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Smithereens
Literary Magazine

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Editorial

Welcome to Smithereens Literary Magazine

It has been five years now since Conor O'Callaghan entrusted his *The Server Room* to an online publisher that, at that time, was just an idea operating on a platform that did not yet exist. After this first effort, twenty-three more have followed, works from poets emerging and established across a range of poetic sensibilities and ideological perspectives, some solicited from kind strangers who became friends, others offered with kind faith to this strange press. More chapbooks will follow from Smithereens Press, but now I would like to introduce the bi-annual *Smithereens Literary Magazine*, an online publication which will be digitally archived so that the works in these pages may reach as many readers as possible, both now and in the future.

One simple principle has guided the general approach to the selection of texts for this publication; offering a space for the many voices which contribute to poetry in Ireland. Learning from the detailed research presented in Anne Enright's September 2017 lecture as Laureate for Irish Fiction, subsequently published in *London Review of Books*, and the energy and activities of the 'Fired! Irish Women Poets' movement, set up in response to the latest canonical marginalisation of the female voice in *The Cambridge Companion to Irish Poets*, *Smithereens Literary Magazine* commits to offering male and female voices an equal number of pages within this magazine. This magazine also welcomes submissions from those who do not identify on either side of this gender binary, along with submissions from all other voices traditionally marginalised or excluded from the established norms of the publishing industry.

While I must admit that I selfishly hope this principle will ensure I keep my own ear open to unfamiliar tunes, this is just a helpful editorial rule which determines the shape, but not the content, of these pages. Ultimately, the primary goal of this magazine has been to gather together a unique collection of texts that will stimulate, intrigue, entertain, challenge, and reward the reader who spends their time with this slim volume of verse.

I hope you enjoy reading this issue as much as I enjoyed preparing it.

Thank you for your support,

Kenneth Keating

Maurice Scully

Punnet

How about another glass of Death's Door? Yum-yum. Wires hum in the wind. Dear Obduracy. A tradition of nonsense, scholars of nonsense, decades, doctorates, centuries, aeons of it, building a university, another, & another & ... a culture! Tell them. The gates & windows rattle (to instruct and delight). Where's the top of my biro then? The 'top'? The lid? The cap? There. Dusk. Disturbance among the blackbirds. And the 19th century melts into the 20th & bleeds into the 21st rain-damaged & useless & keeps shape & then radiates & radiates &, believing, (grieving) (feeling) radiates & (erasing, retrieving) radiates & (watching, attending) (wondering, absorbing) (re-imagining & un-remembering) stressed links in a chain of stories (turn that page!) & sorrowing too (flickering antennae, a dot stopped on a lower leaf) & - through a thin break in the mist - radiates still. What then is yr castle made of? Grammar. Birdcall. And the garden? Fallen appleshell where a bird fed. Yum-yum.

Nicola Moffatt

Fruit

Wrapping my tongue around
The syllables of your name
I lick the salt from their edges
And make them dance to my tune

This is the power of my mouth,
This cavernous beauty, this home for warm hungers:
To compel your knees and elbows to bend,
To make music with your bones

I'll make you listen, pull this string
To the labyrinth's end: a trail of breadcrumbs
To pull myself back from where bodies become blurred,
A trail of blood that is your missive

Come, share this feast with me,
We'll make a meal of what we mean to say,
And dance around the teacups
'Til morning's eye is opened

We'll share dark tales of the world's beginnings
Each starring serpents,
One whose smooth syllables contain sin,
The other whose poison blinds a god

We'll eat of the fruit and I'll be culpable:
I'll be the one who taught you to roll your Rs,
To put your body where your mouth is,
Who kissed you where it hurt

It will be me they nail to the tree

And baubles will appear where my flesh becomes its branches
(Lovely gems to give your wife on Christmas morning)
And we'll be two snakes coiled around each other,
But I'll be the Mother of Evil

Because I will offer and you will eat.

Amanda Bell

Zambia

Lang-nebbit,
yer bairns might have been,
like their faither.
But that didn't work out,
so as soon as you qualified
awae south wi' you
to Zambia,
where avocadoes the size of neeps
grew at the end of the garden.
You held a man's leg once,
while they sawed it off –
nieces and nephews
loved to hear that gory story
on your visits home.
Before you came home for good,
after one last beating
from the miner.

Peter Hughes

Frankfurter Allee

no light left except the glow
the city makes while car doors close
laughter leaves the bars

fear & celebration
a canny team sows toxic seeds
into a scarcity of air

the bass accompaniment keeps shifting
from block to block & head to head the dead
musicians play on long into the night

Goodwill and companionship are strangled by dense strands of interwoven lying on the airwaves, malice and misinformation laced with disingenuous greed. In unfurnished back rooms, and bleak cellars, or at the top of the stairs in these old back street blocks, a few new songs are brought to birth and nurtured. The availability and cost of child care still transforms our lives and art. The uninformed know precisely who to blame. Our reflections pick up speed again and merge.

Ostkreuz

shopping for fleas
in the lee of Sauron's
pied-à-terre

pick up a tinny ring
distressed green chair
& worn out plate

we turn into the husks
of our beginnings
quietly rattling

Work around the station never stops. Desire lines are confirmed, enhanced by new generations of weeds on either side. We forget where the old paths went. This is where we go these days. These are now the outlines of our lives. The air sags with dust and diesel fumes. A wave of sunlight or a new idea still breaks upon the city. There is already everything we need, but fatally arranged.

Treptower Park

narrow-gauge rails swerve into the mouth
of a plastic beast & now seem less alluring
the years go by held down by rusted nuts

& fog-bound sympathetic resonance
as if you could carve out a cylinder
of sky & wrap it as a solstice gift

all our strangers start out again each day
with less support & a watery lunch
with no baggage they feel light on their feet

Empty barrels with ragged labels patted up the ramp into the light. No need to ask whose voice this is. A woman with big gloves by her side squats against the lorry and rolls another cigarette. She thinks about her grandad who died a year ago and her mum who died last week. A gaggle of young men pass by & spit remarks into her lap. They raise their mouths and laugh at the sky. Sudden sunlight floods the platform. You feel the next train coming.

Ellen Dillon

from *Heave*

*The doubletalker pokes his fork into a pudding
the suet-globe starts up, whimpers, syrup-
tears trickle from what could be a compound
eye, if you scrunched up your simple ones.
All his sweetness oozes out through tiny, copious
tine-holes. The doubletalker jabs again -
pudding gives in, collapsing in a sticky puddle.*

It's hard enough to talk once, needing both
the marshalling & ordering of words, their
release in fitting pace & tone. To double this
is troubling - If I had my way I'd use
each word only once then crumble it;

my way would peel, core, sweeten, sprinkle
it would verb the nouns and keep them single.

Stuck diamonds in between
on Uranus it rains diamonds and
one could be happy and blinded in
such weather. Dead too, of course,
but that would hardly matter.
The in-between is where we live now,
& no-one's thought to stick or rain
a single gem here for us. In this life
we make our own insert-name, but I'm
running out of abstract nouns and all
I want is sleep and something bright
but concrete, like a girl's best friend

*under a bridge. Irish gangs stare
splendidly pie-eyed those ones
in their rags of smoke
taking longer than a boat-length
to sink & this pair hold
on to what they've got:
cans and drink lists of
can'ts and don'ts. Just as
well they've got no bodies;
xylophonic joke skeletons
vibrate the air around
their bones with fury
until it hums along with
their scapular clanking*

the middle of nowhere/ vanished kingdom
the map on the ground good & stood
on is some at least of the territory. Twilight
terror makes space from the unrefoldable
rectangles for itself in a bunched format
that cannot be seen but herds children
into its unsafe & seeping membranes

all rough air screaming: roughly dizzy
if this ever ends in solace come find us
once we've found a way to Chateau d'lf,
a yew-tree with the moon caught red
handless & O-faced. We're so ashamed
of silence & of screaming, our speech
a shattered field of both & effing birdsong.

Drew Milne

Tendrils of Bioluminescence

The darkness is polluted by burning fossils. Light falls where no intention guides the scattering guns, and in spent informality there is much glare and clutter. Azures are stiffed by yellow peaks and urban skyglow. Drawn rings betray faint shows of the human. There are plagues of light, spills as third nature, capes of urban safety or guides for human traffic. People everywhere can only see the night sky if they travel far from work and rest, journeying into whatever unlit lands still sustain tourists. Astronomy has been privatised. Loss of the night sky bleeds into human circadian dances and rubs up the wronged ambience. Humans, too, cannot be turned on and off like light switches, but aging metaphors persist. Pollinators blush, feel inhibited and find other fruits to fly. Nocturnal mating, birthing and migration are threatened by artificial suns, and not just among birds and turtles, but also crickets, moths, bats and larger mammals. Light pollution even increases disease transmission among birds. Hormones, cells, and brains all feel the spell. Measuring the damage requires the science only achieved by inflicting more of the damage to be monitored. Talk of ecosystems belies the problem of drawing rings around the problem. Some measure of scrambled light scars is nevertheless felt as pervasive stresses. It is all remarked of as a significant blindspot. From wisp to plankton, from cockroach to human, all play the sun's song but with half an eye on human fires. Images from space reveal the steady disappearance of night skies over land. The fashion for light emitting diodes spreads a broader range of frequencies. Insects take the most lethal doses. Street lamps dazzle, destroy and wipe out billions of insects. The trees, too, are hurried into bud or somewhat troubled. Songbirds are fretful, sing earlier and are thrown by white light. Some adapt to feast on insects circling lamps. Subtle lighting is an index of lyric confidence. The light-shy flee. Aquatic insects are lured from water by false dawns. Skyglow bounces around off aerosols and clouds, triggering untold distress now under investigation by photonic tools. Scientists have strapped light meters to birds to get a better idea of dosage. Zooplankton seem to be fooled into staying beneath the dimly lit surface of the oceans. As research seeps out from under the bedroom door, better regulation could refine the darkness so that it is less damaging, more faintly on fire. Some communes report that reducing or eliminating night lighting reduces crime.

Genetic Spillways

Epigenetics by any other name would smell as rotten. Scumble to attention. So many acronyms, so many Greek compounds, so many killers in need of anonymity. Such is the fate of our old friend polybrominated biphenyl, PBB for short. The Michigan effusion claims the title of worst accidental contamination in US agriculture, though that leaves the stable door open for deliberate contaminations. Downwind spill central, gene damage went right through the switchers and became hereditary. Immediate tests for chronic health consequences never kept up with accumulations and regenerative decay. The sense of agri-fate is pervasive. Even without direct exposure, the liabilities interest the insurance industry and associated legal teams. So go the spirit songs. Casual neglect and indifferent education could wipe out centuries of careful transmission. The survival of the tablets of Gilgamesh proves the rule. To discover chemical defects in the permanent epigenetic inheritance is a song with a different decay rate. Dark clouds, though even clouds have a way of folding and making light of their burdens. Metaphorical funds wrongly assume stable worlds that can be rendered newly wild. Over rural Michigan the details are of a dark awakening, cows acting strange and chickens off colour. Is there a healthy colour for battery chicken deadstock before it is chlorinated. Environmental impacts pass down through the generations. Thousands of years after leaving off nomadic pursuit of reindeer to hardier Arctic peoples, the song is still of Rudolf and red faces. The ching ching of sleigh bells nevertheless bespeaks the winter gift, the hope of plenty amid darkest nights. But how the cows of Michigan fall listless, perhaps of PBB mixing with magnesium oxide in the cow chow. Some vets blame fungi or any microbial ghost that might distract attention from chemical contamination. Flame retardants hailed as goldmines turn out to be permanent hazards, even buried in landfill and mass graves. The usual signs appear on animals and humans. Skin rashes, hair loss, muscle and joint pains, thyroids playing up, hormonal rollercoasters and cancer clusters. Trends are easier to map than to prove, so corporate denials fall lightly on the land. The farmed body has become a biomedical chemistry set. What with low sperm counts, testicular mutations and genetic scissoring, the outlook for reproduction is awash with Greek acronyms and small chemical tags called methyl groups or epigenetic markers. Imagine the sticky notes of agri-business chemistry as permanent marker pens on every living cell. The dream of the blank slate is over and there's a widespread sinking feeling. Unlimited liability for chemical manufacturers to as yet unborn generations isn't much consolation. Exposure ripples through generations to come. Epigenetic fingerprinting might trace the source of the crime, but the toxic legacy is here to stay.

Mairéad Byrne

People ask if I ever get lonely

People ask if I ever get lonely. No. A house is good company. Heat has its own intelligence. A bowl of oatmeal in the belly gives comfort from the inside out. The *harrumph* of the knife. I talk to myself. At the moment the raindrops are chomping on the skein of plane and chopper and variegated motor sound that passes for silence in Alaska. Also you know that *clicky-clack* sound the toaster oven makes when you set it to five minute toast? It's mechanical. Even if you pull the plug it unwinds till it's done. The birds. The three-note call of the golden-crowned sparrow, like a reminder that something else is here, even if it's you. But don't be ridiculous. Of course people don't ask if I get lonely! Who put that title there?

The house and the parish hall

The house and the parish hall don't look like much when you see them first, the hall as you come into town, stuck as if on a shelf, just slightly above the road. The house further down but by the time you get to it, the bay has taken all the *ooohs* and *aaahs*, though by no means the most magnificent around here. I suppose you could say *sublime*, it has that skimpiness. There's a shop, a pub of course, that's where you have your creamy pint but happily the church is out of view or if not then at least it's chubby and white with its snaggletooth gravestones tucked out of sight at the back where they lean over chuckling primroses, and daisies wagging their pink-tipped shaggy heads. And the house, I'm coming to that, you can see its yellow or red door from here. It's not fully dreamed yet. But you can smell that salt air and if you notice, there are no claw marks on the bark of the trees, no track marks of the bear, and in the deep shade of the undergrowth you will not find the mud-baths of the boar. That's what I'm liking so far: How you get the black pint's creamy head, the batch loaf's fragrant crust, but there are no earthquakes or snakes.

William Walsh

from *Dublin Tanka*

My barber Leo is plain-spoken.
"Not much of a head of hair anymore."
"That's okay," I say, "you're not much of a barber."

*

Some worry beads in pockets. Some stare
at feet, walls, Ireland AM. I'm content with SUGURU,
deemed "the best new logic puzzle."

*

I drop two sacks of chopped firewood outside Jen's front door.
That evening, outside mine, I find two bunches
of bananas. Organic.

*

Great Sugarloaf. On a clear day, you can see
Snowdonia from up here. Today,
just squat ferries chugging south across the bay.

*

My cousin went out to Dire Straits.
An uncle to a karaoke recording of himself.
Jack got some Grateful Dead. Wife's choice.

*

"Your mark here." Sandra points to my script receipt.
"Signing your life away," she observes,
as my twelve letters scrawl to a firm full stop.

*

Springtime at Ballymount Hardware. I ask Cormac
to deliver my compost this year. "Back at you?" he smiles.
"Yeah. Front and sides, too."

*

Wise-ass sign on the operating theatre wall:
ST. JAMES'S HOSPITAL: ON YOUR SIDE.
Let the colonoscopy begin.

Trish Bennett

Slices

You caught me today, at the turn
of that tight hill before home.

When the sun dissected the trees,
a slice of the past shone;

that summer's day in our shop,
your suet-softened hands held the knife

as you dissected a liver to show me fluke
Keep a tight grip, you said,

so it won't slip as you slice.

You carved the disease out, diced the rest for cats.

I could be a surgeon in another life, you remarked
and we laughed, before the memory fades,

replaced by the last sigh from your lungs,
as the grip tightens around my heart.

Giada Gelli

Migrant Thoughts

I have worn this new culture
like a silk cloth that leaves me naked
in front of a million judges of faith.

What do I believe in anymore?

The bright blue open sky
of my imagination has morphed,
changed into an unbearably suffocating,
stagnant vault that stifles me.

In a worried haze I scramble a few fuzzy thoughts
and catch my breath, so swiftly,
before the next crashing wave of change.

Chiamaka Enyi-Amadi

give birth again to a new dream

dream of a lover
that will not threaten to break you
with a silence that recoils
violently into itself
away from the slightest
impression of trust
away from the bitter truth
of unconditional love

with a silence that trails
behind you
like a blind dog following
the smell of excrement
this is a different type of shit
it spreads like mold
in your home
smeared all over the walls
of your bedroom

give birth again to a new dream

dream of a lover
that will not threaten
to burn down your house
while you're on your knees
bargaining with your God
keeping his soul safe
before you sleep

dream of a lover
that will not leave you
in the heat of an inferno
that will ravage you alone

give birth again to a new dream

dream of a lover
With a face that bears no resemblance
to my father's

David Toms

Milorg Gruppe 13132

In every wood there's been a war
the memory stone says so
fallen in the fight for the fatherland

At Sarabråten the sun beats down
The lake unfreezing under the weight
Of the six-month snow

A memory mark for the names
The men who died on St. Patrick's Day
Eight weeks shy of *syttende mai*

Fióna Bolger

At night I curl

pull slumber tight around me
wake to the rock-hard
winter light
my stomach sore
full of the spare change
of strangers' pity

I grab rags, old words
dressed as new
and pencil pin
them to create
a statement of my own
I chalk my feelings
on the pavement
cup my hands
around their warmth

and wait

Michael Begnal

Lines

My cranium a string of light
in the sequence that rites to space,
changing shape—a long phone line
and sight ringing along in time—
in purplish black I follow it up, out

of the crown,
that one line or beam
through a seemingly night sky
reverses time or cord
and comes cast when

in this like manner
prepares the ground of
the field
for
action

Patrick Chapman

Beautiful Trick

I temper the silence of these wretches
smoothly into mute admiration till
unholy raindrops scatter them and some
charge off to Café du Monde, dirty pink
kevlar fanny packs banging on crotches.
Only now I grab my pork-pie hat - still
no rattle that might buy me a cool drink,
even a smoke. As you shelter I come

dancing in. My mouth shimmers the crimson
of the lamps that hang at night on Bourbon
latticework. I can hear the thunder grow
louder as I snatch the wet cigarette
away from your cracked lips. I make it glow
red in my hands, a star in a cornet.

Aodán McCardle

This running blood

This running blood
 somewhere between needs
and flowers doing

throbbing too fast
overly sensitized
immersing
inside out unsure
if I am feeling okay sit
or it is
earlobes wet
and cold dawning
dawn
dawned
hunger imperative
already shadows

I can't make things come back from the past
I wouldn't want to
even though in any normal everyday expected sense you would want things
to come back
but when you think about it no
it wouldn't work
wouldn't be right
so I wouldn't want it
even if I could
but the problem is
bits of me are still there

to speak or not to speak is to say something

to want to write something

how to value it
not so much good or bad
what might be considered
wake up get up be nice
what about happiness

slippage
neither inside nor

this inexplicable time

measured dissonance a distortion

a fact
implicitly a question
but a fact
I feel like creeping in and looking at things from corners
I don't want to be seen
I have no opinion I want to share
I have no knowledge I want to share
so sure
waiting waiting waiting waiting waiting

online

what sort of belonging is that
talking as if
but not
now
here
a wall a kitchen a living room

a space
with a dog
with a dog and cats
with a cat
with bits on the table
books
I'm standing
I was reading
earlier
I thought of this when I was hoovering
or that part where you move the chairs
and I stopped for chocolate
and I wrote this down and now
its online

standing looking down the road
warm
mid September
Theo beside me
Sarah and Esme on the other side of the gap
waiting to keep the sheep it's a moment
waiting
knowing it is
and it is passing

when I look at my hand I see bones
when I look in your eyes I see bones
when I look at the sky I see bones
when I look to the past I see bones
when I look to the future I see bones

memory is a bastard
death is a bastard
now is a bastard

if you wake up into sadness
what do you do with that

one of my great pleasures
is being able
when something has run out
to reach into a cupboard
and replace it
like soap
or teabags

some times I have lost the sense of myself
in the present
in the future
so the things I know
I enjoy
I cannot feel
except through that knowledge

small pattern changes
like
where you keep the cups

undistracted this
is not sadness
not aboutness

This running blood
 somewhere between needs
and flowers doing

Ciarán O'Rourke

Coillte Clogher

Imagine winter like a worm a-slink
in the undercutting ruts
that designate the field.

Imagine
being part of winter there,
the pain behind your eyes

a metonym made flesh
for every sky-sustaining
flex of wind

the thinning ground supplied,
your skin another word
for fog the peaty ice exhaled.

My mind maps out
his death this way,
in visionary seasons

turning home – in which
insensate elements
lock the earth,

yet still might learn
to take the shape
of verb and cyclorama,

quicken as sleet:
the thirst and thaw
of sunken roots

his nearest resurrection.
Some creaturely
intelligence, no doubt,

invents these myths
I fabricate as prayer,
but look -

a songthrush answers
emptied air,
spattering the sod.

Giles Goodland

Time is rent

Crystals of frozen mist move slantwise through
light, too small to be felt:
just something the air contains.

The train only takes me as far
as work, but work is the reason I recur in
seat, carriage. A mother holds
her phone in front of her
9-month child, coddled in her pram,
who kicks her legs, sucks her dummy.
She can't lift her swaddled arms.
A cartoon hand, a dance. Trip music,
she cries when it's withdrawn.
Representation! Each generation

inches further from what is real.
Multi-coloured sheep jump a white picket.
Outside, a pylon makes a throat-cutting
gesture. Along the street,
another day's wreckage is ready for collection,
the woken assume their positions.
The woods seal behind the eye.
My annual appraisal is in two days.

The woman to the right of me had been
laughing since stations ago. When
the call ends her face slackens.
Time is rent, time is many. Laughter and
slaughter, any field will do.

Florence Heap

bigger fish to CRY

The man of the house is the carver of the meat.

After we burned my grandfather my grandmother got on her knees
and handed the knife to the only surviving male heir.

He sticks it in the chicken carcass and slices.

Would that I had been born a boy
and might be carver of the chicken.

I used to hunt the animals for us to eat.
Now there more than five supermarkets in the town
so I don't have to.

When I'm feeling spiteful
I still put mice corpses in the beds of my rivals.

There are lots of cars in the driveway.
None of the cars are for me.

The only heirlooms I have are skin rashes and a penicillin allergy.
It's how I know I'm not illegitimate.

I started out so promising.
I used to fit into all the hand-me-down clothes.
Now all the skirts are too short and I can't wear them
because I'm really insecure about the shape of my knees.

You spent four hours cooking me dinner and I ate it and spat it out

semi-chewed across the table as a statement.

You cried in the kitchen when you thought that I couldn't see you
but I could because I was standing on the stairs.

Did you think that you had disappointed me?
Did you think that I'd make you fall on your very own carving knife?

My grandmother has a pond.
She bought a plastic heron to ward off the real herons
who want to eat the fish.

The fish are called koi.
They cost twenty pounds each in the pet shop.

I speared her koi with the carving knife and cooked them up in lemon and
butter because that is the easiest way to cook a fish.

I told her they were trout from the fish-monger and then snickered so much
I had to throw up in the bathroom.

Crying is so girly.

Last night I thought that you stole into my room
picked me up carried me outside dropped me
in the koi pond.

I turned into a fish bigger than the pond.

The sides of the pond broke and the flood reached the kitchen.

Contributors

Michael Begnal has published the collections *Future Blues* (Salmon Poetry, 2012) and *Ancestor Worship* (Salmon Poetry, 2007), as well as the chapbook *The Muddy Banks* (Ghost City Press, 2016). His poetry has appeared in journals and anthologies such as *Notre Dame Review*, *Poetry Ireland Review*, *Empty Mirror*, *The Pickled Body*, *The Poet's Quest for God* (Eyewear Publishing, 2016), and *Thinking Continental: Writing the Planet One Place at a Time* (University of Nebraska Press, forthcoming 2017). He can be found online at www.mikebegnal.blogspot.com

Amanda Bell's collection *First the Feathers* is shortlisted for the Shine Strong Award. Her haibun collection *Undercurrents* won second place in the HSA's Merit Book Award 2017, and was shortlisted for a Touchstone Distinguished Books Award. Her children's book *The Lost Library Book* was published by The Onslaught Press in 2017.

Trish Bennett won the Leitrim Guardian 2017 & 2018 Literary Awards for Poetry, was Commended at The Bangor Literary Journal's '40 Words Competition' in 2018, Shortlisted at the North West Words / Donegal Creameries Poetry Awards (2017) and Long Listed for the "Over the Edge 'New Writer of the Year Award'" in 2013. Her work has been published in several magazines and anthologies, online and in print and on BBC Radio Ulster. She is a member of Women Aloud Northern Ireland and is working on her first anthology of poetry.

Fióna Bolger lives between Ireland and India. Her work has appeared in *Southword*, *The Brown Critique*, *Poetry Bus*, *The Chattahoochee Review* and others. With K. Srilata, she recently edited *All the Worlds Between* (Yoda Press, Delhi, 2017), a poetry project between Ireland and India. She is a co-ordinator of Dublin Writers' Forum and a member of the creative team of Outlandish Theatre Platform. She is an English Literature PhD candidate in Dublin City University. Her grimoire, *The Geometry of Love Between the Elements* is available from Poetry Bus Press.

Mairéad Byrne is Professor of Poetry + Poetics at Rhode Island School of Design in Providence, teaching courses in Sound Poetry, Visual Poetry, Digital Poetics, Material Poetics, Contemporary Poetry, and poetry workshops. She has published six collections, including *Famosa na sua cabeça* (2015), selected and translated by Dirceu Villa, and runs *couscous*, a peripatetic performance series of diverse poetries.

Patrick Chapman has published seven poetry collections since 1991, including *A Promiscuity of Spines: New & Selected Poems* (Salmon, 2012) and *Slow Clocks of Decay* (Salmon, 2016). His other books include the novel *So Long, Napoleon Solo* (BlazeVOX, NY, 2017) and two volumes of stories. He has also written children's television, an award-winning short film, and audio dramas for Doctor Who and Dan Dare. With poet Dimitra Xidou he founded and edits *The Pickled Body*.

Ellen Dillon is working on a PhD project on dynamic abstraction in contemporary poetry, focusing mainly on the work of Peter Manson, at the School of English in DCU. She was one of the organisers of the symposium on Manson's work held at the University of Glasgow and is co-editing the resulting special issue of the *Journal of British and Irish Innovative Poetry*. She has completed poems for the pamphlets *Potential Space* and *Sonnets to Malkmus* (forthcoming from Sad Press, 2018) some of which have appeared or are forthcoming in *Banshee*, *Zarf*, *Datableed*, *Paratext* and *Adjacent Pineapple*.

Chiamaka Enyi-Amadi is a 20 year creative writer, editor and scholar, born and partly raised in Lagos, Nigeria she is currently completing her final year joint BA English and Philosophy degree in University College Dublin. She has written for various online platforms, including *The Romantic Effect*, *The Bohemyth*, and *Sixteen Magazine*. Her work can be found in print in UCD student publications *OTwo Magazine* and *Caveat Lector*. She has performed her work in several literary events around Dublin, including UCD Festival, and most recently in the Notre Dame Newman Center as part of the Seamus Deane Right To Have Rights Lecture Series 2018. She was commissioned by Near FM Poem of the Week Series to mark Nigeria's independence day.

Giada Gelli is a qualified librarian based in Co. Meath. She holds a degree in Modern Languages and Literature from the University of Bologna, Italy and a Master's degree in Library and Information Studies from UCD. She has worked on cataloguing projects in the National Library of Ireland and the National Gallery of Ireland. Her debut collection of Italian poems *Sfumazioni: Poesie* was published by Ibiskos in 2004, while another poem features in an anthology of Italian contemporary poets published by Rome based Gruppo Albatros - *Il Filo*.

Giles Goodland was born in Taunton, was educated at the universities of Wales and California, took a D. Phil at Oxford, has published a several books of poetry including *A Spy in the House of Years* (Leviathan, 2001) *Capital* (Salt, 2006) and *Dumb Messengers* (Salt, 2012). He works in Oxford as a lexicographer and lives in West London. His next book *The Masses* will be out from Shearsman in May 2018.

Florence Heap was born in a big hospital in London. She left London to come to Dublin about eighteen months ago and lives here now for the moment. She is a second-year student at Trinity College Dublin. She likes writing things, and her work has previously been published in *Icarus* magazine.

Peter Hughes is a poet and the founding editor of Oystercatcher Press. He is now based in Cambridge where last year he was the Judith E. Wilson Visiting Poetry Fellow. Over recent years he has produced creative translations of several Italian poets including Petrarch, Cavalcanti and Leopardi. His current work stems from residencies in Berlin.

Aodan McCardle's current practice is improvised performance/writing/drawing. His PhD is on 'Physicality Doubt and Action as Articulation of the Contemporary Poem'. He opened the Performance Month at Beton7 in Athens 2015, performed at the launch of the Performance Philosophy Centre Uni. of Surrey Sep 2016 and at The Mountains to the Sea Festival in 2017. A member of Collaborative/Improvisational Performance group Cuislí. He has two books, *Shuddered* and *ISing* from VEER and online chapbook *LlOoVvee*, Smithereens Press.

Drew Milne's collected poems, *In Darkest Capital* came out from Carcanet Press, UK in 2017. This collection gathers thirty years of work, and two previously unpublished sequences, *Blueprints & Ziggurats* and *Lichens for Marxists*. He co-wrote *Reactor Red Shoes* (Veer 2013) with John Kinsella. His work has been featured in several anthologies, including *Conductors of Chaos*, ed. Iain Sinclair (1996), Keith Tuma's *Anthology of Twentieth Century British and Irish Poetry* (2001), and *Vanishing Points: new modernist poems*, edited by Rod Mengham and John Kinsella (2004). Recent poems have been published in *PNReview*, *Poetry London*, *Chicago Review*, *Lana Turner Journal*, and *Blackbox Manifold*.

Nicola Moffatt, originally from South Africa, has spent the last twenty years trying to become a Cork woman. She is a regular contributor to Cork's longest running open mic night, Ó Bhéal, and has been published in Ó Bhéal's Five Word Challenge Anthology series and, most recently, in the New Binary Press anthology *Autonomy*, edited by Kathy D'Arcy.

Ciarán O'Rourke was born in Dublin and is currently studying for his PhD with the School of English in TCD. A winner of the Fish Poetry Prize 2016, the Westport Poetry Prize 2015 (in memory of Dermot Healy), and the Lena Maguire/Cúirt New Irish Writing Award 2009, his poetry has been widely published. His digital chapbook *The Sea Path* was issued by Smithereens Press in 2016, and his first collection is forthcoming from Irish Pages Press.

Maurice Scully has published over a dozen books of poetry over the past forty years, most recently *Humming* (2009) and *Several Dances* (2012), both from Shearsman Books, and two online chapbooks *Rain* and *Plays* from Smithereens.

David Toms lives and works in Norway. His poetry has recently appeared in *Quarryman*, and is forthcoming in *Wretched Strangers*. His latest chapbook, with Maren Nygård, is *dikt/ actions osl / ondon* from Smithereens Press.

William Walsh "Born in Dublin in '57, Bill Walsh / spent many years in the US and / has written on 'alternative' poetries."

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