych, w tym interpretacji poezji śpiewanej oraz ogólnej kreatywności młodzieży.
 - Prezentacja poszukiwań twórczych w dziedzinie repertuaru oraz wyrazu artystycznego.
 - Wyłonienie i popieranie talentów artystycznych i twórczych.
 - Kształtowanie i rozwijanie zainteresowań młodzieży współczesną i dawną literaturą, poezją i muzyką Irlandii.
 - Rozwijanie wśród uczniów umiejętności wyszukiwania i wykorzystania informacji, formułowania opinii, argumentów i wniosków w wypowiedzi oraz prezentacji i obrony opracowanego tematu w formie ustnej.
6. Celem Konkursu jest: **recytacja fragmentów poezji irlandzkiej w języku angielskim lub ich przedstawienia w formie piosenki lub innego utworu muzycznego inspirowanego poezją irlandzką. Kategoria muzyczna zakłada także własną, niepowtarzalną interpretację utworów, wyszczególnionych w poniższym zbiorze. Propozycje utworów zawierają linki do ich wykonań muzycznych na portalu youtube.**

I. Przebieg poszczególnych etapów

Konkurs przebiegać będzie w dwóch etapach:

a. **Etap szkolny**

Każda szkoła może zgłosić do udziału w Konkursie maksymalnie 6 wykonawców, w tym osoby indywidualne, czy zespoły muzyczne. W wypadku zespołów muzycznych, prosimy o wcześniejsze powiadomienie i uzgodnienie większej ilości uczestników. Szkoła zobowiązana jest do przeprowadzenia wewnętrznych eliminacji, które organizuje i przeprowadza Szkolna Komisja Konkursowa. Prosimy o zgłaszanie kandydatów do dnia 13 października (czwartek) pod adresem elektronicznym: office@angielskiprogram.edu.pl lub pod numerem faxu (61) 855 18 06.

b. **Etap rejonowy**

Organizatorzy dokonają weryfikacji poziomu artystycznego i językowego recytacji i prezentacji podczas eliminacji, które odbędą się w dniach 17 października (poniedziałek), 18 października (wtorek), 19 października (środa) 2016 roku - w godzinach od 14:30 do 19:30 dla szkół miasta Poznania oraz szkół spoza Poznania w siedzibie Szkoły Języków Obcych Program, mieszczącej się w Poznaniu przy ul. Fredry 1, I piętro. Celem eliminacji jest wyłonienie osób recytujących w języku angielskim lub interpretujących utwory muzyczne (piosenka poetycka), które zdobędą najwyższą punktację w ramach interpretacji poezji.

II. Finał Konkursu

Finał konkursu będzie miał miejsce 21 października 2016 roku w auli Szkoły Muzycznej II stopnia Gimnazjum i Liceum im. M. Karłowicza w Poznaniu, ul. Solna 12, w godzinach od 12:00 do 16:00. W jury konkursowym zasiądą:

- a) aktor
- b) nauczyciel-muzyk
- c) nauczyciel-anglista
- d) dyrektor The North West Academy of English

Młodzież otrzyma materiały do 25 września 2016 roku pocztą elektroniczną lub w formie papierowej. Materiały będzie można również znaleźć na stronie: www.angielskiprogram.edu.pl. Będą to proponowane przez organizatorów **fragmenty poezji wybitnych poetów irlandzkich w języku angielskim, a także wykonania muzyczne przedstawione przez irlandzkich muzyków, piosenkarzy i poetów. Propozycje muzyczne będzie można obejrzeć w podanych linkach do portalu Youtube.** Istnieje możliwość wybrania własnego fragmentu związanego tematycznie z konkursem. Należy wówczas przynieść na eliminacje tomik z zaznaczonym fragmentem.

III. Ogłaszanie i zatwierdzanie wyników Konkursu

Oficjalne wyniki ogłasza się w formie komunikatu w miejscu i dniu przeprowadzenia Konkursu. Zaświadczenia dla finalistów zostaną wydane przez Szkołę Języków Obcych Program. Wszyscy finaliści otrzymają certyfikaty potwierdzające udział w Konkursie. Certyfikaty i podziękowania za przygotowanie młodzieży do Konkursu otrzymają także pedagodzy oraz szkoły, których uczniowie wezmą udział w Konkursie.

IV. Nagrody

Nagrody w Konkursie są ufundowane przez Szkołę Języków Obcych Program, Szkołę The North West Academy of English oraz Ambasadę i Konsulat Irlandii w Polsce. Wśród nich są : dwa jednotygodniowe kursy językowe w Derry w Irlandii z pobytem u rodziny, trzy półroczne kursy językowe, nieodpłatne egzaminy Cambridge English: FCE lub CAE oraz nagrody książkowe, płyty, koszulki. W ramach nagrody: bezpłatny egzamin Cambridge English kandydat zostanie zaproszony na test kwalifikujący do egzaminu, a Szkoła Program zapewni opiekę od strony formalnej. Zdany egzamin Cambridge English oznacza otrzymanie międzynarodowego certyfikatu, który jest uznawany na całym świecie zarówno przez wyższe uczelnie, jak i pracodawców.

I can't think of a case where poems changed the world, but what they do is they change people's understanding of what's going on in the world.

Seamus Heaney

John Montague

Poeta irlandzki, urodzony 1929), któremu został nadany zaszczytny tytuł „Poet Laureate ” John Montague urodził się w Nowym Jorku i wychował w Irlandii. Jest jednym z najbardziej znanych i cytowanych poetów irlandzkich. Montague napisał wiele tomików poezji oraz krótkie opowiadania.

A Grafted Tongue

(Dumb, bloodied, the severed head now chokes to speak another tongue -

As in

a long suppressed dream,
some stuttering garb -
led ordeal of my own)

An Irish

child weeps at school
repeating its English.

After each mistake

The master

gouges another mark
on the tally stick

hung about its neck

Like a bell

on a cow, a hobble

on a straying goat.

To slur and stumble

In shame

the altered syllables

of your own name:

to stray sadly home

And find

the turf-cured width

of your parents' hearth

growing slowly alien:

In cabin

and field, they still

speak the old tongue.

You may greet no one.

To grow

a second tongue, as

harsh a humiliation

as twice to be born.

Decades later

that child's grandchild's

speech stumbles over lostsyllables of an old order.

Eavan Boland

Irlandzka poetka, autorka, profesor. Jej dzieła nawiązują do irlandzkiej tożsamości narodowej i roli kobiet w historii Irlandii. Od 1995 wykładowczyni na Stanford University.

Amethyst Beads

And when I take them out of
the cherrywood box these beads are
the colour of dog-violets in shadow. Then
at the well of the throat where
tears start
they darken. Now I wear at my neck an old stress
of crystal: an impression of earthly housekeeping.
A mysterious brightness
made underground where there is no sun
only stories of a strayed child and her mother bargaining
with a sullen king. Promising and arguing:
what she can keep, what she can let him have. Shadows
and the season violets start up in are part of
the settlement. Stolen from such a place
these beads cannot be anything
but wise to the healing arts of compromise,
of survival. And when I wear them it is almost
as if my skin was taking into itself
a medicine of light. Something like the old simples.
Rosemary, say, or tansy.
Or camomile which they kept
to cool fever. Which they once used to soothe a child
tossing from side to side, beads of sweat catching
and holding a gleam from the vigil lamp.
A child crying out in her sleep
Wait for me. Don't leave me here.
Who will never remember this.
Who will never remember this.

Dermot Healy

Dermot Healy (18.06. 1947 – 29.07 2014) popularny poeta i pisarz irlandzki, uważany za “ mistrza” lub Celtyckiego Hemingwaya. Był członkiem grupy Aosdána, (“ludzie sztuki”), stowarzyszenia skupiającego najwybitniejszych twórców w Irlandii. Healy mieszkał w County Sligo. Był autorem wielu powieści (w tym “A Goat’s Song”) oraz wielu zbiorów wierszy, na przykład “ What the Hammer”.

THE HARES ON OYSTER ISLAND

Praise be the hares on Oyster
As they curl on the stone beach
And look across at Rosses!

Do they take that shape to look good-
A soul looking toward heaven
But not ready to go yet?

When I take the binoculars and see the blur of the hare
Seperating itself from the blur of the stones
The disturbance eases.

The hare that always turns back a moment
To look steadfastly into the sights
Of the rifle that will kill him

Bounces forward, looks back into my eyes,
Bounces forward, looks into my daughter's eyes,
And settles comfortable,

Comforting me in my turn.
Praise be the hares on Oyster Island!
Put there by huntsmen. Loved by poets.

And gone at last beyond the reach of dogs.
They eat with the sheep and the guinea hens,
And run short distances between bouts of contemplation.

May they have long lives,
The hares that afford us a break
From the language that would explain them.

May they be shot straight through the heart

By a woman in a boat, and then wake to hear
The bells of the halyards.

That nature allowed me
A moment to look back the way I've come
And feel, this time, I'm safe for a while.

To be like the hares that sit out there beyond smell,
Beyond touch, secure on their pads as they sit
Up and remember!

May the hares increase! The inspiration
They give me prosper. That I learn to make of isolation
And fear a grand thing.

Let the hare sit! Let the hare sit on the moon!
And may we all be shot straight through the heart
By a woman in a boat.

Paul Durcan

Urodził się w Dublinie w 1944 roku, studiował na University College Cork. Jest bardzo popularnym poetą w Irlandii, znanym z wieczorów poetyckich, na których po mistrzowsku prezentuje swoje wiersze. W roku 1990 piastował zaszczytny tytuł writer-in-residence na uniwersytecie Trinity College w Dublinie. Paul Durcan jest członkiem grupy Aosdana.

THE WB YEATS SHOPPING CENTRE

This morning I visited the W. B.Yeats Shopping Centre

For the first time in my tiny little life.
Although it was built thirteen years ago
I was averse to conferring on it my carbon footprint.
I revelled in it.
How W. B.Yeats also would have revelled in it;
A vast, Babylonian, Celtic Tiger ziggurat
Of so many storeys, so many malls
With millions of women, young and old,
Behind the open-plan counters and stand-alone
checkouts
But scarcely a single customer –
Scarcely a single consumer except for myself!
And these millions of women, young and old –
Not only were they seriously glamorous
But they were seriously attentive,
Helpful, thoughtful, courteous even!
I spent two hours
Skipping up and down the escalators,
Crooning 'Hug A Shady Wet Nun',
Mooching about,
Pretending to be a customer
And asking advice and getting it –
But, of course, not purchasing anything.
Oh, Pasha, but I've been so –
So solo, so to speak –
For the last seven years –
But two hours in the W. B.Yeats Shopping Centre
And I am a new soul!
Poleaxed with adrenalin!
'Revitalised,' as Mrs George Yeats might murmur.
I say to myself:

In the name of Mrs George Yeats –
The most virtuoso housewife who ever lived –
I must purchase something!

I could feel W. B. Yeats egging me on:

He was intoning: 'Obey your urge.'

So, in The House of Harun Al-Rashid,
In the Luggage Department,
I purchased a suitcase with wheels.
Medium-size. Scarlet-red. Toilet-trained. Guaranteed.
The Cleopatra-like woman
At the checkout batted her eyelashes
And, purring, snapped: '70 per cent off.'
I could see that she considered me
An astute – as well as comely – male consumer.
I sauntered out of her Luggage Department
Talking to my brand-new, scarlet-red suitcase on
wheels
As if it were my own dog – an Irish wolfhound –
I'd owned for donkey's years.
I cried out to the first passer-by on the street:
'I am a bare-breasted warrior of Erin!'
She – for she also was a she –
We were no longer in Armenia –
(Are the men of Ireland
All up on top of Mount Ararat
Hiding under their motor cars?)
She whispered back to me:
'Where'd you pick up your fancy luggage, Mister?'
I peered down the wells of her eyes,
Dropping my brown pennies down into them:
'In the W. B. Yeats Shopping Centre.'
She stopped in her tracks and stared at me:
'Thank you, sir!' – she screamed at me – 'Thank you,
sir!'
In the outdoor car park of the W. B. Yeats Shopping Centre
I sat down under a recycling bin and wept – wept for joy and ecstasy and grief and anguish and the
whole jing bang lot and Moses and Isabel Gilsean

and Johannes Scotus Eriugena and Georgie Hyde-Lees and Eimear McBride and Robert Heffernan and
Katie Taylor and Christine Dwyer Hickey and Mo Farah and Roisin O'Brien and Joe Canning and Máire
Logue and Rory and Columbanus and Enda and Fionnuala and Jorge Mario Bergoglio and Michael D.
Higgins and – and – and – and – and – and – and – and – SABINA!

Sport

There were not many fields
In which you had hopes for me
But sport was one of them.
On my twenty-first birthday
I was selected to play
For Grangegorman Mental Hospital

In an away game
Against Mullingar Mental Hospital.
I was a patient
In B Wing.
You drove all the way down,
Fifty miles,
To Mullingar to stand
On the sidelines and observe me.
I was fearful I would let down
Not only my team but you.
It was Gaelic football.
I was selected as goalkeeper.
There were big country men
On the Mullingar Mental Hospital team,
Men with gapped teeth, red faces,
Oily, frizzy hair, bushy eyebrows.
Their full forward line
Were over six foot tall
Fifteen stone in weight.
All three of them, I was informed,
Cases of schizophrenia.
There was a rumour
That their centre-half forward
Was an alcoholic solicitor
Who, in a lounge bar misunderstanding,
Had castrated his best friend
But that he had no memory of it.
He had meant well - it was said.
His best friend had to emigrate
To Nigeria.
To my surprise,
I did not flinch in the goals.
I made three or four spectacular saves,
Diving full stretch to turn
A certain goal around the corner,
Leaping high to tip another certain goal
Over the bar for a point.
It was my knowing
That you were standing on the sideline
That gave me the necessary motivation -

That will to die
That is as essential to sportsmen as to artists.

Seamus Heaney

Jeden z najwybitniejszych poetów współczesnych, noblista z 1995 r., zmarł w piątek rano w Dublinie w wieku 74 lat. Był poetą na wskroś irlandzkim, któremu irlandzkość nie wystarczała. (...)Do pełnego zrozumienia poezji Heaneya trzeba przygotować się jak do podróży na biegun północy - ona żyje historią Irlandii, jej kulturą i obyczajowością. Gawędzi jej językami, wędruje przez jej krajobraz i tryska jej humorem. Głęboko osadzona w irlandzkiej rzeczywistości, jest jednak często jej empatycznym, choć przenikliwie krytycznym, adwersarzem.

Digging

Between my finger and my thumb
The squat pen rests; snug as a gun.

Under my window, a clean rasping sound
When the spade sinks into gravelly ground:
My father, digging. I look down

Till his straining rump among the flowerbeds
Bends low, comes up twenty years away
Stooping in rhythm through potato drills
Where he was digging.

The coarse boot nestled on the lug, the shaft
Against the inside knee was levered firmly.
He rooted out tall tops, buried the bright edge deep
To scatter new potatoes that we picked,
Loving their cool hardness in our hands.

By God, the old man could handle a spade.
Just like his old man.

My grandfather cut more turf in a day
Than any other man on Toner's bog.
Once I carried him milk in a bottle
Corked sloppily with paper. He straightened up
To drink it, then fell to right away
Nicking and slicing neatly, heaving sods
Over his shoulder, going down and down
For the good turf. Digging.

The cold smell of potato mould, the squelch and slap
Of soggy peat, the curt cuts of an edge
Through living roots awaken in my head.
But I've no spade to follow men like them.

Between my finger and my thumb
The squat pen rests.
I'll dig with it.

Casualty

He would drink by himself
And raise a weathered thumb
Towards the high shelf,
Calling another rum
And blackcurrant, without
Having to raise his voice,
Or order a quick stout
By a lifting of the eyes
And a discreet dumb-show
Of pulling off the top;
At closing time would go
In waders and peaked cap
Into the showery dark,
A dole-kept breadwinner
But a natural for work.
I loved his whole manner,
Sure-footed but too sly,
His deadpan sidling tact,
His fisherman's quick eye
And turned observant back.

Incomprehensible
To him, my other life.
Sometimes, on the high stool,
Too busy with his knife
At a tobacco plug
And not meeting my eye,
In the pause after a slug
He mentioned poetry.
We would be on our own
And, always politic
And shy of condescension,
I would manage by some trick
To switch the talk to eels
Or lore of the horse and cart
Or the Provisionals.

But my tentative art
His turned back watches too:
He was blown to bits
Out drinking in a curfew
Others obeyed, three nights
After they shot dead
The thirteen men in Derry.
PARAS THIRTEEN, the walls said,
BOGSIDE NIL. That Wednesday
Everyone held
His breath and trembled.

II

It was a day of cold
Raw silence, wind-blown
surplice and soutane:
Rained-on, flower-laden
Coffin after coffin
Seemed to float from the door
Of the packed cathedral
Like blossoms on slow water.
The common funeral
Unrolled its swaddling band,
Lapping, tightening
Till we were braced and bound
Like brothers in a ring.

But he would not be held
At home by his own crowd
Whatever threats were phoned,
Whatever black flags waved.
I see him as he turned
In that bombed offending place,
Remorse fused with terror
In his still knowable face,
His cornered outfaced stare
Blinding in the flash.

He had gone miles away
For he drank like a fish
Nightly, naturally
Swimming towards the lure
Of warm lit-up places,
The blurred mesh and murmur
Drifting among glasses
In the gregarious smoke.
How culpable was he
That last night when he broke
Our tribe's complicity?
'Now, you're supposed to be
An educated man,'
I hear him say. 'Puzzle me
The right answer to that one.'

III

I missed his funeral,
Those quiet walkers
And sideways talkers
Shoaling out of his lane

To the respectable
Purring of the hearse...
They move in equal pace
With the habitual
Slow consolation
Of a dawdling engine,
The line lifted, hand
Over fist, cold sunshine
On the water, the land
Banked under fog: that morning
I was taken in his boat,
The Screw purling, turning
Indolent fathoms white,
I tasted freedom with him.
To get out early, haul
Steadily off the bottom,
Dispraise the catch, and smile
As you find a rhythm
Working you, slow mile by mile,
Into your proper haunt
Somewhere, well out, beyond...

Dawn-sniffing revenant,
Plodder through midnight rain,
Question me again.

Patrick Kavanagh

Irlandzki poeta, prozaik i krytyk literacki. Jego liryka oraz proza powieściowa i autobiograficzna głęboko zakorzeniona jest w regionalnej kulturze i tradycji irlandzkiej, jednak był on przeciwny mitologizowaniu tej tradycji i przestrzegał przed popadnięciem w nacjonalizm i zaściankowość. Twórczość Kavanagha wywarła duży wpływ na takich irlandzkich poetów jak Seamus Heaney czy Paul Muldoon.

Jeden z jego wierszy zatytułowany "On Raglan Road" jest znany jako piosenka wykonywana przez m.in. Vana Morrisona, Luke'a Kelly'ego, Marka Knopflera i Sinéad O'Connor.

Literary Adventure

I am here in a garage in Monaghan.
It is June and the weather is warm,
Just a little bit cloudy. There's the sun again
Lifting to importance my sixteen-acre farm.
There are three swallows' nests in the rafters above me
And the first clutches are already flying.
Spread this news, tell all if you love me,
You who knew that when sick I was never dying
(Nae gane, nae gane, nae frae us torn
But taking a rest like John Jordan).

Other exclusive

News stories that cannot be ignored:
I climbed Woods' Hill and the elusive
Underworld of the grasses could be heard;
John Lennon shouted across the valley.
Then I saw a New June Moon, quite as stunning
As when young we blessed the sight as something holy...
Sensational adventure that is only beginning.

For I am taking this evening walk through places
High up among the Six Great Wonders,
The power privileges, the unborn amazes
The unplundered,
Where man with no meaning blooms
Large in the eyes of his females:
He doesn't project, nor even assumes
The loss of one necessary believer.
It's as simple as that, it's a matter
Of walking with the little gods, the ignored
Who are so seldom asked to write the letter
Containing the word.
O only free gift! No need for Art anymore
When Authority whispers like Tyranny at the end of a bar.

Sinead Morrissey

Sinéad Morrissey urodziła się w Belfaście w roku 1972. Ukończyła germanistykę w Trinity College w Dublinie. . Tam też napisała pracę doktorską. Wydała 5 tomików poezji: *There Was Fire in Vancouver* (1996), *Between Here and There* (2002), *The State of the Prisons* (2005), *Through the Square Window* (2009) . Jej tomik *Parallax* (2013) uzyskał prestiżową nagrodę T S Eliota.

A Day's Blindness

He stood up to carry his plate and cup
to the sink and couldn't see.
He sat back down. The clocks
went on consuming Saturday.

He sat on at the table,

rolling crumbs beneath his thumbs
and waiting, either for what was taken
to be handed back –
the fridge, the kettle, his cuff-linked shirt –
or for the kleptomaniac visitor
he couldn't shut out

to be done with it, finally,
and sever the link –
to haul him up out of his chair,
into the hall, and through the brown door
to a garden ruined with hooves
and there would be

horses set loose from the Bond Yard
where his father worked
in the Hungry Thirties,
their coats engrained with soot
and their heads encased in steam,
accusing him.

My son's awake at ten, stretched out along
his bunk beneath the ceiling, wired and watchful.
The end of August. Already the high-flung
daylight sky of our Northern solstice dulls
earlier and earlier to a clouded bowl;
his Star of David lamp and plastic moon
have turned the dusk to dark outside his room.

Across the Lough, where ferries venture blithely
and once a cruise ship, massive as a palace,
inched its brilliant decks to open sea—
a lighthouse starts its own nightlong address
in fractured signalling; it blinks and bats
the swingball of its beam, then stands to catch,
Then hurls it out again beyond its parallax.

He counts each creamy loop inside his head,
each well-black interval, and thinks it just for him—
this gesture from a world that can't be entered:
the two of them partly curtained, partly seen,
upheld in a sort of boy-talk conversation
no one else can hear. That private place, it answers,
with birds and slatted windows—I've been there.

Lindsey Bellosa

Lindsey Bellosa jest młodą poetką, która mieszka w USA, w Syracuse, NY. Ukończyła National University of Ireland, Galway. Jej wiersze są publikowane zarówno przez wydawnictwa w Irlandii, jak i w USA.

Portait

The eyes: hooded sky
the rest of the face hangs from—
little crescent moon.

Now you cast them to me:
ask your questions, make pleas,
defy with your white scowl.

Your lips are mine, drooping
roses; the pink shape of wonder
and the slope of your cheeks, mine,

but whitewashed of flaws; white
and pink, translucent as light
and thin-skinned as an egg.

Blue trails beneath the surface,
lines of a map, where eyelashes
linger: catching, giving depth.

Every day you grow arms and legs
and more looks, like light—
from me but not mine.

Like my mother in an old video—
I see me as I see you in me. She sees herself;
in the mirror, sees her mother.

The fourteen-year-old me in the video:

wiggling, excited for something I didn't know
yet: bursting from my pink swimsuit—

My mother knew. Lips stitched into a line:
eyes on the horizon, as mine are now.
The past comes in like the tide—

and our faces swallow themselves.
We shrug in and out of them
like a borrowed sweater;

like the two imprints, potter's
thumb slips just under your eyes:
up go the pupils,

up knit the eyebrows—
always up and away.
This is the way love travels.

© Lindsey Bellosa

Elaine Feeney

Elaine Feeney jest poetką młodego pokolenia, w której poezji można między innymi wyczuć odcienie polityczne i społeczne. Studiowała w Cork i Limerick. Opublikowała trzy zbiorki poezji : *Indiscipline* (2007), *Where's Katie?* (2010, Salmon) and *The Radio was Gospel* (2013, Salmon)

Bog Fairies

The heather like
Pork belly cracked
Underneath my feet-

The horizon like
Nougat, melted
Its pastel line at the heath edge
Blue fading to white light.

We stacked rows of little
Houses for bog fairies –
Wet mulchy sods
Evaporating under our small palms.

Crucifixions of dry brittle crosses
Forming the skeleton-
My narrow ankles parallel to them.

Coarse and tough like the marrow of the soul,
Like the skeletons crucified under the peat.

The turf will come good
My father said
When the wind blows to dry it.

We dragged ten-ten-twenty bags
With the sulphury waft of cat piss,
Along a track dotted with deep black bogholes,
Then over a silver door, like a snail's
Oily trail leaving a map for the moon,
And for bog fairies to dance in the mushy earth-

For us all to glisten in this late summer.

And behind the door
Once upon some time
Old women sat in black shawls
Bedding down Irregulars and putting kettles

On to boil for the labouring girls.

But I was gone.

I was gone at ten in my mind's eye.
I was dragging Comrades from the Somme
I was pulling Concords in line with Swedish giants
I was skating on the lake in Central Park
I was crouched in the green at Sam's Cross
I was touring Rubber-Soul at Hollywood Bowl
I was marching on Washington with John Lewis
I was in the Chelsea Hotel with Robert Mapplethorpe,
He was squatting on my lap with his lens,
Swearing to Janis Joplin I could find her a shift,
Nothing is impossible when you blow like that girlfriend.
I sang Come As You are in Aberdeen with union converse,
Blue eye liner and mouse holes in my Connemara jumper.

I was anyone but me
I was anywhere but here
I was gone

We rushed to hurry before the summer light would fade
Because animals needed to be washed and fed

And turf needed to be stacked
And all the talk of our youth
Would be said
In whispers and secrets, or written on postage stamps

Because light was the ruler as it was closing in around us,
Beating us, like the dark on the workmen
Deep in the channel tunnel that night.

The black light killed the purple heather
Yet I danced on the crackle in the dust
I crackled on the dust in the heather
My dance on the heather turned to dust.

Jessica Traynor

Młoda irlandzka poetka z Dublina, w roku 2013 otrzymała miano Nowego Pisarza Roku 2013. W roku 2014 otrzymała prestiżowe, państwowe, stypendium poetyckie.

Sin-Eater

He blows on his hands to warm them;
it looks like some ritual, some totem.

Between us, nothing but certainty –
the death-sound in the old woman's throat –

and uncertainty – the priest's whereabouts.
Our whispers summon only a flutter in her eyelids.

Someone had mentioned the man down the road
who lives alone, who gives some kind of absolution,

so here we find ourselves with this stout man
in a muddied fleece, who breathes on his hands

and places them on the woman's shoulders.
Tears come first, spilling from her eyes;

those milky shallows that have mirrored us all evening
clear for a moment as he bows his face to hers.

He doesn't look at her tears, allows her gaze to travel
to the ceiling above her bed. Only we invade her privacy.

He says nothing. Not one prayer or word of comfort.
We give him a fifty, and wonder.

Some begin to mutter; one man asks what he did.
He tells us that at that late stage she had no voice left,

so he took her sins upon himself,
allowing her to pity him for all he carried.

WE DON'T EAT

LYRICS AND MUSIC BY VINCENT MC MORROW

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kR3HRM07nZg>

James Vincent McMorrow is an Irish singer-songwriter. As of 2016, he has released 3 studio albums (Early in the Morning, Post Tropical and We Move). His song "Glacier" was used as part of an advertising campaign for the Spanish Lottery and his cover of the Chris Isaak song "Wicked Game" was used in the official trailer for the sixth season of the TV show "Game Of Thrones". He won an European Border Breakers Award in 2012 for the success of his first album beyond Ireland

If this is redemption, why do I bother at all?
There's nothing to mention, and nothing has changed
Still I'd rather be working for something, than praying for the rain
So I wander on, until someone else is saved

I moved to the coast, under a mountain
Swam in the ocean, slept on my own
At dawn I would watch the sun cut ribbons through the bay
I'd remember all the things my mother wrote

That we don't eat until your father's at the table
We don't drink until the devil's turned to dust
Never once has any man I've met been able to love
So if I were you, I'd have a little trust

Two thousand years, I've been in that water
Two thousand years, sunk like a stone
Desperately reaching for nets
That the fishermen have thrown
Trying to find, a little bit of hope

Me, I was holding all of my secrets soft and hid

Pages were folded, then there was nothing at all
So if in the future I might need myself a savior
I'll remember what was written on that wall
That we don't eat until your father's at the table
We don't drink until the devil's turned to dust
Never once has any man I've met been able to love
So if I were you, I'd have a little trust

Am I an honest man and true?
Have I been good to you at all?
Oh I'm so tired of playing these games
We'd just be running down

The same old lines, the same old stories of
Breathless trains and, worn down glories
Houses burning, worlds that turn on their own

So we don't eat until your father's at the table
We don't drink until the devil's turned to dust
Never once has any man I've met been able to love
So if I were you my friend, I'd learn to have just a little bit of trust

HIGH HOPES

LYRICS AND MUSIC BY KODALINE

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=E4povfmX144>

Kodaline are an Irish rock band that formed in Dublin in 2005. Up until 2011, they were known as 21 Demands until they changed their name to Kodaline. They are a four member group (Steve Garrigan, Vinny May, Jr, Jason Boland and Mark Prendergast). They came to attention in 2007 when they performed on the Irish talent show "You're a Star", where they finished in second place overall. They won the Public Choice award in 2013, and have released two studio albums ("In a Perfect World" and "Coming Up for Air") as of 2016.

Broken bottles in the hotel lobby
Seems to me like I'm just scared of never feeling it again
I know it's crazy to believe in silly things
But it's not that easy

I remember it now, it takes me back to when it all first started
But I've only got myself to blame for it, and I accept it now
It's time to let it go, go out and start again
But it's not that easy

But I've got high hopes, it takes me back to when we started
High hopes, when you let it go, go out and start again
High hopes, when it all comes to an end
But the world keeps spinning around

And in my dreams, I meet the ghosts of all the people who have come and gone
Memories, they seem to show up so quick but they leave you far too soon
Naïve I was just staring at the barrel of a gun
And I do believe that, yeah

But I've got high hopes, it takes me back to when we started
High hopes, when you let it go, go out and start again
High hopes, oh, when it all comes to an end
Now the world keeps spinning
Yeah, the world keeps spinning around

High hopes, it takes me back to when we started

High hopes, when you let it go, go out and start again
High hopes, oh,
And the world keeps spinning
Ooh, yeah, this world keeps spinning

How this world keeps spinning around

GUIDING LIGHT

LYRICS AND MUSIC FOY VANCE

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=p4MSFhIbAJA>

Foy Vance is a musician and singer-songwriter from Bangor in Northern Ireland. He has released 3 albums (Hope, Joy Of Nothing and The Wild Swan). In 1994, he appeared on the British TV show "Stars in Their Eyes" performing as Andrew Strong from the Commitments. He has toured with Ed Sheeran as a support act, and his music has been used in numerous TV shows including "Beauty and the Beast" (2012).

Well the road is wide,
And waters run on either side,
And my shadow went with fading light,
Stretching out towards the night

'Cause the Sun is low,
And I yet have still so far to go,
My lonely heart is beating so,
Tired of the wonder

But there's a sign ahead,
Though I think it's the same one again,
And I'm thinking 'bout my only friend,
And so I find my way home

When I need to get home
You're my guiding light, (x2)

When I need to get home
You're my guiding light, (x2)

Well the air is cold,
And yonder lies my sleeping soul,
By the branches broke like bones,
This weakened tree no longer holds

But the night is still,
And I have not yet lost my will,
Oh and I will keep on moving 'till,
'till I find my way home

When I need to get home,

You're my guiding light, (x2)

When I need to get home,
You're my guiding light, (x2)

When I need to get home,
You're my guiding light, (x2)

When I need to get home,
You're my guiding light, (x2)

When I need to get home,
You're my guiding light, (x2)

FOR YOU

LYRICS AND MUSIC: GAVIN JAMES

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cgqOSCgc8xc>

Gavin James is an Irish singer-songwriter. He released his debut album "Bitter Pill" last November and it reached the Platinum level for number of sales in Ireland. This helped him to win the Choice Music Prize. He has already performed on US television, appearing on both James Cordon's "Late Late Show" and Jimmy Kimmel Live!

Maybe I'll forget and maybe I won't
I'm stuck in the moment
And so far from home
Cause loving nobody
It's breaking my heart
But you'll never know this
Wherever you are

Well maybe I don't give up easily
But I know this is hard to see
But I wish time would slow down
So I could keep your heart around
If I can make you stay another day
I'll wait another day for you, and for you

Maybe I'm love drunk, I wish that I'd known
What you would say if time would slow down
So I could keep your heart around
If I can make you stay another day
I'll wait another day for you

Well maybe I don't give up easily
Oh but I know this is hard to see
But I know time won't slow down
So I can keep your heart in my hands
Oh but maybe if you stay a little while
You might feel like I do for you

NERVOUS

LYRICS AND MUSIC: GAVIN JAMES

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Jn-k66pQ0H4>

I promise that I'll hold you when it's cold out
When we loose our winter coats in the spring
Cause lately I was thinking I never told you
That every time I see you my heart sings

Cause we lived at the carnival in summer
We scared ourselves to death on a ghost train
And just like every ferris wheel stops turning
Oh I guess we had an expiration date
So I won't say I love you, it's too late
And ooooooooooh
Ooooohohoooooh
And ooooohoooooooooh
Ohoooohohohoooooh

Cause every time I saw you I got nervous
Shivering and shaking at the knees
And just like every song I haven't heard yet no
I didn't know the words in front of me
In front of me, and ooooooooooh
But I don't wanna know

Who'll take you home? (x3)
Hoooooome
If I let you gooooooooooooo

And oooooohhhhh (x3)
Ooooooooohooooooooohhhhh
Now that you're on someone else's shoulders
The winter winds are colder on my own
Maybe we will meet when we get older
Maybe we won't
So I won't say I love you if you don't
And no you don't
So I won't say I love you if you don't

CROSSFIRE

LYRICS AND MUSIC: LITTLE HOURS

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TocYL2DHhS8>

Little Hours are a young Donegal duo who have become the latest Irish act to land a major label record deal after signing to RCA, a division of Sony Music which is the former home of Elvis Presley and current label of Foo Fighters and Kings of Leon.

Piano / Lead Vocals - John Doherty

Lead Guitar / Backing Vocals - Ryan Mc Closkey

I found the answer but I never liked it
I took my baby to the 10 step platform
I tied a reef knot on twice with the blindfold
I whisper 20 steps and point direction
Crossfire doesn't burn you
It only hurts when it gets you in the heart
If you don't hate me you'll learn to
I thought I had it clear from the start
I don't have a heart

I call my baby just to hang up on the phone
I take a rain check and I never ever check the rain
I leave the carton out for hours on summer days
I took a course on how to break the most hearts
Crossfire doesn't burn you
It only hurts when it gets you in the heart
If you don't hate me you'll learn to
I thought I had it clear from the start
I don't have a heart

I found the answer but I never liked it
I took my baby to the 10 step platform
I tied a reef knot on twice with the blindfold
I whisper 20 steps and point direction
Crossfire doesn't burn you
It only hurts when it gets you in the heart
If you don't hate me you'll learn to
I thought I had it clear from the start
I don't have a heart
I don't have a heart
I don't have a heart

EMBER

LYRICS AND MUSIC: LITTLE HOURS

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0ogNMXDTZSI>

There were days when each hour was a war I fought to survive
There were nights full of nightmares and I dreaded closing my eyes
There were skies that burst open with a downpour to drown me alive
But the world took a spark like a match in the dark
And the fire brought me to life

So I'm fanning the flames to climb so high
'Cause theres no other way we can stay alive

'Cause we're burning bright
As we all unite
And when it's all said and done
We'll shine like the sun
So don't let the fire die
And we'll watch the sky
As it fills with light
And though the embers are new
Whatever you do, just don't let the fire die

And you'll find there'll be mornings
When the ashes and embers are cold
But you'll fight with a passion
And you'll never stop 'cause you know
Yeah you know, it gets better
And your story is yet to be told
Every push, every shove, every war, every love
Yeah, the coals are beginning to glow

So I'm fanning the flames to climb so high
'Cause theres no other way we can stay alive

'Cause we're burning bright
As we all unite
And when it's all said and done
We'll shine like the sun
So don't let the fire die
And we'll watch the sky
As it fills with light
And though the embers are new

Whatever you do, just don't let the fire die

Don't let the fire die
It gets better
Just don't let the fire die, no

'Cause we're burning bright (burning bright)
As we all unite
And when it's all said and done
We'll shine like the sun
So don't let the fire die
And we'll watch the sky (watch the sky)
As it fills with light
And though the embers are new
Whatever you do, just don't let the fire die

And though the embers are new
Whatever you do, just don't let the fire die
Don't let the fire die.

CRÍOCH
The end