

# Cork Spring Literary Festival 2011



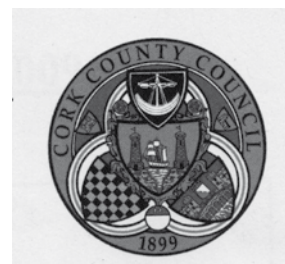
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# Pat Boran

Reading with Alan Garvey & Ian Wild  
Thursday 17th February 7.15pm



Pat Boran was born in Portlaoise, Ireland in 1963 and currently lives in Dublin. He has published four collections of poetry: *The Unwound Clock* (1990), which won the Patrick Kavanagh Award, *Familiar Things* (1993), *The Shape of Water* (1996) and *As the Hand, the Glove* (2001). His *New and Selected Poems* appeared from Salt Publishing in 2005. He has published a collection of short stories, *Strange Bedfellows* (1991), short fiction for children including the Bisto finalist *All the Way from China* (1999) and non-fiction titles including the writers' handbook *The Portable Creative Writing Workshop* (1999/revised and expanded 2005). His memoir *The Invisible Prison: Scenes from an Irish Childhood*, was published in 2009. A former editor of *Poetry Ireland Review* he is the presenter of The Poetry Programme on RTÉ Radio I, A member of Aosdána in 2008 he received the Lawrence O'Shaughnessy Poetry Award.

## THE DEAD MAN'S CLOTHES

The dead man's clothes  
were willed to the village orphans  
so that, those long summer evenings,  
he was everywhere,  
moving through the fields  
until the sun went down,  
bloodily.

The villagers loved it, calling  
Gretel, Hansel, Romulus,  
and watching the old man's shoulder turn  
or the big baggy arse  
that was his alone come  
to a sudden, billowing halt.

Except his wife. Unable  
to decide whether this was flattery  
or insult, she kept herself  
to herself, shut up inside,

while the village orphans  
came in from the fields, their hands  
reddened from picking berries  
and trailing mothballs in the street  
like puffs of light.

# Catch the Moon

four women, four themes, four stories, four voices

Reading

Saturday February 19th 4pm



**C**atch the Moon is a project in development, which was first performed at the West Cork Literary Festival in July 2010 - a brilliant success. During a performance each poet introduces one of the four themes, which vary depending on the venue, the audience and the season. Each poet then reads two poems linked to the theme, explaining a bit about each reading. This format is designed to keep the listeners' interest and highlight differences as well as resonances between very different poems. The result is an intimate and entertaining exchange between the poets and the audience. **Catch the Moon** intends to continue to develop and grow so as to include other women poets and musicians as well as projections in future events. The performance lasts 50 minutes.

Originally from a farm in Roscommon, **Jane Clarke** now lives in Wicklow. She has published widely and awards include Listowel Writers Week (2007); runner-up in the 2009 Fish Poetry Prize and the 2010 Windows Publications Prize. She won the iYeats International Poetry Competition in July 2010. In 2009 she was selected for the Poetry Ireland Introductions Series.

**Kathy D'Arcy** is a Cork poet whose first collection, *Encounter*, was recently published by Lapwing Publications. She currently studies and teaches Irish women's literature, and works with homeless teenagers, but she originally qualified and worked as a doctor. She writes musical accompaniments to some of her poems, and has been involved in theatre, dance and performance for many years.

Winner of Cork Literary Review's Manuscript Competition 2009 and runner-up in the Patrick Kavanagh Poetry Award 2009, **Shirley McClure's** debut collection of poetry, *Who's Counting?* (Bradshaw Books) was launched by Poetry Ireland in September 2010.

**Tina Pisco** has been a professional writer for over twenty-five years, writing for every medium except radio. Her publications include two bestselling novels *Only a Paper Moon* (Poolbeg 1998), and *Catch the Magpie* (Poolbeg 1999); and a collection of newspaper columns: *A West Cork Life* (RandomAnimals Press 20003). A poetry collection *She Be* was published in 2010 by Bradshaw Books.

# Patrick Cotter

Reading with Maram al-Massri & Leanne O'Sullivan  
Saturday February 19th 9pm



Patrick Cotter was born in Cork where he still lives. He has published *The Misogynist's Blue Nightmare* (Raven Arts 1990) *Perplexed Skin* (Arlen House 2008) and *Making Music* (Three Spires 2009). In 2005 he published his translations (with Taavi Tatsi) of the Estonian Surrealist Andres Ehin in *Moosebeetle Swallow*. His translations from the German of Paul Celan and others have been published in various journals.

"Cotter is an adroit and knowing artist."  
-Thomas McCarthy Poetry Ireland Review

"Cotter is an intelligent writer, not only in the sense of having a poetic intelligence that enables him to manage his lines well, but in the sense of having a rational approach. He likes ideas, fools about with them, has a personal idiom and a sophisticated sensibility. .... Cotter's vision of the world is not simple nor does he sing of it in rapturous tones. His mirroring of complexities shows just how mature and self-assured he is."

- Maurice Harmon,

## STAINED GLASS FOR THE BLIND

It is true most angels outlive their masters  
like Amanakeela who loved the beauty of glass,  
leaded, stained, fired.  
She sighed as she paused by every varicoloured  
interpreter of light her master passed by,  
oblivious. It never failed to fill her  
with a melancholy as sweeping as an astral wind:  
her master's nothing-knowing  
of the nuances of cobalt, azure smalts.

She laboured all his lifetime  
to acquire the skill of glass  
which reshaped sound.  
One solitary window  
of such musical vitreousness  
she had seen, heard, smelt,  
in a hermitage of haphazard rocks  
in a distant century  
on an island the sea  
had long since reclaimed.

Only close to her master's death  
could she unveil her one worldly creation:  
a glass marked with stains  
which revoiced the sighing of the wind,  
here into the groan of a narwhale,  
there into the whinny of a unicorn  
and below these a pane whose stain  
amplified the whisper of a breeze  
into the galaxy-shaking shout of God –  
loud enough to stop a man's heart,  
long enough to launder his soul.

# Ian Duhig

Reading with Lory Manrique-Hyland & Valérie Rouzeau

Friday February 18th 9.00pm



Ian Duhig (b. 1954) was the eighth of eleven children born to Irish parents with a liking for poetry. He has won the National Poetry Competition twice, and also the Forward Prize for Best Poem; his collection, *The Lammas Hireling*, was the Poetry Book Society's Choice for Summer 2003, and was shortlisted for the T.S. Eliot Prize and Forward Prize for Best Collection. Chosen as a New Generation Poet in 1994, he has received Arts Council and Cholmondeley Awards, and has held various Royal Literary Fund fellowships at universities including Lancaster, Durham, Newcastle and his own alma mater, Leeds.

"The most original poet of his generation"

- Carol Ann Duffy, *Guardian*

"His poetry is learned, rude, elegant, sly and funny, mixing gilded images, belly-laughs and esoteric lore about language (including Irish), art, history, politics and children's word-games"

- Ruth Padel, *Independent on Sunday*

## FROM THE IRISH

According to Dineen, a Gael unsurpassed in lexicographical enterprise, the Irish for moon means 'the white circle in a slice of half-boiled potato or turnip'. A star is the mark on the forehead of a beast and the sun is the bottom of a lake, or well.

Well, if I say to you your face  
is like a slice of half-boiled turnip,  
your hair is the colour of a lake's bottom  
and at the centre of each of your eyes  
is the mark of the beast, it is because  
I want to love you properly, according to Dineen.

# Kristiina Ehin

Reading with Silke Scheuermann & Gabriel Rosenstock  
Thursday February 17th 9.00pm



my limbs metamorphose  
fur grows on my beautiful body  
in my mouth I feel teeth like clear death  
all my listless love of peace supplanted by an agile  
thirst for blood

in the distance I hear the howling of my grey kin  
I feel the rough touch of their grey snouts  
on my young skin

I wanted to live with them  
howl at the moon and suckle cubs –

but they won't have me as one of their own  
for my gnarled human nature  
still shows in my eyes

translated from the Estonian by Ilmar Lehtpere

Kristiina Ehin has published five volumes of poetry, a book of short stories and a volume of South-Estonian fairy tales in her native Estonia and has written a play as well. She has also published six books in English translation. *The Drums of Silence* (Oleander Press, Cambridge, 2007), a volume of her selected poems, was awarded the Poetry Society Corneliu M. Popescu Prize for European Poetry in Translation in 2007. *The Scent of Your Shadow* (Arc Publications, Todmorden, 2010) is a Poetry Book Society Recommended Translation. Modern Poetry in Translation will publish a new volume of her poetry in English in 2011 in their new MPT Poets series. She is often invited to take part in international arts and literary festivals and her work, poetry and prose, appears regularly in English translation in leading Irish and British literary journals. Her work has been translated into thirteen languages including Irish by Gabriel Rosenstock.

# Alan Garvey

## Reading with Pat Boran & Ian Wild

### Thursday 17th February 7.15pm



A native of Waterford where he still lives, Garvey's third collection of poetry, *Terror Háza*, was published by Lapwing (Belfast) in 2009. His work is represented in various magazines and anthologies. He graduated with a MA in Creative Writing; and has read in Toronto and Newfoundland, and worked in Budapest, courtesy of the Arts Council. He is currently completing his *New & Selected Poems*.

"Garvey's skill at poetic re-enactment, the descriptive and emotional power of many of the poems, offers a kind of spiritual-wasteland cartography"

- Dave Lordan *Southword*

*from Erika*

(ii) Cookery School

Go home to your mother's kitchen, muddling  
colanders with sieves! You know the words  
clatter and crash like pots and pans? It's a bubbling  
spatter of soup across the sleeve of your coat!

Combine taste and colour, art in texture.  
Be patient but quick in your movements.  
Render close to the bone, poison rodents.  
Swat as soon as you see a fly's sticky throat.

Know your supplier of livestock and game.  
Tender meat comes not from the old and lame;  
imagine the flesh and the best of its life,  
what lies ahead: a mate and a litter,  
acres of grass, its own place in the herd.  
See the whole picture? Now sharpen your knife.

# James Harpur

Reading with Tomas Lieske & William Wall  
Wednesday February 16th 9pm



## Kevin and the Blackbird

I never looked, but felt the spiky feet  
Prickling my outstretched hand. I braced my bones,  
My heart glowed from the settling feathered heat

And later from the laying of the eggs  
Heavy, as smooth and round as river-rolled stones,  
Warm as the sun that eased my back and legs.

When I heard the cheepings, felt the rising nest  
Of wings, the sudden space, the cool air flow  
Across my fingers, I did not know the test

Had just begun – I could not bend my arms  
But stood there stiff, as helpless as a scarecrow,  
Another prayer hatching in my palms –

Love pinned me fast, and I could not resist:  
Her ghostly nails were driven through each wrist.

James Harpur has published four volumes of poetry with Anvil Press, including his latest, *The Dark Age*, which won the 2009 Michael Hartnett Prize. Anvil have also published *Fortune's Prisoner*, his translation of the poems of Boethius.

George Szirtes described one of his readings as 'beautiful ... melancholy, monastic, mystical, like prayers shaped out of despair with the hearsay of some small light just over the horizon'.

He lives near Clonakilty in West Cork.

[www.jamesharpur.com](http://www.jamesharpur.com)



# Tomas Lieske

Reading with James Harpur & William Wall

Wednesday February 16th 9.00pm



Tomas Lieske (b. 1943) debuted at the age of 38 with poetry published in the literary journals *Tirade* and *De Revisor*. In 1992 his first prose work, *Oorlogstuinen* (War Gardens), gained him the Geert-Jan Lubberhuizen Prize. In 1996 his novel *Nachtkwartier* (Night Quarters) was nominated for the Libris Literature Prize, an award he finally received for his novel *Franklin* (2001). Magic, myth, and chance play a central role in Lieske's universe. With the successful novel *Gran Café Boulevard* (2003) he was able to find a prosaic, tempting, and accessible form for expressing the ineffable. In the historical novella *Mijn soevereine liefde* (My Sovereign Love, 2005), Lieske hones his baroque narrative style sharper than ever. His collection of poetry *Hoe je geliefde te herkennen* (How to Recognize Your Lover, 2006) won him the VSB Poetry Award.

"His core business is style, and magic, myth and the indescribable have always played a principal role in this. At the same time, his poems tend towards prose, at least visually: they are often expansive and long-lined, with something of the symphonic about them."

-Rob Schouten

## HOW TO RECOGNISE YOUR LOVER

The name of a lover sparkles with voltage;  
just before the rendezvous the beat is quickened,  
held back by a fraction, now changed a little.  
Eyes blink in the oceanic light of the sea villages;  
your thoughts, a taut bow snapping suddenly.

This is what new love releases—  
the enlarged odor of the broad lime tree,  
milk of late meadows, nakedness in its pod.  
It is the privets' odour behind each house  
where secrets are revealed.  
It is low light with the patience of spiders.

Suddenly, the clarity of youth in the care-worn dunes:  
words shoot into your mind, words long forgotten.  
Here, even the standards of Maria Callas are  
attainable;  
for you, the youthful cantilena—  
eternally you will walk the long path, hand in hand.  
O, soft light on robust paths of manful grass. O!  
upon docile duckweeds, the cows' prudence.

(translation: Thomas McCarthy)

# Dave Lordan

Reading with Gerry Murphy & Julijana Velichkovska  
Reading Saturday 19th February 7.15pm



Dave Lordan was born in Derby, England, in 1975, and grew up in Clonakilty in West Cork. In 2004 he was awarded an Arts Council bursary and in 2005 he won the Patrick Kavanagh Award for Poetry.

His collections are *The Boy in The Ring* (Salmon Poetry, 2007), which won the Strong Award for best first collection by an Irish writer and was shortlisted for the Irish Times poetry prize; and *Invitation to a Sacrifice* (Salmon Poetry, 2010), which the *Irish Times* called 'an act of cultural resistance... as brilliant on the page as it must surely be in performance'.

Eigse Riada theatre company produced his first play, *Jo Bangles*, at the Mill Theatre, Dundrum in 2010.

He has lived in Holland, Greece and Italy, and now resides in Greystones, Co Wicklow.

## THE BOY IN THE RING

Where is the boy?  
The boy is in the ring.  
And where is the ring?  
The ring is in the school-yard.  
And what makes up the ring?  
The ring is made of other boys.

What kind is this ring?  
It is a spinning ring, and a jeering ring  
a hissing ring  
a rhyming ring  
a kicking ring  
a spitting ring  
a teeth, tongue and eyelid ring, a hair and eyes ring  
a snot and nostrils ring, a knee and knuckles ring  
a fist and boot and mouth and ear and elbow ring.

Who is the god of this ring?  
The god of the ring is unknown.  
Jack O the Lantern maybe  
or the scarecrow with the two axes  
or a wailing midnight wind  
or a sack of smashed glass.

What is the boy doing in the ring?  
The boy is looking  
at himself in the ring.

He is sitting down  
and crying  
and looking at himself  
in the ring.

Why did the boy go into the ring?  
The boy never went into the ring.

When will the boy get out of the ring?

# Lory Manrique-Hyland

Reading with Ian Duhig & Valérie Rouzeau

Friday 18th February 9.00pm



Lory Manrique-Hyland grew up in Miami, Florida, lived in New York for years, travelled extensively and now resides in Co. Cork with her husband and children. Lory has a BFA in Dramatic Writing from NYU's Tisch School of the Arts, and an MA in Creative Writing from the City College of New York. Lory is a certified adult educator, and has worked in publishing and teaching. Her first novel, *Revolutions*, was published by Sitric/The Lilliput Press. She was the winner of the 2004 Sitric Books/Evening Herald/Today FM Paperback Writer competition; and was awarded a Cork County Council Arts Grant in 2005 and 2010. She has appeared on the Ryan Tubridy radio show, Drivetime with Mary Wilson, The View, the Dublin Writers Festival, the World Book Fest and other shows and national newspapers in connection with discussions on Cuba as well as *Revolutions*. She's currently writing her second novel.

from *REVOLUTION*

It wasn't that Josefina and Rogelio had been on the wrong side of the Revolution. In fact, it was that they were on no side. They'd been disgusted by Batista, his ham-fisted approach and corruption. They hated the gangsters who were more welcomed on the island than they were. And, anyway, Batista wouldn't have been allowed into the Castillo's country club—he wasn't white enough.

But they didn't support the revolutionaries either. They thought nothing but trouble could follow that bunch down from the mountains. Josefina knew the Castro family well. Their father had been a clever, violent bull. The cook, a grasping old cow, had fathered Rubén, Fidel and three others. Fidel was smart, but there was an edge of madness about him. He was a supreme risk-taker. Rubén might temper him, but Rogelio thought Rubén would only make Fidel lean farther to the left. The only thing that piqued their interest was Castro's promise to restore the constitution.

Josefina and Rogelio did not go out into the streets on 8 January and cheer Fidel's arrival in Havana. Neither did they participate in any anti-revolutionary violence. A sort of political paralysis settled over them, which they were never able to shake, not even in Miami. They witnessed many of their friends: doctors, lawyers, businessmen and journalists, leave and never return. Neighbors left with the contents of a suitcase. Homes stood unoccupied by humans but filled with furniture, art, clothes and books. Whole neighborhoods became like museums after closing time.

# Maram al-Massri

Reading with Patrick Cotter & Leanne O'Sullivan

Saturday 19th February 9pm



Maram al-Massri was born in Latakia, Syria, in 1962, and has lived in France since 1982. She has published three collections in Arabic, and her poems have been translated into many languages, with books published in French and Spanish.

Maram al-Massri is an Arab love poet for the modern age. She writes short, seductive lyrics of astonishing clarity and piercing candour, stringing them together like pearls in a story chain. This first English translation of her work draws together poems from two sequences. Her red cherry is like red lips, a fruit or drop of blood offered for the reader to taste in the poems, but abandoned to the coldness of the white-tiled floor, the white paper of the page. Her lines are anguished but tightly reined, breaking completely with traditional Arab love poetry to draw on everyday language as well as images and metaphors remembered and reinvented from childhood and the Koran.

'A selection of beautiful poetry from a Syrian writer. It is simply stunning' – Clare McKeon, Sunday Independent

She came whole,  
with the smell of her bed  
and her kitchen,  
with her husband's kisses  
hidden under her blouse,  
with his liquid  
still hot  
in her belly.

She came  
with her history and her dreams,  
with her wrinkles  
and her reedy smile  
and the fuzz adorning  
the edges of her cheeks,  
with her teeth  
and the remains of her breakfast  
between them.

She arrived with all my pains  
the woman my man lives with.

translated from the Arabic by Khaled Mattawa

# Gerry Murphy

Reading with Dave Lordan & Julijana Velichkovska

Saturday 19th February 7.15pm



Gerry Murphy was born in Cork in 1952. After dropping out of university in the early 1970s he spent some years working in London and living in a Kibbutz before returning to Cork where he has remained ever since. A champion swimmer he has made his living primarily as a life guard and swimming pool manager. He began publishing his books in the mid-80s containing poems so far removed from the Irish tradition that many doubted they were poems at all. Undaunted and with his usual irreverence, Murphy once insisted on using a singularly detracting review alongside the more praising ones as a blurb for one of his books. Amusingly this had the effect of silencing and defusing many of his critics. His latest book is *My Flirtation with International Socialism*.

OFF SUMMMERHILL SOUTH

## *Midsummer Vignette*

An afternoon breeze  
is lifting the curtains  
along Douglas Street.  
Its huge elemental breathing  
fills the room,  
cooling our drowsy afterplay.  
We lie where we fell,  
tangled in half-discarded underwear;  
levelled by ecstasy.

## *Balaclava*

I am perched  
on the edge of the bed,  
naked except for a pair  
of black lace panties  
drawn down over my face  
in order to inhale  
your still warm, still moist smell  
again  
and again  
and again.

## *Reductionist Love Poem*

Never again  
your lovely face in mine  
as I wake and blah, blah, blah.  
Never again  
my arms around you  
as I sleep, etcetera, etcetera.  
Never again  
the rising heat, the cooling passion  
and so on.  
Never again  
those long involved conversations  
after midnight  
but then, never before.

# Ailbhe Ní Ghearbhuigh

Reading with Catherine Smith & Matthew Sweeney

Friday February 18th 7.15pm



Ailbhe Ní Ghearbhuigh was born in Co. Kerry, in the southwest of Ireland, in 1984. She was born into an Irish-speaking family and was educated in Irish. After receiving her degree from the National University of Ireland Galway, she lived for several years in France and also spent a period in New York as a Fulbright scholar. She has recently returned to NUI Galway, where she is carrying out doctoral research in the area of Irish Studies. In 2008 Coiscéim published her first collection *Péacadh*.

Rugadh agus tógadh Ailbhe Ní Ghearbhuigh i dTrá Lí, Co. Chiarraí. D'fhreastail sí ar Ollscoil na hÉireann, Gaillimh, áit ar dhein sí staidéar ar an nGaeilge agus ar an bhFraincis. Tá tréimhsí caite aici sa Fhrainc, in Épernay, Rennes agus Bordeaux. Chaith sí bliain i Nua Eabhrac ar scoláireacht Fulbright ag teagasc na Gaeilge. Bhronn an Chomhairle Ealaíon sparántacht uirthi agus tá sí fillte ar Ghaillimh arís.

Coiscéim a céad chnuasach filíochta in 2008. Léigh sí ag féile litríochta Imram agus ghlac sí páirt i gCuairt na bhFilí go hAibíne.

Geimhriú

Bolgbhrón  
a tholgas  
ar fán i gceo an Fhómhair

chothaíos é le bia,  
do dheineas dó cocún  
is do leag isteach i bpluais  
go humhal

Tá suan mallaitheach  
ag bagairt orm  
le coicís

is mé ag alpadh dorchadais.

Ná labhair focal,  
ná féach im threo  
tá duifean ar mo chroí  
nach n-ardófar

– Géillim don gheimhriú –

Ní aithneofar mé  
go péacadh na mbachlóg.

## WINTERING

I caught a stomach-sorrow  
while traipsing October's fogs

I ate to nourish it  
made a cocoon for it  
laid it with slow reverence in a hollow

For fourteen nights  
some cursed sleep's been after me

while I've been up feeding on darkness

Don't say a word  
Don't look in my direction

There's something on my heart that can't be lifted

– I give in to wintering –

You won't see me till the buds start to blossom

translated by Billy Ramsell

# Leanne O'Sullivan

Reading with Patrick Cotter & Maram al-Massri

Saturday February 19th 9.00pm



Leanne O'Sullivan was born in 1983 and comes from the Beara Peninsula in West Cork. She has published two collections of poetry with Bloodaxe Books, *Waiting for My Clothes* (2004) and *Cailleach: The Hag of Beara* (2009). She has been given several awards for her poetry, including the Rooney Prize for Irish Literature in 2010. In 2009 as part of an exchange between the Munster Literature Centre and the Shanghai Writers' Association she was awarded a residency in Shanghai. In 2010 she became poetry editor of *Southword* and judged the Gregory O'Donoghue Poetry Competition.

## SELF PORTRAIT

This blank paper is the one good thing.  
I want to fill it with colour, soundlessness  
like a heart that shuts with slow murmurings.  
I feel myself slipping into that whiteness.  
My dumb legs, my red hair pale by moonlight  
as I doze into a laudanum pod,  
secretly happy, blooming in the night  
though the cold surrounds my bed.

This is the woman as God has created her,  
this is the woman I am outdoing.  
She is a ghost the more I see her.  
Her eyes dry against my breath. She is moving  
from me into this true radiance while  
I stare. I don't move, the heart stops its flood  
of rust and the mirror crackles to sand.  
My babe, the brush is slipping from my hand.

"Leanne O'Sullivan's first collection, *Waiting for My Clothes*, was published when she was just 21 and was justifiably acclaimed for the extraordinary power of its language and the maturity of vision. It was also an intensely confessional work; it is therefore not surprising that O'Sullivan should eschew further revelations in *Cailleach: The Hag of Beara*, her second collection, and plough, instead, the furrows of Irish mythology in her exploration of the eternal feminine... O'Sullivan's vision continues to be deeply romantic in its trust that nature is a panacea for human suffering; these poems catch one's breath with their exquisite rendering of the Irish landscape... O'Sullivan's imagery is always precise, yet utterly dazzling in its originality... she is reclaiming her landscape, as all poets must, and she does so with the steadiness and gravity of a writer who has already found her way home"

— Nessa O'Mahony, *Irish Times*

# Gabriel Rosenstock

Reading with Kristiina Ehin & Silke Scheuermann

Thursday February 17th 9.00pm



Gabriel Rosenstock is a poet and haikuist, author/translator of over 150 books, mostly in Irish. English-language titles include two volumes of musings on haiku from Cambridge Scholars Publishing, *Haiku Enlightenment* and *Haiku, the Gentle Art of Disappearing*. Among his awards is the Tamgha-I-Khidmat medal for Services to Literature. His début volume in English, *Uttering Her Name* (Salmon Poetry) has been translated into many languages including French, Faroese, Bulgarian, Macedonian, Serbian and Japanese. His selected poems from the Irish appeared in German as *Ein Archiv großer Taten. Ausgewählte Gedichte*, translated by Hans-Christian Oeser. (For a list of poets Rosenstock has translated into Irish see Irish version of his bio).

Editor and co-editor of hundreds of books including *Dva*, an anthology of modern Slovenian literature in Irish.

File agus fear haiku é Gabriel Rosenstock, údar/aistritheoir breis agus 150 leabhar, a bhformhór acu i nGaeilge. I measc na bhfilí atá aistrithe aige go Gaeilge tá beirt Dhuaiseoirí Nobel, Grass agus Heaney, chomh maith le rogha dánta le Francisco X. Alarcón, Kristiina Ehin, Nikola Mazirow, Agnar Artúvertin, Georg Heym, Said, Willem M. Rogge-man, Georg Trakl, Peter Huchel, Michael Augustin, Michele Ranchetti, Hansjörg Schertenleib, Zhang Yé, Johann P. Tammen, Munir Niazi, Hilde Domin, Günter Kunert, Michael Krüger, Walter Helmut Fritz, M. Iqbal, Elke Schmitter, Silke Scheuermann agus Ko Un.

Mar Ulchabhán

De dheasca na gcleití snáithíneacha aige  
ní chloistear an ceann cait ar a thriall  
ní fios cad as dá sheol  
ní heol cá bhfuil a chuairt  
is líontar le huamhan iad  
feithidí is luchá na coillearnaí  
roimh ghob, roimh chrobh seo na hoíche

Mar ulchabhán do thriall chugam  
go taibhseach  
gach oíche  
ag piocadh asam –  
dúisím de phreib  
is ní bhíonn aon ní ann  
aon ní in aon chor ag stánadh orm  
ach iarracht de chuimhne éiginnte  
ar bhlás póige  
a éagann ar eite  
ar an ngaoth

## LIKE AN OWL

The streamlined feathers of the owl  
ensure the silence of its approach,  
a silent glide between  
one unknown and another  
and the woodland mice and insects  
are filled with terror  
before this beak, this claw of the night.

Like an owl you come to me  
spectrally  
nightly  
tearing at me—  
I waken, abruptly  
and there is nothing  
nothing at all staring at me  
only the confused memory  
of a kiss  
gliding into obscurity  
on the wind.



# Valérie Rouzeau

Reading with Ian Duhig & Lory Manrique-Hyland

Friday 18th February 9.00pm



Valérie Rouzeau was born in 1967 in Burgundy, France and now lives in a small town near Paris, Saint-Ouen, well-known for its flea-market. She has published a dozen collections of poems, including *Pas revoir*, translated by poet Susan Wicks and published by Arc publishers under the title *Cold Spring in Winter*, shortlisted for the Griffin Poetry Prize, 2010. She has translated works by Sylvia Plath, Ted Hughes and William Carlos Williams and the photographer Duane Michals. She lives mainly by her pen through public readings, poetry workshops in schools and radio.

The wardrobe's bare no skeletons no bread  
Passed down from my dark ancestor a mirror dating  
from her birth  
Like a giant Moses basket right about to leave  
Inside if the whole crap ship goes up in sudden flames.

What a drunken boat the wardrobe is if suddenly  
recalled to the blue red black sea far away –  
Unfolded sheets all sails unfurled  
And history's hoodwinked ghosts –  
You lean out, life  
Towards what infinite and what forgetfulness.

The moths have eaten the sheep's wool  
Oh come on  
If gold's worth less than coal  
Let's saw it saw it down!

My great-great-auntie threw herself under a train for  
love  
The heart I never knew of her  
Can't straighten out inside the personal affairs  
Of your existence at a visit atavistic auntie  
On the station platform or the tube the RER for me.

The unsealed furniture has lost its handkerchief  
Its biscuit crumbs all read its roll-necks full of holes its  
lousy fichus scarves  
A ledge what prow if you're all washed up and perch  
there awed  
Not a single bird is left to whistle in this wood.

She's sinking the heavy wardrobe made of short memory  
and solid oak  
Her shelves and thinginess  
Her rail paralysis  
Her mirror exactness  
In her prettiest dress she's dancing she's sixteen.

It was long ago an angel passing now  
(The bridal wardrobe sent to make a blaze as soon as  
my late aunt claire  
Buried without corsets and eyes.)

translated from the French by Susan Wicks

# Silke Scheuermann

Reading with Kristiina Ehin & Gabriel Rosenstock

Thursday 17th February 9pm



Silke Scheuermann born in 1973, lives in Frankfurt am Main. She is admired as one of the best German writers of her generation. Her poems and short stories have won her various grants and awards. Silke Scheuermann has served on the Jury for the Frank O'Connor International Short Story Award and was visiting lecturer at the Deutsches Literaturinstitut in Leipzig (DLL) and at the University of Mainz.

She has published three poetry collections, a novel and a collection of short stories.

## THE TATTOO ARTIST

Everything etched into the skin  
Edged in in black  
Even the sun abruptly risen  
on the shoulder blade  
is rimmed in black

None of the customers  
knows how long he  
spent looking for  
superior black ink  
Sometimes he found himself  
very much alone with his craziness and his menagerie

The shop was open  
but no one went in  
They missed  
the big-eyed sea-snake  
rippling over a sinew

the troll making up  
to the shinbone  
the little crucified Christ  
All the swallows eagles initials  
The tattoo artist's conversation

while showing off his designs  
See he says Enjoy the lustre  
I'm a weakling  
someone who stamps a soul  
onto the likes of you  
But what is life if not  
transmutations of hurt  
years spent leafing through blueprints  
and then a different finger  
chooses the best one of all: Death

translated by Michael Hoffman

# Catherine Smith

Reading with Matthew Sweeney & Ailbhe Ní Ghearbhuigh  
Friday February 18th 7.15pm



## NIGHT

We're moonlit, raw-eyed with insomnia—  
the woman whose body bled away her child,  
the man whose boss no longer meets his eyes,  
the teenage boy still fizzing with desire.  
We feel like freaks, we press our eyelids shut  
and yearning for the sledgehammer of sleep  
we count achievements, lies, commitments, sheep—  
all useless. Let's stop fretting, and get up,

and gather in a street sugared with frost  
then steal a minibus and drive for miles.  
Let's all link hands under the glittering stars  
and pity those for whom the night is lost.  
We'll celebrate the earth's celestial hood  
and greet the Great Bear, roaring in our blood.

Catherine Smith's first short poetry collection, *The New Bride* (Smith/Doorstop), was short-listed for the Forward Prize for Best First Collection, 2001. Her first full-length collection, *The Butcher's Hands* (Smith/Doorstop), was a PBS Recommendation and was short-listed for the Aldeburgh/Jerwood Prize, 2004. In 2004 she was voted one of Mslexia's 'Top Ten UK Women Poets' and included in the PBS/Arts Council 'Next Generation' promotion. Her latest collection, *Lip* (Smith/Doorstop), was short-listed for the Forward Prize for Best Collection, 2008.

She also writes short fiction and radio drama and teaches for the University of Sussex, Vardean College in Brighton and the Arvon Foundation. She has adapted three of her short stories for a stage performance, *Weight*. She is working on her next poetry collection and a novel.

# Matthew Sweeney

Reading with Ailbhe Ní Ghearbhuigh & Catherine Smith

Friday February 18th 7.15pm



Born in Donegal in 1952. Based in Cork currently, having previously been resident in Berlin, Timișoara and, for a long time, London. Latest book a retrospective selection *The Night Post* (Salt, 2010). Several books prior to that, including *Black Moon*, (2007), *Sanctuary* (2004) and *Selected Poems* (2002) – also books of poetry for children, including *Up on the Roof* (2001). Bilingual collections came out in Germany and Holland in 2008. Earlier volumes of translation have appeared in Mexico, Romania, Latvia and Slovakia.

“If one had to draw the co-ordinates for Matthew Sweeney they might intersect about the point where Flann O’Brien met Marin Sorescu, though without the latter’s more intimate knowledge of bloodiness and tyranny. And there might be the ghost of a flute or pennywhistle there too, because it is impossible to read his poetry without hearing its apparently simple but sophisticated cadences as music.”

- George Szirtes

## THE ICE HOTEL

I’m going back to the ice hotel,  
this time under a false name  
as I need to stay there again.

I’ll stand in the entrance hall,  
marvelling at this year’s design,  
loving the way it can’t be the same

because ice melts and all here is ice—  
the walls, the ceiling, the floor,  
the seats in the lobby, the bed.

Not that I lay on naked ice,  
but on the skins of reindeers,  
piled high, as on a sled.

First, though, I went to the bar –  
no beer, only vodka –  
and I met my sculptor there,

or I should say, my ice sculptor  
whose pieces were on display  
in every room in the ice hotel,

and who told me his name was Thor.  
We stood in that ice-blue light  
swapping whisper after whisper,

drinking vodka after vodka  
till we agreed to go to bed,  
and neither of us slept that night.

# Julijana Velichkovska

Reading with Dave Lordan & Gerry Murphy  
Saturday 19th February 7.15pm



Julijana Velichkovska was born in Skopje - Macedonia, 1982. Educated at the University of "St. Kiril and Metodij" - Faculty of philology "Blaze Koneski" – Skopje. She studied Macedonian, South Slavic and comparative literature. She translates, writes poetry, short stories and essays. Her first poetry book *Komarci* ("Mosquitoes") was published in 2010 by VPN. Some of her poems have been published in Macedonian and foreign literary magazines. Besides her native Macedonian language, she writes in English too. Her poetry has been translated into Serbian, Dutch, Chinese and other languages.

Juliana Velichkovska is a board member of the international cultural event Velestovo Poetry Night – Ohrid, Macedonia. She participated as a poet at the Struga Poetry Evenings festival and other poetry readings in Macedonia.

Besides writing she does photography and drawing. She also did the illustrations for her poetry book *Komarci*. Julijana Velichkovska lives and works in Skopje.

My heart is shown on National Geographic Channel

My heart  
is a dolphin  
mad  
from a severe training  
it escaped.  
My heart  
is a monkey  
sad  
from a Hollywood circus  
was expelled.  
My heart -  
- a chameleon...  
It is your harpoon  
that delights it,  
it is your vector  
that assures it,  
in colors of ashes  
it melts,  
from a nuclear waste  
it originates...  
My heart  
in gas chambers  
produces not blood,  
but poison gases!

# William Wall

Reading with James Harpur & Tomas Lieske  
Wednesday 16th February 9.00pm



William Wall is the author of four novels, two collections of poetry and a volume of short fiction. His 2005 novel *This Is The Country* was longlisted for the Man Booker Prize. A collection of poetry entitled *Black Ice* is scheduled for publication by Salmon in Summer 2011.

*'This Is the Country* becomes a more and more resonant title as the book progresses: in the end Wall gives us a cleverly wrapped précis of modern Ireland, the problems inherent to its new-found wealth and leisure (and what is happening to those who can't participate in that), old class and religious divisions. The title begins as a kind of mantra, something the city chancer fleeing into the "bogs" keeps telling himself as he adjusts to a different, frightening, self-reliant way of life, and ends up meaning "this is the state of my nation".'

- *The Guardian*

Wall is too astringent a storyteller to fob his readers off with a feel-good ending. But he is also sufficiently poetic in his use of language to infuse the struggles of his hero with deep human feeling. Like so many great Irish writers before him, he has found music in the lives of the downtrodden.

- *The Telegraph*

*from* MINDING CHILDREN

In the end she filled as many pillow cases and plastic bags as she could find and one by one she took them down the road to a quiet place where a stream ran through boggy ground behind a high ditch. It took her over an hour and her hands were sore and her shoulders weary of the effort. With each load she climbed up on to the ditch and, checking first that there was no one around to see, tossed the clanking bags as far as she could into the bog. She laughed when she thought what someone would make of the dump in future years, dozens of empty gin bottles wrapped in Dunnes Stores bags and pillow cases! She wondered if the bottles would sink below the surface not to be discovered for a thousand years, like the barrel of ancient butter she had read about recently. But she was sure they would be discovered in time because she knew that nothing could be hidden for ever. Not by people. Only death could do that, she knew: bury a secret beyond the reach of the curios.

# Ian Wild

Reading with Pat Boran & Alan Garvey  
Thursday 17th February 7.15pm



**I**an Wild is a writer, composer and theatre worker from Enniskean, Co. Cork, Ireland.

In 2009 he won the Fish International Short Story Prize and received a literature bursary from the Irish Arts Council. His publications and broadcast work include *Way Out West* - a comedy series for RTE Radio One; *The Great Moodini and other stories* - 20 children's stories also broadcast on RTE's Radio One. He has a collection of short stories published by Fish: *The Woman Who Swallowed The Book Of Kells* and also a volume of poetry entitled *Intercourse With Cacti*, (Bradshaw Books). His literary awards include the North West Playwrights Award, a short story prize with the Cork Literary Review and in 2005 he won a runner-up award in the Bridport Short Story Prize. Four of his musical comedies appeared in Cork Midsummer Festivals between 1998 and 2003.

From January 2011 he will be working for the Munster Literature Centre as short fiction editor of *Southword* and judge of the Seán Ó Faoláin Prize.

## BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Beauty lifted her long dresses to the waist, blushing to reveal a garden there, flowers blossoming between her thighs.

The Beast stared at wet and ravishing blooms gone mad.  
They started growing yesterday, said Beauty, and won't stop.

Perfume impregnated the air. Leaves whispered:  
O' touch me Beast. Be lost inside this bower.

Invited beneath her petticoats, he visited a landscape beyond imagining: lush foliage smelling of blood,

orchards that would feed the mouths of angels,  
soft throated petals ravished by rain's tempestuous mouth,

fountains that laughed at the very notion of Love.  
For he was not alone. There were footprints of men!

A cigar butt! Glimpses of...past or present lovers?  
His own paranoid dreams stalking the undergrowth?

O Beauty, the beast howled, though my soul might seem  
crude and shapeless, don't think me beneath your mystery.

Must I share you? Tell me who or what is your garden for?  
Blinked tears coursed the grizzled hide of his cheeks.

Awaiting Beauty's answer, he dared not to leave the  
arbour  
for fear it would vanish with his heart clammed inside.

# Adam Wyeth

## Wine Reception & Book Launch

### Saturday 20th February 2pm



Adam Wyeth was born in 1978. He was a prize winner of The Fish International Poetry Competition, 2009 and a runner-up of The Arvon International Poetry Competition, 2006. His poems have been anthologized in *The Best of Irish Poetry* anthology (2010), *Landing Places* (2010), *Dogs Singing* (2010), *Something Beginning with P*, the Arvon 25th Anniversary Anthology and The Fish Anthology. His work has appeared in numerous literary journals, including, *The Stinging Fly*, *The Shop*, *Southword*, *Poetry London* and *Magma*. He was a featured poet in *Agenda*, 2008 and 2010, and selected for the Poetry Ireland Introductions Series, 2007. He has made two films on poetry, *A Life in the Day of Desmond O'Grady*, first screened at The Cork Film Festival, 2004; and a full length feature, *Soundeye: Cork International Poetry Festival*, 2005. Adam is a member of the Poetry Ireland Writers in Schools Scheme. *Silent Music*, is his first collection, published by Salmon and will be launched at this festival.

#### GOOGLE EARTH

*The poet's eye, in fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.  
Theseus from A Midsummer Night's Dream  
(Act V, Scene I) by William Shakespeare*

We started in Africa, the world at our fingertips,  
dropped in on your house in Zimbabwe; threading  
our way north out of Harare into the suburbs,  
magnifying the streets—the forms of things unknown,  
till we spotted your mum's white Mercedes parked  
in the driveway; seeming – more strange than true,  
the three of us huddled round a monitor in Streatham,  
you pointed out the swimming pool and stables.  
We whizzed out, looking down on our blue planet,  
then like god – zoomed in towards Ireland –  
taking the road west from Cork to Kinsale,  
following the Bandon river through Innishannon,  
turning off and leapfrogging over farms  
to find our home framed in fields of barley;  
enlarged the display to see our sycamore's leaves  
waving back. Then with the touch of a button,  
we were smack bang in Central London,  
tracing our footsteps earlier in the day, walking  
the wobbly bridge between St Paul's and Tate Modern;  
the London Eye staring majestically over the Thames.  
South through Brixton into Streatham –  
one sees more devils than vast hell can hold –  
the blank expressions of millions of roofs gazing  
squarely up at us, while we made our way down  
the avenue, as if we were trying to sneak up  
on ourselves; till there we were right outside the door:  
the lunatic, the lover and the poet – peeping through  
the computer screen like a window to our souls.



# Zhao Lihong

## Book Launch with Reception

Wednesday 16th February 7.15pm



Zhao Lihong, one of China's most gifted poets and authors, was born in Shanghai in 1952. He started writing in 1970 and graduated in Chinese literature from the East China Normal University. Zhao currently holds several positions, namely – director of the China Writers Association, vice-president of the Shanghai Writers Association, the publisher of *Shanghai Literature* a monthly magazine, and editor-in-chief of *Shanghai Poets* a bi-monthly journal. He is also a guest professor with East China Normal University and Shanghai Jiao Tong University. So far, Zhao has published more than 70 works in poetry, prose and report literature. His writings have influenced many new writers and he has won several literary awards. A number of his works are part of the Chinese primary and secondary schools and college syllabus. His works have been translated into several foreign languages.

from DREAMLAND

My mother is lying on the bed, spitting blood  
Her lips are a flower of red  
Oh, Mother,  
What would you like to say to me?  
I am standing in the field  
My shoulders are covered with snow  
I want to walk towards you, Mother,  
But my feet are frozen  
Mother gazes at me, smiling  
Her eyes are a flower blooming  
She spits into the sky  
Petals dancing and scattering  
All over me  
The snow on my body is melting  
Taking me together  
Into a river that is flowing  
Across the river,  
Red petals are whirling

# Poetry Cinema Feature

Saturday 19th 5pm



Three films will feature as part of our special film programme this year. *The Lammas Hireling* and *In the Hands of Erato*.

Paul Casey's *The Lammas Hireling* is a narrative rendering of the poem by Ian Duhig, (stillshot above).

Ian Duhig's award-winning poem 'The Lammas Hireling' explores superstition in 20th Century rural Ireland. A farmer hires a casual labourer from a hiring fair and becomes wealthy very quickly. Little does he know that the hireling is in fact a witch, who changes into a hare at full moon. He is awoken one night to the screams of the witch who has been caught in a fox trap. *The Lammas Hireling* was selected for screening at the Zebra Film Festival in Berlin - the world's leading festival of poetry films. Approx 10 minutes running time.

*In The Hands of Erato* is a film by Liz O'Donoghue. It features Cork poets reading their poems about Cork in the settings they describe. The film was originally shot around 2001 and released shortly afterwards but we will be showing a re-cut version here. It features readings by Patrick Galvin, Louis De Paor, Gerry Murphy, Thomas McCarthy and O'Donoghue herself to name but a few. Approx 31 minutes running time.

The third film will be a surprise, a vintage film from the 60s. Approx 20 minutes running time.

# Workshops

Saturday morning February 19th 2011 11am to 1pm  
at the Munster Literature Centre, Ionad Litríochta an Deiscirt  
Frank O'Connor House, 84 Douglas Street, Cork.

## Haiku Master Class

A ginko or compositional stroll usually precedes Rosenstock's haiku workshops.

Participants may bring along a maximum of 10 nature-centred haiku to be workshopped, 5-7-5 style or free form.

Gabriel Rosenstock is a member of several international haiku associations and is an associate founder of the Haiku Foundation. He is a frequent contributor to World Haiku Review. He has taught haiku at the Schule für Dichtung (Poetry Academy) in Vienna. Cambridge Scholars Publishing brought out two major works by him on haiku as a way of life, *Haiku Enlightenment* and *Haiku, the Gentle Art of Disappearing*. These are available from Amazon. Participants in the workshop are expected to have read these books. (complimentary electronic copies will be made available to participants in advance) Rosenstock hopes that participants will have prepared questions, comments, queries about the contents of these two books.

Zen-haiku Master James W. Hackett says of these books: 'With edifying purpose, the author subtly introduces examples of haiku's apocalyptic potential of transfiguration, known in haiku and Zen as 'spiritual interpenetration' and, by so doing, offers the reader an opportunity to witness the entwining of the Universal Spirit with Its Self.'

Maximum places 8

Cost: €30 each

## Fhilíocht na Gaeilge san 2Iú Aois

Fóram a bheidh sa cheardlann seo ina ndéanfar plé ar fhilíocht na Gaeilge san 2Iú Aois.

Spreagadh - giniúint shíol na filíochta san aigne. Plandáil - conas é a chur ar pháir. Bláthú - saibhriú dáin, é a chur in eagar.

Is í Ailbhe Ní Ghearbhuigh a bheidh mar áisitheoir ar an gceardlann.

Déanfar cíoradh cáiréiseach ar dhánta na rannpháirtithe. Beir leat dán(ta) ar mian leat barr feabhais a chur orthu. Fáilte roimh chách.

Uasmhéid rannpháirtithe: Ochtar

Táille: €30

## To Book

To confirm whether or not a place remains for the workshop of your choice please email [info@munsterlit.ie](mailto:info@munsterlit.ie)



## Take a bow!

The arts really matter to us in Ireland; they are a big part of people's lives, the country's single most popular pursuit. Our artists interpret our past, define who we are today, and imagine our future. We can all take pride in the enormous reputation our artists have earned around the world.

The arts play a vital role in our economy, and smart investment of taxpayers' money in the arts is repaid many times over. The dividends come in the form of a high value, creative economy driven by a flexible, educated, innovative work force, and in a cultural tourism industry worth €5 billion a year.

The Arts Council is the Irish Government agency for funding and developing the arts. Arts Council funding from the taxpayer, through the Department of Arts, Sport and Tourism, for 2009 is €75 million, that's about a1 euro a week for every household.

So, when you next turn the pages of a great book or hear a poem that inspires you or attend an enthralling reading, don't forget the role you played and take a bow yourself!

Find out what's on at

**[www.events.artscouncil.ie](http://www.events.artscouncil.ie)**

You can find out more about the arts here:

**[www.artscouncil.ie](http://www.artscouncil.ie)**