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Seo mé ag crochadh clúdbhallaí is ag péinteáil
Is corr-uair ag rómhar nó ag lomadh sa ghairdín –
Ta sé níos fearr dom bheith gnóthach na laethanta seo
In áit bheith ag síorthocailt sa neamhchomhfhios,
Ag scrúdú is ag athscrúdú is ag iniúchadh
Cad a thitfeadh amach dá dtarlódh seo nó siúd.
Glacaim misneach ón chré is óna bláthanna a fhásann
uaithi –
Mé ag iarraidh smacht agus ord agus eagar a chur ar
fhiántas.
Seo 'nois mé ag scrabhadh an tseanphaipéir le cabhair
uisce
Is ag éisteacht le guth fíorbhinn Andrea Bocelli
Ag moladh na rómánsaíochta san Iodáilis –
Ní thuigim gach focal ach tuigim an paisean sa ghuth,
Fórsa na beatha agus fórsa na brí –
Anáil Dé agus tobar na cruthaitheachta.
Is í feith na cruthaitheachta leigheas ar an néal dubh a
thiteann.
Glacaim chugam mo pheann nua-aoiseach, mo laptop
Agus scríobhaim liom chun faoiseamh a fháil –
Agus tagann sé toilteanach sna focail a thiteann ar an
scáileán.
Go luath ar maidin téim i muinín an mhachnaimh
Agus titeann leigheas anama go tiubh tharam
Mar phluid shábháilteachta in am mo ghátair.
Go déanach san oíche téim i muinín an chodlata
Agus tagann na brionglóidí i mullach a chéile –
Incubi agus succubi, deamhain agus aingil –
Agus mé ag súgradh le madra Freud.

Slieve Aughty Summer

Breid Sibley

You climb past wayside altars
Mother Mary surrounded
By clover, violets, angelica
Wild grasses, reeds and sedges.

Sage duvets cover fields
Under an azure white canopy
Duet of bullfinch and warbler
Brown road winds upward.

Onward you go
Bog cotton dances an arabesque
Scent of coconut from
Golden gorse decorating the hillside.

Overhead a cuckoo calls
Her chick fed by a meadow pippit
You glimpse fallow deer
Leaping through the sitkas.

Spicy air
Invigorates and nourishes
You weave tawny green rushes
A Mexican Eye of God pattern emerges.

Rustling bronze water
Puts a song in your heart
The ridge looms ahead
The summit beckoning.

Above St. Stephen's Green
a black-headed gull,
wings fanned out,
eyes sharpened,
drops from the June sky,
pins a duckling in its beak
and, red in tooth and claw,
flies away
to a chorus of shrieks
from every feathered throat.
A photograph in the Irish Times
shows a black-headed gull,
wings rhythmically spread
against October city's chiaroscuro,
head upright on elegant neck,
reflected in bronze waters,
as it alights in St. Stephen's Green.
A Degas ballet-dancer:
last summer's predator.

Diptych 11

Patricia Burke Brogan

From Alaska by post harebell-seeds
echo aurora borealis, glaciers,
volcanoes, fjords.
I plant them in Galway earth
and close my eyes.

Goldfinches, starving
in the wind from the east,
devour Alaskan seedlings.
I open my eyes to raw umber earth.

From Triptych

Dawn.
Suddenly
a river-rock moves,
raises a curved neck,
forms long legs stealthily,
freezes.
The heron stabs the river.

**Elegy For A
Hummingbird**

Laura Treacy Bentley

His fatal flaw was trust
when he tried to dive
through my picture window
that looked cumulus,

strangely deciduous,
like partly-sunny death.
His final seconds
hovered saccharine red

over jewelweed and thistle,
but his last thought
had to be mindless speed.
The kind a falcon must savor,

plunging toward
an artless field mouse.
A humming stilled by glass
lies butterflied in my flowerbox.

A three-inch bird
more tragic
than any poetic hero.
Height to depth ratio greater.

Plumage grander than ermine.
I mourn his lack of motion,
the no longer blur of wings
laid out in silkened skeins,

metallic green
and ruffled crimson,
iridescent in the July sun.
His windowpane marker

mirrors a halcyon sky
and a black widow
coily turning
her ruby-faceted hourglass.

The Man Who Is Afraid Of Cows

Alan McMonagle

My uncle Saj cannot believe I have accused him of cowardice. He is from Bangladesh and therefore very dubious. He just refuses to accept things at face value. He is also very stubborn. I suspect these qualities are linked. For example, he must go to Bangladesh to kill the cow and he has refused. He is as stubborn as a mule and asks hundreds of questions as though he knows nothing. In the yard, he has just interrupted my match, which is becoming an epic.

'Why am I a coward,' he asks me?

*Without thinking, I slid
back the patio door and
guided the queen outside.
She had her freedom. I
had conquered my fear.*

Without thinking, I slid back the patio door and guided the queen outside. She had her freedom. I had conquered my fear. 'Because you would not kill the cow,' I tell him. 'You had someone else do the deed. You paid him. Auntie told me all about it. It can mean only one thing. You are afraid of cows.'

He stands there and smiles in an unfortunate way and shakes his head like someone who regrets his choices. Over and back it goes. He reminds me of someone who is following the tennis ball back and forth across the net. But I know better. All this head shaking signifies that he cannot face up to his evasions. He is in denial.

'What are you talking about,' he says when at last his head settles back into a resting position. He still has the unfortunate smile.

'Uncle Saj,' I begin, 'because we are somehow related I will share something with you. I used to be afraid of bees. But I learned to conquer my fear.'

'How did you conquer your fear?' he asks and my radar alertness pings that he is steering our discussion in a different direction. Nevertheless I oblige him with an answer.

'The queen of bees flew into our kitchen,' I tell him. 'I was refusing any contact with bees having experienced a trauma when the stinging ginger bee landed on my arm. The queen

of bees hovered by the window. She couldn't seem to find her way. Without thinking, I slid back the patio door and guided the queen outside. She had her freedom. I had conquered my fear.'

'Bees are smaller than cows,' says my uncle. 'Who ever heard of someone being afraid of bees? You are silly being afraid of bees.'

'Bees are the most dangerous things in this country,' I inform him. 'You should try to make a connection with a cow. A Black Angus for example. Or an Aquitaine Blonde. They have wonderful eyes. They look so sad sometimes, hidden behind those long lashes. Look out for them on the back roads.'

'They look sad because they know,' says my uncle and he leaves me to ponder this strange remark.

I remain in the yard. What could cows possibly know, I ask myself? I look to the sky to supply me with the answer. Two jumbo jets ski across the atmosphere. They each leave a trail of vapour that hangs in the air. Along with my question. Then it occurs to me that my uncle is distracting me because I have discovered his secret fear. He is trying to start a feud and I must not take the bait. So I return to the important business of my match. Today, I may yet be crowned champion. There is still time. Preparing my serve, I wonder where the jet streams end.

After dark, I hunt down my uncle. I have a proposal I wish to put to him.

'The next time you must go to Bangladesh to pay someone to kill the cow because you are afraid can I come?' I say. His answer is a question.

'Why do you want to come to Bangladesh?'

I know his answer will be a question and I'm ready.

'I can help you kill the cow,' I say.

'This is terrible. Why do you want to kill the cow?'

'It will help you conquer your fear.'

He starts to speak again and then pauses. His forehead creases and pain spreads throughout his face. As he struggles with his terror, I imagine myself in a jumbo jet.

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'I am afraid that will not be possible,' he finally announces.

'And why not?' I ask.

'Because there is only one person who can come to Bangladesh.'

'And who is that?'

'Jeremiah.'

'Who is Jeremiah?'

'Jeremiah is my friend.'

'And where does he live?'

'He lives in London.'

'In London?'

'Yes. But I have not seen him since he fell in love.'

He looks very unfortunate now and his head starts shaking and some more regret leaks out of him. But this is no time for mercy.

'Is he afraid of cows like you,' I ask?

'I think I will cello tape your mouth,' he tells me.

Then Auntie arrives and demands to know what's going on.

'I've been telling uncle Saj about the cows and the bees,' I say. 'But he pays no heed. He is so stubborn. He misses Geronimo. He needs cello tape.'

'And you need to get some sleep,' she says. 'Come on.'

Upstairs, Auntie tells a great story about a man who lives in the mountains with his herd of cows. He comes down to the village every two months to buy the things he and his cows need. Then off he goes back into the mountains to tend to his herd. One night he storms into the village inn. He is out of breath. His face is scratched from thorns. Fence wire has snagged his coat and trousers. 'They're charging,' the man says. 'Every one of them. It's a stampede. I chased them but it's like trying to stop the devil's herd.' The locals think he is mad. They laugh at him and tell him to come to his senses. The next morning the village is in ruins. Cars have been trampled on. Shop windows kicked in. The feed mill ransacked. 'I told you but you wouldn't listen,' says the mountain man, who is distraught. His cows have left the mountains forever and he cannot face the lonely hills.

Auntie says good night and switches off the light. I have no idea whether the story is supposed to terrorise me or send me off to sleep. I lie there thinking about the mountain man and why his herd has become feisty. I have no answers so I go downstairs and ask Auntie to tell it to me again in case I'm missing something. But according to her that's all there is to it.

I notice my uncle sitting in the corner chair. He's smoking a big cigar through a wide grin. He looks happier than he did earlier. When I finish examining Auntie's story for loopholes, he draws the cigar from his mouth and blows out a little cloud of smoke.

'They are stampeding because they know,' he says.

'Have you thought any more about my coming to Bangladesh,' I ask.

'We will talk of it tomorrow,' he says.

Sleep isn't easy. I dream of jumbo jets and stubborn mules in Bangladesh. In the field, a swarm of buzzing bees pesters a defenceless herd of cows. There is only one way out. The cows take flight into the endless sky. The buzzing bees give chase but soon decide better of it. I remember I have a must win match in the morning and I sleep diligently.

It's a glorious morning. Outside, I practise my serve. Hopping the ball off the ground. Arching my back. Tossing the ball. And throwing my arm at a fixed point in space. Like I saw them do it on t.v. Boom! I hit an ace every time. My serve is unreturnable. I am sure to win the tournament before morning is out. I may even retain my title in the afternoon. All I need to do is keep practising. Boom! *Oooh I say*, announces the commentator. He's very impressed.

From the corner of my eye, I see my uncle sitting on the kitchen step.

'What are you doing there?' he asks.

'I am defending my title,' I say. 'It will take a great comeback. I'm behind by two sets and a service break in the third.'

'My goodness. Yes, you will need all your resources to get back into this match. I shouldn't distract you. Eat some

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chocolate if your spirits are flagging. I will check with you later to see how the comeback progresses.'

'I never know when I'm beaten,' I tell him. 'It could very well go to a deciding set.'

'Watch for drop shots,' he says going back inside as I chase down another ball, to the delight of the packed gallery.

That evening, my match is still unfinished. I'm taking a breather on the step, preserving my spirit for one last effort. I think about the exciting world and about what I will do when I retire undefeated. My mind swims when I consider the options. I'm gripped by a mood of bliss. I feel removed from everyday existence and at the same time closer to it. I look beyond the yard, into the garden. A horse chestnut tree I planted two seasons ago shows promise. The vegetable ridges are in bloom. Bees plunder from the wild flowers. Beyond, I follow the back lane that leads to the forbidden swampland. What goes on there I wonder? What is it like in Bangladesh?

The umpire calls time. My match resumes. And my uncle appears. Smiling.

'My God,' he says, 'have you not yet beaten this opponent?'

'I am a wildcard entry,' I say. 'I have come out of retirement but the seeding committee has chosen to recognise neither my previous achievements nor supreme natural talent. They have placed me in the tougher half of the draw.'

'I see. You are very young to retire. But they do seem to have it in for you. It should spur you to greatness.'

'I fear no one.'

'That will help you to win.'

'I am used to winning.'

'What will happen if you lose?'

'Losing is not an option. Have you conquered your fear of cows?'

'Oh yes, that I have worked out. I did what you suggested. I took myself out to the backward roads and watched some cows chewing the green grass. It was very

relaxing. They did not seem to mind my presence. They are a very beautiful animal, as you pointed out.'

'So you have conquered your fear.'

'It seems to me that perhaps I did not want to kill the cow because I have never been afraid of them. However, I am surprised I have to tell you this. You appear to know so much.'

'The cows did not mind your presence because they know,' I say to him.

'Do not continue to be silly,' he replies, turning on his heels. 'What could cows possibly know?'

When he sees I am stuck for an answer he disappears. For a grown man, he behaves in the most peculiar way. One moment he suffers. Then he is all smiles. It must be his way of avoiding fear. I should point out this observation to him. On the other hand, perhaps I'll save my breath. Besides, I'm sure he's not listening to a word I say. He is so stubborn. He will not admit that, in the matter of his fear, I am right. This is the reason our feud continues. I cannot even remember when it started. It could very well go all the way back to an ancient rivalry between stubborn mules and cows with wonderful eyes.

Meanwhile my match remains unfinished. It is sure to enter the record books. I don't mind as long as I emerge victorious. I must watch for drop shots.

A five pence piece hangs in the sky
between Castledawson and Toome.

Entranced by flashes of silver
I watch through hungry Magpie eyes

and with thumb and index finger
mechanically fashion a beak.

Mind on the wing I waste no time
snatching the prize out of the air,

hiding it in my memory box,
stored away for a rainy day.

Turlock, California

Michael Farry

Easter 2005

We photographed the puddles
Mocked the downpour
California teeming our first day there.

Sidewalk and intersection flooded
Back yard turloughed,
Barbecue adrift in the short-lived lake.

Next day, west coast sunshine,
Rainless for the rest of the vacation,
Sightseeing, we endured mall to mall perspiration.

A Mayo-man, remembering
Sodden Irish winters,
Baptised this city in the irrigated valley.

Was he mocking his source,
Water-speckled western fields,
Endemic dampness to the bone?

Or was it homesickness
For the squelch beneath his heels,
Drizzle on his face, freshening skin and soil and soul?

Birthday Drive
(Connemara, March 19, 2006) **Ger Hanberry**

The day rising in ambers and browns across the bogs,
thin Spring light shape-shifting on the mountains.

The dingy craft-shop, no scone, no slice of wholemeal
bread;
how you loved to bake, to fill the table for my visits.

The dark lake where thirty years ago they dumped
that poor girl's body; they had her four days in the
wood.

Mother, you are three weeks gone,
fifty years since I was your birthday present.

A tufty field clogged with mud and reeds,
bones of a hare in the rubble wall.

They captured the rebels out there on Omey Island,
hanged them all at Ballynahinch.

Lake

Ger Hanberry

The road runs west through miles of pinewoods,
a great lake always somewhere off to the right.

You know it's there behind the trees, beyond the ridge.
Those flaking hoardings – boats-for-hire, Fishing Lodge -

closed, out of season. Overhead a V of geese,
instinct stretching out.

In the end the grey waters swing into view,
cold, hungry, and all those empty islands,

one for every day of the year.

Candles flicker in the porch. Cellophane
cones a lily that's leaning stiffly by
the hall door. Recognizing the house, I
am spun by the images of loss and pain
the papers have been full of. Her daughters
and she had lived here, behind the door.
She took her life and theirs, before
anyone had time to know what drove her.
I try not to think, to glide by like stone.
What can one think? Acts of a stranger. More
troubled, distant voices, better to ignore,
whose ultimate choices get made alone.
But past the door, I'm shaken by the power
of the three fluttering candles and the flower.

Late Drink

Eoghain Garvey

The wind is moving the ivy.
The plants are black as the sky
and heavy with smells.
Our hanging basket sways.
I remember from nowhere the last
of the wine, and bring out a glass.
The wary cat dwells
within herself, then plays.

August. The small white cat
in the Winter Palace courtyard
is grabbing all the summer she can get;
as a woman takes time out
from her big loud ice-cream to tell
what looks like her husband
that the Smolny Institute is a place
where someone did something once,
but now it's a girls school. Later,

an old man plays chess against himself
at a bus-stop on Nevsky Prospect;
as the guide book reliably informs us
that above the hotel opposite
sits a plaque: Leningrad, City of Heroes
but all we can see
is a Coca Cola sign. And

on the other bank of the Neva,
as the day whitens, a man, who's
role in his own Bolshevik fairytale
has long-since earned him a place
on the FBI's least wanted, waits
at the window of Lenin's study
for the disposable camera's
immortalising click; fumbles
in his pockets like a best man
whose mislaid that speech, and gazes
meaningfully into the past.

Circular

Liz Ann Gorman

The trees are full of blossoms,
White turning pink,
Overhead, bees murmur softly.

I sit in the garden as it grows dark.
Watch one by one,
the windows of the house light up.

An insect rebounds of the kitchen glass.
Lands upside down,
I turn him over, he does it again.

What does anything matter now,
when in the garden,
flowers turn into apples, caterpillars to butterflies.

the eyes that will
see things I never have,
looked new to me,

the feet that will
walk paths I never have,
shadowed me,

the hands that will
open doors I cannot lock,
sought my palms,

the mind that will
broaden beyond my view
shared with me,

the smile that will
beam across the world
heated my heart,

the womb weeps
at her going away,
as I gaze
at the moon,
knowing it reflects
in her tomorrow,
as I replay
yesterday.

A July Day

Mary Madec

Dawn comes up through the yellow roots
Of the old grass, the green stubble of the new.

Our playfields stretch out over Clew bay
Journeys charted in faraway places until it is time
To say goodbye

To the stones
In the stream where I built a pool
For my dolls

To Paircadaire where I gathered
Flowers for the May procession

To my train no longer running
On the thick fence of the meadow

To my fancy home in the fairy fort
On the far hill

Croagh Patrick changing station
As I moved around
Forty acres of marshy ground

The search for goatherds
On Cnoc Mhaoill
The nanny's milk squirted into my eyes
Our laughs echoing over the valley

What was it that hung on the breeze from the
hawthorn hedge?
In the quiet moments before sundown
As the last light shone out from Clare Island?

The earth here remembers me
Takes me into her lap
Covers me in her soft garments
Moss and singing grass

Cold wind back again.
Crowding memories
of ten days sun
now hiding, close,
elusive.

Mayflowers storm battered
and the orchard
outside my window
felled to accomodate
more nightlife.

Someone has planted a Christmas rose
on our parents grave
as rain softens
thirsty earth.

The Assumption

Kathleen O'Driscoll

White bindweed, bugles
smother the wilderness
in beauty.

Already trees are turning
and a few blackberries
ripe.

A roan mare and her foal
try to steal
my little bunch of purple
stream bank flowers.

I sit in the bog
watching dark blue mountains,
dreaming of distant sea,
wondering about
eternity.

Brendan always had a smile for me when we met. So when I saw him across the street on that afternoon of rain, I felt cheerful. He crossed over when he saw me, his smile in place.

“I was just going to have a coffee,” he said.

I had planned to go home but found myself telling him I’d join him as soon as I brought my books back to the library and tied the dog to an ornamental tree in front of the café.

He put away the newspaper he was reading when I walked in. The waiter brought two black coffees and a croissant with chocolate sauce dripped onto it.

“I’m waiting for the bus,” he said, still smiling. “The car is in for servicing.”

I always thought of Brendan as somewhat boyish. It could have been that smile. Or perhaps it was his pale skin, his slight form or his clear blue eyes. Yet none of that would count if it weren’t for his youthful enthusiasm.

Nollaig flashed the most beautiful smile and looked into my eyes with warmth and interest.

We meet by accident from time to time although I don’t know him well. He keeps me up to date with his life: his work with the art gallery, a year in New York, the Masters at Queens, the move to the Gaeltacht.

One summer during the Arts Festival, I was standing outside of Moon’s Department Store, now Brown Thomas, watching a group of blue men from Australia. They were sitting in the shop window without moving. Rumour had it that one was a fake, a mannequin and everyone was staring at them to try to spot which one. I turned around in the crowd and there was Brendan, smiling. Approaching him, I noticed a slender girl with long brown hair at his side.

“You know Nollaig?” he asked, as a form of introduction.

I turned to offer her my hand. Nollaig flashed the most beautiful smile and looked into my eyes with warmth and interest. She and Brendan were definitely a pair!

I watched him bite into the croissant with envy. I was on a diet.

"Any closer to buying a house?" I asked.

He shrugged. "Can't get a mortgage. We're self-employed. Banks don't want to know us". He managed a weak smile. Then he perked up.

"I have an exhibition next month."

It was his first solo project.

"You know Pierce and Cliona had a baby," he said.

"Yes, I saw him. Beautiful baby. Very good too."

Brendan looked shy. Head down, in a whisper he said: "We're going to have one too. In August.."

They almost seemed too young to be parents. Then a picture came into my head of a baby between them, its mouth forming their warm happy smile. I couldn't help but feel good about the world.

"Congratulations," I said.

As I got up to go, a sunbeam streaked through the large café front window just catching Brendan on the chest where his heart was.

He splits timber
out back
as December
skies birth stars,
then snow.

Not a thing
rings in the trees.

Every swing
hardens arms, sharpens
will. Heartwood
lies in piles
at his boots.
I'll be in by nine,

he whistles, the
chill air slick
with the rhythm
of hitting.

Eating Locusts

Maureen Gallagher

A spider runs out of a cocoon,
cocoa coloured and powdery, nestling in jeans;
opportunist availing of an overnight hang on the line,
now dangling by a thread of thought
that leads from games to war.

The channel show is on,
the challenge for contestants to draw
maggots live, from a tin,
and down them for a prize;
but one of them balks and bursts into tears:
no one should have to eat maggots, she cries.

They're eating locusts in Afghanistan,
as B fifty two's marshall the skies,
the crumbs of charity land beside mines;
here they eat locusts or die.

All your life those fields
were you.
Even the names
You gave them:
The Meadow
Mary Garland's
The Barracks
Pat Jim's
The Mountain
You never left them,
Dug stones and
Made walls,
Put cattle out to
Pasture, mares out
To foal.
The earth of those fields
Still under your nails,
On your skin and
In my bones.

Spring

Michelle O'Sullivan

The Moy is placid tonight
Glassy, still, as if asleep or
Pretending to hold her breath.
The peaked stretches of cloud
Rest above the misty fields, and a
Salmon skylight lingers like perfume.
There is nothing withered here,
Nothing lost in the lampless dusk.
It whispers something primitive,
Long running, well deep.

Bhajan Maidine

Leagan Gaeilge

Gabriel Rosenstock

(Amhrán clasaiceach a chanann deisceabail Shri Ranjit Maharaj)

Sarva chara-chara bharuni ura-la tya tuja-la
premala. Kase aava-hana karu mangala

Ós i ngach aon áit agus i ngach aon ní duit, conas
d'fháilteoinnse romhat?

Is tú an diagacht fhoirfe go deo; níl áit nach ann duit.

Mar sin conas is féidir dom cathaoir a thairiscint duit?

Bláthaíonn an t-eolas uait; uisce glé na Gaingéise ag

sní ó do chosa. Conas is féidir dom do chosa a ní?

Taoi chomh hálainn sin, chomh niamhrach, síorghlan,
gan cholainn. Mar sin conas is féidir dom tú a

ghlanadh?

Taoi chomh glé sin, tá do chumhracht chomh milis, ní

théann túis santail i bhfeidhm ort. Maolaíonn tú an

teas, conas is féidir dom uisce fuar a thairiscint duit?

Ní féidir breith ort, id shéimhe chiúin. Cad is fiú túis a
dhó dhuit?

Taoi i ngach aon áit, taoi chomh mór sin, bheadh

éadach ar bith róghearr, mar sin conas a chlúdóidh mé
thú?

Taoi i ngach aon ní, idir mhór is bheag, mar sin conas

is féidir dom paidreacha a ofráil duit? Meabhraíocht íon
is ea thú, is léir gur léir duit mé.

Conas a shoilseodh clocha lómhara thú nuair is tríotsa
amháin a lonraíonn siad?

Cé na bláthanna as a ndéanfaidh mé bláthfhleasc duit

nuair is tusa croí na mbláthanna?

Taoi lán agus iomlán. Óir is tú a chruthaíonn an

tsástacht, níl dealramh le tart ná le hocras mar sin cén
bia is féidir a thairiscint duit?

Thabharfainn sciobas duit ach taoi gan bhéal toisc tú bheith gach áit.

Cad is fiú dul timpeall ort agus sléachtadh romhat nuair is ann duit pé áit ina mbímse?

Deirtear sa Veda an ní a fheictear, an ní a bhraitear, nach tusa é sin mar sin conas cur síos ort, conas tú a mholadh?

Is tusa a shoilsíonn an ghrian agus soilsíonn an ghrian gheal an domhan go léir mar sin conas tú a adhradh? Dónn na holaí. Sa tslí chéanna, dóigh thú féin! Ní hann dom. Sin is fíoradhradh ann.

Agus an t-adhradh thart conas is féidir slán a rá mar níl teorainn leat. Pé áit dá dtéim is tú amháin a chím. Pé dúil a bhí ionam roimh an searmanas seo, ionatsa atá sé anois mar is aonad sinn.

Ní hann níos mó don scoilt idir Máistir agus Tnúthaire. Leis an tuiscint seo don Aon,

Ní hann dom, is ann dósan amháin, ofráilaimse mo bhriathra chun do bhriathrasa: do chosa loiteoige.

Ós i ngach aon áit agus i ngach aon ní duit, conas d'fháilteoinnse romhat?

You who would recite at the drop of a hat
or better still, the offer of a glass and a half'un,
who could sing a ballad or lilt a jig, hum a hornpipe,
make mouth music for a polka or planxty
who could tap out a reel on any surface
a tattoo reverberating in your head,
whose feet kept time to an inaudible rhythm
who knew the entire Song of Hiawatha,
who hated Kipling but loved his poems
who made old men weep for The Four Farrellys
and sent heads over dripping red to Liza and her ladies
who enthralled us with The Highwayman
who grew maudlin over Trees
and knew that Joyce Kilmer was a man,
who regaled us with the Rime of the Ancient Mariner
chilled us with the Cremation of Sam Magee
and who cursed cruel hearted England
in the Ballad of James Connolly
who shocked us surreptitiously
with bawdy renditions of British Army songs,
who could sing The Sash My Father Wore
as well as you could Wrap the Green Flag Round Me , Boys.
who keened the Lament for Limerick
and the Many Young Men of Twenty who said goodbye,
who marched with Sarsfield down the glen
who fought with Donal in his jacket green
who whistled The Lark In The Morning in Belfast Jail
who shuddered at the memory of The Auld Triangle
who bequeathed your beloved music
to generations yet unborn
whose comfort song was Fáth mo Bhuarta

who wrote A Letter to Syracuse and
recited Mid-Term Break at children's wakes
who Merrily Kissed The Quaker and
loved the Palatines's Daughter
who rose and followed Charlie
and who stepped gaily on, to Marie's Wedding
whose wars were always merry
and whose songs were always sad,
who ploughed The Four Green Fields
and for whom only rivers ran free
who followed me up to Carlow
and traipsed the road with The Man From God Knows Where
who inflamed Ethna Carbery's Brian Boy Magee
who scorned not his simplicity
knowing You'll Never be the Sun
then surprised us all dueting
with Tommy Tayto on King of the Road
who would not go gentle into that good night
who raged against the dying of the light
was finally poleaxed into silence,
cancer corroding your voice box.

I'd say this station café hasn't changed
since the 'forties, on the walls the same framed views
fade in an order
I'd say this station café hasn't changed.

The train to Zurich doesn't stop,
blotting light, it leeches air between the platforms
in a drawn-out scream.
The train to Zurich doesn't stop,

the window shivers, licked by ice
that sticks like sugar-spit, then swells to opaque
crystal
bleached by snow again;
the window shivers, licked by ice.

Late afternoon intrudes, slides in
behind another tourist as the door is shouldered open
on an almost empty room,
late afternoon intrudes, slides in.

I bite my pen. I swallow words
like coffee cloud-swirls stirred to warm depths, sweet
but bitter in the after-taste:
I bite my pen. I swallow words:

*It's beautiful but cold. Today
my eyelids fused as I stood and shook my boots off
underneath the cable car.
It's beautiful but cold. Today*

*a tear froze on my face
as I listened to a band play tunes I didn't know but knew
you would have known
a tear froze on my face.*

Outside, the paths have frosted cauls
that break beneath returning boots as the last lift empties
and the silence ends
outside, the paths have frosted cauls;

the earth is harder six feet under
snow that silts in pleated shadows on the mountain,
colder
where you sleep,
the earth is harder six feet under.

**You And Not You
Drawing A Bath**

J.P. Dancing Bear

—after a Paul Schulenburg painting

It is not as though she resembles you—
red hair pulled back and spilling down
the curve of her backbone. A darker
complexion, she is not like your frame—
she is thicker. Her robe slips to rest off her
shoulders in a way yours has never.
She leans forward (not like you've bent)
to turn the faucet, to draw a bath that you
would not take—certainly not in a late hour
of morning. Her face suggests this
will be a leisurely soak, lost time.
This is not you and yet there is no one
else I paint into the composition, outlined
by white window shutters that collect
the quiet of winter snow. Even though
I have not seen you in such blue light.

Every Line She Breathes

Niall McCarthy

The curtains reveal clouds
pregnant with intent.
The wardrobe doors release
seagulls when they open.
Her waking eyes deny
a loss, impending;
as inevitable as a grave
not yet dug.

The mind forgets exact details,
remembers feelings,
perverts at-the-time emotions,
but hangs on to imagery
like a white shirt embraces ink.
I pull her back to my chest and
we rest like twins in the womb
of something cosseted.

She closes her eyes again
to milk more sleep,
but ends up whispering
the gospel of her penitence.
And every line she breathes
becomes the title of my
next poem: it goes a little
something like this.

(A regular in the Buffet Bar, Gourock Railway station, early 1980's.)

In worn clothes he'd mooch
table to table in the Buffet Bar,
retrieving cigarette boxes from ashtrays.
He had an eye for the women;
you'd feel his gaze upon your back

as Caledonian McBrayne ferries slid
in and out of the pier
and passengers with loaded bags waited to sail
across the Clyde to Dunoon or Kilcreggan,

and he might appear shyly behind you,
presenting from weathered hands
a long-stemmed foil rose
with immaculate silver petals.

The Guests

Betsy Carreyette

He, was a front door man;
tie, collar, briefcase,
striking a passage every morning to the pier.
He liked the steps clear,
the lawn trim,
the path free from weeds.

Now it's mainly cats that walk this way,
passing through a flap.
Wild strawberries creep over the bottom steps
and foxgloves sway in the path like invited guests,

Just the glow of the stove fire,
soft light of small candles,
powercut on Inishbofin.

The boat did not sail today.
A young german wept in the bar.
He will miss his flight to Dusseldorf.

I am happy
to be stranded,
cut off,
no chance of going back
to decisions of happiness or
possible loss.

Sugar And Snails

Tony O'Dwyer

The first difference was hair,
Long and sleek from a centre line
Such that only girls could wear.

Boys were shaved to a rough neck bristle
That tingled and shivered; toughened,
Short; hard like gristle.

The next difference was dresses
Or skirts; kilts with a pin
To go with those tresses.

Boys wore trousers; folds chaffing at thighs
Worsted grey, braces to fasten
And button flies.

Then shoes; shiny for girls; maybe a buckle,
Small, neat fitting; always clean;
Always white socks, turned down at the ankle.

Boys wore boots, with twenty-four studs,
For sliding and kicking,
Knocking sparks off the road.

The last difference was mystery;
Felt only; a moment of learning:
Geometry, Biology, Chemistry.

(After Caitríona O'Reilly)

I will swallow anything.
Like a snake, devouring
an ostrich egg,
distended, eyes cold;
disengaging from its
swollen, stretched,
distorted belly,
its masticating
jaws,
the sour
dismal stench of its breath
that rises like hot smog
above a
dismantled city.

Chill and dark in my small room.,
coiled here on the floor. Around me,
spoon scraped cartons and
discarded wrappers form
a lip of debris,
a tidemark;
this is how high the water was,
this time.

Pandemic

Nuala Ní Chonchúir

Fun-size women
bite each others backs,
every flesh-inch
tasted and tested
against their own

They pay lip service
to meal-times where
each swallowed
and supped morsel
is scaled, good or bad

In their seeded, split
wine-apple cores
they want to be
small above all else:
little girl as alien species

**Lá Bealtaine,
Thar Sáile**

Michael S. Begnal

B'fhearr na rainn a chumadh
agus tuirse ort, easpa suain
nó go dtiocfadh aislingí sa dhúiseacht,
nó, mar a déanadh roimh éag do Mhongán,
riamh i seomra dorcha
ag déanamh aithrise ar chodladh aríst,

nach dtagann

Cuardaíonn tú leabhar nótaí,
láithríonn buidéal beora,
teilifíseán ar 'MUTE',
cat i bhfuinneog trasna na sráide
ag breathnú ort
trí theas tiubh an tráthnóna—

tine

tine

**Mozart's Vespers,
*Eisenstadt 2006***

Mary O'Rourke

Sweltering heat
Singers in heavy black
Produce sculpted notes
Conductor passionate
Audience attentive
Sun saps energy
Beads of sweat
Linger then roll down
Moistening the effect
Of four part harmonies
Long practised, polished
Until orchestra and voices
Merge in Wolfgangian essence
Orangerie takes on
New tone

Nijinsky's Prayer

Andy Johnston

"Let eyeballs be extinguished, bodies supreme;
Too long their light has ruled the roost of sense;
The retina;
And hands that should have grappled muscle and bone
Caressing the invisible armature
Of fascia and of tendon, of joint and sinew
As menials to manipulant eyes have halted."

So prayed Nijinsky, so he danced and prayed
Long after their steel gazes made him mad.

Ten Minutes

Liz Arnett

He held the gun steady, just like he was meant to do, held out the bags, barked his orders. Everyone got down. It brought him back, seeing everyone crouching, to the day they'd thrown a surprise party for his brother, everyone ducking under tables, behind chairs, holding back laughter, holding back any noise, as his brother was about to come through the door. Now the blubbering cashier stuffed a bag, and he cased the room, making sure *He heard one of his team shouting, someone crying out in pain. Somebody had needed kicking, he guessed, ...* everyone was where they should be. His team were in position, stationed in the four corners, ski masks on — that, too, was like the surprise party, as a few of their friends had decided to come in costume, he couldn't remember why. He turned back to the gun, stared at it, willed himself to stay in the present.

It had been three minutes so far, and one bag was done. The cashier pushed it hurriedly across the counter, and he yelled, "Get going on the next one!" He glanced inside the bag — wads of bills, of course, spilling over each other, thousands of them, their weight surprisingly light. There, too, another flashback to the big garbage bag in which they'd put all of his brother's presents, someone had suggested playing Santa even though it was June. Or maybe he was mixing up memories — maybe that was a different time, at Christmas — he lifted the gun slightly, checking his grip, focusing. He heard one of his team shouting, someone crying out in pain. Somebody had needed kicking, he guessed, and the second bag was ready. One more before getaway time, nobody died yet. Nobody would die, he'd promised himself that, made the others promise — it wasn't necessary, just injure them, that was the deal.

Something flickered past his line of vision, dropped on his forearm — a bead of sweat — he could swear he heard it echo — just like a footstep, his brother entering the room, but just as he tried to push out this thought he heard the

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pounding. Police, lots of them, outside the glass windows. One of them spoke through a megaphone, "We've got you surrounded. We don't want anyone hurt. We're not going to stop the robbery. Just release the hostages."

His heart raced. It had only been six minutes. Roy had said it would take the cops ten minutes at least. They'd made no definite provision for this possibility, the police coming early. Anytime it had come up, he'd changed the subject, so sure that they could get out in eight minutes easy, so sure that what Roy had said was fact. It wasn't that difficult, he'd argued to them all, there wasn't any reason to worry, you didn't have to be a gangster to pull off a bank robbery — all because of Roy's ten minutes, which, thinking back now, Roy had said only once, but how quickly it had got written in stone. Why had he trusted Roy? He grabbed hold of the woman's hand, making a show of it to the police as he raised the gun up, tilted it down at her head, shouting, "Get the fuck away from the window or the bitch dies!" But he couldn't stop thinking about Roy, how Roy had dressed up like a cat burglar at the surprise party, or maybe it was Halloween that time, he couldn't think straight and it was a long time ago. Roy had worn a red handkerchief with holes over the eyes, skintight black suit, just like in the cartoons — saying that when the brother walked in the room, he was going to yell, "Stick 'em up!"

The police obeyed, backed off from the window and gathered on the other side of the street. He hissed to the woman, "Climb over the counter." She'd stopped blubbering but was breathing heavily, panting, her eyes darting around, and she nodded vigorously and pushed herself up. She had to try three or four times before she got her top half onto the counter. She wasn't a small woman -- he hadn't thought this part through — and she was struggling to fit between the wooden slats of the teller window. But she was definitely trying hard, she wriggled, her large breasts jammed against the counter, bulging out the top of her blouse like when you bite into an ice cream sandwich and the ice cream slides out a little bit. She was heaving and kept muttering, "It's okay, I can do it, it's okay." He checked on the police — no movement from the other side

of the street ~ and his four-corner friends were solid, not even sweating, he couldn't believe it. They were like soldiers, and he wondered how Roy was doing out in the car. But, as the woman finally spilled out onto the floor, he realized — Roy probably wasn't there anymore. It had been more than ten minutes by now. He was supposed to leave after ten minutes, abort plan, save himself— although, seeing as Roy was wrong about the ten minutes in the first place, maybe he wasn't following the plan so strictly. Maybe Roy was already being hauled off" into the back of a white van with prison bars, like in the cartoons, maybe they'd already changed him into a black-and-white striped uniform with a matching pillbox hat and strapped him into leg irons.

He pulled the woman up by her arm, pressing the gun to her head, and together they walked forward. She was so cooperative, it was like he was the father leading the bride, and as he looked over at the three bags of money like bags of Christmas presents, he thought perhaps that money was his dowry. Perhaps he would take her now, with him, wherever he went, and keep her as his wife. They could go to Barbados with the money. The room was still, everyone crouched except the four guards, so quiet like in the church just before the ceremony begins — he stood in front of the glass door, pointing a gun at his bride, almost expecting to hear the priest begin, "We gather here together to . . ."

And then it came to him: they never got to have the surprise party. The echoing footsteps, those had been his mother's, and she'd entered the room pale-faced before collapsing on the floor, and Roy had been the first to rush over to her, check her vital signs, and his brother had never arrived. It had all turned out so differently from the plan. He pushed the glass door open, stepping out with his bride, the air surprisingly light like paper money. Nobody was going to die. The police were taking aim, crouching. Perhaps this was the surprise party, after so many years, he was playing the role of his brother, finally arriving, and the police were going to jump up, yelling, "Surprise!"

The wind blowing rainwater under our door
was the gale which had only knots before
stirred up the sea and caught the whales' breath on
the road between Skellig and Innishmore.
It churned water where the grey seals swam,
brought cloud-cover down on the dolphins' home,
and blew the seagulls in over plough-land.

It flattened rushes on bogland, the furze
and heather round the quivering hare; it drove
deer under trees and cows under hedges
for shelter, then crossed the glen with a roar
which goats looked up at, but sheep ignored.
Then mother laid a rag along the floor,
as the wind blew rainwater under our door.

requiem for maddy rooney **Katie Raissan**

(for dorothea)

oh sister, where art thou?
still rolling the rock up that hill,
your Sisyphean struggle?
or settled down for the night
to hear the moon sing over snores,
her light throwing egg-cup shapes
into corseted shadows?

your moon chant lactates in a darkened room,
and dreams are yet haunted,
flooded with the spirits of unborn children/
unknown lovers/ unsaid sweet nothings/
love's lies that drowned and all that falls down
when secret ears hear panic within hearts,
and lips feel words pressed on them,
like the imprints of stones in gutter-dust.

**fast mothers are
always late**

Jarlath Fahy

fast mothers are always late
fast mothers are always late
they'd knock you down at the school gate,
they'd knock you down before the school gate,
fast mothers are always late
maiden aunts are never great
maiden aunts are never great
they curse you for your lack of faith
they curse you for your damned lack of faith
maiden aunts are never great
slow fathers we learn to hate
slow fathers we learn to hate
they empty your mind with a china plate
they empty your mind with a cracked china plate
slow fathers we learn to hate
great grandfathers set the bait
great grandfathers set the bait
their poor children curse that trickster fate
their poor children curse that damned trickster fate
great grandfathers set the bait

IRISHMEN AND IRISHWOMEN

Jarlath Fahy

IRISHMEN AND IRISHWOMEN: *In the name of God and dead generations from which she receives her old tradition of nationhood, Ireland through us, summons her children to her flag and strikes for her freedom.*

Having organised and trained her manhood through her secret revolutionary organisation, the Irish Republican Brotherhood.....

what brought ya in near them
an you with the good qualification
brains to burn
you could have been swanning around the kings inns
in your wig and gown hob knobbing with the gentry
you go dicing for ireland
what thanks would you get for it
what kind of an occupation is that
hardly something you can put on the cv
on the 3rd of may 1916 i died for ireland
how would you get any work out a that
you cant eat revolutions no more than scenery
what kind of a ludramaun throws up

We declare the right of the people of Ireland to the ownership of Ireland and to the unfettered control of Irish destinies, to be sovereign and indefeasible. The long usurpation of that right by a foreign people and government has not extinguished the right, nor can it ever be extinguished except by the destruction of the Irish people.....

for this shower of ungratefuls you spilled your lifes blood
theyre all driving mercedes bmw's
and great big off reader jeeps
the solicitor on the square bought a mazzarati
an you could have bought one too
if you had only kept your head screwed on
settled down got married
opened your own practice
you could have been raking it in
P.H. PEARSE AND SONS

she hungers
from behind the stacks of boulders
crated in from her
original home, the mismatched grove
of pine and oak
that never quite smell
like they belong to the ground.

she waits
for the zoo to close for the night, for the crowds
of curious children, mothers with infants
men
to go home, taking with them
the longings that will never be met
pretending to be content with just
howling, alone, at the moon.

Carpe Diem

Kevin Donnelly

.....*ad ora ad ora*

m'insegnavate come l'oum s'eterna.

Dante. Inferno, 15, 84-85

You have to learn to think abstractly;
To sense and to feel as well.
And love, sometimes at least,
Really and truly. Live:
Know, feel, sense time.
It's the only way to set
Our grandeur against death.

Biographical Details

Liz Arnett from Miami, Florida, lived in Galway for some time and has recently moved to San Francisco.. She writes fiction and poetry and has had both published in *Crannóg*.

Waldo Balart is a Cuban-born Constructivist artist. He was a contemporary of Andy Warhol in the New York art scene and indeed featured in several of his films. Balart's paintings have been widely exhibited worldwide and especially across Europe. He lives in Madrid.

Michael S. Begnal was formerly the editor of the Galway-based literary magazine, *The Burning Bush*. His first collection, *The Lakes of Coma*, appeared in 2003 from Six Gallery Press (U.S.). His latest, *Ancestor Worship*, is published in 2006 by Salmon Poetry. He has appeared in the anthologies *Breaking the Skin: New Irish Poetry* (Black Mountain Press) and, in Irish, *Go Nuige Seo* (Coiscéim), as well as in journals such as *Poetry Ireland Review*, *Poetry Wales*, *Translation Ireland*, *Studies*, *Shearsman*, *The Stinging Fly*, etc. Most recently, he is editor of *Honeysuckle, Honeyjuice: A Tribute to James Liddy* (Arlen House).

Laura Treacy Bentley is a writer from Huntington, West Virginia, whose work has been published in the United States and Ireland in *The New York Quarterly*, *Art Times*, *Rosebud*, *Poetry Ireland*, *Crannog*, and *The Stinging Fly*, among others. Her poetry was featured on *A Prairie Home Companion* website and on *Poetry Daily*. One of her poems, "*The Quiet Zone: Green Bank Observatory*," appears on posters available for purchase at the observatory's *Galaxy Giftshop*: www.gb.nrao.edu

Megan Buckley received her M.A. in Writing from NUIG in 2005. Her work has been published in Ireland, the US and UK. She is also the author of two books on wine and spirits.

Sandra Bunting's first collection of poetry, *Identified in Trees*, has been recently published by Marram Press. She lives in Galway.

Patricia Burke Brogan is the author of the internationally acclaimed play *Eclipsed* and *Stained Glass at Samhain*. Her collection of poems and etchings *Above the Waves Calligraphy* was published by Salmon. She received a 2005 Arts Council Bursary in Drama. Her monologue *Requiem of Love* had its World Premiere at the Town Hall Theatre, Galway on 22nd November 2005 prior to moving to the Pavilion Theatre, Dun Laoghaire. It was staged as part of Galway's Project '06 in July 2006 The script of the play was recently published by Wordsonthestreet, Galway.

Betsy Carreyette has been published in *West 47*, *The Burning Bush*, *The Lantern Review* and *Crannóg*. She featured in Anthology 1, the anthology of Galway Women Poets, published by Annir. She recently gave a reading of her work in Sheridan's Wine Bar. She is studying Art at GMIT.

Enda Coyle-Greene has been previously published in *The Stinging Fly*, *Poetry Ireland Review*, *Books Ireland*, *The Sunday Tribune*, *The Shop*, *Incognito*, *Fortnight*, *Asylum*, *Podium 11*, *The Cork Literary Review*, *Bray Arts Journal*, *The Burning Bush*, *Cyphers*, *Coffee House*, and *Riposte*. Prizes in competitions include the Cootehill; Jonathan Swift; OKI; RTE 75 Years of Radio; Luas. She has also been nominated for a Hennessy Award for poetry. Her work has been broadcast on RTE Radio 1's *The Enchanted Way*, *Rattlebag*, *Sunday Miscellany*, and *A Living Word* programmes, and also on Lyric FM.

Jerm Curtin is a native of Boherbue, north-west Cork and has been living in Spain for many years.

J.P. Dancing Bear's first book of poems is *Billy Last Crow* (Turning Point Books, 2004). His second book of poems, *Conflicted Light*, will be published in 2007 by Salmon Poetry. He is the host of "Out of Our Minds" a weekly poetry program on public radio station KKUP, the editor of *The American Poetry Journal* and the independent literary press, Dream Horse Press. His poems have appeared in the *National Poetry Review*, *Shenandoah*, *Mississippi Review* and *New Orleans Review*.

Holly Day's most recent projects include writing a biography of Columbian pop star Shakira, a guitar tutorial book, and a Minnesota tour guidebook. Her poetry, fiction, and nonfiction have most recently appeared in *January*, *Philadelphia Poets*, and *California Quarterly*. She currently works as a reporter and a writing instructor in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and lives with her two children and husband.

Kevin Donnelly lives and writes in Galway. He has read his work at the Over The Edge Series and recently read his entire *Craigville Beach* series of poems at Scribbler's Café.

Jarlath Fahy is a former member of the Focus Theatre Group. He read from his work recently at the Voices from The Tower lunchtime readings in Galway's Fisheries Tower and at an Over The Edge Reading in Galway City Library.

Stephen Farren is from Derry He is currently studying and teaching English in Barcelona.

Michael Farry is a native of Coolaney, Co. Sligo and has researched and published historical studies of the War of Independence and the Civil War in Sligo. He is a primary teacher now working as an IT Advisor. He lives in Trim, Co. Meath

Maureen Gallagher was short-listed for the Dunlaoire/Rathdown 2006 Poetry Now Award. She recently tutored a course on Women Writing for the Western Writer's Centre. Maureen's website can be viewed at www.maureengallagher.net

Eoghain Garvey was born in Monaghan but spent primary school days in Barna before moving to Dublin. He now lives in Galway.

Liz Ann Gorman has been short listed for the 'Strokestown Poetry Prize' and appeared in the 'New Irish Writing Section' of the Sunday Tribune.

Gerard Hanberry has been published widely in Ireland's top literary magazines and newspapers including *Poetry Ireland Review*, *The Stinging Fly*, *The Irish Times*, *The Shop*, *The Cúirt Literary Festival Annual*, *The Sunday Tribune*, *Crannóg* etc. His second collection from Stonebridge Publications, Wales, *Something Like Lovers* was recently published. He won the Brendan Kennelly/Sunday Tribune Award in 2004 and was short-listed for the Strokestown Prize and a Hennessy Award. A Teacher of English he also gives workshops on "Reading Contemporary Poetry". He has an MA in Writing from National University of Ireland, Galway.

Kevin Higgins's first collection of poems *The Boy With No Face* was published by Salmon in February 2005 and was short-listed for the 2006 Strong Award for Best First Collection by an Irish Poet. In June he presented a paper on 'The Role Of Performance In Contemporary Irish Poetry' to the first International Irish Studies Conference at NUI, Galway. A collection of his essays and reviews, *'Poetry, Politics and Dorothy Gone Horribly Astray'*, will be published in the Autumn.

Andy Johnston is originally from Mayo. He lectured for many years at GMIT. His chapbook, *The Spirit's Too Much With Us* was published by Poetry Monthly Press in 2003. A selected poems is due shortly.

Deirdre Kearney is from Omagh and has lived in Galway since 1983.

Noelle Lynskey facilitates the Maple Writers Group in Portumna. She was recently short-listed for the Scríobh Poetry Competition.

Mary Madec has lived in Galway for most of her adult life but was born in Mayo. She does research and teaching at Third Level.

Alan McMonagle lives in Galway. His work has appeared in *Galway Now*, *Virtual Writer*. He is a featured writer in the Jan-Mar '06 edition of *West47online*. He has also been long-listed for the 2006 Fish short story prize.

Neil McCarthy is a Galway-based poet and English Teacher. His work has appeared in numerous magazines and journals around the world. He has read his work at various events in Ireland, New York, Australia, Finland and the UK. This autumn he has been invited to read in Graz (Austria), Prague, Nuremburg and The Dylan Thomas Centre in Wales

Susan Millar Dumars' is an American writer living in Galway. She was an Arts Council Bursary recipient in 2005. *American Girls*, a volume of her short stories, will be published by Lapwing in 2007. *The Wellspring Wife*, a book of her poems, will be published by Salmon in 2008.

Billy Mundow lives on Inishbofin, Co Galway.

Nuala Ní Chonchúir was born in Dublin in 1970 and now lives in Galway county. Her second fiction collection, *To the World of Men, Welcome*, was recently published by Arlen House. A second poetry collection, *Tattoo*, is forthcoming.

Kathleen O'Driscoll's poetry collection is *Goodbye Joe*, Caledon Press. Her short story collection is *Ether*, Caledon Press. She has been published in the anthologies *Pillars of the House*, Wolfhound Press and *The White Page*, Salmon Publishing. She has had five short stories broadcast on RTE and she wrote and directed the short film *Berlin Blues*.

Tony O'Dwyer is a poet and fiction writer. His work has appeared in many journal, magazines and anthologies. His poetry collection *Off Guard* was published by Bradshaw Books, Cork in 2003. He is co-editor of *Crannóg Magazine*. He is poetry editor of the online magazine *WOW!* www.wordsontheweb.net. He is a partner in Wordsonthestreet Publishers www.wordsonthestreet.com.

Mary O'Rourke has published two collections of poetry, *My Mirror was Cracked* 1999 and *It's All Happening*, 2004.

Tim Quinlan. Is múinteoir le Gaeilge é i mBaile Átha Cliath.

Katie Raissan is currently doing an M.Phil in Anglo-Irish Literature in Trinity College Dublin. She has been previously published in *Crannóg*.

Gabriel Rosenstock's latest title is *Rogha Dánta/ Selected Poems* (CIC).

Breid Sibley has been a prizewinner in the Baffle and Cathal Búí poetry competitions. She has been published in *Ropes*, *Crannóg* and *Time Haiku*.