

A Journey called Home

poems and stories of the new Corkonians

A Cork City Council Libraries project for Creative Ireland

edited by Paul Casey



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Editing by Paul Casey



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Foreword

For well over a century, Ireland was a land of emigration. In that period, more people left this country through Cork harbour than through any other port. Today Cork is an outward-looking city; one that welcomes and embraces those from other countries choosing it to make it their home. To celebrate this new diversity, Cork City Council invited people who have moved to Cork to tell us about their experiences of living in the city, via poetry, fiction and prose. *A Journey Called Home* is a diverse and intriguing selection of what people wrote in response to that invitation. It is, for the most part, bi-lingual; in the writers' original languages and in an English translation.

The book's title is inspired by a piece by Stefano Ferretti & Silvia Benini Ferretti:

"We shared part of the memories we had been discussing and soon everyone had boarded their own Memory Lane train, adding pieces of their own stories about Cork. You can't stop that train: each person we've met and all the things we've done just add a little piece to the tracks. Only when you're on board can you truly realize how wonderful your journey has been; this journey we call Home".

The project was devised and carried through from start to finish by the Council's Library Service, as part of the Creative Ireland programme. It was led by Liam Ronayne, Cork City Librarian and Patricia Looney, Senior Executive Librarian. Patricia took on the project with vision and enthusiasm and made the initial contacts with communities and individuals. Paul Casey, himself a multi-linguist, collated the pieces submitted, advised writers on their pieces and on translation and edited the results.

It could be said that every anthology needs a reason to exist. One of the Creative Ireland objectives is to affirm Cork as an Intercultural City. In this collection, our new citizens share their experiences of the city, giving us a unique opportunity to see Cork through the eyes of the people who help to make it a vibrant, interesting and inter-cultural community.

Foreword

I am excited by this new vibrancy which is such an important component of cultural, social, and economic sustainability and so essential to driving innovation. The diversity of the languages that the stories are written in illustrates the growing number of cultures and nationalities that now call Cork home. Writing in their own languages, the writers say what they wish to say, while opening a door to their own cultures for the rest of us, as they share their *Journey Called Home*.

As Lord Mayor I commend this project which, in a very tangible way, shows a warm welcome to the Europeans, Latin Americans, North Americans, Asians and Africans who now call Cork home. Through their experiences we see a different face to our city and this is a wonderful gift for all of us.

Cllr Mick Finn
Lord Mayor of Cork

A Journey called Home

My St. Luke's

1

The colours of this area
consume the setting.
Post office green can barely compete
with purple of the pharmacy
or sparkling red Chinese.

To put at ease
this burst of paint and light
I glance at a hidden spot
beyond the pub
beyond the knot
of shaken streets and tightly friended buildings
and heartfelt scraps of farewells at the cross.

It's here in the moss,
it's here
in the loss of stone perspective
above the door
whose
entrance and exit narratives
are under question
among the moss, the branches of a bush.

They push the subtlety of tones.
They lean
on the innocence of colour.
The lilac and bird-cherry little parlour
above the mass of meaning of the world.
I honour them with the length and depth of a stare.
I'm very well aware
they rule St Luke's
and they're a fluke.

Мой Сент-Люк

1

Цвета окрестности
ее же поглотили.
Зелёный почты
соревнуется с орущим красным ресторана и фиолетовым аптеки.

В прорехах

этих яркостей

я нахожу спокойный уголок:
он там за пабом,
за узлом тех улочек и скомканных строений
и добрых досвиданий и приветов.

Он там во мху,
в потерянности перспективы -
над аркой, где неясен выход и неясен вход,
там мой кустарник.

То добавляет красок, то берет невинностью оттенков.
Черемухо-сиреневым застенком
мира парит над ним же.
Цветы ценны своим присутствием над праздным,
и правят всем Сент-Люком каждый день.

Они лишь тень,
и я лишь тень.
Но я пою Сент-Люк,
пою черемухо-сиреневую благодать,
что проповедует реальности палитру,
порядок, ценность света.
Я благодарна городу за это.

Kseniia Aksenova

I am a fluke
as well.
My presence here is to carol for this place.
The lilac and bird-cherry grace
upon us all
as they command
reality's palette
And teach ordinance
And light appreciation.
I'm grateful for this city meditation.

2

The lilac and bird cherry tree
Climb over walls as a marquee,
You can't foresee
That those trees
Are as curious as us.
And thus
you can't believe they see
The same St Luke's you walk with me:
The pub, the church, the post, the bus.

They are the neighbours who believe
that we are what we have perceived
and so they strive to see,
to breath
to learn about us.
So every time you pass them by
glance over the street with trees in mind
and tell them hi and tell them bye,
from pub, and church, and post, and bus.

2

Над этими стенами
сирень и черемуха
Собираются в яркий венок.
Им все интересно,
а нам непривычно,
что им так обычен
этот Сент-Люк-уголок:
и этот собор, и этот почтамт, и этот автобус, и вот этот паб.

Они соседи нам, и ждут,
что восприятие их друг,
и потому стремятся дух
сентлюкский изучить
и нас с тобой разоблачить.
Ты им привет передавай,
а может, передай прощай.
За тот собор, за тот почтамт, автобус и тот паб.

3

On a little island in a little country
in a little town in a little county
with a little hope and while days I counted
The City of St Luke's was my only bounty

Bigger than the town in a little county
Bigger than the island with a little country
Spirit of the place outgrew the mountain
The City of St Luke's was my world astounding

All I ever need is in this surrounding
All I ever have can't be more profound and
I don't need a place of my own founding
The City of St Luke's is forever bounding

4

Tomorrow's Christmas and St Luke's
is opening the doors
for couples young and old who took
not blood and body, of course,
but a little booze, and a little snack,
to feel the warmth indoors.
The Christmas tree in little lights
of blue and golden sparks
the bells along the rows are bright
and whisper in the dark
Emmanuelle
Emmanuelle
oh no, another song.
Love is the way,
and come what may,
to Him we all belong.

3

На маленьком острове в маленькой стране
в маленьком городе в маленьком графстве
с моими надеждами, отсчитывая дни,
Я приобщалась к сентлюковой пастве.

Большой, чем город в маленьком графстве,
большой, чем остров с маленькой страной
дух холма тут перерос в пространство,
и Лука тут дал мне новый мир чудной.

Все, что есть на свете, можно здесь найти мне,
все, что будет скоро, здесь произойдёт,
и не стоит даже ничего планировать,
жизнь моя случится тут на Сент-Люкс-кросс.

4

А завтра Рождество,
и наш собор Луки
распахивает двери.
И пары в молодости или в возрасте,
не причащаясь, словно в невесомости,
несут еду, питье
для согревания и радости.
Горят огни на елке голубым и золотым искреньем,
колокола и бубенцы поют
Эммануэль.
О, нет, поют иначе, вот же песня:
Все есть любовь.
И будь что будет.

Kseniia Aksenova

The church is ark and rain will fall
And we will re-emerge
Upon our cross.
We're here embossed
to answer St Luke's call.

5

The streets of Cork keep following the salt
from wet and sparkling winds,
they grow over loss
of olden days and chapels
stuck in moss
and find each other at the road cross.

The street I walk had a difficult upbringing
being very Roman
by the look
but the sound of Catholic bells de-ringing
confuse and hook.

I walk uphill.
The houses are nuisanced
As porticos, pilasters
And other works of the most unknown masters
Rule the vision here.

Grey colour retrospective
creates the street geometry,
when active
all you can see are shapes of ancient buildings.

There must be a Forum right behind that door
I see a round shape - Colosseum?

И нас Он завтра приголубит.
Собор-ковчег.
И пусть там льёт вокруг,
Мы возродимся пусто и смиренно,
И за Лукой последуем, наверное.

5

Улицы Корка бегут за солью мокрых игристых ветров,
от утрат и застрявших во мхах часовен.

Иду по одной, ее воспитали в неволе:
то выглядит совсем уж древнеримской,
то католически трезвонит по ушам.

Иду наверх, и там
дома все в завитках от портиков, пилястров,
поделок, что приличный мастер
и не покажет,
но именно они тут задают свой тон.
Ретроспектива серого, его оттенков, творит ту геометрию, в ко-
торой все - античный сон.

Вот вроде Форум скрыт за дверью той,
тут что-то круглое - быть может, Колизей?
тут вдруг квадрат за пиниями, видишь?
иль то колонны?

Kseniia Aksenova

I see a square shape - do you see it
next to the pines?
or is that columns?

I'm keeping solemn.

I walk saluting every ancient shadow and look around
to prolong the dream.
Like Ulysses I'm slowing down
before returning home to today.

I mean
it's still a disarray of motives,
clined in tropes and images of old.
But it is gold.
And I enjoy the coating
of Roman life
on the modern manifold.

Kseniia Aksenova

Я молчу.

Иду.

Приветствую античность,

хочу продлить подольше этот сон.

Как Одиссей затягиваю свой маршрут в сейчас, в сегодня.

Пусть это только повод

напомнить о клише истории архитектуры,

но золотом на городской фактуре

горит античность.

Пусть горит.

Sardar Aziz

An Arrival: part of a Cork Experience

An excerpt from a planned memoir about Cork

When K, a man in his late twenties, arrived in the late afternoon, Cork city was sunny and welcoming. A rare moment; everyone would have said. A few days earlier he found accommodation when he came to the town and paid 100 pounds to the agency across the small park in the city centre. The Celtic Tiger was not roaring yet and the dwelling was affordable. It was the turn of the millennium. We call him K because talking about oneself is not part of his culture. K might be a loaded letter but it reveals his identity, or at least part of it, and his homeland. Since he has no straightforward relationship to anything in life, or even life itself, so 'oxymoronic' might best capture his mode.

"One hundred pounds! This is quite an easy way to make money!", he thought. The auctioneer's service was small but for him, after his journey and feeling of out of place in the world, having a place of his own was a sort of dream. He was new in the country, having arrived on a misty morning a few weeks earlier. As a newcomer he was still numb: seeing and hearing without making much sense. Back at home they called his situation 'having been hit on the head'. That was the problem with familiarity. Nothing was familiar to him.

After his arrival in the port, on a late rainy afternoon, he was transported to Youghal: a small sleepy town where he had difficulty killing time. That is how the dwelling journey started, the journey begins with arrival, settling, finding a location, and eventually relating or belonging, according to him. There was another journey in parallel, a journey according to the state, a journey toward naturalization. A kafkaesque trip he was not ready to tell. He stayed in a hostel with a religious name. His memory betrays him when it comes to holy kinds of stuff. Holiness for him was always grounds for violence. He enjoyed the sea and the small bookshop in the town. That sunny day in Cork, the landlord was painting the house and there was an air of welcoming.

Sardar Aziz

Dwelling and welcoming were qualities he missed since his departure. These qualities are the first to be killed in a war. War kills many things and always tries to kill more. It kills things one only realises much later. Especially during civil war. K suffered immensely from civil war, not only emotionally but also intellectually. His situation was not unique, writing in the wake of Rome's civil wars, "No foreign sword has ever penetrated so: it is wounds inflicted by the hand of fellow-citizens that have sunk deep," the Roman Lucan concluded.

There was a pain in thinking and feeling of home, the departure welcome and dwelling. He began to realise that one of the main features, the essence of exile, is an oxymoron. Everything is itself and its opposite, at the same time. That is also what makes the conversation with oneself in exile interesting. While he tried to justify his escape, he also felt he was losing many of the qualities that he loved. Qualities he would never regain. One should have the right to escape from where one doesn't want to be, what one doesn't want. One should have the right to not be poor or to not be persecuted. Maybe one should also have the right to discover new geographies and to speak in new languages. But he was outside home seeking a home. Something he suffered from, but in a somehow nice way.

The house was located in an area called Gardiner's Hill. Back where he came from, in his city, all the hills were political headquarters, or for big men's mansions. The gardener is where the garden is: the garden for him from Mesopotamia has a deep root. Garden is another name for paradise. It is the notion of the best home, different from a normal home, a divine home. Sumerians were from the very south of his country; they had the notion of the garden. Later on, the Babylonians came up with the notion of home. They were dwelling in the middle of the country, but he was from the north, a with its more mountainous terrain.

The view was captivating, he thought. A city on an island and a river. The landlord introduced himself and ushered him in. In fact, he was

(ومرگرتنی رهگزن نامه). سەفەریکی کافکاییانه که ئەو نێستا نامادەنیە هێچی لەبارەوه بێت.

لە هۆستلیک مایهوه که ناویکی ناینی هەبوو. هەمیشە یادەومرێهەکانی خیانەتی لێدەکات کاتیک که دێتە سەر شتی ناینی. بۆ ئەوه پیرۆزی هەمیشە زەمینەیه که بۆ توندوتیژی. بەلام چێژی له دەریا و کتێبخانه بچکۆلهکهی شارەکه و مردهگرت. ئەو رۆژه خۆرمەتاوهی کۆرک، خانه خۆبیه که بۆیای ماله کهی دهکرد، له هەمانکاتدا که شو هەوایهکی بەخێر هاتن له نارادابوو. لەوتەهی ک و لاتیکی خۆی بهجیهێشتبوو، غەریبی ئەو جۆره که شو هەوایهی دهکرد. ئەم خەسلەتانه زۆریان له شەردا فەوتان. شەر زۆر شت دەکوژیت و هەمیشە هەول ئەدات شتی زیاتر بکوژیت. هەندیک خەسلەت دەکوژیت که پاش زەمانیکی زۆر لێی بەناگا دەبیتهوه: بەتایبەتی شەری ناوخوا. کهی به دەست شەری ناوخواوه دەینالاند، نەک تەنها له رووی هەست و سۆزمه به لکو له رووی مەعریفیشموه. ئەم هەسته تەنها تاییبەت نەبوو به ئەو: له سەر و بەری جهنگی ناوخوای رۆمدا رۆمان لوکان دەنوسیت: شمشیری هێچ کەسێکی تر، هێندە شمشیری هاوالاتی و لاتەکەت قول بریندارت ناکات.

نازاریک هەبوو له بیرکردنەوه و هەستکردن به مأل، جیهێشتن، بەخێر هاتن، له گەل نێشتهجیوندا. وورده وورده هەستی دهکرد یهکێک له هەرە خەسلەته سەر مکیهکانی غوربەت دوقاییه. هەموو شتیکی خۆی و دژ مکیهتی له هەمانکاتدا. ئەمه و هەها دەکات که خۆدواندن له غوربەت به چێزبێت. له کاتیکدا بەردەوام له هەولی ئەوه دابوو که به هانه بهیئیتەوه بۆ هەلاتی، بەلام له هەمانکاتدا هەستی دهکرد که به هەای زۆر هەن له دەستی دەدات. کۆمەله به هایهک رەنگه جاریکی تر هەرگیز به دەستی نه هێنیتەوه. هەمیشە به خۆی دهگوت، هەموو کەسێک دەبیت مافی ئەوهی هەبیت که له شوئینهی هەلبیت که نایهویت لێی بژی. دەبیت هەموو کەسێکی مافی ئەوهی هەبیت که هەژار نەبیت، یان ناچار بێت هەژار بێت، هەر وه ها نه چهوسینزیتەوه. دەبیت کەسێک له هەمانکاتدا مافی ئەوهی هەبیت بچیته جوگرافیایهکی نوێ، زمانیکی تر فیربیت. بەلام له گەل هەموو ئەماندا ئەو له دەر وهی مأل بوو، به دواي مألدا دهگهرا. هەستیک که بە دەستی هوه دەینالاند بەلام هەندیکجار به شیوهیهکی شاعیرانه.

ماله که له ناوچهیهک بوو پنی دهورا گاردنەر هل، گردی باخهوانان. له ولاتی خۆی، له شارەکهی، گردهکان یان بارهگان یان قەسرو قەسوری کەسه گهورهکان. باخهوان لهو جیگایه که که باخی لێیه. باخ بۆ کەسێکی میسۆپۆتامیایی و مک ئەو

Sardar Aziz

not on his own, he had a companion, but he was not allowed to say anything about himself. The entrance was narrow, but the ceiling was high. The smell of damp triggered many unwanted memories, especially of his time in Istanbul. He followed silently. The landlord opened a creamy-coloured door and said he lived on the next floor. K agreed to move in the week after.

Every new city is a new journey. A new beginning. The leaving and the journey made him avoid becoming like a tree, like the one across the road from his new location. He had lost his appetite a long ago for roots, for stability, for grounding. He liked to be like grass: to remain on the surface, to have a little root and to move on. Not only physically or geographically, but also mentally and emotionally. When away from home one has to make peace with losing.

To belong again, you have to die, he once read somewhere. The journey to learn another language, to make friends, to know another culture has to commence. He had to kill or forget, to make room for the new. Sometimes such thoughts came to him. But soon he felt they were leading him in the wrong direction. One rather has to mix, accumulate, become hybrid and develop. Death should never be planned, should always come naturally.

The moment the landlord asked, "Where are you from?" K hesitated to answer. Should he say his city, his region, his imagined country or just his official country? He had to say something, so he said he was from Kurdistan. It didn't ring a bell for the elderly landlord. K didn't have enough English to explain all the complex history, so he immediately said Iraq. The man was familiar with the name, mainly from the news and wars. "Plenty of oil, plenty of wars," the landlord said. K nodded.

In the house, he got to the back room. It was dumpy and dark with only one window looking over a dirty yard where the oil heating was located. The only curtain was old and faded. There was only space for a single bed. He was single, after all. He had no real first home to remember. He was born in a hamlet and in his teen years moved

رهگی قولی هه‌بوو. باخ ناویکی تری به‌هه‌شته. له هه‌مانکاتدا ناوی باشترین ماله، جیاواز له مالی ناسایی، مألکی خودایی. سو‌مه‌ریه‌کان که له باشور ده‌ژیان ناوی باخیان هه‌بوو. پاشان له ناوهرستی و‌لات بابلیه‌کان چه‌مکی مألین دا‌هینا. به‌لام نه‌و له باکور بوو، سه‌رزه‌مینیکی زیاتر شا‌خاویی.

دیمه‌نه‌ک دل‌گیربوو. شار‌یک له دور‌گه‌یه‌کدا له سه‌ر رو‌بار‌یک. خا‌وه‌ن ماله‌که خۆی ناساند و فه‌رمووی لیک‌رد. له راستیدا پاله‌وانه‌که‌مان به‌ته‌نها نه‌بوو، که‌سیکی تری له گه‌لدابوو، به‌لام نایه‌ویت هیچ شتی‌ک ده‌ر‌باره‌ی بل‌یت. ده‌روازه‌که ته‌سک بوو، به‌لام سه‌فه‌که به‌رزبوو. بۆنی شی، کۆمه‌لی یاد‌ه‌م‌ری نه‌خ‌وا‌ز‌را‌وی له نه‌ودا و‌روژ‌اند، به‌تایه‌تی ده‌ر‌باره‌ی نه‌و کاته‌ی که له نیسته‌نبول ده‌ژیا. به‌بی ده‌نگی به‌دواییدا رو‌شت. خانه‌خۆیه‌که ده‌ر‌گایه‌کی ره‌نگ کریمی کرده‌و و ووتی خۆمان له قاتی سه‌رم‌وه ده‌ژین. رازی‌بوون که هه‌فته‌ی دا‌هاتوو بگوت‌ز نه‌وه. هه‌ر شار‌یکی نو‌ئ سه‌فه‌ریکی نو‌یه. سه‌ر‌مه‌تایه‌کی نو‌یه. بریاری جیه‌ن‌شتن و سه‌فه‌ر وه‌های لیک‌ردبوو نه‌یده‌و‌یست بیته‌ دار، وه‌ک نه‌و داره‌ی که له به‌رد‌م جینگه نو‌یه‌که‌یدا‌بوو. ما‌وه‌یه‌ک بوو تا‌قه‌تی نه‌وه‌ی نه‌ما‌بوو که چیدی ره‌گدا‌کو‌تیت، سه‌فا‌م‌گیر‌بیته، له شو‌ینن‌یکدا ب‌گیر‌سیت‌ه‌وه. حمزی نه‌کرد وه‌ک گیای‌بیت، به‌سه‌رم‌وه به‌مینن‌ته‌وه و هه‌ندیک و‌وردیله ره‌گی هه‌بیت ، به‌ناسانی به‌رد‌ه‌وام بیت له جو‌له. نه‌مه نه‌ک ته‌نها له رو‌و جه‌سته‌یی و جو‌گرافیه‌وه به‌ل‌کو له رو‌وی ده‌رونی و نا‌گایه‌شه‌وه. له ده‌رم‌وه‌ی مأل ده‌بیت ناشتی ب‌که‌یت له گه‌ل له ده‌سته‌چوون. بۆ نه‌وه‌ی جار‌یکی تر په‌یوه‌ست بیته‌وه، ده‌بیت له سه‌ر‌مه‌تادا به‌ریت، به‌بیر‌یدا‌هات جار‌یک له جینگایه‌کدا خو‌یند‌بو‌یه‌وه. سه‌فه‌ری فی‌ر‌بوونی زمانیکی تر، دۆزین‌ه‌وه‌ی ها‌ور‌ئ، تیکه‌لبوون له گه‌ل که‌لتور‌یکی تر. بۆ نه‌وه‌ی نه‌مه ب‌کات ده‌بوو زۆر شت له خۆیدا ب‌کوژ‌یت، یان له بیر‌به‌ر‌یت‌ه‌وه، هه‌تا بو‌ار بۆ نو‌ئ ب‌کاته‌وه. به‌لام هه‌ر‌کاتیک وه‌ها بیری ده‌کرد‌ه‌وه، هه‌ستی ده‌کرد نه‌م جو‌ره بیری‌کرد‌نه‌وانه به هه‌له‌یدا ده‌بن. ده‌بیت زیاتر تیکه‌ل بیت، که‌له‌که ب‌کات، مو‌تور‌به‌بیت و گه‌شه‌ب‌کات. مه‌رگ نابیت هه‌ر‌گیز پلان‌ریژی بۆ ب‌کریت، هه‌میشه ده‌بیت به‌ سه‌رو‌شتی بیت.

نه‌و کاته‌ی که خانه‌خۆیه‌که په‌رسی، خه‌لکی کو‌یی، که‌ی شه‌ژاو نه‌یزانی چۆن وه‌لام بداته‌وه. ناوی شار‌ه‌که‌ی بل‌یت، ناوچه‌که‌ی، و‌لاته خه‌یا‌ل‌کرا‌وه‌که‌ی، یان و‌لاته فه‌رمیه‌که‌ی؟؟ ده‌بوو شتی‌ک بل‌یت: ووتی خه‌لکی کور‌دستانم. خانه‌خۆیه‌که به

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to a camp. Later on, he was part of the exodus that left to the neighbouring country Iran. After that, he was in temporary homes on the bank of the river Serwan, then back in the village again. He remembered having read somewhere: "If we return to the old home as to a nest, it is because memories are dreams because the home of other days has become a great image of lost intimacy." But he lacked a nest and intimacy. He liked to dwell with a woman, in a room, in a house, in a nation, in a legal system as well. Legal-wise: he had a number, a long number, a case and a high threshold for waiting.

"We are without homeland-yes! But let's exploit the advantages of our situation and, far from being ruined by it, draw full benefit from the open air and the magnificent abundance of light", said Nietzsche. He liked to hang such a statement in his room. It was a comfort to read after a nightmare on a long rainy night. Or on a grey morning to fake some pleasure. During his early days in college, he had heard a lot about him. Philosophy was one of his main interests, more as a tool than a field. But he was without a homeland, not just because he left home. Because he was a stateless man. The people he belonged to had no country. They were merely invisible when you looked at the world map. What Nietzsche said was only nice as poetry. The reality of it was unpleasant. When he was suffering from homelessness, he consoled himself by saying, "those who have states are not better off in my region." So it is not a matter of having or not having, it is more than that.

But he wanted to dwell in Cork, to be rationally part of it. For that, he had to learn English, but it wasn't only the language he had to acquire. He had to learn how to see, how to listen in a new language and among new people. He knew that "Waterford is one thing, Cork another." He should learn its particularities, sounds, movements and history. He felt like a child again. He felt he was being treated like a child. It was a feeling that gave pleasure and annoyance at the same time. He soon realised he had many paths to walk: the legal path, the language path, the desired path, the career path and the intellectual path. And, if possible, a love path.

ناویکی له جوړه ناشان هېوو. کهى نهمونده ناستى زمانى نینگلیزیه کهى باش هېوو که ههموو میژوه نالوزمه که رافه بکات: بؤ خیرا گوتى عیراق. کابرا ناشنابوو به ناومه که له ریځای هموال و جهنگه کانسوه، نهموت زور، شهړى زور، خانه خوښهک ووتى. کهى سمریکى رزمهمندى بؤ لهفاند.

له ماله کهدا ژورى پشته هوى بهر کهوت. ژوریکى شیدار و تاریک بوو که تنها یهک پهنجهره ی تیادابوو که به سهر نهو حهوشه میدا دهیروانى که جیځای ناگردانه نهموتیه که بوو. تنها په رده ی ژورمه کون و بیړهنگ بوو. ژوره بچوکه که تنها جیځای قهره و نلایه کهى تاک نهمفرى تیادا دههوه. نهموش رهمین بوو، دواچار. له راستیدا مالى راسته قینه ی یه که مى نهموو که بیړى بکات. له گوندیکى بچوکه له دایک بوو بوو. له تهمه نى جاحیلیدا گواز تیانهوه بؤ نوردوگای زوره ملى. پاشان یه کیک بوو لهو زورینه یی که کور مویان کرد بؤ ولاتیکى دراوسى. پاشان له مالىکى کاتیدابوون له گوند له قهراغ سیروان، جاریکى تر گهرانهوه بؤ گوند. له بیړیه تى له جیځایهک خویندوبیه وه که نه گهر بگهرینه وه بؤ مالى جارانمان وهک هیلانه، نهمه وایه چونکه یادهمورى خهونه، چونکه مالى رورگاریکى تر بوته دیمه نیکى کاریگهرى تیکچراژانیکى گهره. به لام نهو نه هیلانه ی هېوو، نه سیکس. حمزى نه کرد له نافره تیکدا نیشه جینیت، له ژوریکدا، له مالىکدا، له گهلیکدا، هسروه ها له میانه ی سیسته میکى یاساییدا.

له پرووى یاساییه وه؛ ژماره یه کی هېوو، ژماره یه کی دریژ، قهزییه که، هسروه ها تهممولیکى زور بؤ چاه مروانى. نیمه بى نیشتمانین-به لى! به لام له برى نهموى پنى قهلس و دلتهنگ بین، با به سودى خومان به کاریه بینین. سودهمندبین له هسواى کراوه، هسروه ها نهو بره زوره ی روناکی. حمزى نه کرد نهو ووته یی نیتچه له ژورمه کیدا هه لواسیت. خویندنه وه ی له جیځاوه چیژبه خش بوو، له شهویکى باراناوى دریژدا. یان له بهیانیه کی خوله میتشیدا همتا همدیک چیژى فهیک بچیژیت. له رورزانى سهرمتای زانکودا زورى دهر باره ی بیست. فلسفه نارم زویى سهرمکى نهموو، زیاتر وهک نامرازیک لئى دهر وانى له برى بوار. به لام نهو بى نیشتمان بوو. نهک له بهر نهموى که ولاتى خوى به جیه نیشتبوو، به لکو خه لکیک که نهو به شیک بوو لئى بى نیشتمان بوون. خه لکیکه زیاتر نادیار بوون نه گهر له نه خشه دا بؤت بنوار یانایه. نهموى نیتچه ده لیت تنها وهک هسستیکى شیعرى جوانه. واقیه کهى هینده به چیژ نیه. که به دهست بیمالیه وه دهینالان، وه ها دلخوشى خوى نه دایه وه که نهوانه شى که دهولته یان هیه له ناوچه که یان له نهوانى بى دهولت باشترنین. بویه له راستیدا کیشه که هینده له

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Soon he started studying English. He had studied English as the main foreign language at home. He had learned little.

He remembered the features of his teachers more than the vocabulary or grammatical rules. He liked language and words but grammar was not his cup of tea. That said a lot about him. Once, he had an Egyptian teacher during the Iran-Iraq war. The teacher spoke either in Arabic or English, at a time when K had neither. The teacher's method of teaching English was more pragmatic than poetic. As a result, K felt cold in speaking it, when what he wanted was to adopt the language as his main language of expression. His dream was to learn the language, study literature, keep a beard, work in a bookshop and write stories and novels. What he liked about writing was the imagination and companionship of the heroes and the heroines. In the past when he was writing in his language he was shy about naming characters, places and revealing their secrets.

The pieces were abstract and lifeless, which might have had a root in living under a dictatorship for many years of his childhood and youth. Under a dictatorship, one has to learn how not to tell the truth, how not to upset the order. Dictatorship is the personification of everything in one man. No matter what you do, what you say, whom you meet, how you dress, you have to think, before everything, whether that will upset the dear dictator. And you have to act and show that you love your dear dictator. Every dictator is dear; the darling of the people. At least that is what the songs would say. Dictators demand love. "You either love or die," is the Mesopotamian version of "You're either with me or against me," i.e. my enemy. They only accept love, nothing else. They also want you not to forget them; always remember them. They make that easy for you by hanging their picture everywhere: in public spaces, offices, houses and barracks. They have statues everywhere. K heard once in a debate that a dictator is always closely linked to emergency and emergency is short. But that was not the case in Mesopotamia, where he came from. He was dead convinced that dictatorship is the norm.

نیداردان و ناگاییدایه هینده له بوونی دهوله‌ندا نیه. به‌لام‌ئو دهیوست له کۆرک جیگیربیت، عه‌قلانیانه به‌شیک بیت لئی! بۆ‌ئوه ده‌بوو فیری نینگلیزی بیت؛ به‌لام‌ زمان ته‌نها شت نه‌بوو که ئه‌و ده‌بوو به‌ دهستی به‌ئینیت. ده‌بوو فیربیت چون ببینیت، چون گوئیستی زمانی نینگلیزی بیت. خه‌لکانیکی تر دابیت. بۆ‌ئوه ده‌بوو فیری زمانی نینگلیزی بیت. ئه‌و ده‌زانیت که واتهر فۆرد شتیکه و کۆرک شتیکی تر. ده‌بیت تایه‌تمه‌ندیه‌کانی فیربیت، ده‌نگه‌کانی، جوله‌کانی، له‌گه‌ل میژوویدا. وه‌ها هه‌ستی ده‌کرد جاریکی تر منال بوه‌تمه‌وه. هه‌روه‌ها هه‌ستی ده‌کرد که وه‌ک مندال مامه‌له‌ی ده‌کهن. هه‌ستیک بوو که چیژ و بیزاری ده‌به‌خشی له‌ هه‌مانکاتدا. هه‌رزوو هه‌ستی کرد که چه‌ندین ریگای هه‌یه که ده‌بیت پیایدا بروات: ریگای یاسایی، ریگای زمان، ریگای نارزوو، ریگای کار هه‌روه‌ها ریگای روشنبیری. هه‌روه‌ها نه‌گه‌ر بییت ریگای عشقیش.

هه‌رزوو ده‌ستیکرد به‌ خویندنی زمانی نینگلیزی. له‌ ولاتی خۆی زمانی نینگلیزی وه‌ک په‌کیک له‌ زمانه‌ سه‌ره‌کیه‌کان خویندبوو. به‌لام‌ زۆرکه‌م فیربوو. سه‌روچاوی مامۆستاکانی زیاتر له‌ یادبوو له‌ وشه‌ و ریسا زمانه‌وانیه‌کان. هه‌زی له‌ زمان و وشه‌یه، به‌لام‌ ریزمان لای ئه‌و چیژبه‌خش نه‌بوو. ئه‌وه‌ زۆری ده‌گوت ده‌باره‌ی که‌سایه‌تی ئه‌و. جاریکیان مامۆستایه‌کی میسری هه‌بوو له‌ سه‌رده‌می جه‌نگی عیراق-ئێراندا، مامۆستا که‌ یان به‌ عه‌ره‌بی یان نینگلیزی قسه‌ی ده‌کرد، ئه‌و ئه‌و رۆژگاره‌ هه‌یج کام له‌ زمانه‌کانی نه‌ده‌زانی. میتۆدی مامۆستاکان زیاتر عه‌مه‌لی و ریزمانی بوو هه‌تا شاعیرانه، بۆیه‌ که‌ی هه‌میشه‌ هه‌ستیکرد که‌ زمان بابه‌تیکی وشک و سارده‌، به‌لام‌ ناچاربوو فیری بیت. ئه‌و بریاری وه‌ها‌بوو که‌ زمانه‌که‌ بکاته‌ بنه‌مای ده‌برینی سه‌ره‌کی ئه‌و. خه‌ونی وه‌ها‌بوو که‌ زمانه‌که‌ فیربیت، نه‌ده‌ب بخوینیت، ریشیک به‌ئینیت، له‌ دوکانیکی کتیبفرۆشیدا کاربکات و خۆی بۆ‌نوسینی چیروک و رۆمان ته‌رخان بکات. ئه‌وه‌ی له‌ باره‌ی نوسینه‌وه‌ هه‌زی لێده‌کرد ئه‌و هه‌ستکردنه‌بوو به‌ هاوملێتی، پالنه‌وان و که‌سایه‌تی و کاراکته‌ره‌کان. له‌ رابورددا کاتیک به‌ زمانی خۆی ده‌ینوسی، شه‌رمی ده‌کرد له‌وه‌ی که‌ ناوی کاراکته‌ره‌ و شوینه‌کان بیت و نه‌ئینه‌کانیان وه‌ده‌رخات. بۆیه‌ نوسینه‌کان زۆر جار بی رۆح و ره‌ها‌بوون. ره‌نگه‌ نه‌مه‌ ره‌گی له‌ ئه‌و سه‌اله‌ زۆراندا هه‌بیت که‌ ئه‌و له‌ ژیر سایه‌ی دیکتاتوردا ژیا. له‌ ژیر سایه‌ی دیکتاتوردا هه‌موو که‌ستیک ده‌بیت فیربیت که‌ چون راستی نه‌ئیت. هه‌روه‌ها چون دونیای دامه‌زراو و ریکخراو قه‌لس نه‌کات. دیکتاتوریه‌ت به‌

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Coming down to the language class was a journey. The hill was steep and the whole way was easy to go down and unpleasant to walk up. First he passed the St. Luke's quarter, where a grocery shop, a butcher, a pub and a chemist were all nested around a roundabout.

They supplied one with what one needs to live a modern Irish life. He loved to observe and analyse. He was not an innocent watcher. It took him quite a while to decode the signs. He did not believe in any public function of signs and facilities. They all stank of money and ideology. He'd never had any course in semiology but life had taught him so. The family names, the colours, the arrangement of goods, all had a meaning for him. But above all the names and concepts used to describe them. No matter how they described him, refugee, asylum-seeker, immigrant, they did not accurately describe his legal or political status. These are semiotic markers that define what jobs you can have, what place you live, who you can make love to, etc.

These semiotic markers create images, possibilities, potentialities in the minds of others. It is neither of his or others' making. It is a result of a gigantic machine of semiotic markers. We all abide by it. They are all forms and modes of governing which he had to understand and get used to. That is what being an immigrant is: to become someone else, by decoding both the open and secret codes. The shops in the quarter for him meant a form of life: to eat, to drink and to heal. But they also indicated the need to stay alive, to depart from life and avoid pain. What was adding an interesting layer was the shaded post office, a clear sign of ageing state glory. After passing the quarter was the hospice. Its architecture was sublime. Too good a place to be waiting in to die.

شەخسبىردىنى ھەموو شىتتەكە لە تاكە كەسىكدا. گىرنگ نىيە چى دەكەيت، چى دەلئيت، كى دەبىنى، چۆن چل لە بەر دەكەيت، دەبىت پىش ھەموو شىتتەك بىر بەكەيتەو نىيا ھەر يەكەتەك لەوانە بە ھىچ چۆرىك نابنە ھۆكارى قەلسبىونى سەرۆك. بەردەوام دەبىت و ھەھا خۆت بنوئىت كە عەشقى سەرۆكى نازىزىت. ھەموو دىكتاتورەكان نازىزن: خۆشەبىستى ھەموانن. بەلای كەمەو گۆرانىكانى سەردەمى دىكتاتور و ھەھا دەلئىن. دىكتاتورەكان خۆشەبىستىيان بە زۆر دەوئىت. يان خۆشمت دەوئىت يان دەمرىت. نەمە چۆرى مېسۆپۇتامىيە بۇ تۆ يان لە گەلمداى يان دوژمنىت. ئەوان تەنھا خۆشەبىستىيان قوبلە و ھىچى تر. ھەر و ھەا دەيانەوئىت لە ھەمىشە لە يادىان بېت، ھەرگىز لە بىرىان نەكەى. ئەو كارە بۇ ھەموان ناسان دەكەن بەو ھى وئىنەكانىيان لە ھەموو چىگايەك ھەلدەواسن: لە چىگا گىشتەكاندا، ئۆفيسەكاندا، مأل و رەبایەكاندا. پەيكەرەكانىيان لە ھەموو شوئىتتەك. كەى چارىك لە چىگايەك گوئىبىستى نەو ھەبوو كە دىكتاتور ھەمىشە پەيوەستە بە دۆخى لە ناكاو، بە دۆخى تەوارىبەو، پاش ماو ھەك لە ناو دەچن. بەلام لە مېسۆپۇتامىيا و ھەھا نەبوو. ئەو زۆر دلئىابوو كە دىكتاتورىت نۆرمە، نەك ناوازە.

ھاتن لە مألەو بۇ كۆرسى زمان سەفەرىك بوو. گىردەكە بەرزبوو، ھەمىشە چۆنە خوار ناسان بوو بەلام چۆنەو بۇ مأل ناخۆش بوو. كە دەچوو بۇ ناو ھەندى شار؛ سەرمتا بە دوكانەكانى سانت لوکس دا تىدەپەرى. لەوئ سەوزە و مېو ھەروئىنەك ھەبوو لە گەل قەسايىك و بارىكى كحول خوار دىنەو و دەرمانخانەكە. ھەموو لە دەورى فلەكەپەك دروستكرابوون. ئەو پىداوئىستىيانەيان دابىندەكر كە ژيانى نەم رۆژگارەى نايرلەندا دەخواست. زۆرى حەز بە تىرامان و راقەكارى بوو. ئەو بىنەرىكى سادە نەبوو. كاتىكى زۆرى پىوئىست بوو ھەتا نەم كۆدانە بكاتەو. بە ھىچ چۆرىك بىرواى بە رۆلى پەبلىكى نەم سىمبول و نامازانە نەبوو. ھەموو بۆنى پارە و نايدەلوژىيان لىدەھات. ھەرگىز ھىچ كۆرسىكى لە سىمولوژىادا نەخوئىدبوو. بەلام ژيان و ھەھاى فېر كىردبوو. ناوى خىزان، رەنگەكان، رىكخستى شتەكان ھەموو ماناى تايبەتى ھەبوو بۇ نەو. بەلام لە ھەمووى گىرنگىر نەو ناو و چەمكەنە گىرنگ بوون كە بۇ ناساندىان بەكار ھىنرا بوو. گىرنگ نەبوو كە چۆن پۆلئىنى نەو نەكەن لە سىستەمى و لاتدا: وەك كۆچبەر، پەنابەر، يان لىقەماو، ھىچ كام لەمانە دۆخى نەوى وەك خۆى بەيان نەدەكر كە روى ياساى و سىياسىيەو. ئەمانە لە راستىدا ديارىكەرى سىمبولىكن، نىمچ، دەر فەت، پوتئىشال، لە مېشىكى نەوئىردا دروست دەكەن. نەمە

نه نهو ، نه نهوانیتر کردویانه. نهمانه نهو ناماژه سیمیوتیکیانمن که به ووردی ناماژه بهنهوه نهدمن که دهوانیت یان بوی هییه چ کاریکی بکات، له کوی نیشتهجی بیت، چ دؤخیکی سیاسی هه بیت، ههروه ها دهوانیت له گهل کیدا بنویت یان سیکس بکات. نهمانه له بهر هه می کۆده زگای نالۆزن که دهکریت به بهر هه مهینی سیمیوتیک ناویان بهین. هه موو پهیرهوی دهکین. هه موو مؤدی حوکمداری بوون که دهبوو پنیان رابیت و مامهلمیان له گهلدا بکات. نه مهیه سروشتی پهنا بهر بوون. ده بیت ببیته که سیکی تر، به کردنهوی کۆده داخراو و ناشکراکان. دوکانهکانی گه ره که که مانای جوریک له ژیانیان به نهو نهدا: بخویت، بخویت هه و خۆت چاک کهیت هه. ههروه ها ناماژه یان به نهوه نهدا که چۆن له ژیاندا بمینیت هه. نهوهی که توژیکی سه رنج نامیز بوو نهو جیگی پۆسته بوو که رهنگهکانی کال بوونهوه، بۆ نهو نه مه ناماژه بوو بۆ کالبونهوهی دهولت یان دهسه لاتی دهولت. پاش بازاره که، نهخوشخانهی مردوان بوو. نه اندازیاری باله خانه که دلگیر بوو. جیگیه کی زۆر جوان بوو، که بۆ مردن بشیت.

John Barimo

A Multifaceted Perspective on Migrant Education

Life as a migrant in Cork is filled with hope and excitement, especially when considering the seemingly limitless opportunities for growth within a new set of social, economic, and political conditions. The migrant experience can also be filled with many challenges, obstacles and vulnerabilities as one brushes against the nuances of a new culture. Unforeseen surprises can quickly manifest no matter how well one thinks they comprehend the process.

Was I mistaken to think that I was well prepared for the migrant's journey given my background? After all, I had just spent the last five years working with issues surrounding migrant farmworkers and their families during my tenure at Miami Dade College which was situated in the agricultural community of Homestead, Florida. I was humbled to provide academic guidance and support for many of the undocumented DACA Dreamers from Central America who have only known life as a migrant in the USA. I admired the tenacity and valour exhibited by so many as they strived to reach their full potentials and contribute to a society that all too often viewed them with disdain.

On occasion, I was stupefied to learn details of their migrant plight and their courageous struggles. They spoke about how their families would be cheated on their meagre wages and they knew that contesting such an issue would lead to deportation given their undocumented immigration status. I heard accounts of individuals working the fields only to have crop dusting aircraft collaterally douse them with agrochemicals, which subsequently caused profuse nose bleeds. And many lived with the never ending fear of US federal agents entering their homes without due cause and escorting loved ones away. In spite of these pressures, young people organized into groups as they struggled for equal rights, much to the unease of their parents. I often wondered how their tenuous circumstances in America could be considered a better life especially since such individuals lost connection with their traditional cultures and support structures. I still thought I had firm insight into

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their hardships since I also worked in Mexico and Belize with non-profit organizations. However, I now realize that I was primarily operating from a theoretical construct based on cognition and empathy.

Now it was my turn to take a complete leap of faith as I migrated with my family to Ireland after resigning from my position as an academic chair at a well-regarded third level institution. There was no guarantee of employment waiting for us upon arrival but we realized this would be the adventure of a lifetime while providing our daughter with a rich educational opportunity. Yes, Ireland still seems to regard education amongst its national priorities and an important investment in the nation's future, at least relative to other places we have lived. And although I arrived with Irish citizenship through the foreign birth registry, I still had to bear the odd conversation regarding the topic of *ye foreigners taking jobs from our lads*. These words stung but I felt compelled to comprehend their underpinning thoughts and feelings. Thankfully, there has been no indication of a ground swell of xenophobia as seen in other parts of the world.

Yes, it would be blatantly arrogant to consider myself Irish based on this newfound immigration status and we soon learned that cultural acclimation was indeed necessary. At first, we were puzzled by the Irish form of the English language which is spiced with Gaelic melody and charm. Equally baffling were the correct pathways to navigate local bureaucracies. We were heartened, but initially leery of the general openness expressed by the people we encountered and by the trust they placed in us, which at first seemed like a cunning trap. And then there were the absurdities such as being permitted one year to freely drive a car in Ireland with my US license after which time it is mandatory to suffer through a complete 12-hour driver's training course at considerable expense. Yes, I have spent years driving on the left; and yes, I prefer a standard transmission; and yes, I could pass the driving exam without lessons if only I was permitted the opportunity. Additionally, my vehicle would be branded with the humiliating scarlet letter L (for learner)

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thus alerting the general populous of an imaginary danger. Really, wouldn't I be most hazardous during that complementary first year on my stateside license? Yet these challenges were part of an exquisitely dynamic experience as we embraced our new home with optimism and contentment.

Then, with the worst possible timing, we learned that our household shipment was stolen back in Florida. After a number of weeks, the shipping container was recovered and the crime scene photos revealed a thoroughly ransacked interior which was especially heart wrenching for my wife and daughter. Strewed and trampled underfoot were familiar precious objects that created our special homey ambiance. This was also a stinging financial blow but many of our newly found friends kindly helped us in their own special ways. The running joke was that we literally came to Ireland for a fresh start with no personal baggage whatsoever. We were also swindled a few times in Cork City, but perhaps we were just easy marks upon arrival. At times like these it was easy to feel vulnerable and alienated without our well-established network of family, friends and colleagues. Still, we had little choice but to soldier on while maintaining positive attitudes.

Our cultural adaptation included a slew of frustrating Catch-22's as we tried to integrate into Irish society. For example, I couldn't establish a bank account without an original utility bill bearing my name to authenticate a home address, but I couldn't seem to connect to a utility or rent a house without a bank account for direct debenture. We also had trouble getting our daughter into a local school on a tourist visa while conversely not being able to apply for a Stamp 4 Long Term Visa without her being enrolled in school. And the Personal Public Service card was its own special quagmire. These illogical scenarios all unravelled at a seemingly glacial pace which we eventually realized was truly the reflection of a healthier, sustainable pace of life. And with great warmth, so many people wanted to hear our stories and understand why we would choose Cork City over Miami. All the while, we continued to receive daily lessons in Irishness as we eagerly absorbed the stories of those

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whom we encountered.

We were fortunate that Ireland has quality outreach programs for its migrant population. My wife and I attended a series of workshops along with individuals from five continents where we were briefed on topics such as the cultural awareness, worker's rights, volunteerism and job seeker resources. I was grateful to these educators and facilitators who were shining examples of fellow migrants that found their own comfortable niches in the workplace. We marveled at the high levels of professional expertise observed within that room with most of these individuals realizing the unfortunate need to accept entry level positions to first prove their worth in a new society. We generally all lived in the same culturally diverse and affordable neighbourhoods. We were all taking risks to establish new lives within a shifting landscape created by issues such as Brexit and American nationalism which could negatively impact the recovering Irish economy, while much of the local political nuisance appeared shrouded in mystique.

It soon became obvious that our complications paled in comparison to the courageous Dreamers back in Florida. I reflected on the stories of those migrants that fled their homelands under duress and abject poverty while maintaining their dignity and a passion to create better opportunities for their children. Their struggles all appeared to share the common threads of hope and gratitude reminiscent of similar immigrant stories told by my grandparents. It then dawned on me that our lasting legacy is truly our stories and insights as told in conversations, poems, songs and the visual arts. Through these stories, do we not collectively convey the essence of an ever developing culture and the spirit of our humanity? Ultimately, I hope my story offers a fresh perspective on the migrant journey as we endeavour to face the continued challenges posed by human migration in the context of maintaining peaceful cohesive societies abundant in opportunities. For it is our actions or our inactions as educators, policy makers or concerned citizens, that will shape and hopefully inspire the stories of future generations.

Afani Carla Baruffi

June

My country is abstinence
Freedom is a form of resistance.
Cork is the way I choose
The future has the sound of the blues.

My experiences are subjective
You must find the clues with no detective.
I smile to see the other happy
I always had the best trap.

I needed a new geography
To build another biography.
I have many maps in my hands
Today I live in Irish Lands.

Afani Carla Baruffi

Junho

Meu país é abstinência
Liberdade é uma forma de resistência.
Cork é o caminho que escolhi pra mim
O futuro talvez tenha o som de um blues.

Minhas experiências são subjetivas
Você não precisa de detetive pra encontrar as pistas.
Eu sorrio para ver os outros felizes
Sempre tive a melhor armadilha.

Eu precisava de uma nova geografia
Para construir outra biografia.
Tenho muitos mapas em minhas mãos
Hoje vivo em Terras Irlandesas.

Rosalin Blue

Lights along the Lee

The dark cover of night
envelops the city lights
I stop to watch
the spiders
in their magic webs

Glittering against
the street lamps
between the steel bars
of the banister
along the bridge

The river Lee lies still
only a quiver reveals
the mirage on the water
mirror of a grown
age-old town
disguised in modern buildings
and neon-lights

Along the low
concrete quay wall
I like to pause
and lean over
the rounded crown
admiring the river
this keeper of time

Its timeless reflection
trembling in the slightest wind
ripples in the black silver surface
a film-strip recording
the pulse of Cork life

Die Lichter am Lee

Das dunkle Gewand der Nacht
umhüllt die Lichter der Stadt.
Ich bleibe stehen und sehe
den Spinnen zu
in ihren magischen Netzen,

die im Schein der
Straßenlaternen glitzern,
zwischen den Stahlstangen
des Geländers
entlang der Brücke.

Der Lee liegt still im Fluss.
Nur ein Zittern verrät
die Spiegelungen im Wasser,
Spiegel einer uralten,
gewachsenen Stadt
verkleidet in moderne Gebäude
und Neonlicht.

An der niedrigen
Betonkaimauer
verhalte ich gern
und lehne mich an
ihre runde Kuppe,
bewundere den Fluss,
diesen Hüter der Zeit.

Seine ewige Spiegelung
bebt im sanftesten Wind,
Wellen auf der silberschwarzen Fläche,
ein Filmstreifen, der den Puls
des Lebens in Cork aufnimmt.

Rosalin Blue

The Lee not too long
or too broad
with quays not too high
nor too low
not too long to walk
– and the nights alive
with culture's beating heart

Looking back
along this black silver band
reflecting the city night
– it feels a little bit
like Paris

Cork Bogs

Down the motorway
out to the ocean
you pass a metal bird.
Some artist from elsewhere
was awarded
to put it there

where once the bogs
dark, wild and sludgy
spread their secretive
subcutaneous dangers.

A child, a boy
running down from
his tempestuous family
to the shelter of the bogs.
Each patch of grass
he knows each path

Rosalin Blue

Der Lee nicht zu lang
noch zu breit,
mit Kaimauern nicht zu hoch
noch zu tief,
zum Geh'n nicht zu weit
- und die Nächte leben
vom Herzschlag der Kultur.

Ich blicke zurück
auf das silberschwarze Band,
Spiegel der Nacht in der Stadt
- und es fühlt sich ein bisschen an
wie Paris.

Das Moor von Cork *

Die Schnellstraße runter
raus zum Meer
stößt man auf einen Metallvogel.
Ein Künstler aus ganz anderswo
hat den Auftrag gewonnen
ihn dort aufzustellen

wo einst das Moor
dunkel, wild und sumpfig,
geheimnisvoll seine
subkutanen Gefahren ausdehnte.

Ein Kind, ein Junge
jagt fort von
seiner stürmischen Familie
in den Schutz des Moores.
Jeden Flecken Grass
kennt er, jeden Pfad,

Rosalin Blue

each trace each tree
And all the birds rising
hundreds, millions of
wings, voices circling
and settling

Gone now – dried out.
Wiped off the map
for this motorway –
and a landfill
stinking dump-gulls
screeching.

The boy is a man now.
Every time he drives
out that motorway
the South Ring on the map
out to the ocean
past that metal
sculpture of a bird

He cries the song
of all those birds,
growls in wrath and thinks:
"One day, that metal disgrace
in all our faces, that ignorance
of all their lost lives –
One day – it'll be gone."

Rosalin Blue

jede Spur, jeden Baum.
Und alle Vögel steigen,
Hunderte, Millionen von
Flügeln, Stimmen, kreisen
und lassen sich nieder.

Fort jetzt – ausgetrocknet.
Von der Karte gewischt
für diese Straße –
und eine Müllkippe
stinkende Müllmöven
kreischen.

Der Junge ist nun ein Mann.
Jedesmal, wenn er
die Schnellstraße rausfährt,
den Südring auf der Karte,
raus zum Meer,
vorbei an dieser Metall-
skulptur von Vogel

Dann weint er das Lied
all dieser Vögel,
knurrt wütend und denkt:
„Eines Tages wird diese metallene Schande
vor unser aller Augen, diese Ignoranz
all ihrer verlorenen Leben –
eines Tages – wird sie verschwinden.“

*Der Name der Stadt Cork stammt aus dem Irischen von „*Corcaígh*“ und bedeutet „*Moor*“.

Home

I

Home is always best!
– he said.
But once I flew
into migration
I forgot what
“home” means.

Always longing
always torn – back.
Forgetting the
reasons I’d left for.

Home becomes
always best
– the open option
the last resort
a place to rely on
family, friends
and familiar ways.

The swifts above
the roofs of Cork
and the sweet
blackbirds singing
remind me of
my little Hildesheim
– here this evening.

Daheim

I

Zuhause ist's immer am Besten!

- sagte er.

Doch als ich fortzog
auf große Wanderung,
vergaß ich was
„Zuhause“ heißt.

Immer sehrend,
immer gezerrt – zurück.
Vergessen die Gründe
aus denen ich fortflieg.

Daheim wird
immer zum Besten
- die offene Möglichkeit,
die letzte Zuflucht,
ein Ort mit Verlass,
Familie, Freunde
und vertraute Wege.

Die Schwalben über
den Dächern von Cork
und der süße Gesang
der Amseln
erinnern mich an
mein kleines Hildesheim
- hier an diesem Abend.

Rosalin Blue

II

See the birds
– he said –
they're flying high
They're happy
and free.

And when they seek
a place to land
they look out
for a tree they like.

One they find safe
to call a home
for the moment.

III

Once you fly away
from home
into the journey
of migration

you become
a bird,
always on your way

– So look out
for a tree
you like
to call your home
for a while

II

Sieh die Vögel
- sagte er -
sie fliegen hoch.
Sie sind glücklich
und frei.

Und wenn sie
einen Landeplatz suchen,
dann schauen sie
nach einem Baum
der ihnen gefällt.

Einen, den sie sicher finden
und Zuhause nennen
für diesen Moment.

III

Sobald Du fortziehst
von Zuhause
auf die Reise
der Auswanderung

Wirst Du
ein Vogel
immer unterwegs.

- Also schau aus
nach einem Baum
der Dir gefällt,
den Du solange
Zuhause nennen kannst.

The Clocks of Cork

Coming out from the terrace onto the Old Youghal Road, one first enjoys the view of Cork in sunshine. The brewery to my left below in the valley is already at work. As usual it is between nine thirty and ten o'clock in the morning, and the city awakens. Beyond the green I can vaguely perceive St. Fin Barre's Cathedral, while the North Chapel watches over the poorest part, Knocknaheeny, and good old Shandon blesses the whole town.

I look for the time. My watch says five to ten. At a steady pace I can still make it to work relatively punctually. I turn down the hill to tackle the many shallow steps down to the city centre. A look to the eastern face of the square steeple that is Shandon calms me down a little: I still have time. It is only a quarter to ten. Church clocks are always right. Before I can see the south-side of the tower, I reach the bottom of the steps and pass the shadows of the brewery.

With a look up I want to reconfirm my time, but that chases me forward with a fright: The south clock shows five past ten already! Hey, stay cool, I tell myself, you're not in Germany any more, five or ten minutes won't matter here. I grin broadly about the fact that even the four clocks on the Shandon are not synchronized. They each tell a different time. It's not called 'the four-faced Liar' for nothing.

On my way through the city centre I meet at least three more clocks. Along the bright sunlit space in front of the Opera House I slow my pace, because I already know: This one always gives me time. It is three minutes before ten. Although the way to the old school on Sullivan's Quay will take me longer than three minutes, I am convinced: I'll still be on time.

I take the road past the Examiner building onto Patrick's Street and encounter the clock which, since I've known it, has been showing more than half an hour's delay: It is twenty past nine. This means I have time to buy some fresh tobacco and cast a glance at the latest fashion. Pink remains the colour of the day. Memories of my time in

Die Uhren von Cork

Wenn man aus der Terrace auf die Old Youghal Road kommt, genießt man als erstes den Blick auf Cork im Sonnenschein. Die Brauerei links unten im Tal arbeitet schon, es ist wie gewöhnlich zwischen neun Uhr dreißig und zehn Uhr morgens, und die Stadt erwacht. Hinter der Wiese erahne ich St. Finnbarre, die North Chapel wacht über dem ärmsten Stadtteil Knocknaheeny, und der gute alte Shandon segnet die ganze Stadt.

Ich schaue auf die Uhr. Meine zeigt fünf vor zehn. Mit zügigem Schritt könnte ich es also noch einigermaßen pünktlich zur Arbeit schaffen. Ich wende mich bergab, um die langen Treppen zur Stadt hinunter in Angriff zu nehmen. Ein Blick auf die Ostseite des quadratischen Kirchturms vom Shandon beruhigt mich ein wenig: Ich habe noch Zeit. Es ist erst viertel vor zehn. Kirchturmuhren gehen immer richtig. Bis ich die Südseite des Turmes sehen kann, habe ich bereits den Fuß der Treppen erreicht und die Schatten der Brauerei umwunden.

Mit einem Blick nach oben will ich mich mich meiner Zeit vergewissern. Aber die jagt mich mit Schrecken vorwärts: Die Süduhr zeigt schon fünf nach zehn! Hey, nun bleib mal ruhig, sag ich mir, Du bist ja nicht in Deutschland, auf fünf oder zehn Minuten kommt es hier nicht an. Ich muß kräftig darüber grinsen, dass selbst die vier Uhren am Shandon nicht gleichgeschaltet sind. Sie zeigen jede eine andere Zeit. Nicht umsonst wird der Turm „Four-faced Liar“ genannt.

Auf meinem Weg in die Stadt begegne ich mindestens drei weiteren Uhren. Am sonnenerleuchteten Platz vor dem Opera House verlangsame ich meinen Schritt, denn ich weiß schon: Diese hier gibt mir immer Zeit. Es ist drei Minuten vor zehn. Zwar dauert der Weg zur alten Schule am Sullivan's Quay länger als drei Minuten, aber ich bin überzeugt: Ich werde trotzdem pünktlich sein. Ich nehme den Weg am Examiner vorbei zur Patrick Street und begegne der Uhr, die seit ich sie kenne, mehr als eine halbe Stunde Verschiebung nach

Rosalin Blue

the eighties are stirring, with a smirk.

I move on towards the Grand Parade. The way past the Examiner is a detour every time. The clock at the old Capitol cinema on the other side of the road has been stuck on half past eleven for a long time. I better speed up now. I cross the road jaywalking – and realize that I have already been here for a few weeks: The feeling of being a foreigner, when I stand at a traffic light waiting staunchly for green, arises increasingly rarely, and I find myself scurrying between the cars more and more often, like everyone else does here. Now my bad conscience does begin to plague me. Without looking up I pass the library, crossing the footbridge to Sullivan's Quay.

The heavy double-door of the old Christian Brother's school closes behind me and I run up the stairs, always two steps at a time. Finally arriving on the third floor, breathing heavily, I stand at the entrance to the Munster Literature Centre. Every time during these seconds, I fear a furious Mary, whose angry contempt sorely brings home my imprinted feelings of guilt. I open the door to the office.

It smells like coffee. As every morning, Mandy is chatting to Gerry who is silent as always. I am the third person to enter. Mandy's friendly "Good Morning" is singing towards me. "You're here already!", and she offers me a cup of coffee. I sigh with relief. "What time is it?" "Ah, you're grand," she says. "It's only twenty past ten. You're always punctual anyway!"

While I switch on the computer at my desk, Mandy passes me the fresh cup of instant coffee. The computer clock shows ten past ten.

How good that punctuality is written all over me like a tailor-made false moustache. Some cultural clichés actually have a practical advantage.

Rosalin Blue

hinten zeigt: Es ist zwanzig nach neun. Na, da kann ich ja noch eben frischen Tabak kaufen und dabei einen Blick auf die neuste Mode werfen. Die dominante Farbe bleibt Pink. Erinnerungen an meine achtziger Jahre melden sich grinsend.

Ich ziehe weiter in Richtung Grand Parade. Der Weg über den Examiner ist jedes Mal ein Umweg. Die Uhr am Kino auf der anderen Seite der Straße ist schon lange auf halb zwölf stehengeblieben. Jetzt aber hurtig. Ich überquere die Straße zwischen den Autos – und bemerke, dass ich bereits seit einigen Wochen hier bin: Das Fremdheitsgefühl, wenn ich an der Ampel stehe und stur auf grün warte, entsteht zunehmend seltener, und ich finde mich immer häufiger zwischen den Autos herwieselnd wieder, wie alle hier. Das schlechte Gewissen plagt mich jetzt aber doch. Ohne Seitenblicke passiere ich die Bibliothek und überquere die Fußbrücke zum Sullivan's Quay.

Die schwere Tür der alten Schule schließt sich hinter mir, und ich renne die Treppen hinauf, immer zwei Stufen auf einmal. Endlich im dritten Stock angelangt, bleibe ich schwer atmend vor der Tür des Munster Literature Centre stehen. In diesen Sekunden befürchte ich jedesmal eine furiose Mary, deren ärgerliche Geringschätzung mir meine angeprägten Schuldgefühle empfindlich vor Augen führt. Ich öffne die Tür zum Büro.

Es duftet nach Kaffee. Mandy plaudert wie allmorgendlich auf Gerry ein, der schweigt wie immer. Ich bin die dritte, die hereinkommt. Mandys freundliches „Good Morning“ tönt mir entgegen. „Du bist ja schon da!“ Und schon bietet sie mir eine Tasse Kaffee an. Ich atme auf. „Wieviel Uhr ist es?“ „Ah, you're grand. Es ist erst zwanzig nach zehn. Du bist doch eh immer pünktlich.“ Während ich den Computer an meinem Arbeitsplatz einschalte, reicht mir Mandy die frische Tasse Fertiggkaffee. Die Uhr am Computer zeigt zehn nach zehn.

Gut, daß mir die Pünktlichkeit wie ein falscher Schnurrbart auf den Leib geschrieben ist. So manches Kulturklischee ist tatsächlich von praktischem Vorteil.

Marieke Bosman

Cork, Bridge-Building City

Coming home to the heart of ourselves in Cork, the bridge-building city, from where we are now to where we want to go.

In Cork I came home in many ways, but mostly I came home to my true self. Through living in this city I bridged the dark and the light sides in me, by being present in the core of my heart with everything that I do, by enjoying where I have literally and figuratively arrived and everything I have accomplished until now; not to mention the beautiful views at the horizon that reach far beyond the hills of Cork. The beautiful and colourful experiences through pure heartfelt connections, equal to the sunsets on Bell's Field.

In 2015 I followed the call of my heart and I came for the first time to this beautiful island, to stay. For 7 months I went backpacking to explore myself and Ireland further. Once arriving in Cork I came home in many ways and I still am here (almost 3 years later). I feel lots of joy and gratefulness for everything that this journey has brought me with all these different arrivals. From coming home within myself, to coming home in the relationship with my boyfriend Laszlo, from searching what to do, to starting my own heartfelt company. I now stand visibly for myself and my self-empowering heartfelt way of living.

Cork, Bruggenbouwende Stad

Thuiskomen in het hart van onszelf in Cork, een bruggenbouwende stad; van waar we nu zijn naar waar we naar toe willen.

In Cork ben ik op veel manieren thuis gekomen, maar voornamelijk ben ik thuis gekomen in mezelf. Door in deze stad te gaan wonen, heb ik de donkere en de lichte kanten in mezelf overbrugd, door aanwezig te zijn in het centrum van mijn hart bij alles wat ik doe. Genietend van waar ik letterlijk en figuurlijk nu ben aangekomen en van alles wat ik tot nu toe heb bereikt; met de mooie uitzichten, die tot ver voorbij de heuvels van Cork en de horizon reiken. Mooie en kleurrijke ervaringen vanuit pure hartsverbindingen en vergelijkbare zonsopgangen op Bell's Field horen hier ook bij.

In 2015 volgde ik de roep van mijn hart en kwam ik voor het eerst naar dit prachtige eiland toe, om te blijven. 7 maanden ben ik gaan backpacken om mezelf en Ierland verder te verkennen. Eenmaal aangekomen in Cork ben ik op vele manieren thuis gekomen en daar verblijf ik nu (bijna 3 jaar later) nog. Met veel plezier en dankbaarheid voor alles wat deze reis met bijbehorende aankomsten mij allemaal gebracht heeft. Van thuis komen in mezelf tot in mijn relatie met mijn vriend Laszlo, van zoeken naar wat ik mag doen tot het opzetten van mijn hartsgevoelde bedrijf. Zichtbaar gaan staan voor Mezelf en voor mijn zelfbekrachtigende hartsgevoelde manier van leven.

Benjamin Burns

Barrack Street Haiku

Escape the house,
escape the screen, walk with me
in the pissing rain.

Look! High-up windows.
Feeling elevated
I cross the road.

Essential Haiku:
Bashō, Buson & Issa –
retail therapy.

Barrack Street,
Alchemy, damp jeans,
jasmine tea.

You should be dancin'
Yeah! I am dancing,
with my pencil.

*

Rows of houses
extend uphill,
electricity lines hang slackly.

A whistling man
holds a little boy's hand,
cars drive over cobblestone.

Benjamin Burns

A jackdaw perches
on a distant chimney,
flies away in silence.

A young lady's friend
arrives, they link
and skip across the road.

Sunlight reflects
off a windowpane
wet with condensation.

This metal teapot
reflects the world
according to its curves.

I write these moments
but there's more I can't
catch, or fail to notice.

The sunlight left
that windowpane
when I wasn't looking.

Hello moon,
more than half full,
slow as an hour hand.

A grey haired man's
long green coat
flounces as he bobs downhill.

Ariana Caballero

I Found a Place

I could no longer stay
I felt a prisoner, I felt stressed
I had to go, find another place
somewhere far away

I'd heard of an Island
go to the coast I thought
I'll go to Ireland
I'll go to the South

What a great place I found
Cork is its name
the place I was looking for
I decided to stay

Every morning leaving my home
I go out towards Shandon Bells
I stop on the bridge before crossing the river Lee
I admire the view, the colorful buildings I can see

It has been two years now
I have no regrets
I found love and happiness
I found my place.

Ariana Caballero

Encontré un Lugar

No podía estar más ahí
Me sentía prisionera, me sentía presionada
Tania que huir, encontrar otro lugar.
Algún lugar alejado.

Oí de una isla
Ve hacia la costa pensé
Iré a Irlanda
Iré hacia el Sur

Que maravilloso lugar encontré
Cork es su nombre
El lugar que estaba buscando
Decidí quedarme

Cada mañana dejo me hogar
Voy hacia Shandon Bells
Me paro sobre el puente antes de cruzar el rio Lee
Admiro la vista, edificios de colores puede ver

Hace dos años ya
No me arrepiento
Aquí encontré amor y felicidad
Encontré mi lugar

Constant Calugaru

Life

Butterflies in the sky
a child is born,
Flowers are singing.

Cork City, Ireland

I've said that when
my body begins to feel heavy,
humbly I will be waiting near a tree
with blue leaves
not too far away from the old city
I don't want to listen to
the voice of the wheeled train.
From another world
from another season.

Among All These (trnsl. Eiléan Ní Chuilleanáin)

On a grain of wheat
I painted the heavens
On a grain of maize
I painted the sun
On a grain of rice
I painted moon and stars
Above the waters
On a grain of mustardseed
I painted humanity
among all these

Viata

Fluturi in cer
un copil se naste,
Florile cinta.

Cork City Irlanda

Am spus ca atunci
cind trupului imi va fii greu,
smerit voi adasta linga un copac
cu frunze albastre
nu prea departe de orasul vechi,
nu mai vreau sa ascult
glasul trenului cu roti dintate.
Dintr-o alta lume
dintr-un alt anotimp.

În Toate Cele

Pe un bob de grâu
am pictat cerul
Pe un bob de porumb
am pictat soarele
Pe un bob de orez
am pictat luna și stelele
Deasupra apelor
pe un bob de muștar
am pictat omul
in toate cele

Constant Calugaru

Summons Of Dawn

(translation by Eiléan Ní Chuilleanáin)

A lengthy whistling
tears the night
The breaking days answering
as to a summons

Autumn Seeks Me

(translation by Eiléan Ní Chuilleanáin)

When the leaves fall
Autumn seeks me out
I was a child
when you showed me who I am
The first flake of snow
nailed in my palm
before your Throne O Lord
the day collapses

Secret Hollows

(translation by Eiléan Ní Chuilleanáin)

Down, much further down, through secret hollows
in dark depths we have not penetrated
the air works at dragging out cold from the stones,
sap rises struggling in the bare trees.

Light seeps weakly down on the rocks
through panes of ice silence gazes
with strange marks and echoes of those days
from one world to another a world changes.

Chemarea Zorilor

Șuierat prelung
sfâșie noaptea
Zorii au răspuns
ca o chemare

Toamna Ma Cauta

Când cad frunzele
toamna mă caută
Copil eram
când mi-ai arătat cine sunt
Primul fulg de nea
țintuit în palmă
în fața Tronului Tău Doamne
ziua se năruie

Firide Secrete

Jos, mult mai jos, prin firide secrete,
În adâncuri obscure, nepătrunse de noi,
Aerul harnic adună frigul din pietre,
Sevele urcă anevoie în arborii goi.

Lumina se târăște subțire pe stânci,
Prin geamuri de gheață tăcerea se uită,
Cu semen bizare și ecouri de-atunci,
Dintr-o lume în alta o lume se mută

Sue Cosgrave

At River's Bend

Inniscarra, Cork

At river's bend,

let me beneath the surface,
linger.

At river's bend,

a misty tongue shrouds
the valley of never was.

Let my bones here
seep marrow to the deep.

Let fish lap my thick trickle
both sweet and bitter;

a reminder,
that permanence is a fickle ghost.

This is the end, you know.
Yet you sidle up to me—

as if you wish to know me now—

Go on then; come
hither.

Don't be startled
by these here twigs
of my once soft fingers
as they caress
the fullness of your chin.

Go on; shine
your desiccated light

Sue Cosgrave

Na Curva do Rio (translation by Maria Isabel Fernandes and Sue Cosgrave)

Inniscarra, Cork

Na curva do rio,

deixa-me demorar
debaixo da superfície.

Na curva do rio,

uma nebulosa fala envolve
o vale de nunca faz crer.

Deixa os meus ossos aqui
escoar a medula ao fundo.

Deixa os peixes sorver a minha gota grossa
simultaneamente doce e amarga;

uma lembrança,
que a permanência é um fantasma volúvel.

Este é o fim, tu sabes.
Ainda assim tu aproximas-te de mim—

como se quisesses conhecer-me agora—

Avança então; vem
até aqui.

Não te assustes
por estes galhos aqui
dos meus dedos antes suaves
enquanto acariciam
a plenitude do teu queixo.

Continua; resplandece
a sua luz dessecada

Sue Cosgrave

on my upward thrusting knees.

Bend
your ear to the lapping wavelets, do,
for you need to hear my confession:

there were no years lost
nor ruined.

Only burning years.
Only yearning ones.

Why else would I be here,
in the deep, but to still
their hungry leap?

See here—touch.

Place the dead fish hand of your convictions
where my sternum
once held heart and gut apart.

Feel the heat.

And,
see there,
on dry land
above the bend
where pent up waters batter the dam,

a pyre of bones burns
with unseemly delight:

old books with broken spines;
marriage vows;
pink ballet slippers;
casual remarks that sting;

Sue Cosgrave

nos meus joelhos salientes.

Escuta
o marulhar das ondas, fá-lo,
porque tens de ouvir a minha confissão:

não houve anos perdidos
nem arruinados.

Apenas anos ardentes.
Apenas anos ansiosos.

Por que estaria aqui no fundo
a não ser para sossegar
os seus impulsos famintos?

Vê aqui—toca.

Coloca a tua mão de peixe frio das tuas convicções
onde o meu esterno
uma vez segurou o coração e desentranhou em partes.

Sente o calor.

E
vê lá,
em terra firme
acima da curva
onde as águas reprimidas batem na represa,

uma pira de ossos arde
com deleite indecoroso:

livros antigos com espinhas quebradas;
votos de casamento;
sapatilhas de ballet rosa;
observações casuais que picam;

Sue Cosgrave

intentions, both good and bad,

and your Molotov cocktail of bitterness and bewilderment
together with my only surviving thyme plant – its roots
clinging to the pyre – explode to the music of the Lee.

How the pyre crackles!
Streaming cherished dreams

to the indifferent sky of our final sunset—
a naked sky where nothing

is hidden

for it is true that I had sinned
when I mistook the weather vane of my heart
for true love—

the wind up to his tricks again.

I see you turn away, nose crinkling in distaste.
I don't blame you: the air is pregnant here
with all things forfeited,
the soil, guilt-soaked.

Yet my new flesh is water hewn;
sinews, silk-smooth and just as strong.

Time to bid farewell;
river bend shall confine me no more.

I push away.

My tongue silvers the current.
In the heart of the river the flow is strong.

With sure strokes I swim
to where the Lee spears ocean.

Sue Cosgrave

intenções, boas e más,

o teu coquetel molotov de amargura e perplexidade
junto com a minha única planta de tomilho sobrevivente – as suas
raízes agarrando-se à pira – explodem à música do Rio Lee.

Como a pira crepita!
Fluindo sonhos acalentados

para o céu indiferente ao nosso pôr do sol final—
um céu nu onde nada

está escondido

pois é verdade que eu pequei
quando eu confundi o cata-vento do meu coração
pelo amor verdadeiro

o vento como costume está a brincar comigo.

Eu vejo-te a afastar, o teu nariz enrugando-se em desgosto.
Eu não te culpo: o ar está prenho aqui
com todas as coisas perdidas,
o solo, encharcado de culpa.

Contudo, a minha nova carne é talhada com água;
tendões, suaves como seda e igualmente fortes.

É a hora de despedir;
a curva do rio não me confinará mais.

Afasto.

A minha língua ilumina a corrente.
No coração do rio, o fluxo é forte.

Nado com fortes braçadas
para onde o Rio Lee se lança no oceano.

Zsuzsa Emese Csobánka

The Mute Swan of the Lough

Where you go, there are no others.
They accompany you to where you raise your face into the light,
where the ballroom submerges beneath the lake at dawn.
In the depths, water from the golden vessel washes you
to show there is no difference between the elements.
As time goes by, just the shape changes.
In the end, everything is covered by winged animals.
There are coots and a black swan on top.
Every whirl of every bird is a wave of the moment.
The feathers of the sleeping wild ducks gather on my back.
Like the rings of the water next to the ledge
swollen yesterdays are washed up on the shore.
I head off. The sunset passing over the mud is behind me
it swallows the unutterable fragments of words.
In the middle of the lake, the hiding fish decide
not to remember anymore.
If you let it, it will come back to you.
It will be standing at midnight
without any words, being ill at ease
in spite of it having been prepared for months
polishing words like pebbles.
It steps out from the shadow of a doorway
as a tall man with mute keys in his pocket.
The ink which stains from the warmth of his hand
is a shining buoy under the walls on a postcard.
By then you will forget from where you came from and why
you have so much seaweed around your feet.
You watch a couple of mute swans lifting up to the sky
and you don't understand what kind of strange country they crave for.
Leave cognition and resurrection to others.
Don't ravel knots. It's unnecessary.
Watch from the shore how the light bathes on the lake.
Be the light which raises the world's face.

A néma hattyú

Ahova tartasz, nincsenek veled.
Addig kísérnek, míg a fénybe emeled a fejed,
amíg a hajnali bálterem tó alá kerül.
A mélyben aranykancsóból ömlő vizek mosdatnak,
hogy lásd, nincs különbség az anyagban,
ahogy az idő körbejár, csak a forma változik.
Végül mindent belepnek a szárnyas állatok.
A felszínen a szárcsák és a fekete hattyú,
szárnysuhogásuk lelkedben egy-egy hullám.
Az alvó vadkacsák tollai a hátamon gyűlnek össze.
Fodrozódó vízgyűrűk a peremnél,
felpuffedt tegnapokat vet partra a víz.
Indulok. Mögöttem az iszapba visszabúvó napfény,
elnyeli a kimondhatatlan mondattöredékeket.
A tó közepén a sásban, bozótban bujkáló halak
úgy döntenek, hogy többet nem emlékeznek.
Ha elhagyod, vissza maga tér hozzád.
Ácsorogni fog az éjszaka,
zavarában egy hangja sincs hozzád,
pedig hónapokon át készül,
a szavakat kavicsként csiszolva.
Kilép, mint kapualjból magas férfi,
zsebében kövek, néma kulcsok.
A kézmelegben elkenődött tinta
a falak árnyékában ragyogó bója egy képeslapon.
Addigra elfelejtetd, honnan indultál, és miért,
annyi hínárba akadt bele a lábad.
Nézed a néma hattyúpárt felfelé szállni,
nem érted, miféle idegen tájakra vágynak.
Hagyd a megismerést, hagyd a feltámadást másnak.
Ne bogozz ki csomókat, felesleges.
Nézd a padról, miképp fürdik a vízen a fény,
légy te a nap, aki megemeli arcát a világnak.

Zsuzsa Emese Csobánka

The Heart of the Hurricane in Cork

It arrived the next day as they foretold.
The rain was drizzling non-stop
as I took pictures of the church with four clocks
for him, to see the reality of every season
of every time.

He doesn't freeze moments.
His inner shutter locks him up.
The humid calvary
of my face appearing upon his.

It is an unknowable crystal construction.
I am approaching its strangeness,
an iron handrail in a round open-air corridor.
As time goes by it submerges within me
as one does within the endless.

As the ocean's depths mirror its cliffs
he can't touch this, can't taste it
he just contemplates me.
The *objet obscura* of his desire
fuming in my unbound hair.

He combs it through from hair to hair,
like mornings comb the forests.
He leaves nothing to shadow,
dismisses delusions, sees them die.

There is silence in the center, I am standing there.
I am looking to where he bends down at the shore,
he finds tiny snails, crayfish in conches,
he walks on guano and seaweed.
Lights up a cigarette and smokes.

A Hurrikán Szíve Corkban

Másnap megérkezett, ahogy mondták.
Az eső alulról szitált, míg a négytornyú
templomról készítettem felvételeket,
lássá minden időben, milyen a valóság.

Ő nem szokott rögzíteni.
Belső blende zárja.
Mellette haladva nedves arcán
nedves arcom kálváriája.

Megismerhetetlen kristályos szerkezet.
Az idegensége felől közelítek, körfolyosón a korlát.
Aztán ahogy telik az idő, úgy merítkezik meg
bennem, mint a végtelenben szokás.

Alul a mélység, zuhanó sziklaszél a párja.
Nem érint, nem ízlel, csak néz.
Kibomló hajamban tombol
vágya titokzatos tárgya.

Szálanként fésüli át,
mint az erdőt a reggel.
Nem hagy semmit árnyékban,
leszámol a tévképzetekkel.

A közepén csönd van, én benne állok.
Nézem, ahogy lehajol a parton,
kagylóhéjban talál apró csigákat, rákot,
guanón és hínáron lépked. Rágyújt.

Zsuzsa Emese Csobánka

I can hear him sitting on the pebbles
how he rumbles and reaches for the clouds
how he brightens around himself
the lazy mainland stretching out.

Every curve of her land is a testimony
as she lets it abrade her
and the trembling earth
flies the moon above her like a kite.

I do not watch him, I don't want to change him.
Let him be himself with a silent rain in his heart.
The distance lifts me up, I fly into the wind.
Like I let him on Sunday afternoons. Tame me now.

Blarney's Walk

I know neither time nor distance
The tamed light is widening in me
with the tangly breath of the lake
The pier twists because of our footsteps
like the wings of angels before the dawn mass

The dust flying in the golden sunlight
that waits for spring after the winter in my hair
It won't hurry the rules of nature
it keeps vigil over the dead
and sets off toward the ocean

The sky lifts me up by the arms
A weightless mist snoozing through your fingers
we are rising together, I can see you flying
The lake and sea open as one
Your dream meets my life in the infinite

Zsuzsa Emese Csobánka

A kavicsokon ülve hallgatom,
mint morajlik, felhőkkel hogy ér össze,
és fényesíti fel maga körül
a lustán nyújtózó szárazföldet.

Annak minden íve vallomás,
ahogy engedi, az lecsiszolja,
s a ringó kontinens papírsárkányként
eregeti hónapokon át maga felett a holdat.

Nem figyelem, ne változzon tőlem.
Maradjon önmaga, szíve mélyén csöndes esővel.
A távolság megemel, beledőlök a szélbe,
mint a vasárnap délután, hagyom. Szelídítsen meg.

Séta Blarneyban

Nem ismerek sem időt, sem teret.
A megszelídített fény bennem tágul,
s hordja hínáros lélegzetét a tónak,
mi felett a stég úgy gyűrűzik lépteinktől,
akár az angyalok szárnya szokott roráte előtt.

Száll a por. Aranyló foltjai a napnak
hajamba tűzve várják tél után a tavaszt,
nem sürgetik a természet törvényeit,
halottak mellett virrasztanak,
aztán megindulnak az óceán felé.

Karomra fűzve emel meg az ég.
Súlytalan ködök bóbiskolnak az ujjadon,
egyszerre emelkedünk, látlak repülni.
Párhuzamosan nyílik meg a tó és a tenger,
a végtelenben találkozik álmod az életemmel.

Shandon Arms

It is called a lying clock but the truth is something else. I come from the street below after reading the name of the street on the wall of the house, Mary's Lane, Shandon reminds me of Víziváros, Watertown in Budapest. It combines the height and depth of the city with waving stairs, it meanders like another river in Budapest, called the Danube. Here the River Lee does the same with the wide riverbank next to it.

The tower across shows 5.07 p.m. I change my mind and turn right, turn to the garden of the church. The road is next to ancient graves, I see a man with a dog in the garden, there is a married tourist couple on the other side of the park. The face of a woman is glamorous, the purity of her beauty incandescent. The wind is playing with her hair. The famous salmon on the top of the tower shifts around slowly as the wind moves, it looks like it lurks after the woman between the lights of the park.

The boy arrives at the coffee shop hugging his arms around the wooden crate box, he puts the carefully sorted wildflowers into the little brown vase next to my tea. The mug is meaningful, the last time it was illustrated with a young man holding a pen, this time there is a monk on it. He cuts the bush and a young woman is standing behind him with dreamy eyes. I go off to Saint Anne's church next to the pub called Shandon Arms. It is closed, there is a sentence on the door: 'You can buy beer, wine, tobacco and ghosts'. I turn back to check the time, 10.47 p.m. and I can also see another side, where reality shows 9.56 p.m.

The church is full of people but I enter because I promised that I would take pictures of the inner world. I have to push the door hard like I've made a decision without any hesitation. The door closes slowly, as if it loved more to let people and things in, than out. The one inside is not urged to do things, he lives that moment of time in a different way.

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Because of the surprise I don't know what I am feeling but at that moment the mass is getting started as I enter the church. On my arrival the inside crowd stand up all at once. Quickly I sit down on the nearest seat. There is a man behind me, beside a woman in a red coat. The minister starts to talk. I recognise the meaning behind the English words, which are shocking to me. They are listing all the sins. Who knows what's happening? Even though the sky is up high, there is no dome, just the four towers, but I feel as the tears fill up my eyes, that even *by thoughts, by words, by acts or by missing things*, it is still not clear what touches me from what they say. My heart is noisy, but it is cold out there. The wind is blowing heavily, the slow movement of the salmon keeps swimming within me, as if it were on its way home, instead of finding its way to the ocean.

The polished parquet block mirrors the light. The columns are decorated with bamboo all the way around, I see mostly white colour and wood in the church, there is no gold shining like at home. Everything is simpler. The old people with grey hair, their hunched backs, mostly covered by quilted jackets. There are only a few sharp colours. It is warm outside but they know it can rain anytime. This knowledge makes me amazed, here the diversity of life looks as if it is breathing a concentrated air, Ireland is gasping, maybe it feels the end, I don't know what causes the exaggeration, what is behind it, fear or something else. I feel the same power seeing sandals on people's feet in autumn and seeing the strong make-up and tattoos on women's faces, meeting the swallowed words of silent men, tasting the strong and coffee-flavoured beer. The staff are loud, they address you, you cannot walk next to things because they ask you to pay attention, in spite of your answer they refer back. And they keep smiling. They don't hurt you.

The eyes of men don't hurt you and neither do the opened laps of women walking along the streets in the evenings, in spite of grabbing tourist men's hair, in spite of pinching men's faces, men have their free will about how they want to keep on. The openness and spaciousness are the same as below with the salmon, in the deep, mossy green ocean. People in Ireland change the world

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around them like the salmon does on the top of the tower, not to be lazy on rainy weekdays. And if they ever forget it, the tourists from other countries will remind them how they love to live. Lesson learned.

I was right here, in this church some weeks ago. It was a different Friday morning after the mess and I was alone, except for a man. Jesus was missing from above the Lord's table, but actually, that's not the truth. Jesus didn't get off the cross, he crucified himself on the colours. It started with turquoise, then he submerged into navy blue, and later his painted red glass body. But I hadn't seen that yet.

There were only the lights pouring across the walls, as all these colours were flowing into each other, together and apart, decorating the hard blocks of the church. As turquoise was blending with yellow my dream came to mind. I was walking on the riverbank on the way to the Opera, meanwhile, you were crossing the River Lee with a skateboard. Lights moved in and through each other, redrawing the way of Jesus, threading the resurrection with colours.

I remember the thick light in my throat, I could not speak in a foreign language, I had fear and strangeness in my stomach. In spite of understanding what people said, and knowing what I wanted to answer, there was only silence. The habit of fear is an inflexible frame. Instantly, as the frame starts melting, the tightness in my throat becomes loose, and I can breathe again.

I found a little card next to the sculpture, the prayer of Saint Francis of Assisi. I didn't remember the meaning of the word 'serenity'. While I was reading the prayer about patience, bravery and wisdom the salmon started to creak – it could have been waiting for this sign.

The last sculpture is on the right hand side of the church. Mary with Jesus after the crucifixion. I am thinking about this a lot nowadays. Starting with the angel as it arrives, to whether and what it means to be chosen. What if everything I have, everything that happens to me

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wanted to be mine? How will my life change if I know and feel and see that everything I live for is fulfillment? In this way, there is no desire because desire is only one part of me. It doesn't matter what the time is because the clock goes round, and the clockwises reach me in my soul, I am the clock face also.

So, if Mary knew what was to happen to her and her son, if Jesus knew and Maria Magdalena knew too, what kind of soul could put them up to saying yes? After the disappointment, hesitation and pain how could they find any belief and strength inside?

I see you in the rain. A whole day of chasing behind you. Calls, arrangements, tasks, neverending lists, and the sky falls down. There is a red Volkswagen in front of you, a green Renault behind. Although you are a good driver and they drive well, too, in the next moment you can see only the curtain of rain and you hear the bang, your body shoots ahead, the belt keeps you safe, the cell phone falls down, your neck jerks back. There is no time to remember which one is first: fear or anger. You are still alive. Voices become silent, you jump out from the car, run to the others, everybody is safe. You stop. The cars pass you by, you are in the middle of a space that looks as if it has opened by itself. Your clothes are really wet, you throw your jacket, t-shirt, trousers, stockings, and shoes away. But now you are just standing, standing in the rain, you breathe in deep and after the panic a perfect calm flushes through you, it is a spicy silence and that's all, you are alive, it doesn't matter what the time is, the windscreen is still working, it looks like a metronome, a time-keeper measuring your pulse, you are getting silent, you are not grasping.

You have a clock inside yourself, too. It doesn't matter where you hurry to, what urges you, if you escape or you are pursued, you can not be faster than yourself, Shandon arms keep you strong, they hug you like the clock face hugs in clockwise.

A Place to Call Home

I arrived in this place where I did not know anything: the names of the streets, the people, the language, nothing. I did not know how to ask for a glass of water. Soon I noticed that the people of this place, besides being kind, liked to talk. They liked it so much they didn't mind too much if I understood what was being said. It was funny, because I didn't have to say much. I quickly realized that only a few words mattered in my vocabulary: "Really" and "I do not believe". I felt as if I was back being a child, starting to talk. I tried to run with the words, but it was not possible, first I had to learn how to walk.

My *craic* in the city was basically going to church, to ask for the blessing of the saints, going to the registrar's office, to take care of the marriage details and going to the pub. The last was the most interesting of them all. When I went into a pub, I felt like I was in a medieval tavern, decorated with its rustic walls and furniture, heated by the fireplace and lit by the candles. This whole environment gave me the feeling that time had stopped. To the sound of the violin, everyone danced some sort of tap dance, which here is called Irish Dancing. Smiling people toasted and from the dark color of their glasses, I had no doubts what they were drinking was Murphy's, the local beer. They drank and did not even frown upon its bitter taste. There by the fifth pint, they said that the cure would come the following morning, along with a good Irish Breakfast.

From far away we could hear every hour, the St. Finbarr's church's bells, announcing prayer, while on the other side Shandon Bells informed us of the presence of tourists in the city. Every day was the same. By morning the sky was more like an unfinished painting with its mixed shades of black and white. Sometimes, very seldom, there was a certain blue in the background, shy as if it did not want to appear. Time flew by as fast as the smoke from chimneys and cigarettes fade into the sky. And the stars seemed further away, and one wasn't even able to see the Crux constellation. The silence of the night brought with it the longing for home, for the words not

Um Lugar para Chamar de Lar

Cheguei em um lugar onde nada conhecia: o nome das ruas, das pessoas, a língua, nada. Não sabia ao menos como pedir por um copo com água. Logo vi que as pessoas daquele lugar, além de simpáticas, gostavam muito de conversar. Gostavam tanto, que nem se importavam se eu entendia o que era dito. Era engraçado, pois eu não precisava falar muito. Percebi rapidamente que poucas palavras eram o que importavam no meu vocabulário: *Really* e *I don't believe*. Sentia que havia voltado a ser uma criança começando a falar. Tentava correr com as palavras, mas não era possível, pois primeiro tinha que aprender a andar.

A minha diversão na cidade se resumia a ir à Igreja, para pedir a benção dos santos, ir ao cartório, cuidar dos preparos para o casório e no pub. Esse era, de todos, o mais interessante. Ao entrar um bar, a sensação que eu tinha, era de como estivesse em uma taverna medieval, decorada com paredes e móveis rústicos, aquecido pela lareira e iluminado pelas velas. Todo esse ambiente me trazia a sensação de que o tempo havia parado ali. Ao som do violino, todos dançavam um tipo de sapateado, por aqui chamado de *Irish Dancing*. As pessoas brindavam sorridentes e pela cor escura dos copos não se tinha dúvidas: o que estavam bebendo era *Murphy's*, a cerveja local. Bebiam e nem mesmo faziam careta por conta do gosto amargo. Lá pela quinta *pint*, diziam que a cura viria de manhã junto com um bom *Irish Breakfast*. De longe ouvia-se, de hora em hora, o sino da igreja *St. Finbarr's* anunciando a reza, enquanto do outro lado, a *Shandon Bells* avisava da presença de turistas na cidade.

Todos os dias eram iguais. Pela manhã o céu mais parecia uma pintura inacabada com tons misturados de preto e branco. Às vezes, muito raramente, havia um azul lá no fundo, tímido como se não quisesse aparecer. E o tempo passava tão rápido quanto a fumaça das chaminés e dos cigarros desaparecendo no céu. E as estrelas pareciam mais longe, não sendo possível ver, ao menos, a constelação Cruzeiro do Sul. O silêncio da noite trazia consigo a

Helen Pamela de Jesus

spoken, those that stay stuck in the throat. And the raining, always present, and while it wet the earth, one or another tear would wet my face.

Fitzgerald's park had a green unlike anything I had seen before. People said that the trees and fields were an Emerald color, and that is how this land is known: "Emerald Isle". That green also brought me nostalgia, or maybe it was just a memory of someone, or something that was now part of my past.

My eyes were like the eyes of a child, who sees everything and nothing escapes. I did not understand the difference between the spoken languages. I did not know if it was English or Gaelic. Because I didn't get the spoken language, I quickly learned to understand with my eyes. I concluded that winter not only changed the landscape, but also the people. I found myself surrounded by educated smiles, but often by sad eyes, a reflex of difficult times or just summer longing, characteristics of a simple and charismatic people, with a Rebel way of being. A rebellion that led them to fight and even shed blood against servitude and hunger, in search of their ideals and Independence.

Today I see that it is not just the charisma and simplicity that we have in common. More than that, what unites us, is the rebellion and the love for this little cosmopolitan town that I have come to call home.

Helen Pamela de Jesus

saudade de casa, das palavras não ditas, aquelas que ficam ali paradas na garganta. E a chuva estava lá, sempre presente, e enquanto ela molhava a terra, volta e meia uma lágrima molhava meu rosto.

O *Fitzgerald park* tinha um verde diferente de qualquer coisa que tinha visto antes. As pessoas diziam aqui que as árvores e os campos tinham com cor de esmeralda e era assim que essa terra é conhecida: "Ilha Esmeralda". Aquele verde também me trazia uma nostalgia, ou talvez era apenas uma lembrança de alguém ou alguma coisa que agora fazia parte do meu passado.

Meus olhos eram como olhos de criança, que tudo vê e nada escapa. Não percebia diferença do idioma falado, não sabia se era Inglês ou Gaélico. Por não entender a língua que se falava, aprendi rapidamente a entender com os olhos. Conclui que o inverno não só mudava a paisagem, mas também as pessoas. Me via cercada por sorrisos educados, mas muitas vezes por olhos tristes, reflexo de tempos difíceis ou apenas saudade do verão. Característica de um povo simples e carismático, com um jeito *Rebel* de ser. Rebeldia, esta, que os levou a lutar e até derramar sangue contra a servidão e a fome, em busca por seus ideais e a Independência.

Hoje vejo que não é apenas o carisma e a simplicidade que temos em comum. Mais que isso, o que nos une, é a rebeldia e o amor por essa pequena cidade Cosmopolita que passei a chamar de casa.

Gabriela de Sousa

The Harp that once Sang on the Hill

First it came, the veil of stars
Falling from the midnight gleam
The sea that roars, the mountain jars
The voice that weeps within the stream
And when it came the veil of stars
And when the sun fell pale and dim
'Twas then it rose so proud, so shrill
The harp that once sang on the hill.

The foam kissed gently its wooden feet
From where its sons were made and born
Its strings grew thick and played to meet
Their golden dome received from morn
And the foam that flows beneath its feet
Gave to its sons their pledge as sworn:
They had no queen to serve until
The harp grew tall upon the hill.

But a cold, dark raven cast its shadow
Upon the harpist's fiery lip
Scattered shrieks across the meadow
And gave the earth a deep, long rip
So the cold, dark raven let its shadow
Hold and wave the sorrow's whip
But he could not besmirch the will
Of the harp that once sang on the hill.

Five kings came from beyond the sea
And built their seats in hard, rough stone
No more they claimed that island free
No more they left but tales unknown
And when those kings came through the sea
Embroidering shields of flesh and bone
Swords grew heavy: they could not kill
The harp that once sang on the hill.

Gabriela de Sousa

L'Irlande est un Poème

Primeiro veio o véu de estrelas
Caindo do brilho da meia-noite
O mar que rugiu, os tremores da montanha
A voz que chora dentro do regato
E quando veio o véu de estrelas
E quando o sol se pôs pálido e ténue
Foi quando se ergueu tão altiva, tão aguda
A harpa que um dia cantou na colina.

A espuma beijou gentilmente os seus pés de madeira
De onde os seus filhos foram feitos e nasceram
As suas cordas enrijeceram e tocaram para encontrarem
A cúpula dourada recebida da madrugada
E a espuma que corre debaixo dos seus pés
Deu aos seus filhos a sua promessa como jurada:
Eles não tinham rainha para servirem até
A harpa se ergueu sobre a colina.

Mas um corvo frio e escuro lançou a sua sombra
Sobre o lábio em fogo do harpista
Espalhou gritos através do prado
E deu à terra um rasgão fundo e longo
Então o corvo frio e escuro deixou a sua sombra
Segurar e abanar o chicote da aflição
Mas ele não conseguiu minar o ensejo
Da harpa que um dia cantou na colina.

Cinco reis vieram do ou outro lado do mar
E construíram os seus assentos em pedra dura e áspera
Não mais afirmaram aquela ilha livre
Não mais deixaram que lendas desconhecidas
E quando aqueles reis vieram do outro lado do mar
Enfeitando escudos de carne e osso
Espadas pesaram: não conseguiram matar
A harpa que um dia cantou na colina.

Gabriela de Sousa

The children left their gleamy glades
To seize new gods in distant lands
They chose grey walls, they joined brigades
They built castles on foreign sands
And whilst they left their gleamy glades
To mark new fates in their bare hands
They all engraved in ink and quill
The songs they heard once on the hill;

And when they sing that green vale yonder
Lurking in their dreams' lost shore
Each tree that sighs, each rill, with wonder
Each hope they ploughed in times of yore
That's when they pluck from those vales yonder
The glowing stem of the dark blue rose...
And if it's fragrance shall disclose
The blazing might in their hearts' core
That's how men know: it's standing still
The harp that once sang on the hill.

Gabriela de Sousa

As crianças deixaram as suas clareiras fulgurantes
Para buscarem novos deuses em terras distantes
Escolheram muros cinzentos, juntaram-se a exércitos
Construíram castelos em areias estrageiras
E embora deixando as suas clareiras fulgurantes
Para assinalarem novos destinos nas mãos nuas
Todas gravaram em tinta e pena
As canções que ouviram um dia na colina.

E quando cantam aquele vale verde lá longe
Espreitando na orla perdida dos seus sonhos
Cada árvore que suspire, cada ribeiro, com assombro
Cada esperança que araram em tempos idos
É quando colhem desses vales lá longe
O estame brilhante da rosa azul e escura...
E se o seu perfume revelar
A força ardente no centro dos seus corações
É como os homens saberão: ainda está de pé
A harpa que um dia cantou na colina.

Zahra Deschard

Ireland is a Poem

Ireland is a poem suspended in the air
like a drop of silver water, blessed
by the rays of precious light. Ireland

is a jewel at the edge of the infinite ocean
a promise of the unknown, shining
under the ancient lights of the north.

The velvet greens are a balm
to those in search of peace.

Blessed is the land that overwhelms my senses.
Blessed is the land that shelters my soul.

L'Irlande est un Poème

L'Irlande est un poème suspendu dans les airs
Comme une goutte d'eau argentée, bénie
Par les précieux rais de lumière.

L'Irlande est un joyau au bord de l'océan infini
Une promesse de l'inconnu, brillante
Sous les lumières anciennes du nord.

Les velours verts sont un baume
Pour ceux en quête de paix.

Bénie soit la terre qui bouleverse mes sens.
Bénie soit la terre qui abrite mon âme.

Joanna Dukkipati

You Can't Con Cork!

Dearest Bambino,

My heart! You are now fifteen years old and raring to go! As you should!

I admit I'm full of advice that you pay no heed to, but this letter is in the guise of a story. This is a true story about me, your loud, audacious, embarrassing mother. I'd like to share with you what happened after I turned fifteen - well I'll share as much as I can. Don't want to make you blush.

Please sit down, grab a glass of milk (not that terrible can of Coke) and if you can: read it slowly.

When I turned fifteen I was expected to know what I wanted from life. It was terribly scary. I too completed my Junior Cert, barely. Your grandfather had decided for me that I was to study the thrilling world of 'science'. I wanted to pursue the vast landscape of 'arts' - because the career counsellor suggested so. You have been to Mumbai to visit your grandparents and your lively bunch of uncles and aunts. I can assure you that my Mumbai was Bombay and that it was much different to what you know it as. Because - as you already know - change is the only constant.

Your grandfather had a remarkable career in aeronautical engineering. So, it's understandable that 'arts' was an alien term. I complied. I was unhappy. I studied all the subjects he prescribed. I wrote a letter to him too at age 17 or so to explain my disinterest and dislike. I must admit I lacked the cleverness to pursue the path he and your grandmother, Ammamma, dreamed for me. Your Ammamma, has always wanted the best for me. Though I yearned for other things. It took me a decade and more to realise that it's ok to want something else or even more.

I completed Leaving Cert. I worked hard following the letter I wrote

Joanna Dukkipati

and got the course I wanted to pursue in college. It was the most eccentric time of my life. I'd been sheltered till then and suddenly Bombay was my oyster. Imagine.... an entire metropolis all mine for the taking. I don't even know how many people lived there back then.... but I was travelling the local busses and trains -- all shabby yet perfect to my curious eyes. I was, unknowingly on the way to you, my love-bug.

It was done. Three years of undergraduate studies was completed with earnest motivation. I even found myself immediately heading to Melbourne to study for another eighteen months. Oh Bambino, life at university with an ocean between me and my parents was the tonic I needed. I didn't know then but had I not the opportunity to leave, I wouldn't have learned to eat all my vegetables. Hence, when you came along, I was determined that you at least learn to peel vegetables - so you may fix yourself up a healthy bowl of soup.

As you know, I arrived in Belfast after giving up one career path that I chose for myself. It was not hard to quit the job, but it was challenging to convince Ammamma & Grandad. They showed as much courage as I did to let nature run its course. This is what I aspire for to, between us. That we both show faith in each other, we both trust in each other. It will come with practise and I have been practising since the time I laid eyes on you. Oops...I know you are cringing. It is so easy to rile you up.

I will skip the part how Daddy and I fell for each other because I have told you that story so many times. But I have never made the time to tell you about all the wonderful things that happened to me after I arrived in Cork. And to be honest, this is really where today's story begins. And yes, there was a need to get here the long way. You know me, I much prefer a scenic drive.

I was so excited to move to Cork and begin a life with Daddy. Yet again another city, my oyster. I felt the same things I felt when Bombay opened to me. No sooner had I arrived, than I found a placement with a theatre company called *Corcadorca* and it led to

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me to the most inspiring people. They showed me the importance of being true. I wish you the same, bambino - that you meet incredible people who will encourage you to be more of yourself.

You always say to me after you visit Mumbai, that people find a way to get along no matter how different everybody's ways are. There is a strange sense of balance in the chaos, isn't there? I adore watching you observe the little differences there. You ask me the simplest yet most complex of questions. For example, that time when you didn't understand why it was important to immerse Ganapathi, the elephant god, in the sea. You couldn't bear to see all that wonderful work gone into creating the idol just to be released into the sea. How was I to explain to your sweet four year old self this symbolic gesture of letting-go? But I reminded you how Ganapathi and all the other symbols respected and worshipped in India bring everybody together like St Patrick in Ireland. Now is a good time to share with you what I learned long ago about my Cork - your Cork - our Cork - she thrives because she works hard to bring communities together.

I remember so distinctly an event I created in 2013 called Cork Indian Summer - it took place in a wonderful building called Camden Palace Hotel at Camden Quay. Today, it is a much different building to what it was those many years ago. Cork Indian Summer was to be a place for Indian culture to merge with Irish culture. I carefully planned it with a wonderful team of people. We transformed the building into a bazaar filled with a range of stalls, a dance programme, a movie screening and we even played Holi. You remember what Holi is, don't you? The festival of colours where we smear each other with colourful powder to celebrate spring. Your Daddy was selling tickets at the door all day. I wonder if he even ate that day. I know I didn't. It was bright, loud and wonderful. It was held in June - It was a magical day because it was coincidentally the first day of summer. You know how we all get when the sun shines on Cork after months of grey clouds. Well that day was special. It took months of designing and fundraising to create an intercultural event in the heart of the city. I could do it because a few people were

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crazy enough to believe it to be a good idea. And that's all you need to win at anything - a few people with good authentic intention coming together. Cork is filled with those. You can't miss them even if you tried. On your fifteenth birthday I wish you meet them all.

Once I had the rare opportunity to share my experiences as an entrepreneur. Would you believe, it took me days to prepare. It was too hard to explain my own journey. I thought about it long, and finally, in the strangest way (I must have been teaching you to peel a carrot or something). I realised that I have abundant gratitude. Expressing my appreciation was important in my job as an 'artistic engineer' — a phrase that your Grandfather in Bombay used to describe me. When he first called me so, I giggled because I had finally become an engineer of some kind for him. This was possible only because of Cork's ability to cheer for anyone who is willing to try. You can't fool the folk here. Try to remember this always about your city, Bambino! The entire city has your back - you just have to ask kindly. Remember your magic words - Please, sorry and thank you.

You know how I insist you watch the road while crossing it even if the green girl at the lights says you can - well that's because growing up in Bombay I only had my own eyes to rely on while crossing the road. Also, growing up in Bombay I was tenacious because any other way would have been so plain. Oops. And so, my sense of self is hard earned like a skill-set that I am unwilling to let go of. Cork has given me the space to practise this very skill unabashedly. So, you see this is why I am as much Bombay-made as I am Cork-made.

If not me and Daddy, Cork will always keep you on your toes and inspire you to work hard towards being yourself. I am living proof of this. Cork is just your starting home and you must open up to it as much as you can. The more you allow it to mould you the stronger you'll be for everything that lies ahead. While you still have a few more years left here, they are going to be the building blocks, wouldn't you agree? Remember what I said at the beginning of this

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story that it's alright to want something more. However, how will you know what that is till you flood yourself with all the wisdom of the authentic and inspiring folk surrounding you.

I carry Bombay with me and Cork took me under her wings like a coach. I am fortunate to have both cities to call my own. Soon you too will travel far from the suburb of Douglas, you go ahead, choose your own path, create your own adventures and meet every kind of person there is. All will be well. You needn't worry too much about where you will end up while you keep changing as a person because like me, you too will always have Cork with you.

Loads of love,
Mummy

A Journey called Home

It was an evening, like many other weekday evenings; myself and Stefano were in the kitchen, cooking. Lyndon, our 7 year-old lab was literally glued to my feet, as he usually is when he smells food, and was waiting for something to fall off the kitchen counter. That evening, for no particular reason, the wine was going down very nicely, and we soon ended up a bit tipsy.

Looking at the rain outside the window, I found myself thinking back to when we arrived in Ireland, 10 years previously; maybe because the weather was exactly the same - no surprise there - or most likely because 10 years had passed without us even noticing, so much has been the excitement, the worries and in general, the things to do in this strange new world.

Reading my face like an open book, Stefano smiled and started:

“I have a teli , I have a teli” and he couldn’t hold his laughter: he was trying, without success, to mimic the strong corkonian accent of our first landlord, when he gifted us with an old TV... We could already speak English back then, but everytime he talked to us we ended up just guessing what he was saying, often failing miserably in our attempt to understand him.

I joined in the laughter, clearly remembering that particular moment, which opened the door to that unstoppable train called ‘Memory Lane’, a train full of vivid memories of people, places, events and emotions. Nobody knows where the train is heading, but I can tell you that it all started here, in the True Capital.

We were still chuckling, and it was clear that we wouldn’t have stopped thanks to ‘the teli’ memory; I tried to regain some composure and said:

“Stefano, can you remember the call I got from Linda? It was my very first call, and she was trying to book an interview for a job.”

Un Viaggio chiamato Casa

Era una sera come tante altre ed io e Stefano eravamo in cucina, a preparare qualcosa da mangiare. Lyndon, il nostro labrador di 7 anni, era letteralmente incollato ai miei piedi, come fa, del resto, tutte le volte che sente l'odore del cibo, e aspettava pazientemente che qualcosa di buono cadesse dal piano della cucina. Quella sera, senza un motivo particolare, il vino scendeva giù' facilmente e presto ci ritrovammo un po' alticci.

Mentre guardavo la pioggia fuori dalla finestra, mi ritrovai a pensare a quando, 10 anni prima, arrivammo in Irlanda. Forse perché il tempo era esattamente lo stesso - niente di nuovo in questo senso - o forse perché 10 anni sono passati senza che ce ne accorgessimo, così tanta è stata la frenesia, le paure, e le miriadi di cose da fare in questo strano, nuovo mondo.

Leggendomi come un libro aperto, Stefano, ridendo, attaccò:

"I have a teli , I have a teli" senza riuscire a trattenere una risata: stava cercando, senza alcun successo, di imitare il forte accento corksese del nostro primo padrone di casa, quando ci regalò un vecchio televisore... Al tempo masticavamo già' un po' di inglese, ma ogniqualvolta si rivolgeva a noi, ci domandavamo di cosa stesse parlando, spesso fallendo miseramente in ogni tentativo di decifrare le sue parole.

Mi unii alla risata, ricordandomi perfettamente quel particolare momento, e questo spalancò le porte a quell'inarrestabile treno chiamato "Memory Lane", un treno pieno di memorie nitidissime di persone, luoghi, eventi ed emozioni. Nessuno sa dove sia diretto questo treno, ma vi posso assicurare che tutto è iniziato qui, nella "True Capital".

Stavamo ancora sghignazzando, ed era chiarissimo che non ci saremmo fermati all'episodio della televisione, quando cercando di ricompormi dissi:

Stefano Ferretti & Silvia Benini Ferretti

“Oh Yeah!!! ” still giggling “where did she tell you to go for the interview?”

“It was Boreenmanna Road, but the funny thing was that I’d asked her to spell the road name ‘cause I had no idea where it was ... today I still don’t have a clue how I managed to eventually get there”.

“Ahahaha, yes, I remember you told me that in the end it was a bus driver who pointed you in the right direction”

“Yes, I think it was a number 2 bus, and he let me out on Old Blackrock Road, and told me to cross that narrow lane ... Crab lane... it seems as easy now as it was impossible then!!!”

“I bet it was! You were never really good with names and spelling ... especially considering your shock with irish names and the Corkonian accent ... Hold on ... what was that woman’s name ... ohhhh we couldn’t stop laughing, remember? Ahhhh I can’t remember, help me out!”

“What name?”, I asked, but I knew exactly where he was going with this ... “you don’t mean Aisling, do you?” ... it was my turn to burst out laughing ...

“Ahahahah, oh my God!! Yes! That’s the one!!! What were you calling her?”

I was almost choking at this point, as the memory of the event brought back the embarrassment I had felt when I realized the difference between how you write an Irish name, and how you actually pronounce it..

“A I S L I N G ...I pronounced the Irish name the same way I would have pronounced it in ItalianA I S L I N Ggosh.... I wanted to disappear from the face of the earth ” “Sure, look who’s talking though! Stephaaaano”.

Stefano Ferretti & Silvia Benini Ferretti

“Stefano, ti ricordi la telefonata di Linda? Era la mia primissima chiamata in inglese, e la poverina stava cercando di organizzarmi un colloquio di lavoro”

“Ahhh si! E dove ti disse di andare per il colloquio?” continuando a ridacchiare

“Boreenmanna Road, ma la cosa buffa era che nonostante le avessi chiesto di fare lo spelling, non avevo idea di che strada fosse, e ancora oggi non so come abbia fatto ad arrivarci”

“Già!!! Ricordo che alla fine riuscisti ad arrivarci grazie all'aiuto dell'autista dell'autobus”

“Proprio così! Era l'autobus n.2, e lui mi fece scendere in Old Blackrock Road, e mi disse di attraversare quella stradina stretta stretta.... Crab Lane ... sembra così semplice adesso ma allora sembrava impossibile.”

“Lo credo! Non sei mai stata brava con i nomi e con lo spelling..... Specialmente considerando lo shock avuto con la combinazione di nomi irlandesi ed accento corkese Aspetta aspetta ... come si chiamava quella signora Ti ricordi? Non riuscivamo a smettere di ridere!!! Ahhh non mi viene in mente! Dammi una mano!! ”

“Di che nome parli?” Chiesi, sapendo benissimo a cosa si stesse riferendo ... “Non intenderai mica Aisling?” e scoppiai a ridere.

“Si! Si! Proprio quello!! Com'è che la chiamavi in realtà?”

A questo punto stavo quasi soffocando dal ridere perché il ricordo di quell'evento mi riportò alla mente l'imbarazzo provato nel realizzare la differenza tra come si scrive un nome irlandese e come invece si pronuncia.

“AISLING. Pronunciavo il nome irlandese nella stessa maniera in cui lo avrei pronunciato in italiano.... AISLING ... Mamma mia... Sarei

Stefano Ferretti & Silvia Benini Ferretti

"Oh I've got something better than that ...", he said "do you remember the guy who was working at Barry's?"

"Of course I do! It was that nice fella you usually met on the bus on the way to town, that day he had a box wrapped in brown paper, didn't he?"

"Yes, exactly! It was a cold dark morning, must have been 6:45 or something... he approached me and, out of the blue said 'Do you like tea?' " (laugh) "I could not understand where he was going with it! Jeez, I was basically still half asleep and couldn't realize what was going on ..." 'Do you like tea? Here! This is for you, Merry Christmas!'

"I think at that point I looked like one of those old Japanese cartoons, with a giant question mark on top of my head! He had decided to give me a Welcome to Cork Christmas gift. He literally left me speechless for the rest of the trip. Something like that never happened to me before and can only happen here, in Ireland, in fairness... Do you remember, somehow he also tried to write my name on the box, well the AISLING version of it anyway, guess we all have the same difficulties sometimes Ahahahah "

"What a nice man he was! You remember? We put that box under our first Irish Christmas tree in Dillons Cross and only unwrapped it on Christmas day,I remember we could not wait to open that gift with the strange name written on it.... STAVROS! "

Stefano reached for his phone to open Spotify, and music started to fill the room, adding a lovely soundtrack to the evening.

The 'Memory Lane' train kept on going inside my head, and I started thinking about how much our vision and experience of Cork had changed through time, while the city unfolded its secrets to us and we opened our minds and hearts to it. 10 years ago, we arrived at night with 2 cases, just a few days before Paddy's day; the city was bursting with preparation for an event we knew very little about.

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voluta sparire dalla faccia della Terra." ... " E comunque... senti chi parla Stephaaano".

"Mah, penso di avere qualcosa di meglio per te." disse; "Ti ricordi quel signore che lavorava da Barry's?"

"Certo che mi ricordo! Era quel signore che di solito trovavi la mattina presto alla fermata dell'autobus; e quel giorno si presentò con una scatola impacchettata con una carta marrone."

"Proprio così! Era una mattina fredda e buia, dovevano essere le 6:45 o giù' di lì. Lui mi si avvicinò' e, dal nulla, disse 'Ti piace il the?'" e poi continuò' ridendo "Non riesco a capire che cosa intendesse! Io ero praticamente mezzo addormentato e non avevo idea di cosa stesse succedendo... " 'Ti piace il the? Tieni! Questo é per te! Buon Natale!'

"A quel punto credo, di essermi trasformato in uno di quei personaggi dei cartoni animati, con un bel punto interrogativo che mi volteggiava sopra la testa! Quell'uomo aveva deciso di presentarsi con un regalo natalizio di Benvenuto a Cork! Mi lasciò letteralmente senza parole per il resto del giorno; una cosa del genere può succedere solo in Irlanda... Ti ricordi? In qualche modo lui aveva anche cercato di scrivere il mio nome sulla scatola, beh, almeno la versione AISLING dello stesso ... Beh....alla fine abbiamo davvero tutti le stesse difficoltà, non é vero?!"

"Che carino però! Ti ricordi? Mettemmo quella scatola sotto il nostro primo albero di Natale irlandese, a Dillon's Cross, e lo aprimmo solo il giorno di Natale ... Mi ricordo che non stavamo nella pelle e volevamo a tutti i costi scartare quel pacchetto con quello strano nome scritto sopra STAVROS"

Stefano prese il suo cellulare per aprire Spotify, e la musica iniziò a riempire la stanza, aggiungendo una piacevole colonna sonora alla serata.

Stefano Ferretti & Silvia Benini Ferretti

Our eyes were wide open to any faces, buildings, streets or pubs, while our ears responded to any sounds or laughter. We were so aware of anything that was happening around us, but, at the same time, so conscious that something could easily go wrong. We had so many hopes for this new chapter but were also nervous as we had left Italy with no real plan for what to do next, aside from looking for a job. I remembered making our first Irish friends and how they immediately made us part of their Cork-life, opening their homes and bringing us to pubs and places that showed us what Cork was really about.

Cork quickly became part of us, we felt at home at the stadium watching a hurling match, while learning the GAA rules explained by cheerful neighbours and promptly shouting our support for the Cork team. Quickly enough it became natural for us to thank the bus driver for the ride or to salute people when walking or driving on secondary roads. The funny thing is that when we go back to Italy, we find ourselves using the same Irish courtesy and the response is an incredulous, yet joyful smile.

Stefano was still smiling, his eyes were, as mine, immersed in those memories... As Springsteen's voice started coming out of the phone, I was sure of what Stefano was thinking about.....: the Boss concert, of course, a few years back, when some of our friends from Italy visited us. As on many other occasions, that was a time to show Cork, our new home, to our old friends. They arrived at Cork airport and we were the ones waiting for and welcoming them at arrivals. We brought them home first, and then to the local pub where they could taste, first hand, Corkonian friendliness....

A couple of pints later one of our friends was handed over a guitar from the pub owner, to join in their casual, yet entertaining session. Looking at our friends' disbelief and joy was like looking into a mirror, their happiness was ours. After the concert we stopped in town, aimlessly walking along St. Patrick street and stopping here and there for a pint; the surprise and joy on their faces was more effective than any of the words we used to explain to our friends and

Stefano Ferretti & Silvia Benini Ferretti

Il treno 'Memory Lane' continuava a viaggiare nella mia testa ed iniziai a pensare a quanto la nostra visione di Cork fosse cambiata nel tempo, mentre la città stessa ci svelava i suoi segreti e noi le aprivamo mente e cuore. Arrivammo una notte di 10 anni fa con due valigie, qualche giorno prima della festa di San Patrizio. La città fremeva per i preparativi di un evento di cui conoscevamo ben poco. I nostri occhi catturavano ogni volto, edificio, strada e locale, mentre le nostre orecchie percepivano ogni suono e risata. Eravamo attenti a qualunque cosa stesse succedendo intorno a noi ma, allo stesso tempo, anche un po' nervosi che qualcosa potesse andare storto.

Avevamo così tante speranze per questo nuovo capitolo della nostra vita, ma eravamo anche impauriti per aver lasciato l'Italia senza un vero piano, se non quello di cercare un lavoro una volta arrivati. Mi ricordai delle nostre prime amicizie irlandesi e di come loro ci avessero fatto sentire subito parte della loro vita corksese, avendoci aperto le porte delle loro case e portato in quei pub e in quei luoghi dove carpiamo la vera essenza di Cork.

Cork diventò velocemente una parte integrante di noi: ci sentimmo, ad esempio, subito a casa allo stadio a vedere una partita di Hurling. Al tempo cercavamo ancora di capire le regole del gioco, spiegateci da vicini ridanciani, e già urlavamo a scuarciagola tutto il nostro supporto per la squadra locale.

Divenne naturale ringraziare l'autista del bus ad ogni corsa, o salutare i passanti quando andavamo in giro a piedi o in macchina per stradine secondarie. La cosa divertente è che, quando tornavamo in Italia, ci veniva naturale usare la stessa cortesia irlandese, ricevendo in tutta risposta un sorriso incredulo, ma riconoscente.

Stefano stava ancora sorridendo ed i suoi occhi, come i miei, erano ancora immersi in quei ricordi... quando la voce di Springsteen cominciò ad uscire dal telefono.... ero sicura a cosa Stefano stesse pensando in quel momento: il concerto del Boss di qualche anno prima. In quell'occasione vennero a trovarci alcuni nostri amici dall'Italia; come in molte altre occasioni, fu il nostro turno mostrare

Stefano Ferretti & Silvia Benini Ferretti

families in Italy why Cork is much more than the place we live in, that it is our home.

The sudden doorbell brought us back to the present.

"It must be the lads", said Stefano, and went to the door. It was Declan, Francesca, and the rest of the gang, a loud and joyful bunch of people from different countries. Here we were, after a few minutes, sitting all around the table, sipping wine and laughing: that scene reminded me of those beautiful and endless Italian meals. It is funny how our Italian traditions have been deeply infused with *Irishness* and how our Irish friends have adopted much of our *Italianness*.

We never made it in to town that night as we kept on drinking, chatting and laughing at our place. We shared part of the memories we had been discussing and soon everyone had boarded their own Memory Lane train, adding pieces of their own stories about Cork. You can't stop that train: each person we've met and all the things we've done just add a little piece to the tracks. Only when you're on board can you truly realize how wonderful your journey has been; this journey we call Home.

Stefano Ferretti & Silvia Benini Ferretti

Cork, la nostra nuova casa, ai nostri vecchi amici. Quando arrivarono all'aeroporto di Cork ci trovarono lì, ad aspettarli. Li portammo prima a casa e poi al pub locale dove poterono toccare con mano l'accoglienza corkese.

Un paio di pinte più tardi, uno dei nostri amici si ritrovò tra le mani una chitarra spuntata quasi dal nulla, e si unì orgoglioso ad una jam session improvvisata. Guardare l'incredulità dipinta sui volti dei nostri amici fu come guardarsi allo specchio, la loro felicità era la stessa che avevamo provato noi. Dopo il concerto ci fermammo in città, gironzolando per S. Patrick street, e fermandoci qua e là per una pinta; il loro stupore e la loro gioia si rivelò più efficace di qualsiasi altra parola usata per spiegare ai nostri amici e alle nostre famiglie perché Cork non fosse solo il luogo dove viviamo, ma la nostra casa.

All'improvviso il suono del campanello ci riportò al presente.

"Devono essere questi ragazzi!" disse Stefano, e si diresse verso la porta: erano Declan, Francesca e il resto della compagnia: un gruppo di amici allegri e chiassosi, provenienti da diverse parti del mondo. In pochi minuti eravamo tutti seduti intorno al tavolo a bere vino ed a ridere; questa scena mi fece tornare in mente quegli stupendi e interminabili pranzi italiani, così pensai a come le nostre tradizioni italiane si fossero profondamente infuse di Irishness mentre, allo stesso tempo, i nostri amici irlandesi avessero a loro volta adottato molta della nostra Italianità.

Quella sera rimanemmo seduti intorno a quella tavola e continuammo a bere, ridere e chiacchierare fino a tardi. Condividemmo con gli amici alcuni dei fatti ricordati prima, e ben presto tutti salirono a bordo del proprio 'Memory Lane' train, aggiungendo episodi delle loro esperienze corkesi. Non si può fermare quel treno: ogni persona incontrata e tutte le cose fatte hanno contribuito ad aggiungere un pezzo di binario. Solamente quando sei a bordo puoi renderti conto di quanto meraviglioso sia stato il viaggio; quel viaggio che noi chiamiamo Casa.

Ayla Goktan

A Year Abroad

On Blarney Street, in the old flat
I rented, my windows barely kept
out cold, or the voices below.

Lying in bed, the sounds did
touch me – the thick Cork accent,
the Spanish; the Hindi and Italian.
Especially the Turkish of my father's land,
and the English of my fellow Americans,
bemoaning our country's rift: Ford
vs. Kavanaugh, and whom to believe,
and what it meant.

My flat mate said
people who leave their country follow
its politics more. Perhaps it was guilt
alone that glued me to the hearing's
livestream, the same way shame
inspired me to Facetime my nephew
in North Carolina more than I ever had
from Chicago.

My friends promised
he was too young to remember me
not living near, but even with their words
in my ears, the cries of Irish children rising
from the street like the necessary bread
of morning still split something in my heart.

Ayla Goktan

Instructions to My Homesick Self

Walk up St. Patrick's Hill.
Gaze west from Bell's Field
over your adopted streets, and run
your hand across the wall's
jagged purple rocks.

Don't look back: behind
your shoulder are other futures.
In this one, you didn't leave
Chicago. Here you did but didn't
move to Cork. Is all of life a double-slit
experiment? I side with the antirealists:
Nothing exists but what is observed.

Lately it seems whatever strikes me
as lovely or absurd – a femur hung
from the ceiling of a pub in Clare,
or stone culverts forming the skeleton
of Cork – reminds me of death. Each
goodbye is a small annihilation, and
we all must press a little harder to carve
our will into our days. The fabric of life
is not fabric, but bone.

Anything I do,
I do to simplify desire. So walk with me.
From this hill, I want to show you what
I see: the path I took when I got off the train
after a weekend in Clare. Past the murals,
the crumbling stairs. And past the bells
where I first felt what I came here to feel:
this city calling me home.

Ayla Goktan

Resilience

Witch – Ligeia –
you came to me the way
a sigh comes, overtaking everything.

Your halo was pure
black, and you could not have been
more a siren
had God stolen your tongue.

I was wrong to think of the moon
on a night like this.
The river was the only silver
the city could hold. That,
and the sketch
of your dark eyes, locked
in museum glass.

Even men like Poe and Clarke, who feared
your charms, could not guard them.
I imagine you and other
dead who walk
feel as foreign as I do here.

I walk on.
Against nature, your image
on my shoulder bag –
museum souvenir –
is apotropaic magic.

The birds of Cork swarm low
but do not reach me, and I recall
my one-way flight here
through air, cloud and storm.

Ayla Goktan

To be the woman who weathers
the storm. To be the plane
that flies around it. And oh
to be like you, Ligeia – Witch, Sage,
Protectress of Time. To be the dark
impatience rolling. To be the storm itself.

Foreigner Without a Map

I couldn't find the rath
but I imagined it: stones
that built their own infinity
of perspective. What is place
but what we put in a poem?
While Cobh's cathedral was no
ringfort, the carillon still rang
with a force that moved the surface
of the summer harbour, the turbines
across the water, and the bracing
flight of raptors to a beauty
I could not name.

Mareike Graepel

Cork: A Gate, a Hop, and some Stories

A gate to a farm
A buttery smell
A man walking down the aisle
Looking scrumptiously swell
Between wings and things
And a taste of their own
The fish, the olives, the herbs that have grown
Or travelled from far-away lands
To happily, delightfully, changing hands

A child hops along
To a secret beat
There's tapping of shoes
And she'll meet her friends on Patrick Street
As arranged in the morning during school
To walk and run and dance full of joy
Peeking through windows at Pinocchio's Toys
And to stroll through the lanes, beautifully small
Past the cafés, bookstores and all

A girl sleeping rough
Not knowing where she
Will be the next day or in three
And she'll look for some food and money to buy
The things that you throw away somewhat slyly
You wonder what it is that she has done
Or what happened to her, who is she, someone
When she turns and she looks and for a moment she's there
The beautiful young girl with curls in her hair

Mareike Graepel

Cork: Ein Tor, ein Sprung, und einige Geschichten

Ein Tor zur Farm
Ein Buttergeruch
Ein Mann geht den Gang hinunter
Er sieht fabelhaft nobel aus
Zwischen Flügeln und Dingen
Und einem ganz eigenen Geschmack
Der Fisch, die Oliven, die Kräuter, die wuchsen
Oder anreisten aus fernsten Ländern
Um glücklich, wunderbar, die Hände zu wechseln

Ein Kind hopst entlang
Zu einem heimlichen Klang
Man hört die Schuhe steppen
Und sie wird auf der Patrick Street ihre Freunde treffen
Wie verabredet heut' Morgen in der Schule
Zum Laufen und Rennen und Tanzen voller Freude
Und zum Linsen durch die Fenster von Pinocchio's Toys
Und zum Spazieren durch Gassen, wunderbar eng
Vorbei an Cafés, Buchläden und so

Ein Mädchen, obdachlos wohl
Nicht wissend, wo sie
Sein wird am nächsten Tag oder am dritten
Und sie sucht nach Essen und Geld, um zu kaufen
Was du weg wirfst, ziemlich verstoßen
Du fragst dich, was ist es, das sie getan hat
Was ihr passiert ist, wer ist sie, ist sie nur irgendwer
Da dreht sie sich um und sie schaut und für einen Moment ist sie da
Das hübsche junge Mädchen mit Locken im Haar

Mareike Graepel

A guy walking, no, limping, along
Is he drunk or what is it that's wrong
He's holding his chin, blood dripping down, thin
And he knows that this bar he can never go in
Shaking hands find his phone and can barely hold on
And he'll dial and his lover will listen to him moan
He knows coming out was the best thing to do
He feels his love and energy like a rush of joy just then
Wishing he was home before they came back, those men

The morning after she brushes her hair
Feeling admired, desired and beautifully fair
She has longed for these arms, now looks out on St. Fin Barre's
Knowing that not a soul would ever know this, well, farce
To her it is so much more than that
The smell of the brewery makes her fret
Doesn't have the scent of the wine last night
Doesn't taste like what happened or what ever might
And her heart breaks right there and then, out of sight

Mareike Graepel

Ein Typ läuft, nein, er humpelt, herum
Ist er betrunken oder was ist es das, das nicht stimmt
Er hält sich das Kinn, das Blut tropft herunter, ganz dünn
Und er weiß, zu dieser Bar geht er nie wieder, nie wieder hin
Zitternde Hände finden sein Handy und können es kaum halten
Und er wählt und sein Geliebter wird ihn klagen hören
Er weiß, sich zu outen war die beste Entscheidung
Und dann fühlt er seine Liebe und Energie wie ein Rausch voller
Freude
Er wünscht sich nach Hause, bevor sie zurück kamen, diese Männer

Am nächsten Morgen kämmt sie ihr Haar
Sie fühlt sich bewundert, begehrt und schön heiter
Sie hat sich nach diesen Armen gesehnt, blickt nun raus auf
St. Fin Barre's
Wohl wissend, dass keine Seele diese, nun, Farce, kennen darf
Ihr bedeutet das so viel mehr
Der Geruch der Brauerei macht sie fahrig
Ist nicht wie der Duft des Weines letzte Nacht
Schmeckt nicht wie das, was passiert ist, oder passieren mag
Und ihr Herz bricht, kurzerhand, unsichtbar

Goods From Cork, Ireland

1

For twenty-five years now, my life has been spoon-fed by Cork City. Spoon-fed indeed, as it offered, readily available, all the elements that made me the person I have become today.

2

Cork is a city built on a human scale. At first, the fact that you could walk through the city in less than an hour was very appealing; from the train station or the bus terminal, to Cork University (U.C.C.). On your way, you stroll along department stores and shops; you pass the City Hall and the library; pass the schools, hospitals, cinemas and theatres. In the meantime, ubiquitous restaurants and pubs catch your attention. The river Lee and its bridges are part of the scenery, while at night, the city lights reflect in its waters, slightly blurry.

3

All this is good and well, but it is only the showcase of the city; the external shell of the golden nut inside. Along the years, I learned to appreciate other, more subtle, advantages of Cork; for those, you needed the PEOPLE.

4

It started with ceili dancing and music, in the 'Village' of Grand Parade, now long gone. I had never seen such a great atmosphere and expression of life; all ages/origins happily mixed on the floor, jumping and twirling, singing and laughing... All worries forgotten. Ceilis are still alive and well today, only a bit further from the city centre.

Les Bienfaits de la Ville de Cork, Irlande

1

Depuis vingt-cinq ans, la ville de Cork m'apporte, sur un plateau d'argent, une nouvelle façon de vivre. Sur ce plateau, j'ai trouvé les nombreux éléments qui m'ont transformée en celle que je suis devenue.

2

Cork est une ville à taille humaine. J'ai tout de suite apprécié le fait de pouvoir traverser la ville à pied en moins d'une heure; de la gare ou du terminal des bus, jusqu'à l'université de Cork. On passe devant les grands magasins et les boutiques; devant la mairie et la bibliothèque; devant des écoles, des hôpitaux, des cinémas et des théâtres; sans oublier les restaurants et les 'pubs', il y en a partout! La rivière Lee et ses ponts font partie du spectacle; le soir, la ville et ses lumières se reflètent dans son miroir, légèrement floues.

3

Tout cela est déjà pas mal, mais ce n'est pourtant que la vitrine de la ville; une coque extérieure cachant une noix en or. Il m'a fallu du temps pour découvrir d'autres aspects de Cork, invisibles à l'œil nu; du temps, certes, mais surtout, des PERSONNES.

4

J'ai commencé par les 'ceilis' (musique et danses traditionnelles) dans le 'Village', un grand pub de Grand Parade qui n'existe plus maintenant. L'atmosphère qui régnait était complètement nouvelle pour moi: jeunes et vieux, femmes et hommes, irlandais et étrangers, tous réunis sur la piste de danse, sautant et tournant, chantant et riant... Un festival de bonne humeur et de vie. Il y a toujours des ceilis, évidemment, mais maintenant on les trouve plutôt à la périphérie de Cork.

Marie Guillot

5

In parallel, a friend convinced me that local history was a must. Indeed, my Irish friends in general seemed embedded in the history of their country, not at all like me toward France. The guided tours of Cork highlighted its architectural value as well as the famous characters who left their imprints on the city.

6

The history virus grew inside me and I discovered the excitement of researching the past; to reach for it through libraries, archives and genealogy; to visit museums, old mansions, graveyards, churches and other souvenirs from the past; to finally gather these wonderful and unexpected discoveries and share them with others in the form of short articles. We are a far cry from the battles and their dates that formed the bulk of my history memories from school...

7

Another friend introduced me to the Corkonian literary world: informal gatherings were happening everywhere, at any time. It included all genres; poetry (a widespread means of expression in Ireland) and prose, in all formats; anything was worth it. Through the popular 'open mics', you could listen to established writers as well as 'emerging' ones; even 'aspiring' ones, such as the one I finally became, fifteen years later.

Cork Libraries play a large part in these activities; but museums, theatres, hotels, restaurants, pubs, coffee-shops (mushrooming in the city) and cultural centres also get involved as venues; the latter are often hosting regular workshops, such as graphic arts and photography (four years of camera club for me).

5

En parallèle, une amie m'a entraînée vers l'histoire locale. J'avais déjà remarqué l'importance que mes amis irlandais attachaient à l'histoire de leur pays, mais je ne pouvais pas en dire autant de moi envers la France. Les tours guidés de Cork m'ont permis d'apprécier aussi bien son architecture que les personnages qui ont marqué la ville.

6

Depuis, le virus s'est installé en moi et j'ai découvert que la recherche historique était pleine d'imprévu et de merveilleuses surprises, que ce soit dans les bibliothèques, les archives, ou à travers la généalogie; les visites de musées, de manoirs, de cimetières et d'églises ont également contribué à cette nouvelle quête, dont les résultats sont maintenant partagés sous la forme de petits articles. On est bien loin de la liste des dates de batailles que nous devions mémoriser à l'école...

7

Entretemps, une autre amie m'a fait connaître les cercles littéraires de Cork. On peut se joindre à des rencontres informelles de lectures en tous genres: poésie (très populaire et répandue ici) et prose dans toutes ses formes; l'écriture créative est sans limites. Les 'open mics' (micros ouverts à tous pour lire et s'exprimer) permettent d'entendre des auteurs connus, aussi bien que des débutants ou même que des apprentis (comme moi par exemple, quinze ans plus tard).

Les bibliothèques contribuent toujours largement à ces rencontres, ainsi que les musées, théâtres, hôtels, restaurants, pubs et salons de thé; ces derniers ont récemment poussé comme des champignons. Des centres culturels organisent régulièrement des ateliers d'art, de travaux manuels ou de photographie (j'ai quatre ans de camera club a mon actif!).

8

The Crawford Art Gallery, now a National Gallery, has been offering regular art sessions, where all are welcome. They opened my eyes on the infinite number of ways to express oneself, through traditional media (drawing, painting, fabric, etc.) as well as with ordinary material from daily life, or a combination of both. Those opportunities come around regularly, so there is almost no limitation to creativity.

9

Festivals in Cork City are plentiful, on a regular basis. There is always some interesting thematic activity, every week, possibly every day. Festivals may celebrate a tradition, or specific arts or people; or they may provide further education... or anything positive!

Certainly, music is a major parameter, Irish or not; traditional, folk and country music, classical concerts, but also jazz and rock; ceilis and dancing sessions are part of it too. Another field is the writing world: readings, plays, lectures, book launches and authors' interviews.

Writing workshops are usually available among these events, covering all kinds of genres: novels, poetry, history, short stories, travels, journalism, memoirs, sports and even cooking. Oral tradition is an important one as well: at any event, the story-tellers are always very popular.

10

Talking of sports, hurling is number one in Cork, as well as in all of Ireland. It gathers families in the stadium, but there is fierce competition between the clubs. Rugby and soccer come next, just to name a few. Also in Cork, there is an annual show around farming, animals and equipment, with many popular competitions.

8

La galerie d'art Crawford (maintenant nationale) a instauré des classes pour tous, ce qui m'a permis de découvrir une multitude de travaux manuels créatifs; a partir de matériaux et techniques classiques, mais aussi en utilisant des objets usuels et des méthodes nouvelles. Ces sessions sont offertes régulièrement, par conséquent chacun peut se renouveler indéfiniment.

9

A Cork, les festivals se succèdent. Il y a quelque chose d'intéressant pratiquement chaque semaine, quand ce n'est pas chaque jour; un vrai dilemme. Ces festivals peuvent célébrer une tradition ou un art ou des personnes; ou bien offrir des classes et ateliers, ou encore n'importe quoi de positif!

De la musique traditionnelle, bien sûr, irlandaise ou pas, des concerts classiques, mais aussi du jazz et du rock; tout cela peut être accompagné de danses et de ceilis.

Ensuite, l'écriture: théâtre, conférences en tous genres, lancements de livres et interviews d'auteurs. Des ateliers d'écriture de tous niveaux sont souvent offerts en même temps; ils concernent non seulement le roman et la poésie, mais encore l'histoire, la nouvelle, les voyages, le journalisme, les mémoires, le sport et même la cuisine. La tradition orale irlandaise est importante aussi et les 'raconteurs d'histoires' sont très populaires.

10

Pour ce qui est du sport, le 'hurling' tient une énorme place à Cork, comme d'ailleurs dans toute l'Irlande: il rassemble les familles au stade, mais la compétition entre les clubs est féroce. Le rugby et le football suivent de près maintenant, pour nommer les principaux sports d'équipe. A Cork même, il y a aussi chaque année des concours agricoles et d'autres activités rurales traditionnelles.

Marie Guillot

11

After all of the above mentions, we could say that Cork is hosting an 'on-going festival', year-round.

12

Numerous non-profit associations in various functions are also worth investigating; they allow less fortunate people to access various activities and trainings; or sometimes 'just' a bed for the night. A body of volunteers is always present; that is how I was able to contribute to small group-publications; the rewards are beyond words.

13

Finally, Cork City is truly the 'nucleus' of Cork County: from there, you can 'scout' every corner of the whole country. By car, of course, but also by bus or by train. Outside the city, rural pleasures await you: horse-riding (and gatherings), fishing, hiking and trekking; also the annual ploughing championship and other farming events, as well as sports of all kinds. Ireland has a lot to offer, all of it reachable from Cork!

14

Final Note: for the past ten years, the Cork Non-Fiction Writers' Group (Cork Library) has guided me into the manifold paths to writing, which are now part of my life.

Marie Guillot

11

Entre musique/danse/concerts, écriture/spectacles et sports, on peut parler de 'festival permanent' à Cork.

12

Plus discrètes, de nombreuses associations à but humanitaire sont présentes à Cork, permettant aux moins fortunés d'avoir accès à de nombreuses activités et classes; quand ce n'est pas tout 'simplement' à un lit pour la nuit. Des bénévoles de tous âges y participent à tour de rôle; c'est ainsi que j'ai pu contribuer à des petites publications de groupes; la récompense va bien au-delà des mots.

13

Pour conclure, la ville de Cork est vraiment le 'noyau' de son Comté: à partir de là, on peut aussi explorer les moindres recoins du pays entier. En voiture évidemment, mais aussi en bus (réseau très dense) ou en train. A l'extérieur, les activités rurales vous attendent: les chevaux (et les nombreuses rencontres qui y sont liées); la pêche et les randonnées; les expositions agricoles et tout ce qui s'y rapporte. L'Irlande a de nombreux cadeaux à offrir, tous accessibles à partir de Cork!

14

Note finale: depuis dix ans, le groupe d'écriture de la bibliothèque de Cork m'a permis d'explorer l'expression écrite, sous toutes ses formes; elle fait maintenant partie de ma vie quotidienne.

Hailey Hughes

Outside the Crawford Art Gallery

He sang of nightingales and a sweet Clara Lee.
This older man in a periwinkle suit. His shoulders
hunched as a shepherd's hook.
In the slant of September light,
I listened. Two street musicians
steadied him and held a microphone to his lips.

Earlier, I passed from gallery room to room,
Studying the goose's downy
feathers in Somerville's *Goose Girl*
and the smattering of yellow paint on the head
of a boxing champion in Keating's *The Small Ring*.
Portraits of a moment in time, national pride.

But on the sidewalk, just as precious,
Us lucky few, saw an old man
become young again.

Hailey Hughes

High atop a Hill, the Music Stirs

Fáilte means 'welcome' the man next to me
said as we wait for the concert to begin.
I say it, letting the new Irish word fall
clumsily from my lips. *Yes, my dear,*
fáilte, he smiles.

As the cellists sit, poised with their bows,
the electricity goes out.
No bother, the cello and concertina
pierce the darkness.
The step-dancer in his blue wingtips stomps
a heartbeat. Harp chords thrum, inhale.
The piano exhales with a crescendo.

In this room, on Sunday's Well
Road, everyone is alive,
together in the darkness.

Tyler Johnston

Victoria's Valkyries

From Victoria Barracks came the destruction of Cork.
Though the fire was extinguished, maimed eternally was the city.

Gone was the library, historic tomes scorched and destroyed,
Munster's Alexandria up in flames.
Vanished were the tramlines that carried Europe's largest harbour.
Alight were the homes of Cork's finest, paying with livelihoods
for a bite of freedom.

A city doused with the fire which would neuter it for decades
to come.

While a nation was built on the shores of the Liffey,
embers still flickered in the plains of the Lee.
When Dublin prospered, Cork struggled to rebuild.

Arms laid down as Victoria keeps her valkyries close.
A gemstone in the eye of London,
no longer a marshland, but a favored child.
Rebels no more, but the ties keeping the shamrock
in the favour of Buckingham.
A city still standing, not cleansed through fire,
but at the cost of a silenced harp.

A global city under the crown
or a husk of second city in a struggling republic.
Which comes first?
The well-being of your city,
or the existence of your country?

Home or Away

No hat no play no holiday. I reckon you can teach an Aussie to do pretty much anything if you just use an alliterative jingle or rhyme. Slip slop slap. At school today, we learnt about skin cancer, melanomas and the lot. Freckles at first they become parasites that suck the life out of you if not treated or removed quickly enough. Colour changes are deadly.

I could have told them colour in itself has always been a death sentence – no change needed, or indeed possible.

We spoke about our holidays too, doing the usual write-up of where we went over the summer and what we did, as the teacher tried to come to terms with the energy of thirteen-year-olds in their first year of secondary school. Everyone had a beach story. Discussed the importance of getting a tan. I'd seen those girls on the beach. Rotisserie chickens. Spinning white skin to the sun to get that right colour evenness.

Years later, I spoke about the irony of the tan delivering an intercultural training session. The desire for colour on skin as signifier of beauty, juxtaposed against how real and permanent pigmentation was universally acceptable grounds for dehumanisation. To lighten the mood but also to demonstrate how endemic racism was in Australia I made the quip; 'I can't ever find my foundation.'

When this was mistaken as some cerebral introspection on the foundations of my sense of self and identity formation – I intervened and clarified. 'No. I mean, I walked into the MAC counter at David Jones and the lady was dead embarrassed because they 'didn't have dark shades of foundation' – not even as a tester. A Sydney-city centre MAC and no brown? Think about that – we don't exist – not even as a consumer demographic.' If even greed for our same colour money draws no consideration, there's definitely no point in going Shylock and imploring for understanding of common humanity.

Ravnita Joyce

Flash forward to now, and the desire to create and continue a familial foundation which brought me to Cork, but it is the make-up, the character of people that keeps me here. And this is a story that shows in the cosmetic make-up too.

I used to be in awe of the shades of tan that I observed on Washington Street between 1-2am finishing my shift at the local Aussie pub. Heartbreak really brought out the contrasts too – you could see the tracks of white left by tears brought on by the unkindness of inattentive partners or friendships falling apart. These girls remind me of the irony of tanning as something beautiful on white people, yet denounced as something criminogenic when associated with permanent dark skin colour.

But at least here, the perpetual grey weather that prevents sun-tanning and ladies of Cork work together to do me an incredible favour. Thanks to their flair for dramatically darker tones, I can always find my shade of foundation, lip tint, eye colour, concealer, highlighter... everything. I revel in my trips to the Brown Thomas MAC counter – they're as ecstatic as I am to hit the full colour palette (though Fenty highlighter is yet to be surpassed).

Does that seem frivolous? It is – and yet, it links to the quint-essential difference of oppression experienced in Australia; it's focus and insistence on white as right even in the most superficial things. My beauty is celebrated here more readily than Australia, exoticisation that can be unnerving but less horrific than the malevolence behind the exclusion I lived with for many years in the 'queen's land'.

I'm not the first to notice this first experience of being treated as human. Frederick Douglas's words on wandering Cork in 1845, echoes my thoughts on the experience (my words added in square brackets);

"Amongst them all, I saw no one that seemed to be shocked or disturbed at my dark presence. No one seemed to feel himself

Ravnita Joyce

contaminated by contact with me. I think it would be difficult to get the same number of persons together in any of our [Australian cities], without some democratic, [pseudo-liberal] nose growing deformed at my approach. But then you know white people in [Australia] consider themselves whiter, purer¹ "... than the black First Nations there and all other people of colour or Asian ancestry.

Australians want to be British-European to whitewash all tonal variance, and remain as blonde, blue-eyed and white as the characters exported via Home & Away (the unwritten rule on that show is 'no Indigenous; no blacks' for a white's only beach utopia). They struggle with their sense of identity; not wanting to acknowledge Australia's black history and its location in Asia.

Exclusionary nepotism and indirect discrimination may exist in Ireland, but it seems more based in a lack of awareness rather than the blatant ill-intent and disavowal of common humanity found in Australia. I know what it is to be treated with the repugnance of a contagious disease; I don't find that as endemic here.

I often note the recent nature of migration, or the Catholic history highlighted in discussions of oppression, repression and exclusion. 'We are getting there' and 'we all suffer' is the ethos. While that may be true, but I would caution to note that those on the fringes are always the last to have their suffering seen or tended to – though inversely being the most in need.

Still, what gives me hope here, is the slow development of a state that embodies human rights imperatives at its heart. That and the two things that I've seen in the character and make-up of people here, that all the wealth and sunshine cannot bring to Australia.

The first is a sense of identity strong enough to engage and integrate the best that comes from other cultures and identity. Irish people have no doubt about who they are; where they came from and their connection to land. With such a strong sense of self, the

1. Douglas, Frederick as quoted in The Irish Examiner

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integration of 'other' is not as destabilising as in places that struggle with this.

For example, Australian identity is weak and hackneyed due to its refusal to link with its First Nations heritage. White Australia seems to have deep insecurities based in its history of interloping and thievery. Asylum-seeker boats in Australia, are a fearful reminder of the sins of the Fathers of the First Fleet (many of whom having experienced British colonial land-grabbing sadly chose to emulate the same), hence the virulent and brutal repudiation of these and vilification of non-European migrant groups. They fear Shylock's revenge.

Secondly, and this characteristic is why I live here, there is the casual understanding that there are no rules, only guidelines and should circumstance and common humanity require it, these can be bent, twisted or meandered around to allow support of each other.

Where the right rhyme and slogan in Australia engenders communal obedience and collusion (White Australia; Asian Invasion; Babies Overboard; Ban the Burqa; Stop the Boats; Pacific Solution; Final Solution) here I think rebellious minds would be less susceptible.

The inbuilt questioning of authority is a wonderful characteristic I like to call 'compliant defiance'. It is an embedded suspicion of authority that can make bureaucracy a nightmare – but also ensures a healthy cynicism and resistance to the extremes of power and corruption. Even where superficial acquiescence exists; ways and means are found to circumnavigate as needed.

It is these disparities that mean, unlike the other places I had called home, I live in hope this one would not turn me in for my coloured skin - neither in order to acquire more nor to save their own. My Safe Harbour. I hope.

What I have discovered in my travels, is that sometimes a true home can only be found in places far away from our beginnings.

Selkie

Evolution, brought us from the ocean to the shore. Changed and moulded us to fit and thrive in the environs we found ourselves in. Our ingenuity helped us too. Moved us from a place of mere animalistic survival to interspecies dominance.

Although, right at this moment, I didn't feel like I was at the apex of any species ladder thing. Not in my current state, waiting for the always delayed 202 bus, sopping wet having decided to forgo a jacket because the morning sky had been blue. My Islander weather logic had let me down again.

The grey, concrete building I worked in was locked up for the night. My pass, which would have let me back in for shelter, was forgotten at my work station. There was no internal security at this hour able to let me in, nor did I have the IDs they be after to verify I was me and therefore entitled to entry. I sighed, that would be a bloody nuisance come morning. For now, I stood in the rain. Freezing. It was one of the bizarre aspects of life in Ireland, that despite the perpetual precipitation and ever delayed public transport, bus shelters were a rare luxury.

I breathed on my fingers and then threw my hands deep into the pockets of the tunic I wore, jumping from foot to foot stamping them to bring feeling and warmth back to the lower half of my body. Mirthlessly I wondered if Irish dancing was a by-product of attempts to keep warm in the rain.

Two young ones ran across the road in front of me, completely not bothered by the downpour. I wondered where they were headed, whether they were Travellers or not. I wasn't adept at discerning any difference between settled and unsettled communities here. Everyone looked the same to me here. Everyone sounded different. Harsh variants of unintelligible accents. A distortion of the English I recognised and spoke – 'so well, where did you learn?'

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From my parents, who were taught by missionaries bent on civilisation and salvation through brutalisation and dissolution of the cultures into which they arrived. The Christian Brothers. God help us. You'd think they'd know that here, in Ireland, that language & lives go hand in hand as things the colonisers take first, while doctrine embedding your inferiority is what they leave you with forever.

I breathed in and out rapidly, rubbed my arms. Wished for another layer of skin. An evolutionary gift of a coat of natural fur – feminine hairlessness be damned – I needed to keep the heat in. This was the thing after all. Though my Islander body worshipped rain, it was only accustomed to the tropically warm variety. This being was built to release heat, not store it up. I had no protective biology for such cold. The iciness seeped in and took hold under my dark skin while the pale nearly translucent locals walked everywhere - largely unaffected by the weather.

To them the weather was a great source of material, especially for inane but polite introductory conversation. I think too the perpetual misery it provided was a reminder from the local gods to sinful humanity not to be too hubristic. Arrogance and self-import- pride - were all too easily felled.

Well nature needed not have expended the effort on climactic anomalies, I could already see in my daily work the downward spiral of civilisation. The techi-pharma we foreign-plucked Stamp Xs worked on in the building behind me were akin to the tower of babel. We were most definitely heading for a self-created fall.

What we did in there was not founded with ill-intent, but there was a sense that the ramifications were well beyond our control. My role was small, benign, but the wider concept of attempting to reach into the unconscious mind and emotional cognition – that had well the potential to metastasise. No Stephen Hawking level intellect required to see how things were going.

It was not a particularly enthralling or inspiring job. The ethical

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uncertainty about what we did was probably why this was one of the places that a migrant with a GNIB Stamp X in Cork could find a liveable wage. They wanted workers that were reliant on the immigration-sponsorship benevolence of employee masters. Hires that would not speak for risk of repatriation alone - never mind all the threats embedded in signed Non-Disclosure-Agreements.

The dreary evening was seeping into my thoughts. It was a job at least. Where was the fucking bus?!

I 'fucked' now. And 'jaysus'ed'. 'Lads' was grand, but 'boi/bai' I had no intention to add that to the flourishes I had derived from my other half's way of speaking. Yes. A simple romantic whimsy had brought me here. I had thought the weather a minor obstacle – all you need to survive is the right gear – and love right?

Like feck.

It was like this place had taken something from me. Left me more than merely cold, deeply bereft and disconnected from whatever it was that nourished a sunshine-soul. Emigrant traumas and living with the inevitable strange barriers which unfamiliar communities threw up. Social requirements I could never hope to fathom let alone breach.

The women, for one thing, were at times so cold and disapproving. Underneath the external veneer of hospitality and superficial liberalness was a repressed and puritanical culture of taboos and impregnable cliques that would challenge the starkest of extreme Eastern theo-cultural prohibitions on women. All ages of womanhood here had in-bred a ritual and manner and parochial hierarchy that did not countenance outsiders readily.

I found only local women who themselves were sat on the periphery of these strange dictates for acceptable female behaviour, had time for connecting with me. The curious and adventurous women, who perhaps sought liberation from the omnipotent

Ravnita Joyce

censure of the female collective. They were mad craic and probably a little cracked altogether – like me.

Ultimately, the men were easier to talk with, more solid in their sense of self, but as I slowly learnt their easy conversation rarely came free of sexual design. Or an expectation of subjugation into a hand-maiden role. Thus even the platonic male friendships were imbalanced by the expectation that I exhibit aspects of nurturing and hostessing that emulated the over-mothering that was a masculine prerogative here.

Lights shone and moved me from my musings. It was impossible not to sigh loudly in relief as the warmth inside the bus enveloped me. The sigh was also enough to invite a discussion from my seat partner about the miserable turn the weather had taken this evening. Nattering away about this passed the journey in pleasant mental numbness. Ireland was great for teaching you that misery had layers. New depths could always be found. The relief of kind human contact – superficial or not – was a balm for whatever went wrong next.

He emerged from the living room as I wandered through the front door of our home. The walk from the bus stop to our door had proven my clothes could be further drenched.

‘Ah jaysus, did you forget to take a jacket again?’

‘But the sky was blue this morning!’ I laughed, in protest.

‘This isn’t Perth ya daft woman!’ His arms came around me, ‘Oh you’re freezing. Go change. Fire is on, I’ll make a cuppa.’

Later outstretched on the couch, mug of tea a marvellous hand-warmer, feet resting on his lap – I let the heat of the fire thaw me out. His hands too were toasty as they rubbed life back into my feet.

Ravnita Joyce

'How are you so warm?' I asked.

'I remember my clothes for a start.' He said.

'Ha.' I said. ' Wouldn't make a difference. You know I'd still be cold. Besides you took my coat.'

'It's in the hall, right at the door so you don't-'

'Nah, my real skin-coat.', I said. He looked perplexed and waited for me to explain.

'Like the fisherman did the selkies. I'm the Selkie, who mesmerised and enchanted by the ráiméis of a swarthy Irishman took off her sunshine-sea coat to come onto land and get a closer look.'

I paused for emphasis, and the final revelation of his responsibility and culpability in my situation; 'You lured me and hid my skin and I'm trapped here now.'

'Well of course I did,' he replied, not missing a beat, 'How else would I have kept ya here?'

'True, true.' I sipped my tea.

'And will you go looking for it then? Leave me for warmer seas and isles?'

'Mmmm.. What if I do better? What if I take you with me?'

'Fair enough. But don't tell me mam just yet. She was only on the phone saying, if we ever got on with producing some grandkids, what an easy distance it is for baby sitting now she has the free travel card.'

Feck.

Marcel Kröner

In Solitude (Love the Lee)

Everything flows
While water composes the universe
Falling from heaven in order
To resurrect with passion,
A pulse circulating
Between air and earth
Knowing how premature conquerors
Need to breathe and be fed.

Hence, they conquered you from the sea
Drifting with famished wooden bellies
And collided with your stream
Which, previously unnamed,
Was rebellious and self-willed
Floated its way in solitude.

O holy water, your image floods my mind;
Who transformed your physical wisdom
Into a ruled but disobedient river?

Early men followed the course
You had long before determined,
Streets of marshes
Bounded by hills
With its blessed territory -
The Great Rebel Island.

You look different now
And sometimes your outreach is an outcry
Towards the truth of human spirit.

And yet, a river so loved and embraced
Will note the civilian's poetic licence;
Tunes are still written for recovery

Marcel Kröner

Im Alleinsein (Ehre den Fluss Lee)

Alles ist im Fluss
Und während im eigenen Universum
Das Wasser aus heiterem Himmel fällt
Und seiner Leidenschaft folgend
Zwischen Luft und Erde pulsiert,
um wieder aufzuerstehen,
Weiß es seine Eroberer
Zu beatmen und zu ernähren.

Denn einst warst du erobert von der hohen See
Mit hölzernen nimmersatten Bäuchen,
Die auf deinen Strom stießen,
der, noch namenlos,
eigenwillig und selbstbestimmt
seinen Weg im Alleinsein genoß.

Oh heiliges Wasser,
dein Bild fließt vor meinem inneren Auge;
Wer veränderte deine unbeschwerte Erscheinung
In einen gefesselten aber ungehorsamen Fluss?

Die ersten Siedler folgten deinem Weg,
Lange bevor du eingehegt wurdest,
Mit Wegen durchs Moor
Die Erhebungen verbindend
Dein gesegnetes Land –
Die große Insel der Rebellion.

Jetzt schaust du anders aus,
Dein gezwungener Verlauf ist ein Aufschrei
An den gesunden Menschenverstand.

Und doch, ein Fluss so geliebt und verehrt
Wird die poetische Freiheit erkennen;

Marcel Kröner

That your landscape will hum
Alongside the passage of time
When our successors find a better way
To live and walk on earth
As long as they have breath to do so.

Nano Nagle

**(Why should life-experience not truly be ours
as much as the somewhat insignificant things?)**

In the depths of mind
We sacrifice this fair question
On the altar of duty and opportunity
And return into innocent mirth
As sure as fate takes possession
Of us and our cares and toils.

For a moment everything is confusion
And traces of strong emotions are perceptible
When turning points come along
On strictly conventional lines.

But why should the life not truly be ours
For an object of absorbing interest, as we are?

For the future, the unseen is everything
And the unknown a matter of fact,
But we can not help noticing
What is in the air we breathe
And feeling some of its influence
In our bones not inclined to give in.

Marcel Kröner

Lieder werden dir auf den Leib geschrieben,
Die deine Landschaft wiederhallt
Und weiter trägt durch ewige Zeiten,
Wenn unsere Nachkommen einen besseren
Weg finden auf dieser Erde zu wandeln,
Solange ihnen der Atmen dafür bleibt.

Nano Nagle

(Warum sollten Lebenserfahrungen nicht wahrhaft unser sein
gleich wie der unbedarften Dinge?)

Im Grunde unserer Seele
geben wir uns am Altar der Vorhersehung hin
und im Augenblick jener reinen Fragen,
besinnen wir uns auf unbeschwerte Heiterkeit,
wenn der Glaube Besitz von uns ergreift,
Den alltäglichen Sorgen und Mühen.

Das ist der Moment
Allgegenwärtiger Verwirrung
Und ein Anflug starker Emotionen geleitet uns,
Bis zum Punkt richtungsweisender Pfade.

Und warum auch nicht sollte dieses Leben unser sein,
Für Wesen, wie wir, die alles Umgebende aufsaugen?

Für die Zukunft ist das Unbegreifbare alles
Und das Unbekannte eine Gewissheit,
Und dennoch empfinden wir,
Da liegt etwas in der Luft
Und spüren in unseren Knochen,
Den Auftrag des Unfassbaren
Nicht aufzugeben.

Marcel Kröner

Fatherland

dedicated to Ingrid Talbot

*Between my finger and my thumb
The squat pen rests
I'll dig with it - Seamus Heaney*
As well as my forefathers did.

The first attempt
Will cut into the garden
Revealing layers
Of the earthy sense of soil.

Come my pen and comrade
You can't rest anymore
For we are new here trying
To get rid of impurity.

Though no laundry washes away
That which we delve in such ground
The yard was stained before
As we write poems after Auschwitz.

And I plough on
Beneath the sphere of great wars
*And find my fine face
Full of fine dirt.*

To what base use I may return
While I remain in the core of earth
Piled up aside
The mound of dirt?

Like my forefathers
I hold my pen, restless,
Between the finger and the thumb
And labour over the past.

Marcel Kröner

Vaterland

gewidmet Ingrid Talbot

*Zwischen meinen Fingern und meinem Daumen
Ruht das Schreibgerät
Mit dem ich graben werde
Genauso gut wie es meine Vorväter taten.*

Der erste Versuch
Wird einen Stich in den Garten setzen
Um Schicht für Schicht abzutragen und
Die Erinnerungen der Erde freizulegen.

Komm mein Federhalter und alter Kamerad
Du kannst jetzt nicht ruhen Wenn
wir als Neulinge versuchen Uns
des Drecks zu entledigen.

Jedoch, eine Reinwaschung wird nicht gelingen,
Wenn wir in Grund und Boden schürfen.
Die Ebene war besudelt schon
Seid wir nach Auschwitz Poeme schreiben.

Und so setze ich das Graben fort
Unter die Geschichten der großen Kriege
Und erkenne mein eigenes feines Gesicht
Schön mit Dreck beschmiert.

Zu welchem Sinn werde ich zurückkehren
Während ich im Erdloch verharre
Neben mir angehäuft
Ein Berg voll von Unsäglichkeiten?

Gleich meiner Vorväter
Halte ich den Federhalter, ruhelos,
Zwischen den Fingern und dem Daumen
Und arbeite mich ab an der Vergangenheit.

Marcel Kröner

An Irish Night's Dream

The united poets shook hands
After the first performance of the season
And I got the good news of a happy new year
That had just begun for all of us, ...
Later, on my own way home
I couldn't get out of my mind the man
Who had shown the audience his stigmata
And given proof of his great wisdom.
I felt, future wasn't a matter of happiness,
My neighbour would try the next suicide
And fail as usual with every attempt
So that he had to enjoy the coming days
As I have to. Like him I arrived safely
And fell asleep rescuing me from burning out,
But was woken up soon by the night
Which was freezing and full of sounds.
The air directed hidden birds in the dark
And resonated with an Irish tune.
In old manner I couldn't accept such reality
And closed the window of my bedroom
To lie in silence for the last part of my slumber.
While my eyelids were resting I became convinced
That the whispering colours of the night
And the birds with their chat about incidental music
Would push my dreams further Irish wise.
I didn't know who switched on the light afterwards
But the sun was there again to my delight,
Cradling the river Lee
Which I had passed finding home.
And when I got my legs out of the bed,
I suddenly remembered
That at last a shape of a landscape
Had covered my infidel body,
And it was mild and moist and green,
An unspoken word of the night before.

Marcel Kröner

Ein Irischer Nachttraum

Die vereinigten Poeten schüttelten die Hände
Nach der ersten Lesung der Saison
Und mich erreichte die frohe Botschaft des neuen Jahres
Das gerade für alle von uns begonnen hatte, ...
Später, auf meinem Nachhauseweg
Bekam ich den Mann nicht aus dem Kopf,
Der dem Publikum seine Stigmata offenbarte
Und seine große Weisheit unter Beweis stellte.
Ich fühlte, die Zukunft würde kein Akt der Freude sein,
Mein Nachbar würde den nächsten Selbstmord erproben
Und nicht erfolgreich damit sein, wie gewöhnlich,
So dass er sich der kommenden Tage zu erfreuen hätte,
Wie ich es auch tun würde. Gleich ihm, landete ich sicher
Zu Hause und rettet mich in einen Schlaf,
Der mir Erholung bringen sollte ...
Doch schon bald erwachte ich wieder in der Tiefe der Nacht,
Die frostkalt, jedoch voller Geräusche war.
Die nächtliche Luft dirigierte unsichtbare Vögel
Zu einem vereinten Irischen Chorus.
Aus Gewohnheit lehnte ich solch Realität ab
Und verschloss das Fenster meines Gemachs,
Um den letzten Part meines Schlafes zu vollenden.
Während meine Augenlider schlummerten,
Traten flüsternde Farben in mein Gedächtnis
Und Vögel besprachen ihre musikalische Aufführung,
die mich durch meinen irischen Nachttraum begleiteten.
Was mir die Augen öffnete, kann ich nicht bestimmen,
Aber die Sonne stand zu meiner Erleichterung wieder am Himmel
Und wiegte den Fluss Lee in Sicherheit,
Der mich des Nachts den Weg nach Hause finden ließ.
Und als ich meine Beine aus dem Bett schob,
Erschien mir plötzlich
Die zuletzt erinnerte Form einer Landschaft,
Die meinen ungläubigen Körper aufnahm.
Und diese war mild und feucht und grün
Ein unausgesprochenes Wort der Nacht zuvor.

Marcel Kröner

Where do we go when we leave the end of everything?

There is a wayfarer outside the door
In eager discussion of plans,
Who wants to depart
With a smile and a nod
But helpless, being affected
By this craving for change.

It is difficult to settle down
To do anything seriously
With this flitting going on
For he hungers to inquire
And to assure himself
That going away is all really true.

And yes there is a call of reminiscence
While he listens fascinated
And his heart burns within him,
He knows that it is fidgeting restlessly
To awaken a wild new sensation
And movement in full abandonment.

Vom Gehen und Wiederkommen

In der Ferne lagert ein Weg,
Auf dem ruht ein Wanderer,
Ein Begleiter seiner selbst,
Der im Angesicht des Abschieds
Lächelt und den Kopf neigt
Nach den unsichtbaren Seelen,
Die seine Schritte leiten.

Ein Innehalten im Begriff des Gehens,
Als ob die Gründe nicht genügen
Für die Wahl des Zeitpunkts.
Und eine Bitte verlässt seinen Körper,
Sich zu erbarmen für ein Zeichen,
Einen Windstoß vielleicht,
Richtungsweisend und vertraut.

Doch keine Antwort atmet ihm zu,
Diesseits und Jenseits bietet der Weg
Den gleichen Wechsel von Tag und Nacht,
Und die Seelen stehen achtsam beiseit,
Aber sie parlieren nicht –
Was den Wanderer bewegt
Ist die Kraft der Vorstellung.

Xean Landingin

What's not to Love about Cork?

Cork has lots to see and do from festivals to exhibitions, churches and landmarks, the famous English Market and of course the Blarney stone.

The Cork accent is easy to pick up but takes a little getting used to. Cork people and Filipino people are a bit alike. We all love to chat and are good story tellers.

I am a Cork man and a Filipino man. I grew up in Cork and went to school here and I love living here. When I go to the Philippines on my holidays everyone says I have a strong Cork accent. My dog's name is Corcaigh. My Grandad looks after him on his farm in the Phillipines so I have a bit of Cork when I go there!

Xean Landingin

Ano ang hindi maiibigan sa Cork

Maraming makikita at maaaring gawin sa Cork mula sa mga piyesta, mga tanghalan/eksibisyon, simbahan at mga palatandaan tulad ng pamosong English Market at syempre ang Blarney stone.

Madaling matutunan ang punto ng Cork pero medyo hindi madaling makanasayan. Ang mga tao sa Cork at mga Filipino ay may pagkakapareho. Mahilig makipag usap at magaling magkwento.

Isa akong binatang Cork at isa ring binatang Filipino. Lumaki ako sa Cork at nag aral ako ditto at masaya akong nakatira ditto. Tuwing umuuwi ako sa Pilipinas para magbakasyon, lahat ay nagsasabing may punto akong taga Cork. Corcaigh ang pangalan ng aking aso. Ang lolo ko ang nag aalaga sa kanya sa kanilang bukid sa Pilipinas para naman may bahid Cork pag umuuwi ako doon!

Chimera Lay

Reaching a Shandon view

She walks
her body
Buildings rise
She's coming down
her heart, a jumping
as the scaffold poles
wrapped around
She climbs
to the paint-
t he view, the Lee
the harbour, mercury.
The morning sky,
where she left herself
along the river,

the empty early day
still inside the dance.
and warp through dawn.
from chemistry,
fish, dew-slippery
and rusty knuckles
this ruined house.
the loosened rungs,
spattered planks,
opening its glass bow,
She looks east.
anabolic, pulses
then back
its quietening relief.

Chimera Lay

The time it takes a fallen body

The early evening rain has stopped and she's out,
moving like wood into coal, pressing the dark
seams. She stops herself vanishing
by making the sounds and streets
familiar, replacing the felled
forests, missing birdsong
of her inner mountains.
By Sullivan's Quay,
a swallow – a bullet at her
door; a foreign hour turning.
She finds it gutter-wet, searching
the tar for pockets of lift. She fits it
in her palm, asks what erred its navigation
then lifts it to the sky, offers Hesperus, and flight.

Fiona Looney

The Same But Different

Now I live in a place where the most used language is the same as mine and yet because of original difference everything is official twice and the few pillar boxes that wear my home-place's history on the front sport green, no longer red. Buses no longer blush.

Taxis come in different shapes and colours and are far from being as easy as they used to be for me. Now only the clouds caused by their frustration are always black.

Number plates come in white not white and yellow and tell you more here than I ever thought about cars before.

This army wears its green with pride, the equal (if historically misguided) pride of scarlet put aside; whilst that is true, both stand tall when topped with blue. Once foe, now wary friend at least.

Names now hold the fear of possible offense and may tie my tongue up tight as a drum. Spelling them can sometimes be a task best politely asked or to others left.

Corned & salt beef are different things and cupboards are presses though not at all flat. Can I just ask, "What's up with that?"

Money is different for now too, though the app with a tap for both may soon do.

Life here and life there, life then and life now?

The same but different is the best I can avow.

Can't Think Twice

Know that I have sat on bridges
And thought about my life,
Of all the pretty women
That could have been my wife,
Of all the smiling children
That could be my own
And I know that for these things
A man must have a home.

In the shadow of empty buildings,
I feel a little robbed.
Who locked the door behind the step
Where my sleeping temples throb?
As I writhe in the cold and rain
Beneath the shelter of the sky,
Who shakes the keys to say to me
"Vacate where it is dry."?

I'm thankful to any
Who don't speak to me like that.
Who've suffered my many failings
And have always had my back.
I'm lonely for the breathing bodies
That brought warmth to where I lie
And I miss their gentle follies
That tell me I should try.

I live to honour the loving loyalty
Of my since starved dog "Patch"
And I long for the acceptance
Of a door on the latch.
A safe space where my talents
Allow opportunities to hatch,
No step from where I observe eternal;
A platform from where to act.

Ciarán MacArtain

Either I'll be the first to face the morning
And shape my blankets like a throne.
See the sun burn the rain off my city
And feel the freedom to roam
Or I'll pass on in the night,
Quiet as a mouse,
And be carried by the wings of love
Back to my mother's house.

I will hold no malice
For those who pass my body cold,
Those who woke in morning's palace
Where their smiling children grow.
I know that we are quite alike
I hope their lives are nice;

We didn't think once
And now we can't think twice.

Angel of The Silk City

For Onophria Anthony-Duricko on leaving the city of her birth.

You do not always get to remain what you are born.
The stem of the rose grows a thorn and a flower.
On occasion we bend to forces beyond our power
And relinquish a part of ourselves in order to grow.

Sometimes, we know just what those around us know
And are forced to know it just because it is known.

Your mind will form around a known landscape
But you will always have intuition
And will have fought hard to hear it.

An impulse channel from body and brain

Ciarán MacArtain

One hopes to tune in to and zone out from
Successions of doubt.

Here, your growth becomes you as you are growing in time with nature.
Here, you may remain some part of the star you came from.

We do not always get to remain what we are born, no 'Nophi,
But you were born a miracle and not just that of any birth
First born child of The Queen of The Camino
And Coming of Age King of Cobh St. and Town
In its original spelling.
Not the first to struggle to share space in an occupied womb.
Younger sister to The Sprog and already an example to it.
An embodiment of what it was not graced to be.
Testament to a Mother's strength to carry, miscarry, carry on.

You are a triumphant incarnation of the human spirit
Following long and arduous battles with pain.
Outside bet of outside bets.

The first thing you learned was to share.
Value this most highly
Always.

You do not always get to remain what you are born
But I heard your name in Greek means;
"Angel of The Silk City"
May such a title go before you
Always.

As you travel from this town
And wander far and wide
Try never put another down
Keep your star alive inside
Enjoy the wondrous spectacle
Give respect to any
You were born a miracle
May you make miracles for many.

Asad Mahmud

Cork

Cork, the city of love, the city of spark,
The city of charm when the time was dark
With cool breeze here still in midsummer,
Titanic-like ships at the port of cork.
I felt quite alone when I first came here,
I seemed to be lost in here and there,
Cork came to me & whispered in my ear
No worries Bae we are your family here.
I came heart-broken, with holes in my soul,
A burden on my chest, having lost life's goal,
Cork took care of my broken self,
Healed my wounds and made me whole,
Thanks a million dear and no worries bae,
Are two pet phrases my ears came by,
None looked at my colour or my faith,
people said to me, now you are our guy.
My life long struggle seemed to lose all meaning,
How my people made me feel very demeaning,
My talk was hushed, my pen was shushed,
It feels as if now the whole world is listening.
Cork is my Love, it's my Romance,
The streets of Cork are full of the fairy's dance,
Have a peg of Whisky or a can of beer,
it's the only way dear to see the fairies dance.
Once you are in Cork, You will not feel dark,
It will leave on you an Unforgettable mark,
Asad has this plan to make it quite stark,
Never ever think to leave the brink of Cork.

کارک پیار کاشہر چمک کا شہر
اندھیرے میں کشش بکھیرتا ہوا
جس میں گرمیوں کی عروج میں بھی ٹھنڈ ہوتی ہے
جس کے پورٹا ہے بڑے بڑے ٹائی ٹینک جیسے جہاز کھڑے ہوتے ہیں

جب میں پہلی دفعہ یہاں آیا میں نے کافی تنہا محسوس کیا ہے
میں جیسے یہاں اور وہاں میں کھو گیا تھا
کارک میرے پاس آیا اور اس نے میرے کان میں کہا لیکن
گھبرانے کی ضرورت نہیں پیارے اب ہم تمہاری فیملی ہیں

میں جب آیا میرا دل ٹوٹا ہوا تھا اور میری روح تار تار تھی
میرے سینے پہ بوجھ تھا اور میں زندگی کا مقصد کھو چکا تھا
کارک نے میرے ٹوٹے وجود کو سہارا دیا
اور میرے زخموں کو مند مل کر کے میرے وجود کو پورا کیا

بہت بہت شکریہ اور کوئی پریشانی نہیں پیارے
یہ دو فقرے ایسے ہیں جو میں نے بار بار سنے
کسی نے میرے رنگ کو نہیں دیکھا کسی نے میرے مذہب کو نہیں دیکھا
لوگوں نے مجھے کہا تم ہمارے بندے ہو

جیسے میری زندگی کی ساری جدوجہد نے اپنا مطلب کھو دیا تھا
جب مجھے میرے اپنے لوگوں نے کمتر محسوس کروایا تھا
مجھے خاموش کروا دیا گیا تھا میرے قلم کو لکھنے سے روک دیا گیا تھا
لیکن اب ایسا لگتا ہے جیسے ساری دنیا سن رہی ہے

کارک میرا پیار ہے یہ میری چاہت ہے
کارک کی گلیاں پریوں کے ڈانس سے بھری ہوئی ہے
وسکی کاجام لو یا بیرکا کین
یہی ایک طریقہ ہے جس سے تم پریوں کا ڈانس دیکھ سکتے ہو

آپ ایک دفعہ کارک آگئے تو آپکو اندھیرا محسوس نہیں ہوگا
یہ آپ پر ایک نہ بھولنے والا تاثر چھوڑے گا
اسد کا تو یہ پکا پلان ہے
کہ کبھی کارک کا دامن نہیں چھوڑنا

Asad Mahmud

Untitled

Trying to hold the run of time,
Is not an effort worth a dime,
It will fly so swiftly away,
The whole of life looks just a stime.
It was the peak of my career,
When I was hit by this spear,
Solid Reality hits you hard,
My life lost all its rhyme.
Trying to hold the scattered threads,
Into which my life has been shred
Looks a totally infeasible task,
I feel buried under grime.
Don't know what to, how to do,
Which God I should kowtow to,
To bring life back from the turn it took,
To the blissful, glorious prime high time
Doing all I think and can do,
Pull it hard and pull back too
From the pits my soul has sunk into
Is not a story for bedtime.
Asad has said it as it is,
His savage, brutal realities,
It's up to you what to believe,
He put his heart out this one time.

وقت کو روکنے کی کوشش
ایک بیکار کوشش ہے
یہ اتنی تیزی سے اڑ جائے گا
کہ ساری زندگی ایک لمحے کی طرح محسوس ہوگی

میرے کرینر کا عروج تھا
جب مجھے حقیقت کے نیزے نے زخمی کر دیا
اور میری زندگی چور چور ہو گئی

میں کوشش کر رہا ہوں کہ
اپنی زندگی کے الجھے ہوئے دھاگوں کو سلجھا سکوں
لیکن یہ بہت مشکل لگ رہا ہے
ایسا لگتا ہے جیسے میرے اوپر مٹی جمی ہوئی ہے

سمجھ نہیں آتی کہ میں کیا کروں
کون سے خدا کی پوجا کروں
کے اپنی زندگی کو واپس لاسکوں
عروج کی طرف

میں وہ سب کچھ کر رہا ہوں جو کر سکتا ہوں اور سوچ سکتا ہوں
اپنی روح کو واپس لانے کے لیے
ان پاتال کی گہرائیوں سے جن میں وہ گر گئی ہے
یہ سوتے وقت سنانے کی کہانی نہیں

اسد نے جو کہنا تھا ویسے ہی کہہ دیا ہے
اپنی خطرناک اور سخت حقیقتوں کو سب کے سامنے رکھ دیا ہے
اب آپ کی مرضی ہے کہ آپ کس بات کا یقین کریں اور کس کا نہیں
اسد نے اپنا دل کھول کے سب کے سامنے رکھ دیا ہے

Asad Mahmud

A File in the Cabinet of the Justice Office

I was a human when I came to Ireland for asylum,
To be dealt with like a human
by another fellow human,
But now I feel no more the same,
lying in my hostel, Feeling low and lame,
just like a file, it is the very same
in the cabinet of the justice office,
I am no more than a file,
I have a lot in my heart
and a lot more in my mind,
But what is written in that file
Is all gonna compile
the threads of my life,
as they depend on that file
If something is missing from it outright,
It does not count in a refugee's plight,
The file has it all, as they say it,
Whatever they say, I have to abide,
My mouth is shut my hands are tied,
Feeling as if no one is standing by my side.
How can a person make up his mind,
While relaxing at a table's behind,
Just from the file that is lacking,
love, feeling, sense and a mind,
One who is just sitting behind,
The soulless walls of a justice office,
Cannot picture the pain I feel.
To his conviction, it's not real,
It's just a story, it's just lies
and I am just a file.

میں انسان تھا جب میں آیا تھا آنرلینڈا پناہ کے لیے
ایک انسان کی طرح محسوس کیے جانے کے لیے دوسرے انسانوں کے ہاتھوں
لیکن اب مجھے ایسا بالکل نہیں لگتا
جب میں اپنے ہوسٹل میں پڑا بہت بیکار محسوس کرتا ہوں
بالکل ایک فائل کی طرح
جو کہ جسٹس آفس کی الماری میں پڑی رہتی ہے

میں ایک فائل سے بڑھ کے نہیں
میرے دل میں بہت کچھ ہے
اور میرے دماغ میں اور بھی بہت کچھ
لیکن جو اس فائل میں لکھا ہے
صرف وہی میری زندگی کے تاتے ہائے لکھے گا
کیونکہ میری زندگی اسی پر منحصر ہے

اگر اس میں کچھ بھی شامل نہیں ہے
تو وہ ایک پناہ گزین کی کہانی میں شامل نہیں ہے
فائل میں سب کچھ ہے ایسا وہ کہتے ہیں
جو بھی کہتے ہیں مجھے ماننا پڑے گا
میرا منہ بند ہے میرے ہاتھ بندھے ہوئے
ایسا لگتا ہے جیسے کوئی بھی میرے ساتھ نہیں ہے

کوئی بھی شخص کیسے اندازہ لگا سکتا ہے
بیٹھ کر ایک ٹیبل کے پیچھے
صرف ایک فائل کے ذریعے سے
جس میں نہ پیار ہے نہ محسوسات نہ عقل ہے اور نا دماغ

وہ شخص جو جسٹس آفس کی ہے روح دیواروں کے پیچھے بیٹھا ہوا ہے
کیسے اندازہ لگا سکتا ہے میری تکلیف کا
جس کے اندازے کے مطابق یہ سب اصلی نہیں ہے
یہ سب کہانیاں ہیں جھوٹ ہیں اور میں صرف ایک فائل ہوں

Nyaradzo Masunda

Peel Paste Story Pages

They visit

All these places I have been

With everything within

Occupying spaces

Like peel paste story pages

Sneaked onto random leaves of a novel

One thing into and another out of the tale

Familiar bodies with alien faces

Throwing the reader into equivocation

Looking for likeness

In unlikely places

Nyaradzo Masunda

Furura Unamire Mashizha Enyaya

Dzinoshanya

Nzvimbo dzose dzandakambove

Nazvose zviri madziri

Dzichitora ndzvimbo

Semashizha enyaya ekufurura uchinamira

Akakandwa mubhuku renyaya apo neapo

Chino chiri mukati chimwe chirikunze kwenyaya

Zviso zvevekuziva

Zvakagara pamitumbi yausakamboona

Zvokandira muverengi gangaidzo

Rekutzvaga zvakafanana

Munzvimbo dzisakafanira

Nyaradzo Masunda

Catching Words

At the English Market I buy fish and catch words in Italian, Portuguese, French, German except English. I follow a group of Spanish tourists talking about expensive things. A friend shouts greetings in *Shona* from O'Sullivan's disorienting me; I stand there, trying to process my real time location. We engage in a conversation, about what they are saying about politics back home, neither of us having a direct opinion or not bothered to have one. Suspiciously I look around for anyone who might be catching our words or the full conversation then I remember I have lost my group of Spanish tourists talking about expensive things and my chance to throw an insinuating look that I caught their conversation. Still I smile at the prospect of that having almost happened.

The fish, of course, the fish I am here for, I buy the sea bream I know from before. Plaice I still eye from afar.

Nyaradzo Masunda

Kugama Manzwi

Pamusika weChirungu ndinotenga hove ndichibata manzwi echiTarirana, Putukezi, French, Jerimani kusiya kweChirungu. Ndinotevera chikwata chevashanyi vekuSpain vanotaura nezvekudhura kwezinhu. Sahwira vangu vekumusha vanodaidzira vachindimhorosa vari pa O’Sullinan’s zvichidziva ndomira ipapo ndichiedza kufunga kuva nenzvimbo yandiri. Tinotaura nezvevarikutaura nezvematongerwo enyika kumusha pasina wedu anotaura zvaanofunga nezvazvo kana kuti pamwe kushaya hanya. Nsinocheuka cheuka kutvaga angangova ari kugamha manzwi kana nhauro yedu ndipo pandinorangarira kuti ndanzvengwa nechikwata changu chevashanyi vekuSpain vanga vachitaura nezvekudhura kwezinhu ndikarasikirwazve nemukana wekuvachonya kuratidza kuti ndabata nhauro yavo. Nyange zvakadaro ndinosekerera pakufunga nezvemukana wapotsa waitika uyu.

Hove, hunde, hove dzndafambira, ndinotenga makwaya andinoziva kubvira kare. Plaice ndichiri kungoitarisira kure.

Jacqueline Moreira

Two Sides of the Same Cork (another point of view)

If you were born in Cork city, you may know a Cork that I don't, just as I have knowledge of a Cork that is probably unknown to you. I am sure you can understand everything that other Corkonians say, every single word, every joke or curse, and that keeping good communication with most people is not a huge effort to you.

You may go for fancy weddings, where there is live music, or stand up comedy. You can often go out with friends or have dinner out with your family on confirmation day. You may often go to the cinema or to concerts in Dublin.

For me, everyone seems so happy during the summer. Kids bunk off from school to jump on their trampolines or play in the streets with their friends. Boys and girls go to the park for sunbathing and sometimes there is a music festival on at Fitzgerald's Park.

On your side of Cork city, the traffic on Patrick street is a big problem as well as the taxes that you have to pay, but the Cork I know has another face, a face that you may not have any idea of, and I can't consider it something to be blamed for, this is no one's fault.

I never said that you don't have bigger issues, I know that buying a house in Cork will take longer than expected, that suicide is a huge concern which kills young people during the dark winter, that you do your best to keep the Irish culture present and alive. There is no fairytale, it's all part of the real world.

In the Cork I know, the annual immigration queue is what I expect, with questions and documents I need to prove I can be here. I don't have money to drink, so when I go out, that very one pint I manage to buy needs to last until the end of the night. When I walk home very late, the sensation is that I am in a safer part of the world and that I am respected.

Jacqueline Moreira

Dois Lados da Mesma Cork (um outro ponto de vista)

Se você nasceu na cidade de Cork, você deve conhecer uma Cork que eu não conheço, assim como eu sei de uma Cork que provavelmente você não sabe. Eu tenho certeza que você consegue entender tudo que os outros Corkonians dizem, cada palavra, cada piada ou xingamento e que manter boa comunicação com a maioria das pessoas, não é um problema para você.

Você deve ir a casamentos elegantes, em que há música ao vivo ou comédias stand up. Você pode frequentemente sair com seus amigos ou jantar fora com a família no Confirmation's day. Você deve ir ao cinema ou a shows em Dublin.

Para mim, todas as pessoas parecem muito felizes durante o verão. Crianças de férias da escola, pulando nos seus trampolins ou brincando na rua com os amigos. Garotos e garotas vão ao parque tomar sol e as vezes a um festival de música no Fitzgerald Park.

No seu lado na cidade de Cork, o tráfego na Patrick street é um grande problema, assim como as taxas que você tem que pagar, mas a Cork que eu conheço tem outra face, uma face que você não tem ideia e eu não considero isso como algo que se possa culpar, não é culpa de ninguém. Eu nunca disse que você não passa por maiores dificuldades, eu sei que comprar uma casa em Cork pode levar mais tempo do que o esperado e que o suicídio é uma grande preocupação que mata pessoas jovens durante invernos escuros, que você faz o seu melhor para manter a cultura Irlandesa viva. Não há conto de fadas, é tudo parte do mundo real.

Na Cork que eu conheço, a fila da imigração me espera todos os anos, com perguntas e documentos para provar que eu posso estar aqui. Eu não tenho dinheiro para beber, então quando saio, aquela uma única pint que consigo comprar, precisa durar até o fim da noite. Quando eu caminho para casa bem tarde, a sensação é de que estou em uma parte mais segura do mundo e que sou respeitada.

Jacqueline Moreira

I enjoy listening to the Shandon bells while having breakfast or making dinner. I love to stroll along the Mardyke walk and meet people and their dogs swimming or running with a stick on the mouths. I have to assume that it is a bit annoying having to walk and cycle up the hills, but it's no big deal, once up there, the view is worth it.

I dream about driving. How would it be if I had a driver's license? Or will I be able to raise my kids here, and take them to play in Fitzgerald's park?

Sometimes I go out for a coffee, with my Brazilian friends. I wonder if on your side of Cork there is a Brazilian friend ... as on my side of Cork there is no Irish friend, and yet, here we are.

I don't know if you are aware of me, or how aware of us you are. We are immigrants from poor countries. We come to study English, after saving money for years to be able to pay for the course. Sometimes we come because we have a close relative who is European, and in this scenario, how lucky! Other times we come for a worse reason, running away from hunger and poverty, and as soon as we get here, we fall in love with this city and with its citizens' warm hearts.

You are so proud of the beer you brew and the food you produce and cook, of your colors red and white, of your rebel spirit and I find it deeply beautiful.

I know, I will always be an immigrant, but who isn't? From time to time, people from everywhere around the globe travel, move, migrate from here to there whenever it is necessary, and we are all equal in the end. We are all part of the same race.

Maybe you and me will never see each other, although we are in the same city, as I said, I am usually in another side of this Cork. If we meet by chance, I would love to be invited to hear a bit about your side of this city, and I will be glad to show you mine. It would be a beautiful experience to share.

Jacqueline Moreira

Eu curto ouvir os sinos da Shandon enquanto tomo café da manhã ou faço janta. Eu amo caminhar pela Mardyke walk e encontrar com pessoas e seus cachorros, nadando ou correndo com uma madeirinha na boca. Eu tenho que assumir que é um pouco incomodo ter que caminhar ou pedalar morro acima, mas quando se chega ao topo, a vista vale a pena.

Eu sonho em dirigir. Como seria ter uma licença para dirigir? Será que eu vou conseguir criar meus filhos aqui e levá-los para brincar no parque Fitzgerald? Às vezes eu saio para tomar café com os meus amigos brasileiros. Eu imagino se no seu lado de Cork há amigos brasileiros... já que no meu lado de Cork não há amigos Irlandeses, e mesmo assim, aqui nós estamos.

Eu não sei se você está ciente sobre mim, ou quão ciente sobre nós, você está. Nós somos imigrantes de países pobres. Nós vimos para estudar inglês, após guardar dinheiro por anos, para conseguir pagar o curso. As vezes vimos porque temos um familiar que é europeu, e nesse caso, que sorte! Outras vezes, vimos por uma razão pior, para fugir da fome e da pobreza, e assim que chegamos aqui nos apaixonamos por essa cidade e pelo coração caloroso dos seus cidadãos.

Vocês são tão orgulhosos da cerveja que fazem, da comida que produzem e cozinham, das suas cores branco e vermelho, do seu espírito rebelde, eu acho isso profundamente bonito. Eu sei que serei sempre imigrante, mas quem não é? De tempos em tempos, as pessoas de todos os lugares ao redor do globo viajam, mudam, migram, daqui para ali, sempre que for necessário, e nós somos todos iguais no final. Nós somos todos parte da mesma raça.

Talvez você e eu nunca nos vejamos, apesar de estarmos na mesma cidade, como eu disse, eu estou normalmente em um outro lado dessa Cork. Se nós nos encontrarmos, por algum acaso, eu adoraria ser convidada a ouvir um pouco do seu lado dessa cidade, e eu terei o maior prazer em te mostrar o meu. Isso seria uma bela experiência a se compartilhar.

Abdiaziz Mussa

A Necessary City

for the African & Somali youth born in Cork

Cork is the place where I was born
Cork is the shelter that educated me
Cork is a City of Sanctuary for Asylum Seekers & Refugees

I love Cork city
Always I am ready to help
I swear to God,
I will stand by you to defend an aggressive or violent act against you

Cork the place where I was born is a necessary city
Cork is the place Mama carried me on her back and fed me

Always I am ready to help
I swear to God,
I will stand by you to defend an aggressive or violent act against you

It's good for me to do whatever I can to help my city
I will never forget, wherever I go, my city of Cork

Always I am ready to help
I swear to God,
I will stand by you to defend an aggressive or violent act against you

I cannot sing for free but my liver feels day and night my city of Cork

I went to seek in the place I grew up for where the Struggle for Independence started in my country
that was the city of Cork,
The Easter Rising was born in Dublin but grew up in Cork city

Always I am ready to help
I swear to God,
I will stand by you to defend an aggressive or violent act against you

Abdiaziz Mussa

Lam Huraan

Halkii laygu Dhalayey
Hoygii aan wax ku bartaay
Magaladdii Magan galyo doonk hooygii Qaxoontigay

Markastaba adaan kuu heelanahay
waxaan heegan u ahay

hagar kugu timaadiyo hororka iyo waraabaha haawayda oo idil
inaan kaa hiraabaan hor ilaahay ku marayaa,

Ma huraan magaaladdii corkia
halkii laygu dhalayeey
hooyo igu xambaartee
hanaqaad ku gaadhay

Markastaba adaan kuu heelanahay
waxaan heegan u ahay
hagar kugu timaadiyo hororka iyo waraabaha haawayda oo idil
inaan kaa hiraabaan hor ilaahay ku marayaa

waxa igu haboon inaan gabin hankaygii
waa habeenkii xalay tagay,

Markastaba adaan kuu heelanahay
waxaan heegan u ahay
hagar kugu timaadiyo hororka iyo waraabaha haawayda oo idil
inaan kaa hiraabaan hor ilaahay ku marayaa

bilaash looma heeso
wuxuu beerku tabayaa barqadii iyo habeenkii,

Markastaba adaan kuu heelanahayo
waxaan heegan u ahay

Abdiaziz Mussa

Cork city is a place where our heros of Indepedence were born
Cork is the Place where Micheal Collins was born

Look at Cork as a place you can rest, beautiful, prosperous and free

Always I am ready to help

I swear to God,

I will stand by you to defend an aggressive or violent act against you

Abdiaziz Mussa

hagar kugu timaadiyo hororka iyo waraabaha haawayda oo idil
inaan kaa hiraabaan hor ilaahay ku marayaa

Waxa aan baadi goobaa bartii aan ku ababay
halgankii balaadhan bartii laga abaabulay,
Magaladda Cork waa goob Xoriyadda
oo geesiyaashii dalkeenu ay ku dhasheen

Markastaba adaan kuu heelanahayo
waxaan heegan u ahay
hagar kugu timaadiyo hororka iyo waraabaha haawayda oo idil
inaan kaa hiraabaan hor ilaahay ku marayaa

Cork waa Goob uu ku Dhashay Micheal Collins
bal eeg cork in ay tahay baro lagu nagaad goob lagu nasto Bal eeg
cork in ay tahay
meel barwaaqo ah marti soor iyo goob xoriyadeed

Arancha Nogueira

impressions of Cork without you

(translation by Keith Payne)

like any other day in September
I take my eyes off Pope's Quay
from where we saw that body

it was the middle of the day we were summer idle

there's something of love witnessing death together

that lump of flesh passed by

and Pope's Quay and my memory well
intact

even the traffic lights legless
and the accents like mine
the sad eyes of those faces
sad brown

& for all that the city just won't let me be

and the amount of rubbish
the huge piles of rubbish

stubbornly sprawling the streets
as if it were growing there

and there's always something widowed in this city

in the need to wither

and say enough mourning!

knowing that you're going back to that black jumper
to that tiny possession of yours

Arancha Nogueira

estampas de cork sen ti

un día como outro de setembro
quito os ollos de pope's quay
do lugar onde vimos aquel corpo

era día e facíamos as cousas coa preguiza do verán

hai algo de quererse en presenciar a morte xuntos

ese pedazo de carne que xa foi

e pope's quay e o meu recordo
intactísimos

así os semáforos sen pernas
e os acentos parecidos
e os ollos tristes doutras caras
tristes e marróns

nin nisto deixa a cidade que me sinta única

e a cantidade de lixo
os conxuntos inmensos de lixo

que persisten obstinados polas rúas
cun sentido de acumulación

hai algo sempre viúvo nesta cidade

nas ganas de deixar murchar

nese dicir hoxe quito o loito

sabendo que volverás ao xersei negro
a esa túa posesión pequena

Arancha Nogueira

as if it all depended on that

keeping a hold to your lies
and the walks along Pope's Quay
the memory of death
like a secret

and the fierce longing to throw yourself into the river

Arancha Nogueira

como se diso dependese todo

de seguir gardádoche as mentiras
e os paseos por pope's quay
o recordo da morte
como un segredo

as ganas tan tremendas de lanzarse ao río

Stanley Notte

I remember

The announcement in the VW van
Somewhere between the Elephant and Fishguard
excitement buzzing in my head
When 'We're going to live in Ireland' was said

River water encased in concrete
hosting hoards of humans
The brave in the deep
The superhuman daring to tread high boards
and arc into unknown depths
and the sheltering lee
of a cacophony of cheers

ADIDAS being an acronym for All Day I Dream About Stanley

My first day at school
On Sullivan's Quay
Mr Drew asking 'The New Boy'
To announce himself

The sudden interest
Of 30 slouched schoolboys
when The Queen's English
Tipped from my tongue

The commotion at 'First Break'
As news of my arrival spread
'Say Banana,' they cried
'Say thirteen. 'Say perfect'
'Say 13 perfect bananas for a party on Thursday'

Trips abroad to Costa del Crosser.

Frolicing in 'The Furry Glen"
On endless sun kissed days

Stanley Notte

futures speculated on the spin of a bottle
The risky business of public saliva exchange
Reputations and breathing shifting
With every sterling punt toward maturity

A quarter of apple drops
And later a quart of cider
shared with friends in fields
Where our lust for life
sowed sweet dreams of greener pastures
'Imagine', we sang from our core. 'Imagine.'

3 goals in morphing into 20 a side
on the 'The Black Tar'
Red harrington jackets for goalposts
Chelsea boots scoring goals
Knee high Doc Martin's casting spells
Among rubber dollies and scuffed shoes

The clashes between The Police and The Togher Tornados

Leather and brass tip rulers
Cracked on trembling hands
Tense air splintered
as schoolboy spirits sank
Into cesspools of sorrow
Some would not survive

Ear pulling teachers asking
'Can you see the airport'
Over and over again
As dignity flew through the window
On a one way long distance flight
To humiliation's barren plane

London calling our young guns from this ghost town

Stanley Notte

Wiggy in the blue of Everton
His fame on the Theatre of Dreams
a far flung future we all imagined
For ourselves at Elland Road
Anfield, Molineux

St Mary's desecrating dreams at Flower Lodge
Redemption at The Cross against Casement Celtic.

Ghetto Blasters loaded with mixed tapes
where Punks and Mods and Rockers
alternated as they did on the dance floor
in The Green Box and St Francis Hall and Spiders
When teens reeled relentlessly at weekends
elevating their heartbeats to record highs
Knowing 33 and 45 were numbers their age would never attain.

Stanley Notte

Mrs Xavier

after The Frank & Walters

I suppose falling out of love is an elegant chaos after all
and Frank's right
talking about you isn't paradise.

It's a never ending staircase
where high is low, six becomes nine
and restraint opens up landslides.

But how can I exist if it's time we said goodnight?
Must I learn to love myself?
Forget you're the greatest?
Hold on underground
while the world carries on looking for America?

Or should I change my way of thinking?
Surrender to win?
Bake us a song?
Castaway the idea that you would take me through this life
on pathways lined with city lights
summer evenings
and miles and miles of turquoise gardens?

I suppose falling out of love is an elegant chaos after all
and Frank's right
you can't take too much notice
when the last train home on Saturday night
don't stop John and Sue making you feel guilty.

Isn't it time for New York?

Xiao Ouyang

I. Life in Cork (Selected Poetry in the Chinese Classical Style of *Ci* 词)

(1) **Untitled**, in the *Chang Xiang Si* (A Long Yearning) form

Sunny yesterday, cloudy today,

The sky revealed above the clouds and this body under the clouds,
neither are bothered by dust.

Warm wind, drizzling rain,

Close the gate to turn away visitors, play my flute in the idleness,
the day is long and birds start to doze.

July 16th 2012, at McCurtain Villas

(2) **Guest Staying**, in the *Man Ting Fang* (Fragrance Full of the Courtyard) form ¹

The rain passed the San Shan, ² cloud crowned the ocean, as the
sunset tide came in, leaving the shining water almost as high as the
shore.

Swift boats, slim masts, a few mainsails appear, closer and closer
amid the waves.

Delightful are the fresh purple and blue colours in the garden, by
the fence, the wind is carrying away the falling petals of the roses.

1. A friend and his family were on holiday. I was invited to stay at their beautiful house at Crosshaven, with great sea views and a wonderful garden. A few days of enjoyable solitude and peace fermented some poetic feelings which then became this poem as well as a painting.

2. San Shan 三山 refers to the three legendary mountains in the sea, where the immortals live. It is used here to imply the location of Ireland, and in particular, Crosshaven.

Xiao Ouyang

(一) 长相思-无题

昨日晴，今日阴，
云外青天云底身，一般了无尘。

风熏熏，雨纷纷，
箫管闲鸣深掩门，昼永宿鸟昏。

2012年7月16日

(二) 满庭芳-客寓

雨过三山，云冠沧海，岸平波影斜晖。

舟轻桅细，浪里数帆归。

新喜庭中紫玉，疏篱外，风散蔷薇。

Xiao Ouyang

Dongjun³ is intoxicated by the beauty of his own creation, although the birds' songs are now over, he is unwilling to end the flowery and fragrant scene here.

Dimly, between the evening clouds, returning birds are as if dark spots, rays of sunshine stream through the garden gate.

Sighing, in such a lonely life, why do we journey far away? Even if one was able to gain a carved saddle,⁴ painted mansion,⁵ beauty like jade⁶, in a blink, they all would be gone, like ashes in the wind.

In such an emotional moment, the tide rises and ebbs, only the lonely moon above the ocean accompanies the playing of my flute.

August 12th, 2012, at Crosshaven

(3) Letter to a friend far away, in the *Xi Jiang Yue* (Moon on the West River) form

Stream of cars, a dragon of horses, one following the other like fish,⁷

Pure clouds, cold rain, mist at dusk,

Crossing the world there are eight thousand roads,

It says time is an arrow.

3. Dongjun 东君, literally, The East Lord, is a name for the God of Spring in Chinese mythology.

4. 雕鞍 means finely carved saddle, and is used here as a metaphor for power.

5. 画栋 means painted mansion, and is used here as a metaphor for wealth.

6. 颜如玉, literally, jade-like face, a phrase traditionally used for praising beauty, here is used as a metaphor for love.

7. 马龙, literally, a dragon of horses, is a classical metaphor for busy traffic. 鱼贯, literally, a file of fish, is a classical metaphor for crowds.

Xiao Ouyang

东君醉，啼莺声绝，未肯尽芳菲。

依稀，云断处，青鸦点点，落照排扉。

叹寂寞平生，迁客谁为。纵得雕鞍画栋，颜如玉，一霎灰飞。

伤情处，潮汐涨落，海月共歌吹。

2012年8月12日

（三）西江月-寄远人

车水马龙鱼贯，

清云冷雨夕烟，

往来横亘路八千，

道是光阴似箭。

Xiao Ouyang

Waking up from slumber, seasons have altered several times,
My book completed, wind and snow for ten years,
If today, the feelings are the same as our first encounter,
Who cares about the movement of stars?

January 5th 2015, at Dennehy's Cross

(4) Remembering the late spring scenery of Ireland during a stay at Salzburg, in a revised *Bu Suan Zi*
(Divination Tune) form

Fine trees beautify the courtyard,
The setting sun shines through bushes to reach the window.
Soft rain and gentle wind, birds stretch their wings,
Predicate randomly the next events of the flowers.

Climb up a tall building in an idle hour
Clouds and mountains meet at the horizon, provoking hidden emotions
In this ineffable moment, the bright and mild breeze after the shower
blows the plants back and forth,
In my heart-mind there rise multiple waves.

May 8th 2017, at Salzburg

Xiao Ouyang

梦起春秋数易，
书成风雪十年，
今朝还似初相识，
谁顾星移斗转？

2015年1月5日

(四) 卜算子 (变平韵) - 寓居萨尔茨堡忆爱岛春日晚景

嘉木绮中庭，
落照垂林轩。
润雨柔风燕舒展，
花事等闲占。

无趣上高楼，
幽意惹云山。
蕙转光风缱绻间，

心绪已重澜。

2017年5月8日

Xiao Ouyang

II. The Irish Impressions (Selected Poetry in the Chinese Classical Styles of *Jueju* 绝句 and *Lüshi* 律诗)

(1) Misty Night

Not smoke, not dream, but the feeling is so obscure,
Immersing the winter grove and dimming the moon.
The night air mild, street empty, the resting birds occasionally heard,
Lamp light through the curtains, diluted into shadows.

January 15th, 2013, walking home along College Road

(2) Rain

Rising and spreading, due to the wind,
Borderless is the spring longing.
The returning clouds carry journeying birds,
Ocean sunset surges next to this Western land.
Washing jade and plucking the ancient zither,
Rinsing the flowers and cleansing the green steam⁸
Without a dream, awake for the whole night,

8. These are classical metaphors associated with the rain and its sounds.

(一) 雾夜

非烟非梦意蒙蒙，
漫敛寒林月胧胧。
夜暖街空闻宿鸟，
隔帘灯火淡几重。

2013年1月15日

(二) 雨

袅袅因风起，
无边是春愁。
归云浮驿鸟，
海日涌西洲。
漱玉鸣桐响，
浣芳滌绿流。
一昔良无梦，

Xiao Ouyang

Earnestly, it pours its secrets out to me, wasting no time.

March, 2013, at McCurtain's Villas

(3) Snow

A slice of wind and a thread of rain gloom the delicate cherry blossom,

Sudden snow and abrupt clouds sadden the guest staying.

It says there is plenty interesting scenery on this island,

Flying flakes reflecting sunbeams in a March evening.

March 8th, 2013, on UCC Campus

(4) A Custom

This corner of the earth has different customs,

A peaceful place with people who are free and easy.

On the first day of this month, go and look for the red bird,

Make a knot, a year of good luck may come to you.

March 14th, 2017, at Elderwood 4

9. A student of mine told me about this custom. I found it quite interesting so I recorded it along with a classical Chinese poem. "The red bird" refers to robin redbreast.

Xiao Ouyang

殷勤语未休。

2013年3月

(三) 雪

片风丝雨愁娇樱，
疾雪断云伤客行。
海上闻说多异景，
飞花三月照晚晴。

2013年3月8日

(四) 民风

天涯多异景，
地僻人清暇。
初日追红鸟，
结绳祈岁华。

2017年3月14日

Xiao Ouyang

(5) St Patrick's Day¹⁰

The colour of fragrant grass spreads so far, even to the sun at the
brink of the world,

No need to mine jade at the Lantian county,¹¹ as this green land of
Ireland itself is an emerald.

Green sun¹² is accompanied by seasonal showers and evening tide¹³,

Empty neighbourhood, as the yearly ritual dance¹⁴ just started.

March 17th, 2017, in Cork

(6) River Lee Path

A long day,¹⁵ warm wind, shadowy bamboo bush,

Bright sky, mirror-like water, reflecting the pure cherry blossoms.

Along the river Lee, ten miles of path with fragrant dust,¹⁶

10. Green is the colour of Ireland, and this happy day, particularly. My landlady once said to me, "It always showers on St Patrick's Day." It seems to be the case, for the years I have spent in Cork, no exception has been observed. But who really cares if it rains or not? After all, this is Ireland and it is St Patrick's Day! Nothing can bother the positive Irish attitude and the Paddy mood for celebration!

11. 蓝田Lantian, literally, Green Field, it is a place famous for producing jade in Ancient China.

12. 青阳, literally green sun, is a name for spring days.

13. 潮 means tide, but it is also often used as a metaphor for crowds of people.

14. 舞雩 is the ancient Chinese rain ritual ceremony held in the late spring, here it is used as a metaphor for the parade and celebration on St Patrick's Day.

15. The day gets dark late.

16. 芳尘literally fragrant dust, is a metaphor for the flowers growing alongside a road.

Xiao Ouyang

(五) 圣帕特里克节

芳草迢迢近日边，
毋庸采玉到蓝田。
青阳时雨春潮晚，
空巷舞雩又一年。

2017年3月17日

(六) 李河畔

昶日熏风烟竹影，
天光水鉴照琼樱。
缘溪十里芳尘路，

Xiao Ouyang

The free singing of the birds, one only needs to listen.

March, 2017

(7) Written before the Hurricane Ophelia¹⁷

A dark night, silent hour, water clock drops,

Clouds stop, fog halts, the flowery branches are frozen.

Water is peaceful at the ferry but unseen surges trouble the boatmen,

Trees are tranquil but the forest is full of anxiety, the birds return late.

Across the Irish nation, alerts assist the lock-up of cities,

Endless messages advise people to store goods and stay in their houses.

This domain of humans has enjoyed 60 years of peace,

Ordinary people have forgotten the natural facts about danger and safety.

Oct 16th, 2017, at Togher

17. At the end of this poem I was a bit satirical. We should never take the "benevolence" of nature for granted. We live in a peaceful and safe corner of earth, but we are responsible for human-caused climate change like people elsewhere. Enough ignorance and irresponsibility have been observed lately. The human future rests only on our own shoulders. The *Book of Odes* goes, "永言配命, 自求多福". (With respect to conforming to destiny, one who strives enjoys more luck.)

Xiao Ouyang

自在莺歌婉转听。

2017年3月

(七) 飓风奥菲莉娅袭爱前夕

玄夜无声更漏时，

云停雾止定花枝。

津平暗涌艖公乱，

木静愁林宿鸟迟。

举国烽烟助锁城，

连篇消息劝奇居。

人间无恙一花甲，

懵懂烝民忘危夷。

2017年10月16日

Xiao Ouyang

III. The Days in Cork (Selected Poetry in the Modern Style)

(1) Singing

A cup of light tea, a moment of cool breeze,
Blows to me music from beyond the wall, murmuring like a dream
Hidden behind the elderberry tree,
Someone is indulging in his strings,
The music neither too fast nor too slow, endless.
My heart is thrown into the waves of the Mediterranean Sea
Then hangs onto the branch of an orange tree at St George's hill.
By the corner of the Western ocean lies my little backyard,
Where strawberries start to bloom,
Soon, time will crystalize the dazzling scarlet on my white china
plate.
"Lo! Nothing can be more certain than this."
[A voice whispers in my ears.]

June 8th, 2013, at McCurtain Villas

(一) 歌声

一杯清茶，片刻爽风，
吹来墙外如梦般呜咽的歌。
在那丛合欢木后，
有人反复的弹奏，
琴弦不徐不疾，亦无止无息。
我的心，无由的，被抛向地中海潋滟的波光里，
又被挂上了，圣乔治山果实累累的柑橘树林。
在西海之隅，这小小的后院，
草莓花正盛开，
时光不久将会凝结成白瓷盘中的鲜红。

"再没有比这更真切的了。"

2013年6月8日

Xiao Ouyang

(2) Words for Erin for a Future Parting

Hey, Erin,

Waking up from a green dream,

In my eyes, ripples emerge.

If someday I am to leave you forever,

What shall I say, for goodbye?

In the silence, there would be an unexpected shower,

Like our first encounter, wetting my clothes.

Farewell, the swans on the river Lee and the peaceful stream.

Farewell, the hazy trees at twilight and the shaky bridge.

Farewell, the old ivied lane and the backyard with strawberries.

Farewell, Blarney Road, starry night, cycling and take-away.

Farewell, misty hill, castle ruins, summer beach.

Farewell, music jam, duet in the kitchen.

Farewell, dark beer, Stammtisch, sword and mates.

Farewell, Elderwood 2.

Farewell, Erin.

April, 17th, 2014, on the Flight from Berlin to Cork

Xiao Ouyang

(二) 写给爱尔兰的离歌

啊，爱尔兰，

从绿色的梦，醒来，

此刻眼里泛起了波澜。

倘若有一天和你永诀，

当用什么做临别的赠语。

无言之中，骤然飘起的小雨，

仿佛初见一样，沾湿我的衣襟。

再见，李河上的天鹅，静静流淌的清波。

再见，黄昏的烟树，颤巍巍的吊桥。

再见，长青藤爬满的老巷，草莓花盛开的庭院。

再见，回家的路，星夜，自行车与牛肉便当。

再见，迷雾山岗，荒原古堡，夏日海湾。

再见，自由的琴弦，厨房里的二重唱。

再见，啤酒，星期四，剑和伙伴。

再见，苍林斋。

再见，爱尔兰。

2014年4月17日

Xiao Ouyang

(3) A Walk at Fitzgerald's Park

Mild and bright, a spring day,
In the park avenue I am walking.
What about encountering YOU,
Then how gossipy the newly bloomed, noisy flowers would be.
For witnessing this ordinary moment,
How many reincarnations one has to go through,
Emerging from the darkness and rainy days for a million years,
Here is this gorgeous flowery cherry tree, by chance,
Waiting to ignite the salient gentleness in your eyes.

March, 13th, 2015, at Fitzgerald Park

Xiao Ouyang

(三) 菲茨杰拉德公园散步

在这样温和明媚的春日，
走在公园的林荫路上，
倘若遇见你，
那明亮的花儿们应该会窃窃私语。
为见证这平淡的一瞬，
要跨越多少次轮回，
经历千亿阴霾和冷雨，
这一树繁花才碰巧于此间，
点燃你瞬间无声的柔情。

2015年3月13日

Carmen Palomino

Cork in Reverse

You say you want to leave
but you never take off
Your runway's a work in progress
and your decision's delayed so
you live in Kroc:
Jungian Corporate Unconscious,
each pulling string
of social media
and every heartbeat streaming
from the intranet of its nights
takes you closer to anyone
living on any side
of the river Lee
for in this city
you can't get lost
and No-one's really a stranger
For years you plan your escape
with determination
while under its pearl grey skies
every summer's hotter
and every winter's less cold
Slowly you realise
that Cork is now Home
and you finally change your life
with determination:
Cheers to the bartender
as you lift your pint
just one pub away
from where you were before.

Cork al Revés

Dices que te quieres ir
pero no acabas de despegar
La pista aún por despejar
retrasa tu voluntad así que
vives en Kroc:
Inconsciente Corporativo Junguiano
donde cada hilo de la madeja
que enreda las redes sociales
y cada corazón que late en vivo
en la intranet de sus noches
te acerca a cualquier vecino
de cualquiera de las orillas
del Lee, su río
porque en esta ciudad
no puedes perderte
y Nadie es un desconocido
Cada año planeas tu fuga
muy convencido
mientras que bajo su cielo gris perlado
cada verano hace más calor
y cada invierno es menos frío
Poco a poco te vas dando cuenta
de que Cork ya es tu hogar
para al final cambiar tu vida
muy convencido:
Un brindis al camarero
mientras alzas tu pinta
desde otro pub,
en una barra distinta.

Carmen Palomino

The Magic Road

"People are *crazy*" -Seamus reflected while observing the buildings that stood busily on both sides of the river-.

"From here you can't even see the top of the steeple, can you?" - he kept musing to himself-.

"*Tant pis* for them. When the time comes, they will regret all this brick nonsense. Just a few more days..."

He leaned onto the bridge railing hunching his back and resting his elbows on the iron rail. The Sun greeted the night upon the hills, inviting a cool salty breeze that a hundred years ago, could have smelled of fish and tar, but its aroma now was more reminiscent of fish and chips and grilled meat.

As the evening closed upon the town, the lamplights painted a trail of golden spots along the quayside. Seamus was now staring at the dark waters below him, the tip of his shoes slightly protruding over the edge of the footbridge. Sometimes he felt he could communicate with the river, that the river listened to his thoughts and that it could keep all the secrets and carry all the messages on its way down to the bay. It held within it all the images it had mirrored over the centuries, an eternal stream of liquid reflections that were constantly being pulled down and preserved at the bottom of its bed.

A precise memory emerged now for Seamus, invoked by his own whirlpooling thoughts, and mirrored itself on the water: the faded image of a charming lady. She was smiling at him warmly, her long hair waved across the surface of the water, her big deep eyes glowed enticingly, soft arms opening towards him. He smiled too for a couple of seconds, but his grin soon turned bitter. Her face was always there, although many years had passed since they first met. She had been older than him at the time and she had another man, but she was the kind of woman that never gets old or, that always

Carmen Palomino

La Vía Mágica

“Están todos locos” – pensaba Seamus, mientras espiaba los edificios que bulliciosos, se erigían a ambos lados del río-.

“Desde aquí ni siquiera se ve el campanario” – seguía musitando.

“Pues peor para ellos. Cuando llegue la hora ya se arrepentirán de toda esta locura del ladrillo. Sólo unos días más...”

Se inclinó sobre la barandilla del puente, con la espalda encorvada y apoyando los codos sobre la barra de metal. El Sol sobre las colinas daba la bienvenida a la noche que, a su vez, invitaba una brisa fresca y salada que hace unos siglos hubiera sabido a resina y pescado fresco, pero que ahora traía aromas de fritura y carne a la brasa.

Mientras la noche se cernía sobre la ciudad, las farolas dibujaban una hilera de lunares dorados a lo largo del muelle. Seamus contemplaba las oscuras aguas bajo el puente; la punta de sus pies sobresaliendo del borde de la pasarela. A veces le parecía que podía comunicarse con el río, que el río escuchaba sus pensamientos y conservaba sus secretos, llevando mensajes a lo largo de su recorrido y hasta desembocar en la bahía. El río atesoraba todas las imágenes que había reflejado a lo largo de los siglos en un constante flujo de reflejos líquidos que constantemente venían siendo arrastrados hasta el fondo, para ser preservados en su lecho.

Justo entontes emergió para él un recuerdo en particular, que invocado por el remolino de sus propios pensamientos, quiso reflejarse en el río: la imagen descolorida de una atractiva mujer que le sonreía dulcemente mientras su larga melena ondulaba la superficie del agua; sus ojos, grandes y profundos, brillaban seductores. Por unos segundos, Seamus también sonrió, pero su sonrisa se tornó amarga: aunque habían pasado ya muchos años desde su primer encuentro, su rostro siempre estaba allí. En aquella

Carmen Palomino

gets better with time, as they say. And boy...she was hot! He could have been with her at one point, sure as hell... even without words he just knew back then... but he didn't dare to make the move; instead he made the kind of mistakes you make when you are young and unaware. Consequently, she lost interest and left. He could never speak to her again.

A gush of air ran through his greying hair. It was getting colder: he noticed his hands were now clenched around his upper arms, hugging himself into a shivering embrace.

Seamus was excited at the prospect of the discovery. He had never been lucky, and had experienced many setbacks in all the aspects in life. Although he had no studies, when he was young he was a skilful guy; he had the good looks, ambition and drive. He was a good worker, but in his efforts to fit in, to have recognition, to become someone, to be accepted by his peers, he eventually became just like any of them and he gave up on himself and his own dreams. Another cog in the wheel, when time passed and he was no longer a young perky lad, he got laid off. He was a sensible guy though and had managed to save some money, which helped until he got some random temporary jobs. He earned just enough for himself but he could not afford many treats like travelling or taking ladies out for dinner, let alone buy a house or raise a family. He thought he had nothing to offer to a woman and so he didn't look for a partner. Seamus shared the house with other tenants so he didn't have to spend most of his salary on the rent. The other guys were loud and kept the house dirty all the time. The place was a complete mess. He hated them. He hated that life but could see no way out then. He was having more downs than ups and a doctor gave him a prescription for drugs. He could cope with the day routine, but he drank himself to sleep almost every night. His mind was gradually sinking into the dark.

...

Carmen Palomino

época, ella era algo mayor que él y además estaba con otro tipo, pero era de esas mujeres que como se suele decir, nunca envejecen o que, como el vino, incluso mejoran con el tiempo. Y además estaba muy buena. Seamus podía haber tenido una historia con ella, de eso estaba seguro... Incluso sin haberse dicho nada, de alguna forma, él lo sabía... Pero nunca se atrevió a dar el paso y en su lugar, cometió los errores típicos de alguien joven y sin experiencia. Al final, ella perdió interés y se fue. Seamus no tuvo ocasión de volver a hablarle.

Un soplo de aire erizó sus cabellos grisáceos. Empezaba a refrescar y Seamus notó que sus manos estaban apretando sus brazos en un tembloroso abrazo.

La perspectiva del hallazgo lo tenía entusiasmado. Nunca había sido un hombre con suerte y había sufrido muchos reveses durante toda su vida. Aunque no tenía estudios, de joven había sido un tipo apañado, con buena planta, ambicioso y decidido. Era un buen trabajador, pero en su esfuerzo por encajar, por obtener el reconocimiento de sus jefes para llegar a "ser alguien" y por ser aceptado por sus compañeros, al final se volvió como todos ellos, otro eslabón en la cadena, abandonándose a sí mismo y dejando de lado sus propios sueños. Cuando el tiempo pasó y Seamus dejó de ser el típico chico apuesto y animado, un buen día se quedó sin empleo. Siempre había sido un muchacho sensato, de modo que al menos había ahorrado algo de dinero, lo que le ayudó a campar por un tiempo hasta que entró en una sucesión intermitente de trabajos temporales. Ganaba lo justo para mantenerse y no podía permitirse lujos como viajar o invitar a una chica a cenar en un restaurante, por no hablar de comprar casa o mantener una familia. Seamus pensaba que no tenía nada que ofrecer a una mujer, así que tampoco se molestó en buscar pareja. Compartía la casa con otros para no tener que gastar la mayor parte de su sueldo en el alquiler. Sus coinquilinos armaban mucho jaleo y tenían la casa siempre sucia y desordenada, hecha un desastre. Seamus los odiaba. Odiaba aquella vida, pero no sabía cómo cambiarla. Tenía muchos momentos de bajón y un médico le recetó unas píldoras. La rutina

Carmen Palomino

The Cullinan diamonds had been a present from the Transvaal government to King Edward VII during British rule. The large stone was found in a mine in South Africa and was shipped to England to be cut and embedded into nine fine pieces and a bunch of diamonds. The biggest two, the *Stars of Africa*, were mounted as main stones in the Sovereign's Sceptre with Cross and the Imperial State Crown.

The owners of the mine, the Cullinan family, were originally from Donegal. That's where Seamus started his research, once he came to know about the most fabulous theft that any man could conceive in those days: however far-fetched the story, and still pure invention to some, Seamus had learnt that during the Easter Rising, some alleged anarchist organisation which had placed undercover agents among the Royal Palace's staff, and which benefited from the help of the Grand Lodges of England, Scotland and Ireland, had managed to steal the Cullinan diamonds by switching them with perfect replicas. Whoever it was, the thief (or thieves) had slipped away with the loot without even raising dust. The crime was not discovered until much later and by then, the stones had left England. Buckingham Palace never acknowledged the theft, but it was known that Churchill, who owned a replica of the Star of Africa, used to show the stone to his guests and make jokes about it being stolen.

The name of a certain Lord Conyngham, who in his young days had been a renowned rower, was passed around for a while in the back alleys, as being the mastermind behind the whole plot, and some even suggested that it had been the man himself who had escaped with the diamonds rowing on a boat down the Thames.

The fact that Lord Conyngham was a liberal of Irish ascendancy and a distinct member of the Circle of Magic, as well as being high up in the Freemasonry hierarchy, made that version sound plausible.

...

Carmen Palomino

del día a día era soportable, pero cada noche bebía hasta quedarse dormido. Poco a poco, su mente se fue sumergiendo en la oscuridad.

...

Los diamantes Cullinan fueron un regalo del gobierno del Transvaal al Rey Eduardo VII durante el periodo de dominación británica. La inmensa piedra apareció en una mina en Sudáfrica y fue enviada a Inglaterra para ser tallada y montada en nueve piezas exquisitas, más un puñado de diamantes. Las dos piedras mayores, las Estrellas de África, fueron montadas como gema principal en el Cetro Real de la Cruz y la Corona Imperial del Estado.

Los propietarios de la mina, la familia Cullinan, eran originarios de Donegal. Fue allí donde Seamus comenzó su búsqueda, una vez que vino a saber del robo más fantástico que pudiera haberse concebido en aquella época: por muy disparatada que pareciera la historia y aunque para algunos, seguía siendo una pura invención, Seamus se enteró de que durante el Alzamiento de Pascua en Irlanda, una supuesta organización anarquista que había infiltrado algunos agentes entre la servidumbre de los Palacios Reales, ayudada por las Grandes Logias de Inglaterra, Escocia e Irlanda, había conseguido hacerse con los diamantes Cullinan, sustituyéndolos con réplicas perfectas. Quien quiera que fuese el ladrón (o los ladrones), se escapó con el botín sin levantar polvo. El delito no fue descubierto hasta mucho tiempo después y para entonces, las piedras no se encontraban ya en Inglaterra. Buckingham Palace nunca confirmó la noticia, pero se dice que Churchill, que poseía una réplica de la Estrella de África, solía presumir con ella ante sus invitados y bromear acerca del robo.

El nombre de un cierto Lord Conyngham, que en su juventud había sido un famoso remero, circuló durante un tiempo por los bajos fondos y se rumoreaba no sólo que había sido el genio que había urdido toda la operación, sino incluso que fue él mismo quien se llevó los diamantes, remando por el Támesis en una barquichuela.

Carmen Palomino

During his last admission to the Mental Hospital, Seamus was casually leafing through the pages of a History magazine when he found the story of the Cullinan Diamonds and how, in order to mislead thieves, a diversionary manoeuvre was deployed so they could safely ship the rough gem to England: secret agents of the British and the Transvaal government had spread the rumour that the stone was travelling on a steamboat and organised the enactment of its departure: a parcel containing a replica was officially entrusted to the captain of the boat, while the original gem arrived to England via ordinary mail. It was a curious anecdote that stirred Seamus's curiosity, so he started reading other books on the subject until he came across the story of the theft. An idea then started to take form in his mind.

Seamus believed that the diamonds could have been brought back to Ireland, and precisely, to Lord Conyngham's manor in Donegal, so he decided to start his treasure search from there. He was admiring the imposing sight of the steeple at St Eunan's Cathedral at Letterkenny the moment he recalled the cryptic obituary someone had sent anonymously to *The Times* after Lord Conyngham's death:

*Could the Goose flee from the Tower
On the fisherman's boat
Rowing down the Magic Road
Knowing what the Golden Carp will show.*

But, of course! The verses contained not only an epigram, but also the key to the location of the stones...

...

Everything was ready for the chosen date.

This year, St. John's Eve would have the biggest bonfire that Cork had ever seen. Seamus would burn down those buildings so they'd be demolished. Only then would the river, the *Magic Road*, mirror again the steeples of St Anne's Church and St Finbarr's Cathedral.

Carmen Palomino

El hecho de que Lord Conyngham fuera un liberal de ascendencia irlandesa y un distinguido miembro del Círculo de la Magia, aparte de ostentar un alto grado en la jerarquía Masónica hacía parecer plausible esta versión de la historia.

...

Una tarde, durante su última estancia en el hospital psiquiátrico, Seamus estaba hojeando una revista de Historia cuando encontró el relato de los diamantes Cullinan y de cómo, para que la gema pudiera ser enviada a Inglaterra de forma segura desde Sudáfrica, se planeó una ingeniosa maniobra diversiva: agentes secretos del Transvaal y del gobierno británico hicieron correr el rumor de que la piedra viajaría en un barco de vapor y organizaron una solemne representación de su partida, en la que un paquete que contenía una réplica fue entregado en custodia al capitán del barco, mientras que el auténtico diamante llegaría a Inglaterra a través de correo ordinario. Se trataba de una anécdota extremadamente curiosa que despertó la curiosidad de Seamus, así que empezó a consultar otros libros sobre mismo tema, hasta que leyó acerca de la historia del robo. Una idea empezó a cobrar forma en su mente.

Seamus creía que los diamantes podían haber vuelto a Irlanda y en concreto, a la mansión de Lord Conyngham en Donegal, así que decidió comenzar su búsqueda del tesoro allí mismo. Se encontraba precisamente admirando el imponente campanario de la Catedral de San Eunano en Letterkenny, cuando recordó el críptico epitafio que alguien, de forma anónima, había enviado para su publicación en el *Times* tras la muerte Lord Conyngham:

*Cae la Oca desde la Torre al río
Oca, sube a la barca del pescador
Rema por la Vía Mágica, rema sin fin
Kilos de Carpas Doradas serán tu botín.*

¡Pero claro! Los versos no sólo contenían un epigrama, sino también la clave para encontrar las joyas...

Carmen Palomino

The intersection where the Carp meets the Goose would point to the place where the stones were hidden.

Seamus sighed at the sight of the evening stars, then stared again into the water and smiled wistfully. Her eyes were shining like diamonds.

Carmen Palomino

...

Todo estaba listo para la fecha escogida.

Este año, la Noche de San Juan iba a tener la hoguera más grande que Cork hubiera visto jamás. Seamus quemaría todos aquellos edificios para que fueran demolidos. Solamente entonces el río, la Vía Mágica, volvería a reflejar los campanarios de la Iglesia de Santa Ana y de la Catedral de San Finbar. La intersección donde la Carpa encuentra a la Oca indicaría el lugar en el que los diamantes estaban escondidos.

Seamus suspiró contemplando las estrellas nocturnas y con una sonrisa melancólica bajó de nuevo su mirada hacia el agua: sus ojos brillaban como diamantes.

Cork in prose: a love portrayed in words

It was December when she arrived in Cork for the first time. Her attentive and fearful eyes stared at the city with astonishment and enchantment. There she would spend two years of her life. She intended to live there for only a brief season and then return to her country. She did not imagine that Cork would be embedded not only in the south of Ireland, but also in the hearts of all who lived there.

Having freshly arrived in an unknown place, after nightfall she did not recognize the scenery and used to get lost in the streets of the city. But as it was December, there was always the exponential ferris wheel of the Grand Parade to illuminate her paths and lead her to her destination.

The rain in the place happened almost daily and she discovered curiously that the favourite hobby of those who lived there was to complain about the bad weather, and of course, to apologize. They apologized for everything, even for the act that was only intended and not completed. The title of rebel city definitely did not seem to fit there, where one could see a polite and friendly folk.

This same rain was responsible for giving the landscape a unique green, living and lasting.

It was there that she met the sky in different shades, sometimes multi-coloured; where she enjoyed the sound of seagulls, where she fed the crows and discovered the tiny robin. Between visits to the library and the café, the serene stroll among the lavenders of Fitzgerald Park.

Her days were sweet contemplating the River Lee, where her life slipped so slowly along in those numbered days. It was in its waters that she saw the seal twice and wished hard to live in Cork forever, but her days expired and she had to leave. She left with the feeling of a mother having her child living in a distant country. For her it is enough to know that he is well and one day will return.

Cork em prosa: um amor retratado em palavras

Era dezembro quando em Cork chegou pela primeira vez. Seus olhos atentos e temerosos miravam a cidade com espanto e encantamento. Ali passaria dois anos de sua vida. Intentava viver ali apenas uma breve temporada e então retornaria ao seu país. Não imaginava ela que Cork se encrava não apenas no sul da Irlanda, mas também no coração de todos os que ali já viveram.

Recém-chegada em um lugar desconhecido, ao cair da noite, não reconhecia os cenários e costumava se perder pelas ruas da cidade. Mas, por ser dezembro, havia ali a expoente roda-gigante da Grand Parade a iluminar os seus caminhos e conduzi-la a seu destino.

A chuva no local era quase que diária e ela descobriu curiosamente que o assunto favorito dos que viviam ali era reclamar do mau tempo, e claro, pedir desculpas. Pediam desculpas por tudo, até pelo ato que ficou só na intenção e não se completou. O título de cidade rebelde definitivamente parecia não se encaixar ali, onde se via um povo educado e amistoso.

Essa mesma chuva era responsável por dar a paisagem um verde sem igual, vivo e duradouro.

Foi ali que conheceu o céu em diferentes tons e por vezes, multicolorido; onde apreciou o som das gaivotas, onde alimentou os corvos e descobriu o diminuto Robin. Entre às idas a biblioteca e ao café, o passeio sereno entre as lavandas do Fitzgerald Park.

Seus dias eram doces contemplando o rio Lee, por onde sua vida correu tão lentamente nestes dias numerados. Foi em suas águas que viu a foca por duas vezes e desejou com força viver em Cork eternamente, mas seus dias expiraram e ela teve de partir. Partiu com o sentimento de uma mãe que tem seu filho vivendo em um país distante. A ela basta saber que ele está bem e que um dia irá regressar.

Michael Ray

A moment before tea

Here, just west of the world, the bells sound
pagan. Rested on my arm, your warm hand;
the kettle is building cloud. Beside the sink,
a copper-wire basket, its blue-turning
weave; inside, small pregnancies of garlic.

What she told me, the Russian girl upstairs,
how he knows it isn't his – the boyfriend
who lies awake and holds her while
she grows. Outside, soft September rain,
Goldfinches finding dry among the trees.

Our blood, the river Lee seeping in; stone
and iron – so many ways to cross,
to move between. This quiet, unarmed,
forgetting place, and in it, all this tenderness.

Michael Ray

Sunday's Well

Tom, our neighbour, tells me
this house was once a barn;
the muscular walls,
field stones, floors rising
and falling in every room.
So many changes here
he says, the hunting
fields now shops and homes.
And I, reared
an ocean away, remember
rust stains surfacing
from the iron rings
buried in our kitchen wall,
and when my mother
cooked, steam hovered
just above our heads,
like the breath of ghosts
waiting to be milked.
Through the window,
always a changing sky;
strange corpses laid out
on the dim hills,
skin reddening between
the sycamores – their veined
fists rushing into autumn
like Tom's heifers
spooked in Cattle Market Street.

Dani Rodriguez

Cork & Sky

I asked "Sky" for help when I came to Cork
And although people are simply amazing
In the English Market, shouting and laughing
I needed help to find the best pork

The "Sky" was as hard as a rock
While into beamish pints I went swimming
And with all the requested bills I was paying
"Sky" stabbed me with its sharp fork

"Sky" told me it couldn't help
The phone system was wrong
And all of the money it would revert

Now I feel in this city like a lost whelp
While from the pub sounds a beautiful song
"Sky" still didn't give my money back, nor have I any Internet

Dani Rodriguez

Cork & Sky

Pedí ayuda "al cielo" cuando vine a Cork
Y aunque la gente es alucinante
En el English Market gritando y riendo
Necesitaba ayuda para encontrar la mejor carne de cerdo

"el cielo" es duro como una roca
Mientras en beamish nadaba
Y estaba pagando mis facturas
"el cielo" me clavó su afilado tenedor

"el cielo" me dijo que no podía ayudar
Que la estructura telefónica estaba estropeada
Y que todo el dinero iba a devolver

Ahora me siento en esta ciudad como un cachorro perdido
Mientras del pub suena una bonita canción
"sky" todavía no me ha devuelto mi dinero ni tengo internet

Rudá

Untitled

(translation by Ana Lessa)

enchanted, enchanting me, my guide the novelty of a foreign sight, i've discovered beauty and grace.

in each corner, a gothic force impresses almost touching the sky. the arabesques dazzle and accompany the quotidian vision. daily appreciation.

resisting time and reconciling time. it makes new contours emerge from the old. preserves memories. tells stories.

creates connections. between one place and another... a bridge. supports the crossing, without interrupting the flow. people walking over it and under their feet, the river; perennial, constant.

i understand the praise of your Art.

on your ground, i'm a proud visitor. a dilettante passer-by. citizen through-by contemplation.

Rudá

encantado e encantando-me, guiado pela novidade de um olhar estrangeiro, descobri beleza e graça.

em cada canto, a força gótica que impressiona por quase tocar o céu. os arabescos deslumbram e acompanham a vista cotidiana. apreciação diária.

resiste ao tempo e o concilia. faz emergir entre o antigo novos contornos. preserva as memórias. narra as histórias.

cria conexões. entre um lugar e outro... é ponte. sustenta a travessia, não descontinua os fluxos. acima os andantes e sob os pés destes, o rio; perene, constante.

entendo os elogios da tua Arte.

sobre o teu chão sou visitante orgulhoso. transeunte diletante. cidadão por-para contemplação.

Elisa Sabbadin

The Change: Journey by Water

Your bench sits far away
From the Lough. You will not trust.

Water is large and monstrous, and pulls at your ankle
If you approach. Water does not listen, but asks and asks and asks.

You can feel it pulsing from here.
You imagine letting go, dancing to the margin
Of the Lough, playing with your hands on the surface of the water
(Always flirting with the surfaces of things)

The sky intensifies its shade of pink,
A deepening followed by the clouds, followed by the grass,
Followed by the Lough, which slowly changes its mantle.
Nothing follows.

Must the water too be following the sky?
Does water look up for meaning?

(You cannot fathom the water.)
Sweat drip drops.

You can move sideways, you can glance sideways.
The trees, the ducks, the grass, the oranges.
Multitudes multiply, breeding like rabbits,
White rabbits breeding wonderlands.

Mirrors reflect each other, depthless worlds, paper skies.
(It's always been the surfaces of things
Flirting with your head.)

*(You cannot know the intrinsic quality of things,
Not even those of the things you love.
Let alone –)*

Elisa Sabbadin

Trasformazione: Viaggio per Acqua

La tua panchina sta
Lontano dal Lago. Non ti fidi.

L'acqua è grande e mostruosa, ti tira per la caviglia
Se ti avvicini. L'acqua non ascolta, ma vuole e vuole e vuole.

La senti pulsare da qua.
Immagini di liberarti, danzando al margine
Del Lago, giocando con le mani sulla superficie dell'acqua
(Sempre corteggiando le superfici delle cose)

Il cielo intensifica la sua sfumatura di rosa,
Uno sprofondare seguito dalle nuvole, seguito dall'erba,
Seguito dal Lago che cambia il suo mantello.
Nulla segue ora.

Anche l'acqua sta seguendo il cielo?
Guarda su l'acqua cercando senso?

(Non puoi comprendere l'acqua.)
Il sudore sgocciola.

Ti muovi lateralmente, ti guardi intorno lateralmente.
Gli alberi, le anatre, l'erba, le arance.
Le moltitudini si moltiplicano, si riproducono come conigli,
Bianconigli che danno vita a paesi delle meraviglie.

Gli specchi si riflettono, mondi superficiali, cieli di carta.
(Sono sempre state le superfici delle cose
A corteggiare la tua mente.)

*(Non puoi conoscere le qualità intrinseche delle cose,
Neanche quelle delle cose che ami.
Figurati le –)*

Elisa Sabbadin

*(You cannot fathom the water.
You cannot know the sky.)*

You cannot trust. You hover over the dark water,
The Lough turns dark blue, the sky
Intensifies its hue

The water pulls at your toes, and beats in disconnected
Heartbeats. Deaf and blind. It asks and asks and asks. It pulses.

*(You cannot risk in any safe way, cannot abandon yourself
To something by playing your game)*

And water is the monster unfolding in the ceiling of your room,
Water is the monster at the bottom of your belly
Water is Tomorrow

And
I give in and sacrifice my skin

Breaking the surface of the water,
Breaking the waters.

Until upside down

Elisa Sabbadin

*(Non puoi comprendere l'acqua.
Non puoi sapere il cielo.)*

Non ti puoi fidare. Sei sospesa sopra l'acqua scura,
Il Lago diventa blu scuro, il cielo
Intensifica il suo colore

L'acqua ti tira per le dita dei piedi, muovendosi in
Battiti di cuore scollegati. Sorda e cieca. Vuole e vuole e vuole. Pulsa.

*(Non puoi rischiare in nessun modo sicuro, non puoi abbandonarti
A qualcosa giocando secondo le tue regole)*

E l'acqua è il mostro che si spiega nel soffitto della tua camera,
L'acqua è il mostro sul fondo del tuo stomaco
L'acqua è Domani

E
Mi abbandono e sacrifico la mia pelle

Rompendo la superficie dell'acqua,
Rompendo le acque.

Fino ad essere a testa in giù

Luisa Nogales Sánchez & Victor Iturbe Martínez

The Lee Delta (Cork City) (translation by Dylan Padraig Macgafraidh)

My friend asked me...

"Did you see the seal in the Lee?"

I answered her "Yes!"

She retorted "You're going to stay in Cork City forever"

And I asked her... "Did you see the plates and cups at the bottom of the Lee?"

"Yes!"

"Will those stay in the Lee forever?"

Thrown out, thrown out every weekend.

Broken, broken at the bottom of the Lee.

These things fall from our hands... For fuck's sake! Glasses, cans, cigarette butts, liquids...

Nooks flooded by rubbish!

The Lee flows and lets itself be loved.

Acting as a haven for the birds.

Two swans cleave through its waters majestically and leave their V-shaped trail.

And in its deep gaze we dream of a clean river

As it makes its way through the city of Cork.

Why did man change and not the Lee?

The Lee Delta (Cork City)

Una amiga me preguntó...

"Vistes la foca en el rio Lee?"

La contesté, "Si!"

Ella Replicó... "Permanecerás en City Cork para toda la vida"

Y yo la pregunté... "Vistes los platos y tazas en el fondo del rio Lee?"

"Sí !"

"Permanecerán en el Río Lee para toda la vida?"

Tirar, tirar cada fin de semana.

Romper , romper en el fondo del río Lee.

Se nos escapan de las manos... Joder ! los vasos , las latas, las colillas, los fluidos...

Recovecos inundados de basura !

El Lee fluye y se deja querer.

Sirve de remanso a las aves.

2 cisnes surcan sus aguas majestuosamente y dejan su rastro en V.

Y en la mirada profunda soñamos con un rio limpio a su paso por la ciudad de City Cork.

Por que cambió el hombre y no el río Lee ?

Barbara Siller

The River Lee

A river, she would say to herself, a river is good. She looked at the map, once, twice, three times, and perhaps that was the moment she had made up her mind. It was a small Ireland guide she had bought some years before when she had decided to go to Dublin to improve her English. She remembered the bad headaches she had had for three weeks, which made her think she could never stand this place. And at the same time, there had been fond memories.

Years later she arrived in Cork via Dublin, while her baggage had stayed in Dublin. She was without underwear for some days and each morning she went to have coffee and scones in a coffee bar, which doesn't exist any longer - near the St. Finbarr's Cathedral. She was happy and nothing else mattered.

Once the baggage arrived and it was huge - back in Italy friends had joked about it, that it looked like a coffin, indeed, it was black and very bulky. Inside was her Cube mountain bike, which back then was rather new and among the best at the market at the time. With it she had crossed some Austrian mountains to arrive into Switzerland and Italy, she had traversed some more alpine passes and had been with it in Sicily, having cycled from Palermo to Catania, as well as from Kosiće to Bratislava in Slovakia. Now she wanted to discover the island of Ireland with it. When she cycled through Cork for the first time, it struck her how people were looking at her bike. Well, there were certainly none of these bikes in Cork back then and she sensed that she had to mind it more than she would have done otherwise. The first year the bike stayed with her in her bedroom, also because she didn't like it to get too soggy. But also, because it was almost her only companion at the time, and it was faithful. Some winters were very rainy and her bike wasn't used to this.

Her other companion back then was Paul Auster. With her limited English and little knowledge of English and American literature, it was difficult to find her way through the bookshops. Once she had

Die Lee

Ein Fluss, würde sie zu sich selbst sagen, ein Fluss ist gut. Sie blickte auf die Stadtkarte, einmal, zweimal, dreimal, und vielleicht geschah es in diesem Moment, dass sie ihre Entscheidung getroffen hatte. Es war ein kleiner Irlandführer, den sie sich Jahre zuvor gekauft hatte, als sie beschlossen hatte nach Dublin zu gehen, um ihr Englisch zu verbessern. Sie erinnerte sich an die unerträglichen Kopfschmerzen, unter denen sie drei Wochen lang gelitten hatte, was sie daran glauben ließ, dass sie dieses Land nie aushalten würde. Und im selben Augenblick gab es auch schöne Erinnerungen.

Jahre später kam sie in Cork an, nach einem Flug über Dublin, wo ihr Koffer zurückgeblieben war. Mehrere Tage war sie ohne Unterwäsche und jeden Morgen trank sie in der Nähe der St. Finbarr's Kathedrale in einem Café, das es schon lange nicht mehr gibt, ihren Kaffee und aß einen Scone. Sie war glücklich und nichts anderes zählte.

Der Koffer kam an, er war riesengroß – zuhause in Italien hatten sich Freunde darüber lustig gemacht, dass er wie ein Sarg aussah – er war schwarz und sehr sperrig. Er enthielt ihr Cube Mountainbike, welches damals ziemlich neu war und eines der besten auf dem Markt. Mit ihm hatte sie so manche Berge in Österreich überquert, um in die Schweiz und nach Italien zu gelangen; sie hatte mit ihm mehrere Alpenpässe befahren und sie war mit ihm auf Sizilien gewesen, als sie von Palermo nach Catania gereist war, und auch von Kosiće nach Bratislava in der Slowakei. Nun wünschte sie gemeinsam mit ihm Irland zu entdecken. Als sie das erste Mal durch Cork fuhr, fielen ihr die Blicke auf, die die Menschen auf ihr Fahrrad warfen. Nun, damals gab es in der Tat keines dieser Räder in Cork und sie spürte, dass sie ihr Rad noch mehr beschützen musste, als sie es ohnehin getan hätte. Im ersten Jahr behielt sie das Fahrrad in ihrem Zimmer, auch weil sie nicht wollte, dass es durchnässt wurde. Aber auch, weil es damals beinahe ihre einzige Begleiterin war, und sie blieb ihr treu. Manche Winter waren sehr regnerisch und ihr Rad war nicht daran gewöhnt.

Barbara Siller

found Auster, she kept following him and would miss him if he wasn't around, as it happened one Sunday. Still she remembers with what compassionate sensitivity one of his narrators told the story of the prostitute in *The Music of Chance* – how much dignity was granted to her! A marvellous piece of literature. And she would always be grateful to Paul Auster as it was ultimately him who introduced her to the reading of novels in English.

With an imaginary geography in mind, perhaps naively, she had imagined that she would be able to cycle mountains up and down as she used to do in the Alps, and perhaps in the same way, she had imagined the cycling paths in the city. Now she would often be far out somewhere in the countryside, having taken with her a very detailed street map which would show even the tiniest path somewhere in the middle of nowhere. She explored isolated places she would never have gone back to later on. She passed tiny villages and Celtic graveyards, sheep and cows, lonely houses. Sometimes it would happen that she was out there and a car would stop. But no, she wasn't lost, she could find her way home with the map, always. And she wouldn't have relied on strangers anyway. Only once it happened to her that she had somehow miscalculated the time. It got dark too soon, and her energy fell low. In a pub nearby she was given a banana and some chocolate so that she could make her way home. She found the people helpful and kind.

Home was then Sunday's Well, a room en-suite overlooking the river Lee. University was close-by, it was there where she went to work. Understanding spoken English, the Irish English, was not straightforward. But perhaps any type of spoken English would have been difficult for her at the time. For a long while she couldn't get the sense of humour with so much of it based in specific expressions – as some ironic voices would have said, this was so because she entirely lacked humour in her own language. The sense that you feel no emotion in a language hadn't left her for long in the English language, if it had left her at all. This was very different from Italian, which was her second language, where she could feel something behind the words and where she could feel a sense of familiarity. For

Barbara Siller

Ihr zweiter Begleiter war damals Paul Auster. Mit ihrem begrenzten Englisch und ihrer geringen Vertrautheit mit der englischen und amerikanischen Literatur war es schwierig für sie ihren Weg durch die Buchläden zu finden. Als sie Auster gefunden hatte, verfolgte sie ihn und sie vermisste ihn, wenn er nicht da war, wie es an einem Sonntag einmal geschehen war. Noch immer erinnert sie sich an die Einfühlsamkeit einer seiner Erzähler, in der er die Geschichte einer Prostituierten in *The Music of Chance* erzählte – welche Würde er ihr zusprach. Ein fabelhaftes Stück Literatur. Und sie würde Paul Auster immer dafür dankbar sein, weil er es war, der sie letztendlich in das Lesen englischsprachiger Romane eingeführt hat.

Mit einer imaginären Geographie im Kopf, wahrscheinlich ahnungslos, hatte sie sich vorgestellt, wie sie mit ihrem Rad die Berge hoch- und wieder runterfahren würde, so wie sie es in den Alpen tat, und wahrscheinlich hatte sie sich auch die Fahrradwege der Stadt vorgestellt. Nun würde sie oft weit draußen irgendwo auf dem Land sein, eine sehr detaillierte Straßenkarte bei sich, in die auch die kleinsten Wege dorthin, wo sich Fuchs und Hase gute Nacht sagen, eingezeichnet waren. Sie entdeckte verlassene Orte, an die sie später nie mehr zurückkehren würde. Sie fuhr an kleinen Dörfern vorbei, vorbei an keltischen Friedhöfen, an Schafen und Kühen und an einsamen Häusern. Manchmal passierte es ihr, dass sie weit draußen war und ein Auto anhielt. Aber nein, sie war nicht verloren, immer würde sie mit ihrer Karte den Weg nach Hause finden. Und sie hätte sich ohnehin nicht auf Fremde verlassen. Nur einmal geschah es, dass sie sich mit ihrer Zeit vertan hatte. Zu rasch dunkelte es und ihre Energie nahm ab. In einem Pub in der Nähe gab man ihr eine Banane und ein Stück Schokolade, so dass sie es noch bis nach Hause schaffte. Sie fand die Menschen hilfsbereit und freundlich.

Zu Hause war damals Sunday's Well, ein en-suite Zimmer mit Blick auf die Lee. Die Universität war in der Nähe und dorthin ging sie in die Arbeit. Es war nicht einfach, das gesprochene Englisch zu verstehen, das irische Englisch. Aber vermutlich wäre jede Art von gesprochenem Englisch damals schwierig für sie gewesen. Lange

Barbara Siller

a long time, English was perhaps like Latin to her, you learnt your words and you used them. Only later on she would learn to like the Cork accent, which perhaps then started to arouse in her a sense of acquaintance. It struck her many years later, when on one of the returns to her tiny birth town in Northern Italy, close to the Austrian border, she would be approached by some English people, who asked her if she had learnt her English in Ireland. She never seemed to pick up any accent of any language, but would put her Germanic accent onto every single language she spoke. She didn't seem to really make much effort either. In Cork some people were surprised to learn that she had an Italian passport and a Germanic accent, however it wasn't seldom she met people who were familiar with this.

In each part of the town she lived in - and she inhabited quite a few quarters - she came to see the town differently. In Nicholas Court behind the back-then existing FAS building, she was placed right in the town's centre. She then became more involved in the city's life. In particular the Kino. She discovered the cinema late and she would connect Cork to this discovery. Only then did she start to go to the pictures on a regular basis and become passionate about the Film Festival. She had seen some great documentaries there, are they stayed very much with her. The one about a Southern American architect, who had plenty of children, but didn't take care of even one of them. The only thing he took care of was his architecture. In one scene one of his daughter's stated, "my father gave joy and love to a lot of people but not to us". Years later, she would learn to see differently again, through the lens of the camera. A girl from East Berlin who was big into photography would show her how to take different angles by looking at the reality around her and how to see things differently just by standing at different corners, but also how to make things look differently in this way. She got a talented Canon camera as a gift. For a while she couldn't walk around without thinking of what angle she would take from a certain standpoint. She also began to go regularly to the Lobby Bar and heard the music of John Spillane for the first time.

Barbara Siller

Zeit konnte sie den Humor nicht verstehen, der so sehr in bestimmten Ausdrücken lag – und wie so manche ironische Stimmen damals sagten, war das so, weil ihr jede Form von Humor in der eigenen Sprache fehlte. Das Gefühl, keine Emotionen in der Sprache zu haben, verließ sie lange Zeit nicht, wenn sie es überhaupt jemals verließ. Das war völlig anders mit dem Italienischen, das ihre zweite Sprache war, wo sie hinter den Wörtern etwas fühlte und wo sie ein Gefühl der Vertrautheit spürte. Lange Zeit war Englisch vielleicht so wie Latein für sie, sie lernte die Wörter und setzte sie ein. Erst später würde sie am Cork-Akzent Gefallen finden und vielleicht geschah es zu diesem Zeitpunkt, dass ein Gefühl der Bekanntschaft begann. Es überraschte sie, als sie Jahre später, als sie wieder einmal in ihre norditalienische Geburtsstadt nah an der österreichischen Grenze zurückkehrte, von Engländern gefragt wurde, ob sie ihr Englisch in Irland gelernt hätte. Sie schien nämlich keinen Akzent irgendeiner Sprache anzunehmen, sondern würde ihren germanischen Akzent über jede Sprache legen, die sie sprach. Sie bemühte sich auch nicht sonderlich darum. In Cork zeigten sich einige Menschen überrascht darüber, dass sie einen italienischen Reisepass hatte und einen germanischen Akzent, jedoch nicht selten begegnete sie Menschen, die damit vertraut waren.

Von jedem Stadtteil aus, das sie bewohnte – und sie wohnte in so manchen Vierteln – warf sie einen anderen Blick auf die Stadt. In Nicholas Court hinter dem damals noch existierenden FAS-Gebäude fand sie sich inmitten der Stadt. Damals nahm sie am Geschehen der Stadt teil. Besonders das Kino hatte es ihr angetan. Sie entdeckte es spät und würde Cork mit dieser Entdeckung verbinden. Erst damals begann sie regelmäßig ins Kino zu gehen und sie war vom Cork Film Festival begeistert. So manche bedeutenden Dokumentarfilme, die sie dort gesehen hatte, waren ihr sehr im Gedächtnis geblieben. So der Film über einen südamerikanischen Architekten, der zahlreiche Kinder hatte, aber sich auch nicht nur um eines von ihnen kümmerte; das einzige, was ihn beschäftigte, war die Architektur. In einer Szene behauptete seine Tochter, ihr Vater habe anderen Menschen Freude und Liebe geschenkt, nicht aber seinen eigenen Kindern. Jahre später würde sie noch einmal anders sehen lernen, durch die Linse der

Barbara Siller

Life styles have changed with each move, from living in the house of an Irish landlady to house-sharing with an Afghan man and a French woman. She saw Kabul for the first time on the screen and heard impressive stories. She heard sad stories and stories which back then she was unable to grasp fully. She saw the man's three different passports and all this was new to her. And felt a deep sadness, which she couldn't quite grasp either. Life came into the house with the French lady, who would often leave nice texts at the dinner table and was always cheerful.

It took some further moves before she ended up near Patrick's Hill. In between, once she had viewed a house in another quarter of the city. She walked there, with her city map, as usual, but couldn't quite locate the place. "You shouldn't be viewing a house here, girl", she had been told and she took the old man's advice and walked back home.

From Patrick's Hill she walked down to the city. During those years, over a certain period of one summer, water became short and she needed to collect it from water stations in Wellington Road; later on water to flush the toilet became available in the school nearby, the Christian Brother's College. On the way up she would see a lot of big cars which dropped boys to school. She wasn't familiar with the type of school. Only much later she would hear and read more about the education system and also the church's role in it.

Over the years she had cycled along many roads of the island, and the cycle from Ballycastle to Larne was among the ones which she would remember vividly. In her mind she had stored that landscape right alongside a landscape around the Etna in Sicily, where she had cycled some years before. Strange how memories are able to bring distant places and times close to each other.

With the reading of novels by Irish writers, she would learn what occupied writers in Ireland. Not all she read had been pleasant and not all of it was so unfamiliar to her either. Some novels would dig deep into the Irish past and would tear apart her anyhow too rosy

Barbara Siller

Kamera. Eine Frau aus Ostberlin, die von der Photographie begeistert war, würde sie damit vertraut machen, wie viele unterschiedliche Perspektiven auf die Realität man einnehmen konnte, wenn man an verschiedenen Ecken stand, und wie unterschiedlich man die Dinge darstellen konnte. Sie bekam eine versierte Canon Kamera als Geschenk. Eine Zeitlang konnte sie nicht einfach herumgehen, ohne daran zu denken, welchen Blickwinkel sie an einem bestimmten Punkt einnehmen würde.

Sie begann nun auch regelmäßig in die Lobby-Bar zu gehen und sie begegnete erstmals der Musik von John Spillane.

Die Lebensstile veränderten sich mit jedem Umzug, zunächst wohnte sie in einem Haus gemeinsam mit einer Landlady, dann in einer Wohngemeinschaft mit einem afghanischen Mann und einer französischen Frau. Zum ersten Mal sah sie Kabul am Bildschirm, hörte beeindruckende Geschichten, hörte traurige Geschichten, hörte Geschichten, die sie damals noch nicht wirklich begriff. Sie sah die drei verschiedenen Reisepässe des Mannes und all das war neu für sie. Und eine tiefe Traurigkeit, die sie auch nicht verstand. Mit der Französin kam Leben ins Haus, sie würde oft nette Nachrichten am Esstisch hinterlassen und sie war immer gut gelaunt.

Nach ein paar weiteren Umzügen wohnte sie schließlich in der Nähe von Patrick's Hill. In der Zwischenzeit hatte sie sich ein Haus in einem anderen Stadtteil angesehen. Sie ging mit ihrer Stadtkarte dorthin, wie immer, konnte das Haus aber nicht finden. Sie sollten sich hier kein Haus anschauen, Mädchen, sagte ihr ein älterer Herr und sie folgte seinem Rat und ging heim.

Vom Patrick's Hill ging sie die Stadt hinunter. In jenen Jahren gab es über eine längere Zeit Wasserknappheit. Sie musste das Wasser an bestimmten Orten in der Wellington Road abholen; später konnte sie das Wasser für die Toilettenspülung in der Schule nebenan bekommen, dem Christian Brother's College. Auf ihrem Weg hinauf würde sie die vielen großen Autos sehen, die die Buben in die Schule fuhren. Sie war mit dieser Form von Schule nicht vertraut. Erst Jahre

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picture of the country and its people. It had still been Heinrich Böll's diary which had introduced her to Ireland many years before she had first set foot on the island. And perhaps, as she had had positive expectations and had tried to keep them for as long as possible, she was disappointed once it became impossible to hold on to them. After some moments of conflict, she came to terms with it.

Over all these years she had hardly seen the home of an Irish person. Even coffee was mostly taken outside. Occasionally, she missed the ritual of coffee gatherings.

But back then, her young life in Cork was international anyway, and she was mostly among people from all over the world except Ireland. Only in the climbing club would she be surrounded by people from Cork and Kerry. Her first climb up the Carrauntoohil is still very much in her memory. She had looked up the metres and couldn't quite believe that something like this could carry the name 'mountain'. She left with her trainers and a light tracksuit on that morning. They got into fog, storm and rain, had to rely on the compass. She learnt her lesson when she went with the climbing group to the Isle of Skye a year on. By then she had already climbed mountains in Kerry and East Cork, the Fair Head in the North, as well as several peaks back home in the Dolomites.

Cork became as familiar as some other towns she had once called her home. She learnt to replace her love for the mountains with love for the sea, and she liked the landscape of the island.

In her mind, places started more and more to overlap. She would see a face in Cork which she associated with someone, minutes later she realised that the face of this person was back in Italy or elsewhere. Her mind simply put faces from different places together. Perhaps Cork became a sort of home, or perhaps in the meanwhile home was a word far away, or perhaps any place, or almost any, could become home at that time. She remembered her stay in Genova, where she had once even said to her travel companion that

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später würde sie mehr über das Erziehungssystem und die Rolle der Kirche lesen.

In all den Jahren hatte sie viele Straßen der Insel mit dem Rad befahren, und die Fahrt von Ballycastle nach Larne zählte zu jenen, die sie in besonders lebendiger Erinnerung behielt. In ihrem Gedächtnis hatte sie diese Landschaft neben der Landschaft rund um den Etna auf Sizilien aufbewahrt, wo sie Jahre zuvor mit dem Rad gewesen war. Seltsam, wie die Erinnerungen dazu fähig sind, entfernte Orte und Zeiten zueinander zu führen.

Durch das Lesen von Romanen von irischen Schriftstellern würde sie mehr darüber erfahren, was die Schriftsteller in Irland beschäftigt. Nicht alles, was sie las, war angenehm und auch nicht alles war ihr unvertraut. Manche Romane würden tief in die irische Vergangenheit hineinführen und würden ihr sicherlich zu rosiges Bild vom Land und seinen Menschen zerreißen. Und vermutlich, nachdem ihre Erwartungen groß waren, hielt sie an ihnen fest, so lange das möglich war. Sie war enttäuscht, als dies plötzlich unmöglich für sie wurde. Nach einigen Auseinandersetzungen fand sie sich damit ab.

In all den Jahren würde sie selten ein irisches Haus von innen sehen. Selbst den Kaffee trank man außerhalb. So manches Mal fehlte ihr das Ritual der Kaffeerunden.

Aber damals war das junge Leben in Cork sehr international, und sie befand sich meist unter Menschen aus aller Welt außer aus Irland. Nur in der Klettergruppe würde sie von Menschen aus Cork und Kerry umgeben sein. An ihren ersten Aufstieg zum Carrauntoohil erinnert sie sich gut. Sie hatte die Höhenmeter gesehen und konnte gar nicht glauben, dass so etwas den Namen 'Berg' tragen konnte. Sie ging mit ihren Turnschuhen und mit einem einfachen Turnanzug am Morgen los. Sie kamen in Nebel, Sturm und Regen, mussten sich auf ihren Kompass verlassen. Sie würde ihre Lektion gelernt haben, als sie mit einer Bergsteigergruppe ein Jahr später auf der Isle of Skye unterwegs war. Damals hatte sie bereits Berge in Kerry und Ostcork bestiegen, den Fair Head im Norden, und einige Gipfel

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she would have no problem to stay. Fabrizio de André was on her mind, and even though already dead, his music was with her in that city.

When her father was diagnosed with a terrible illness, she walked through the streets of Cork and right behind the Mercy Hospital in the Henry Street, a chill would go through all her bones. She didn't want to stay any longer, the town felt very cold and unpleasant, and she sensed a sudden urge to leave to spend the last months with her father. He who had never visited her, but who had the dream of going to Norway to visit the grave of Knut Hamsun and the landscape he lived in. He had done a similar trip in his youth in the late 60s travelling to the North of Germany, a trip following the traces of an author. But Norway for her father had to remain a dream.

Not many years after her father's farewell she found herself - either by coincidence or fate, depending on what one likes to believe - again in Cork.

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zu Hause in den Dolomiten.

Cork war ihr mittlerweile so vertraut wie manche andere Städte, die sie einmal ihr Zuhause genannt hatte. Sie lernte ihre Liebe zu den Bergen mit ihrer Liebe zum Meer zu ersetzen und sie mochte die Landschaft der Insel.

In ihrem Gedächtnis begannen sich die Orte mehr und mehr zu überlappen. Sie würde ein Gesicht in Cork sehen, das sie mit jemandem verband – Augenblicke später wurde ihr bewusst, dass dieses Gesicht daheim in Italien war oder anderswo. Ihr Gedächtnis führte die Gesichter aus verschiedenen Orten einfach zusammen. Wahrscheinlich wurde Cork eine Art von Zuhause, oder vielleicht war inzwischen das Wort 'Zuhause' weit weg, oder vielleicht konnte jeder Ort, oder beinahe jeder, zu diesem Zeitpunkt ein Zuhause werden. Sie erinnerte sich an ihren Aufenthalt in Genua, wo sie zu ihrer Reisegefährtin einst sagte, sie könnte einfach hier bleiben. Fabrizio de André war in ihren Gedanken, und auch wenn schon tot, seine Musik war mit ihr in dieser Stadt.

Als ihr Vater die Diagnose einer furchtbaren Krankheit erhielt, ging sie durch die Straßen in Cork; genau hinter dem Mercy hospital in der Henry street überkam sie eine Kälte, die ihr durch die Knochen fuhr. Sie wollte nicht mehr bleiben, die Stadt fühlte sich sehr kalt und abweisend an, sie spürte die Dringlichkeit, die letzten Monate bei ihm zu verbringen. Er, der sie nie besucht hatte, der aber den Traum hatte, einmal nach Norwegen zu reisen, um das Grab von Knut Hamsun und dessen Landschaft zu besuchen. Er hatte eine ähnliche Reise in seiner Jugend gemacht, in den späten 1960er Jahren, nach Norddeutschland, auf den Spuren eines Autors. Aber Norwegen musste für ihren Vater ein Traum bleiben.

Nur wenige Jahre nach dem Abschied von ihrem Vater fand sie sich selbst – war es ein Zufall oder wollte es das Schicksal, was möchte man glauben? – wieder in Cork.

How Majda Arrived

The labor began on a ferris wheel on the opening night of the winter carnival in downtown Cork. Bishop Lucey Park was dramatically lit and full of elves slinking around in curling green slippers and hats. The street vendors' stalls decorated with fairy lights displayed a fantastic range of seasonal merchandise and fair food. I arrived with two friends and their children, who are the friends of my four year-old son, Yossef. One of my son's friends, a little girl named Brigid, wanted to ride the ferris wheel. Yossef decided he would like to go on it too and thus a small piece of my fate was sealed.

After paying the 6 euro for two tickets and waiting in line for a half an hour we were on the ride. Though ferris wheel rides are pretty far down on my list of daredevil stunts it was thrilling to have that sparkling view of Cork. My enjoyment was compounded by clutching hands with Yossef and my friend Deirdre who was too afraid to even open her eyes when the ride was only halfway up. Brigid was coolly enjoying herself as is generally the case. I was enjoying the way that Corkonians lose their minds over celebrating Christmas when the first warm contraction touched my center. The sensation was not quite as strong as a menstrual cramp, though I could feel its potential. It felt as if my uterus was covered in tiny feathers that faced somewhat stiffly downwards while being blown upwards by the warm water they were submerged in.

By the time we got off the ferris wheel, ate and rode the carousel, the small contractions had become regular. I told my friend Oana and she began announcing it loudly to strangers, who were surprisingly unmoved. She also told the man making balloon animals for our children. He seemed to move quicker as the couple next to us suggested that we get to the hospital and added incredulously, that I seemed, "pretty okay for someone who is actually in labor". I suspect that because of the way movies depict labor as an immediate process and also because we're generally taught that labor should be treated as a medical emergency; most

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people don't understand how really mild early labor can be. Aside from the hormonal elation and some slight intermittent and telltale cramping I felt fit to finish my night out at a leisurely pace. It was definitely not an emergency yet, just my body doing some warm-ups. However, none of that was communicated, which may have been why the artist forgot to put ears on Sophie's pink balloon cat resulting in it appearing mildly annoyed.

When it was eventually time to part ways we said goodnight to Deirdre and I helped Oana find her car, which was parked about six blocks away on Shandon Street. Despite the fact that it was parked only about a kilometer from my house, she insisted on driving me home, though I told her I felt fine to walk really. At my house we said goodnight all smiles and kisses and love.

Inside I was happy to discover that it was only about 8:30pm. Since Yossef had already eaten, my partner Hassan took him straight to bed while he told him about the ferris wheel and showed him his balloon snake. I told Hassan about the contractions and he seemed excited and ready for it.

After Yossef was asleep, Hassan came to my room, which was dimly lit with white Christmas lights. He massaged my feet and shoulders with rose oil and then I suggested intercourse because it greatly increases the amount of oxytocin the body releases and moves the process along considerably. It was slow going and resulted in an incredibly intense and completely different orgasm than I've ever had before, or will probably ever have again and included the expelling of the mucus plug, which when I saw it made me think of the funny way my midwife says mucus as if it is spelled 'm-o-o-c-u-s;' which made it seem marginally more gross.

Eventually I texted my midwife that labor had started and let her know that I was going to try and get some rest. I remember my doula Rebecca telling me during my last time in labor, "there is a lot of wisdom in trying to rest while you can." I told Hassan to try to rest as well, so we settled down, each in our own room.

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I didn't sleep of course. I lay down between contractions as they steadily increased in strength. Like the quills of the feathers were getting bigger and the water was getting warmer. I knelt or squatted on my bed or on the floor with my arms stretched over my head and breathed deeply in through my nose and out through my mouth. In the dark I concentrated on deeply relaxing everything, "Opening like a flower". It's amazing the relief these adjustments offered when thinking of how often women are depicted lying flat on their backs during labor. When I tried to stay lying down the sensation was unbearable and I realized that despite wanting to sleep, that was not where I was headed that night. It occurred to me that real sleep was at least two days away and maybe more, depending on the kind of baby I got.

I was back and forth to the toilet and kept a glass of water on hand. I wished it were daytime and I could go wander somewhere outside like I did during my previous labor. I started to think that this birth story was going to be incredibly boring compared to the last one when my friend Nyarkoa's voice came to me, "Mehraj, stop trying to make this experience be a particular way and let it be what it is." Just how many times since my first child's birth has this message come to me and been just exactly what I've needed in order to enjoy what I was doing, fully and without expectation, I cannot count.

A few hours later Hassan checked on me and I told him everything was going well. He asked if I needed anything and I asked him for some fruit and water and tea and a bowl of rice with milk in it. He went downstairs to cook the rice while I continued my focused exercise. He arranged a large selection of cut fruit upon our ornate Moroccan silver tea tray including oranges, apples, clementines, grapefruit and pineapple. The tea was tulsi brahmi, which I love. The rice was sweetened with honey and had butter and cinnamon in it. I thanked him and told him to go back to sleep. A half an hour after I finished eating, the contractions became more regular and increased in strength.

As the night progressed I remembered my doula training when I

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learned that laboring women are 75% less likely to have a c-section if they only have another woman present in the room with them, not even necessarily a doula. I considered calling one of the many friends who had either offered or whom I had asked to be available for me during this moment, then I decided I was okay, everything was going well, I would be my own woman in the room tonight.

Hassan came to check on me at about 7:30am. I reminded him that Deirdre had invited Yossef over to make chocolates with Brigid, and asked him to please take him after breakfast. When he saw that I was at the point of having to crawl and double over during contractions and I told him that I had not slept, he asked why I hadn't gotten him. I told him I needed him to stay fresh and well rested for as long as possible because the new baby and I would be completely dependent on him for everything very soon. He argued that this circumstance was an exception, though I am well aware that he deals awfully with sleep deprivation and that keeping him awake would have caused excessive stress.

At around 9:30am I demanded Hassan take our son to his friend's house because the contractions were so strong that I was sure I could not tolerate it if he hugged or touched me in any way while one was happening. I decided to call my midwife. When she picked up I told her that I was calling her now because I knew that if I waited any longer I would not be able to. She listened to my breathing over the phone, as midwives do, and said she would come as soon as possible. I'd known it would take her at least 45 minutes to get here and I told Hassan to please leave the door unlocked for her when he went.

I started doing dishes to distract myself through the contractions and a few minutes later Hassan and Yossef left in a taxi. I ate some really nice dates and a spoonful of the raw honey the midwife had given Yossef for his birthday that was from her bees. Good medicine. I was relieved to find myself completely alone.

As soon as I'd cleaned the last dish my water broke. I realized my

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midwife would not make it as an image came to me of my open cervix and the head moving downwards. I realized I had done this deliberately. I'd wanted it this way for my first labor and hadn't succeeded. Though this was so different from that time when I was living with my doula and had an entourage of women who I felt close to and who answered my every whim, I was completely at peace and welcoming of that glorious solitude. I was humming to myself. When I realized it was the chorus to Stabbing Westward's 'Save Yourself', I took the message literally and bolted up the stairs. If the midwife had been there she would have been unable to make the sensation go away anyway. She could not save me. The only way out was forwards, just me and the child.

Because I was in between contractions I had the coherency to find the box of goodies the hospital sent for my home birth and take out two large sterile absorbent pads and lay them neatly on the bathroom floor. I got the urge to push with the next contraction. I squatted and breathed and pushed. I reached down and realized the head was there. Surreal. I looked in the mirror and grinned in a crazed sort of way, and it reminded me of the moment in the Science Fiction movie Face/Off when the character Nicholas Cage plays looks in the mirror while he is cracked out on some cocktail of hard drugs and marijuana and he doesn't know if he's Sean Archer or his nemesis Castor Troy. For some reason other images of men morphing into superheroes or supervillains came to mind, including Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and the Hulk. Maybe it's because my alter ego is a 14 year old boy who dissociates when his gender becomes too apparent, or maybe it's just that there are so few images of women in movies undergoing powerful transformations, for whatever the reason, that's where my mind went.

Another surge and I was squatting over the pad. The baby was crowning. I reached down and felt my body stretch. I found my backside was clean. No blood, no shit, probably because I was empty from the night before. I remembered from doula training that apparently the two biggest fears women have during childbirth are "Pain and Pooping" and pooping was the least of my worries right

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then. The very idea of that being a concern in that moment made me laugh out loud.

I was extremely uncomfortable and was breathing noisily. I relaxed my muscles as much as I could to push slowly and prevent tearing. I'd oiled my perineum earlier and now I kept pressure on it with my free hand. My other hand was on the floor behind me as I balanced in a squat. It seemed impossible that I'd be able to get that head out without splitting everything and at that moment the sensation became so strong that I decided relaxing was my best bet and pushed anyway. I pushed the head out as slowly as I could with a deep breath. Easy, gently. I took my time even though I could feel I had the strength to do it quickly. I breathed deeply and eased the soft slippery body out onto my hand in one more push.

And then there was a small purple person lying on a sterile hospital pad on the floor in front of me, still attached by the pulsating cord to the inside of my body. I picked up the warm body quickly and clutched the baby inside my stretchy, grey cotton nightgown, to my chest. It made one gasping cry and then rested upon me. Its eyes were shut, its body held in a tight fetal position. It reminded me of the chick Yossef and I watched hatch at the zoo two months earlier that came out all wet and in the same shape as the egg. I pulled my sweater off the floor and covered the baby. It occurred to me to check its sex and when I did I realized I'd had a daughter. I couldn't do anything else. I just waited for someone to arrive.

10 minutes passed and I heard the door open downstairs. It was Hassan and he was out of breath, apparently having run the four kilometers from Deirdre's house to home because he had decided it would be faster than taking a taxi through town. He yelled up the stairs to me,

"Hello!"

"Hi!" I yelled back.

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"How are you doing?"

"I'm doing great" I said, because the sense of elation was overwhelming.

"Are you alone?"

"Nope, not even a little bit alone." And I started laughing.

Then the baby cried a little and he said, "What? No way!" and ran up the stairs. He immediately called the midwife, whose voice I could hear outside speaking on her phone, saying she was locked out.

Kerri Sonnenberg

How We Left

Made temporality into a kind of shield

Donated my typewriters to epilepsy

Filled a suitcase with a wooden table

Gave four vials of blood

Left the cats that once defended me

Left a car, practically new

Opened all the books and rubbed out my previous remarks

With letters about ourselves beginning "To Whom This May Concern"

Still Life With Non-Native Ear

Through the window
opening into
a warmish night

the crack
of a hurley

and the word
for the thing it hits
sounds

like a slither.

Kerri Sonnenberg

A Good Road to Blarney

We arrived
sixteen years
after the road

as we know it

between Cork and Mallow
went in.

The old mile
markers remain
limed stubs

of stone.
It means nothing
that I am here

other
than
increasing

demand for local
milk.

Whether I blow out
eventually
remains

to be seen.
I might lean

into the bark
of a patient
oak

Kerri Sonnenberg

become
oneself
a tropism, a turning
absorbed

in the edible land
lying in
wait for the city.

Samhain

When my mobility is impaired
and she is carrying the airborne spider away by its foot
of overhead space

I am giving thanks.

The growing season here is long

and the onset of womanhood chemically quicker
with every generation for the past 100 years.

Old enough to handle fire,
leave it on for the ancestors.
Will they find us here?

In our transience, our latest dress.

The midges are sweet on her,
bite her forehead into a widow's peak.

Immobilized by the thought of all the things I cannot prevent—

turn off all the lights and see
if our bones are glowing yet.

Kerri Sonnenberg

Found Poem for the Newly Arrived

Find a place to live.

Find out why everything is closed today.

Find out why nothing seems to be on the Internet. Where is it instead?

Find out what a bap is.

Find out what a farl is.

Find a doctor even though no one is sick.

Find someone to write a letter telling the bank I am a good person.

Find out where children go.

Find out where the art is.

Find out who the poets are.

Find pots and pans.

Find bed linens but don't pay too much.

Find out how much we've lost to the exchange rate.

Find the proper Garda station with the window for immigrants and the forms to present.

Find out how to present myself.

Find a car with an automatic transmission.

Find out how to talk to strangers.

Find out what to say to get the lower price.

Find out how far I can take this shopping cart before it stops itself or I am stopped.

Find the cheapest way to call home.

Find another definition for home.

Find your sea legs,

find the sea.

Kerri Sonnenberg

Garda Vetting

Because I want to work with children.
Because I already work with children.
Because, I can't help it, children are always around me.
I want to show you I present no threat to anyone.
I am not only safe, I cast a wide protective force.
If I could, I would fit this into a form.
If I were rendered into block capitals, I might be
a singular force comprised of capital and grace, a deity for my age.
Or if, as my neighbor said about immigrants of color,
I could be anybody.

This isn't what you're looking for.
Something in my own hand-
writing that could be mistaken for a phone,
a phone for an instrument of deadly force.
I remember the street names but not the numbers.
The numbers you want are in my phone.
I can refer you to a brick and mortar Cypress, Peachtree,
Prairie, Arroyo, Williams, Jackson,
Pierce, Division, Hope.
My references are dying out.

I could be anyone,
someone with a torso the height of a runny nose.

Ana Špehar

Beamish

That feeling of you, so soft on my lips
So firm under my fingertips.
The taste you leave in my mouth, so sweet.
Incomparable, unforgettable, the ultimate treat.
Since the first time I felt you
I can't get you out of my mind.
You're the one that I want
You're the best of your kind.
Me and you, it was love at first sight.
If my day is bad I know that you will make it right.
I find comfort in your softness
There is safety in your darkness.
You are my desire, you put out my fire.
You extinguish my thirst.
For me you will always be the first.
You will always be my biggest wish
You, my lovely pint of Beamish.

Cork at Night

The lights of the city are shining so bright
I'm breathing deep as I walk through the night.
Across Griffith bridge, I walk by river Lee;
I love this cheerful city, it inspires me!
Slowly I walk through North Main street
It is night so it's empty but I can feel its beat.
I keep on going to Bishop Lucey park
There is nobody there, it's late and it's dark.
Through Plunkett street I walk, it's full of clubs.
I think I'll have a pint in one of the pubs!

Ana Špehar

Beamish

Na mojim usnama tvoj je nježan okus
Moji prsti čvrsto drže fokus
Okus koji ostavljaš tako sladak
Neusporediv, nezaboravan, gladak
Od kad sam te prvi put kušala
Nikog više nisam slušala
Ti si onaj kojeg želim
Nema šanse da te dijelim
Na prvu, shvatila sam plan
Ti ispravljaš svaki krivi dan
Tvoja mekoća godi mojoj duši
U tvojoj tami ništa me ne guši
Svaki put me spasiš, vatru u meni gasiš
S tobom žeđ nestaje
S tobom sve prestaje
Ti ni ne znaš što mi činiš
Ti, moj jedini Beamish

Cork noću

Svijetla grada sjaje tako jarko,
Dok dišući duboko hodam kroz noć
Preko Griffith mosta, uz rijeku Lee;
Volim ovaj veseo gradić, on me inspirira!
Polako hodam kroz ulicu North main,
Noć je pa je prazna no osjećam ritam njen.
Hodam polako, tu je Bishop Lucey park,
U njemu nema nikoga, kasno je i mrak.
Kroz ulicu Plunkett hodam, puna je klubova,
Mogla bih popiti pintu u jednom od pubova.

Ana Špehar

On the Bank of the River Lee

On a sunny day, on the Bank of the River Lee
I saw you standing. Smiling back at me.
And my heart jumped, something burst inside
And the joy and love I could not hide.

I smiled back to you, on the Bank of the River Lee
While your eyes, the bluest eyes ever, were looking at me.
And I felt that we were alone in this world.
My heart pumping so loud it could be heard.

I've lost you. You broke my heart, and broke all of me.
But I will never forget how you smiled
On the Bank of the River Lee.

Cork

It was love at first sight, a love that only grew bigger in time.
Now I am all yours and you are all mine.
I fell in love with every alley, every quay
I belong to you, and you belong to me.
Cork we were destined to be.
I can feel your pulse with every step that I make
I breathe you in with every breath that I take.
In my heart I can hear your beat
As I walk through the street.
I can feel the shiver
As I cross the bridge over the river.
Here I have found my peace, my calm.
Here I have found a home.

Ana Špehar

Na Obali Rijeke Lee

Jednog sunčanog dana na Obali rijeke Lee
Vidjeh kako stojiš i smješkaš mi se ti
Srce mi poskoči, nešto pukne duboko u meni
Moja sreća i ljubav ostadoše otkriveni

Uzvratih ti osmijeh na Obali rijeke Lee
Dok najplavijim očima ikad gledao si me ti
Osjetih, na svijetu nema nikog osim nas
A srce mi je pjevalo na sav glas

Srce koje se slomilo kad nestao si ti
Nikada neću tvoj osmijeh zaboraviti
Na Obali rijeke Lee.

Cork

Bila je to ljubav na prvi pogled, koja je vremenom rasla
Sada sva sam tvoja i ti sav si moj
Zaljubila sam se u svaku ulicu, svaki mol
ja sam tvoja i ti si moj
Cork bili smo si suđeni
Osjećam tvoj puls svakim korakom
udišem te svakim udahom
U srcu osjećam tvoj ritam
hodajući ulicom
Osjećam drhtaje neke
dok prolazim mostom preko rijeke
Ovdje sam našla svoj mir, svoj spokoj
ovdje sam našla dom

Ana Špehar

Ireland

Into your arms you took me, without a question.
You offered me a home.
Though far away from my land
You never let me feel alone.
You Ireland, you gave me shelter
When I didn't know where to go
When I felt lost.
Ireland, you were here
When I needed you the most.
With your people friendly, people kind all around
I knew I would stay here forever, on your ground.
Ireland you gave me a new life, a new start
You healed me when I was falling apart.
I love your clouds, I love your rain.
And although for that people call me insane
I don't care! I love your cold air.
I love your wind through my hair.
Ireland, you took me in as your own
Now I belong to you. Every bone.

Irska

Primila si me u naručje, bez pitanja
Ponudila mi dom
Iako daleko od svoje zemlje
nikada me ne ostavljaš samu
Ti Irska, ti si mi pružila skrovište
kada nisam znala kuda
kada sam bila izgubljena
Irska, bila si ovdje
kada sam te najviše trebala
Sa tvojim srdačnim ljudima, dobrim ljudima
znala sam da ću ostati ovdje zauvijek, na tvom tlu
Irska dala si mi novi život, novi početak
zaliječila si me kada sam se raspadala
Volim tvoje oblake, volim tvoju kišu
I, iako me zato zovu ludom
nije me briga! Ja volim tvoj hladan zrak
volim tvoj vjetar kroz svoju kosu
Irska, prihvatila si me kao svoju
sada pripadam tebi. Do kosti

Ana Špehar

To my North Side Boy

My restless boy from the north side
Where is your heart, where does it hide?
I gave you my soul, gave you all of me
I am trapped by your kiss, never again to be free

My wild boy from the north side
You made me burn from deep inside
I burn with love, I shiver and shake
Never I have loved so much, never felt such ache

My north side boy, wild and restless
Only you could leave me breathless
I will love you always, till the end of time
Forever I am yours, though you were never mine

Ana Špehar

Mom Dečku iz Sjevernog Kvarta

Moj nemirni dječaće iz sjevernog kvarta
Za tebe moja duša otvorena je karta
Gdje ti je srce, gdje li se skrilo?
Od kad si me ljubio slobode nije bilo

Moj divlji dječaće od sjevernog dijela
Iznutra gorim, zbog tebe nisam cijela
U groznici sam, izgaram - toliko se voli
U životu nisam poimala ovoliko boli

Moj nemirni i divlji, sjeverni dječaće
Nikad nitko nije obuzeo me jače
Za sve vijekove i vremena, voljet ću te uvijek, ikad
Ja, tvoja zauvijek, koja imala te nisam nikad

Never Lost in Cork City

I moved to Cork City with very little information at my disposal. My only impressions of it came from a single day spent here when I was an undergraduate, and a piece by Kevin Barry that said if cities had genders, Cork would be a man. Armed with this vague information and with an acceptance to a Masters programme at UCC, I boarded a plane from New York to Cork and decided to make it my home.

During the first week in my apartment, I was alone—none of my roommates had moved in yet, and I knew no one. In those first few days, the thick damp air tore apart my sinuses just as I'd been warned it would. Nevertheless I forced myself out of the apartment daily and watched the city unfold before me. My friends marvel at this routine now, but cities have always comforted me. There's something about the clusters of tall buildings and shops and people that make me feel supported, as though the very pavement would rise up and catch me if I should fall. And Cork, in particular, seemed to be piecing me back together. Everything about the city is denser, lusher, more saturated than any place I've been to before: Greens are greener, bricks redder, water wetter. I could feel myself melting into the city, just as my cold reminded me that the city had made its way into me.

You see, I arrived in Cork in the wake of a string of toxic relationships, lined up against the corners of my mind like grotesque, misshapen pearls. As I wandered Cork City and shuffled in and out of vintage shops, cafes, and markets, it felt as though the city had hands to snatch my pain away. Cork and its salty atmosphere filled my mind until the poison of the past had been scrubbed away.

I soon found Cork to be everything I'd ever wanted in a place. All at once it was open-minded and hysterical, intellectual and lyrical. Even the accents sounded like music. Cork seemed just as improbable as I am—just as complicated, unexpected, political, and contradictory as I have repeatedly, disapprovingly, been told I am. In its duality of

Gabrielle Şerife Ulubay

artistic passion and imperturbable toughness, it is just as confident, just as stubbornly resistant to stereotypes and broad generalizations as me. And in this way, Cork has taught me to accept myself. It has proven that there is a place for me.

And I finally understand what Kevin Barry meant when he said that Cork is a man. This does not mean that Cork is not gentle, or that it is unkind. I cannot adequately articulate the character of a city any more than I can sum up the complexity of a human being, but what I can say is this: Cork City is a tough man, but he is loyal. He is stout and strong, but a defender rather than a fighter. He is everything I ever wanted in a man but haven't managed to find. I feel Cork is a man in the same way that people feel love for one another—in an acute yet inexplicable way—and if pressed for evidence I'm not sure what I'd say. I am not the type of person to be at a loss for words, but during my short time in Cork I've come to accept that some questions have no intelligible answers. I feel the same way when people ask what it is about Cork that makes this American feel less like a citizen of someplace and more like a human: It's not the geography, but the atmosphere. It's not an answer, but a feeling.

Once, during my first few days alone in Cork, I wandered too far from familiarity with too little battery life in my phone. I was completely lost and, having just exited a shop, had no idea how to retrace my steps or where to turn. With a shrug of the shoulders, I turned and chose my path based on what looked interesting at the time. When I suddenly found myself in the city centre, when the shock of familiarity hit me before I could process how I'd gotten there, I laughed quietly to myself.

"You'll never get lost in Cork City," a cab driver told my mother and me when I moved in. "No matter where you wander off to, you'll always find your way back." He meant it in the literal sense, and it seems he was correct. But I still think of his words and my small adventure whenever I doubt myself, or hang onto the past:

You'll never get lost in Cork City. You'll always find your way back.

Rab Urquhart

The Market

Fifty quid a day is it, and how many hours
will there be?
Ah sure ten and a half hours a day only
should see ye through sez he.
Ten and a half hours a day is it, and how many breaks
will there be?
Ah sure you can stop at the top of the shop
to take yourself some tea.
And what about some safety gear to make me
as safe as can be?
Ah sure there's an old pair of boots should suit as they
once suited me.
Ten and a half hours a day sez I, ten and a half says he.
Ah sure fifty quid and an old pair of boots is
not enough for me.
So I must go and travel now in this green
and pleasant isle, in search for an employer
without avarice nor guile.
I doubt that I will find one though and I cry
into my beer because greed, in this most
catholic of countries is epidemic here.

An Immigrant's poem

Ah, number one Saint Dominick's terrace
place of hope and heart, fresh start,
new beginning, watershed, clear and confused,
used and unused.
Tin of a whistle, giggle of kids,
dormer windows overlooking private bits,
sing-song of the accent, smell of the sea,
ah number one Saint Dominick's terrace
you'll make a good home for me.

Rab Urquhart

Geography is not my strong point

Nuclear free Cork? now there's a laugh, I met your man in the pub and he showed me the photographs.

It seems that in the early 90's they imported some scrap, off-loaded at Haulbowline for the lads at Irish Steel, this was before ISPAT.

So the lads took the scrap and put it through the plant, turned it into shiny new girders to satisfy the German demand, then the lads took the girders and put them on a ship, and sent them off to Germany; it might have been Brest Litovsk or maybe Hadjuk Split, as I said before: Geography is not my strong point.

Anyway, the lads washed their hands and thought 'job well done', so imagine their consternation when the girders were returned. It seemed that the girders were well beyond the pale because the Germans' Gieger counter went right up off the scale.

So what was the story, what was the score?
the lads were really angry, there was very nearly war.
But there was one buchail there, an old friend of mine, and he read them out an article over from the London Times.

It seems the bright sparks at Sellafield had knocked some buildings down and they didn't want a load of radioactive scrap left lying around.

So who was responsible, who was to blame?
Management washed their hands of it and Sellafield did the same, leukemia and cancer cut a swathe through the lads and nobody seemed to give a fuck, sure it's really very sad, and there's many a moonless, cloudless night when the harbour seems to glow, and nobody knows the source of it but it's not from the streetlights of Cobh.

Serge Vanden Berghe

Pana

Today, I'll do Pana!

There, when two humans cross paths, the least they must do is acknowledge one another with a direct look and a cheerful sideways movement of the head. And on Saturdays, on Pana, you could easily get a stiff neck...

Doing Pana on a gentle, sunny Saturday in May... Sometimes, you could think you are walking the seaside boulevard of a Mediterranean city, on a Ramadan evening: the whole town is there: couples, families, teenagers, tribes. And you never fail to acknowledge the presence of the other.

Pana is Cork's seaside, so to speak. An ancient water story, of a river channel where the boats have given way to double-decker buses.

Pana is usually walked in both directions: down on one pavement, back on the other. We do our business in between: with Isabelle at the English Market, with John at the Library, Caroline and Klaus at the Coal Quay market, or Niamh in the Huguenot Quarter. And why not sip a coffee *'en terrasse'*, among the smokers, to nod at the crowd while sitting comfortably outside...

It has been a while since Pana covered the river channel, and Corkonians can now cross without difficulty the flow of bus-boats and car-currachs. They do it anytime, anywhere, without warning. Here, this erratic behaviour is called *'jaywalking'*. It is the national sport of the Cork pedestrian. Shadows barge in from all sides and surf through waves of drivers and cyclists, swaying in a manner worthy of a veteran torero. You cannot but think of those old silent newsreel recordings of Patrick Street at the turn of the twentieth century, where tramways, horse-drawn carriages, overloaded handcarts, penny-farthings and stinky motorcars share the same cobbles in a muddle that could inspire a contemporary choreographer. More than a century later, Cork pedestrians have lost none of their lustre. Alone

Pana

Ce samedi, je fais Pana!

Quand deux humains s'y croisent, ils se doivent d'au moins échanger un regard et de se saluer d'un allègre mouvement de tête latéral ! Le samedi, sur Pana, on en attraperait un torticolis à force de saluer...

Pana sous un doux soleil de mai, samedi après-midi ... on pourrait parfois se croire sur le boulevard de bord de mer d'un port méditerranéen, un soir de Ramadan : toute la ville est là, en couple, en famille, en bande, en tribu. Et l'on ne manque pas de saluer la présence de l'autre.

Pana, c'est le bord de mer de Cork. Une vieille histoire d'eau, de bras de rivière où les autobus à impériale ont remplacé les bateaux.

On fait Pana dans les deux sens : un trottoir à l'aller, l'autre au retour. Entre les deux on fait ses petites affaires avec Isabelle à l'English Market, avec John à la bibliothèque, Caroline et Klaus au marché du Coal Quay ou Niamh dans le piétonnier du quartier Huguenot. Et pourquoi ne pas boire un café en terrasse, au milieu des fumeurs, pour regarder passer la foule avec le plaisir de saluer tout en étant confortablement assis...

Pana n'étant plus depuis belle lurette un bras de rivière, le Corkonien peut aujourd'hui traverser sans gêne le flot des bus-bateaux et des voitures barquettes. Il le fait à tout moment et sans aucun signe avant-coureur. Ici, on appelle ce comportement erratique le '*jaywalking*'. Pour le piéton corkonien, c'est un sport national. Ces silhouettes qui surgissent de partout et naviguent entre les véhicules et les vélos avec certains déhanchements de toréro font parfois penser à ces vieux films muets qui ont enregistré Patrick Street au tout début du vingtième siècle. Piétons, tramways, calèches, charrettes à bras surchargées, vélocipèdes et voitures puantes y négocient le pavé dans un désordre digne d'un

Serge Vanden Berghe

or in a group they are masters of space and look disdainfully at any moving vehicle.

They won't hesitate to accost you.

There is the one who calls you by your first name, asks for your wife X and your children Y and Z, while you struggle to place that engaging face who knows everything about you. And there are the acquaintances: as the Corkonian tribe consists of numerous interweaving lineages, acquaintances there are a-plenty. In a way, doing Pana is also about reviving your sense of community, securing your anchors by these windswept shores... Everybody in this big provincial town knows each other in one way or another. Even the tourists, we could nearly call each one of them by their first name!

There are the close acquaintances who smile the minute we spot one another. We listen intently and open our hearts.

And there are the acquaintances to avoid... They are unquestionably the main reason for this strong inclination towards jaywalking: on Pana, you frequently have to change direction and pavement in the blink of an eye to escape the verbal overflow...

But as soon as they sit behind their steering wheel, Cork citizens become surprisingly courteous. In this dense network of narrow streets and sudden curves convoluting up the hills of the North Side, giving way is the done thing. To decline this courtesy you have been offered could only generate endless affability; a subtle ritual that sometimes has its charms... To punctuate any gratuitous act of generosity, the Corkonian driver can choose from a range of expressive hand signals with many nuances: *'Thanks mate'* (palm lifted, wrist on the steering wheel) calls for a casual *'No bother'* (three fingers lifted – one if you're in unknown territory), etc.

Here, it is customary to chat at the bus stop. We also make small talk with the window cleaner, the homeless woman, the garda on a bike.

Serge Vanden Berghe

chorégraphe contemporain. Depuis cent ans, le piéton corkonien n'a donc rien perdu de sa superbe. Seul ou en groupe, il est maître de l'espace et considère avec dédain tout engin sur roue ou à sabots.

Il vous accoste facilement.

Il y a celui qui vous appelle par votre prénom, demande des nouvelles de votre femme Veronica et de vos enfants untel et untel, alors qu'il vous est impossible de placer ce visage engageant qui connaît tout de vous. Il y a les connaissances : Cork étant une grande tribu aux lignages multiples, les connaissances se croisent à foison ! Faire Pana, c'est aussi ranimer son appartenance à la communauté, affirmer ses ancrages sur ces rivages balayés par les vents... Dans cette grande ville provinciale, tout le monde se connaît un tant soi peu. Même les touristes, on peut presque les appeler tous par leur prénom !

Il y a les bonnes connaissances qui sourient dès que les regards s'accrochent. Sourires croisés, on écoute avec attention et on raconte sa vie.

Et il y a les connaissances qu'on évite... Les premiers responsables, sans aucun doute, de la raison profonde pour laquelle Pana est le Paradis du Jaywalking : il faut souvent, en un clin d'œil, changer de trottoir ou de trajectoire pour se sauver d'embarras !

Une fois au volant de sa voiture, le piéton corkonien devient soudain courtois ! Dans ce réseau dense de rues étroites et de chicanes qui serpentent vers les collines du North Side, il est bien vu de céder le passage. Refuser la politesse n'entraîne que des affabilités sans fin, non toutefois dénuées de finesse... Le rituel des signaux de la main qui ponctue tout acte gracieux d'un conducteur possède ses règles et ses nuances. Ne surtout pas oublier de répondre au '*Thanks mate!*' – paume levée sur le volant – par un '*No bother!*' désinvolte de trois doigts levés (un doigt seulement si vous êtes en territoire inconnu).

Serge Vanden Berghe

Innocuous conversations whose main purpose is to find a common link: a place, a person, a perfume, an emotion... Whatever. This first link, which will lead to more – you will always find it, if you talk to Róisín, Pat, Abdelkader, Igor or Usama. And if you don't feel like talking, all will be forgiven.

Cork, this debonair city which smiles at the first ray of sunshine, is often a haven of civility. To jump on the long-awaited bus and be greeted by the woman driver with a cheerful '*Morning love!*' will make your day, for sure.

Lov' ya, Pana!

Serge Vanden Berghe

Ici, on papote à l'arrêt de bus. On papote avec le laveur de vitres, avec le sans-abri, avec le policier à bicyclette. Parlores bénignes dont l'objectif principal est de chercher un point commun qui se trouvera toujours, que vous conversiez avec Róisín, Pat, Abdelkader, Igor ou Usama. Et si vous n'avez pas envie de parler, on ne vous en tiendra pas trop rigueur...

Cork, ville débonnaire qui sourit au moindre soleil, est souvent un havre de civilité. Sauter dans un bus en maraude et être accueilli par un '*Morning love!*' de la conductrice n'est pas le moindre des plaisirs qu'elle nous offre.

Lov' ya, Pana !

Martín Veiga

November

(translation by Keith Payne)

Day Time

1

10:33 They slipped the lines attached to buoys where storm-tossed willow branches had come to rest.

2

11:25 A cormorant proudly displays her slim neck in the stream. Then she's gone.

11:29 And again she appears triumphant, sated.

3

21:22 The riverwater is the colour of old pennies.

4

10:53 The grey heron, still as ever, scans from the undergrowth.

5

10:40 The river flows unconstrained and free like the sea for Antón Aviles of Taramancos. The sea of Noia.

23:34 The magpie who, just for an instant, stops on the grey roof, hops now onto the gate of Monet's snowy meadow. They could easily be the same.

6

11:51 Gulls slowly swirl on the water, whirlpools of spinning leaves.

7

09:15 The bells of St. Finbarr's fill the air with trembling morning echoes.

14:32 The wild swans fly serene and proud from the foliage of the Lough to the sinuous turn at French's Quay, south side of the river.

8

11:39 The stream splashes the quivering briars that flicker against the wall.

9

12:12 The river rises and falls with the tide: a tidal river. The River Traba.

Martín Veiga

Novembro

Día Hora

1

10:33 Retiraron o andarivel con boias onde paraban ponlas desalgueiro que tronzou o temporal.

2

11:25 Un corvo mariño amosa con fachenda o seu pescozo esguío na corrente. A seguir desaparece.

11:29 E outra vez emerxe triunfante, ledado.

3

21:22 As augas do río teñen a cor dos peniques vellos.

4

10:53 A garza cincenta espreita, coma sempre, estantía na enramada.

5

10:40 Baixa o río espido de murallas coma o mar de Antón Avilés de Taramancos. Mar de Noia.

23:34 A pega que, durante un intre tan só, se detén nos grises tellados, pousa agora na cancela da pradaría nevada de Monet.

Son talvez a mesma.

6

11:51 Remanso de gaivotas e remuíños lentos onde xiran follas.

7

09:15 As badaladas de St Finbarr ateigan o ar dun tremecer de ecos que resoa na mañá.

14:32 Voan os cisnes salvaxes, serenos e altivos, entre as ramalleiras do Lough e a revolta sinuosa de French's Quay, na banda sur do río.

8

11:39 A corrente ondea contra as silveiras do muro, que abalan incesantes.

9

12:12 o río enche e devala coa marea: tidal river. Río Traba.

Martín Veiga

10

12:02 The sweet cereal scent from the brewery and the smoke billowing into the clear, blue sky.

12:10 The water is as clear as a spring.

12:17 The robin alights on the board, nimble and nifty.

12:20 The magpie hops on the wall. He watches the crow in flight. He takes off as the sun appears through the clouds.

11

01:45 Dark lake. Calm swaying crowfoot.

02:40 The tide rises slowly. Its dark, liquid gut fills up.

12

09:35 A pond in the park and dizzy gulls in endless flight.

13

14:21 As the singer said: time – a leech.

14

15:39 The gulls go with the river's flow. Floating between the leaves.

15

12:20 A cat stalks over the fishing boats stranded in the weeds.

16

22:33 Melodic waves shimmer in the night silence.

17

11:42 The hooded crow surveys the water from the wall, standing head cocked like a feudal lord.

18

01:10 Carol asks: How's the river?

19:35 It was on the street, down by the Cathedral:

– Sure everything changes. It all changes.

– you're right there.

– Cheers.

19

11:21 What the city's people insist on letting go, the river shows: a relentless spirit.

20

08:20 The plastic bags flutter down at the rocks at the bend in the river.

Martín Veiga

10

12:02 Séntese claramente o docísimo recendo cereal da Beamish e a fumareda contra o ceo, hoxe tan azul.

12:10 As augas semellan aquelas dun regato.

12:17 o paporroibo folga na táboa, espelido e festeiro.

12:20 Pousa a pega sobre o muro. olla o corvo que pasa. Voa lonxe ao saír o sol por tras da nube.

11

01:45 Lagoa escura. Calma vibrante de oucas.

02:40 Enche aos poucos a marea. Vai medrando o seu ventre líquido e escuro.

12

09:35 Estanque de alameda con gaivotas loucas a revoar sen pausa.

13

14:21 o cantante dixo: o tempo – sambesuga.

14

15:39 As gaivotas déixanse levar pola corrente. Aboian mainas entre follas mortas.

15

12:20 Anda un gato por riba dos botes de pesca, varados entre a herba.

16

22:33 Melodiosas ondas reverberan no silencio da noite.

17

11:42 o corvo contempla as augas desde o muro, ergueito e rexo coma un señor feudal.

18

01:10 Preguntou Carol: como está o río?

19:35 Foi na rúa, ao pé da catedral:

– Todo cambia. Absolutamente todo cambia.

– Abofé que si.

– Grazas.

19

11:21 Aquilo que os habitantes da cidade teiman en esquecer, o río amosa: unha inclemente afouteza.

20

08:20 Estremecen bolsas plásticas nos rochedos da revolta.

Martín Veiga

21

23:38 Moonlight on the slate roofs, in the heart of the muddy waters.

22

23:18 The mullet storm the channels of the Lee.

23

00:54 The birds are chittering endlessly. Is that the tomcat on his rounds?

20:46 Keyser's Hill is guarded dark and silent: steep steps from Granada descend to the river.

24

20:38 Crosses Green dammed: millwheels in still water, deep pools.

25

21:00 The fog draws across the houses, the churches, the skeleton trees.

26

09:40 The blackbird rests on the chimney of the ruined house.

27

13:53 You can't hear the boatmaker's hammer on the currach. Just the seagulls' wingbeat.

20:10 A ghostly heron crosses the river's flow. Suddenly it takes flight, grey and fleet.

28

11:55 A deep blue sky with little white clouds. The thick waters flow dark.

29

02:40 With W.B. yeats:

*All that we did, all that we said or sang
Must come from contact with the soil, from that
Contact everything Antaeus-like grew strong.*

10:35 Waves of ducks playing in the green rocks of this falling tide.

30

11:12 How the rain smurs the banks of the Lee, still and quiet.

16:14 The heavens opened. Winter is come.

Martín Veiga

21

23:38 Resplandor do luar nos tellados de lousa, no corazón das augas enlamadas.

22

23:18 Entolecen os muxos na torrenteira do Lee.

23

00:54 Chían sen pausa paxaros. Comezou o gato noitébrego a súa rolda?

20:46 o canellón de Keyser's Hill xace escuro e silencioso: escaleiras pinas de Granada que descen ata o río.

24

20:38 Corgos de Crosses Green: muíños de augas paradas, poceiras fondas.

25

21:00 A brétema esborrancha os perfís de casas, igrexas, árbores espidas.

26

09:40 Agarda o merlo quedo na cheminea do casarío en ruínas.

27

13:53 Non se sente o martelar dos calafates de currach. Só o revoar feble das gaivotas.

20:10 Unha garza espectral percorre o curso do río. Pasa de súpeto voando, grisalla e fuxidía.

28

11:55 Azulísimo ceo con escasas nubes brancas. Van as augas mestas, toldadas.

29

02:40 Con W. B. yeats:

*todo o que fixemos, todo o que dixemos
ou cantamos ha provir do contacto coa terra. Velaí o
sentido de pertenza á terra, que nos fortifica:*

10:35 Moreas de patos enredan ao devalar a marea entre as pedras con verdello.

30

11:12 Como chove miudiño polas orelas do Lee, aínda manseliñas.

16:14 Chove a ceo aberto. Reina o inverno.

Martín Veiga

The Estuary Air

Of those long gone days
that invariably fade to a copper twilight there's
only the frozen, cold ivy left trembling in the
dun, stone patio
that's covered and stained with moss, in that old
house on Vicar Street, the diamond lane.

That's where the blackbird flit
and picked at the red berries hidden in the hedge, like
a shadow on a morning in March
or the tread on the steps.

That's where the waters rose
steadily within me: waters of solace.

The fire in the hearth never bloomed to ash,
perhaps just rose petals
withered and blanched
blown over the slates by a frozen breath.

That old house was like a stranded ship anchored on
dry land in the dark heart of the city
or adrift over the dreary Parisian steps that I
so often descended
on my way down to the quays where mullet splash and
broken twigs float with all the debris:
the estuary air where I stayed.

Today the spring air whispers round the plum trees, turf
smoke in plumes
that bloomed across the pale Cork skies, down
the lean laneways where the sharp, brassy kids
played,
and out over the wetlands where the birds lit.

Martín Veiga

Ar de Ría

Daqueles días lonxe
que devalan sen pausa cara a un solpor de bronce queda
só unha hedreira aterecida
a estremecer no patio das luxadas pedras
pardas, tinxidas de brión,
na vella casa de Vicar Street, ruela miña tan amada.

Alí pousaba precavido o merlo
e peteiraba en bagas moi vermellas, oculto entre a follaxe,
coma unha sombra nas mañás de marzo
ou coma pasos vagoentos nas esqueiras.

Alí as augas empozaban
arreo nos adentros: augas do conforto.

Nunca o lume na lareira chegar chegou a cinza, quizais
unicamente a pétalos de rosa descorados e murchos
que unha xélida airexa ciscaba polas lousas.

Semellaba a casa aquela coma un navío en terra firme ancorado
no corazón fuxidío da cidade
ou á deriva polos chanzos tebrosos, parisinos, que
tantas veces descín
camiño do cai onde chapuzan muxos, onde
aboian garabullos e refugo abondo: ar de ría
onde fiqueí.

Hoxe alenta a primavera albar nas ameixeiras,
brancas fumaredas de turba aínda aroman
os ceos macios de Cork,
íntimos canellóns polos que pasan nenos
lavados, destemidos,
trémoras cegas onde acougan aves.

Martín Veiga

On French's Quay the gulls are squawking day
and night with winter's last breath an echo
through the cracks in the wall where the briars hold tight,
where it pours freely the river's murmur, the
exhausted salt-encrusted boats rotting by the
riverbank.

In Crosses Green where the old millwheels shelter me
from above, drops
of funerary wax on the dried chrysanthus, the
sunlight shines from the rain puddles, hermit
herons pass by,
hermit herons watch.

Dawn

The dogs settle, the rain stops falling and the
icy-fingered dawn
crawls into bewildered limbs, night's
rasping veil falls back, the light slowly fills
the corners of the house, gently to begin
then suddenly warm, conquering like a
body that stirs from sleep gradually
finding its way back
till finally it meets the day, dazed, clumsily
lumbering along the flow with hollow,
absent words.

And then hooded crows in the trees, the
kids awake, buses leaving
and a bluish light behind the beehives where
stars recline,
where granite eyes fall on the abyss that
recedes, that never wakes,

Martín Veiga

En French's Quay chían día e noite gaivotas bretemosas, mais
ecoan aínda os retallos do inverno
entre as lañas do muro nas que aniñan silvas,
onde chega sen máis, espido de amarrallas,
o marmurio do río, o salferir dos botes amoucados que
apodrecen nas marxes.

En Crosses Green, xunta os vellos muíños que me dan
acubillo desde o cimo,
pinga cera funeral sobre os mirrados crisantemos, brilla
a luz do sol en pocecas de chuvia,
furtivas garzas pasan, furtivas garzas
abesouran.

Alba do día

Calan os cans, escampa, finca
o amencer os seus dedos de friaxe nos
membros atordados, esvaécese o veo
ríspido da noite
e a luz penetra devagar as regañas da casa,
vagarosa ao comezo
mais súpeta logo, tépeda, invasiva, coma
un corpo entumido polo sono
que aos poucos recobra a consciencia de ser e
entra por fin no día, algo apanfado desemboca
no seu fluír
con acenares torpes e palabras ausentes.

E sen máis arfan os corvos entre matas, espertan as crianzas, liscan
autocares, arde unha luz azulada entre abelleiras onde repousan
astros,
onde se abisman as olladas de granito que
non é, que non acorda

Martín Veiga

that never will as it pulls away from me now down along
the green ways
on the road to Kinsale and Skibbereen.

Down at the harbour a heron considers the river, feathers flutter like
lightning in the dark, calm
waters lapping the green-stained slipway empty
of boats; there's nothing
but cigarette butts, bottles and fallen leaves: gone
the fishermen's grey hour,
when the brilliant sun streaked the fish scales along
the shore. And still light drips
between the old mill wheels
and the brewery: as the day begins light
shatters the chimneys and towers,
the brambled corners of the house in ruins.

Night still clings to the high beams,
to the soft, whispering riverrun, the thick, abandoned
groves of Inniscarra.

Martín Veiga

nin acordar pode pois vai ficando lonxe de min
por estradas verdes,
pola banda de Kinsale, de Skibereen acaso.

No ancoradoiro, a garza queda
e vibrátil coma un lóstrego nas tebras
espreita o río, as augas encalmadas que
lamben a rampla con verdello
na que non hai barcas, na que nada fica
senón cabichas, botellas, follas mortas: xa pasou o
tempo grisallo dos gameleiros, o resplandor purísimo
do sol ao bater de esguello
no escamallo das beiras. Emporiso escoa a
claridade entre as aceas vellas e a fábrica de
cervexa: abre o día,
estoupan de luz as chemineas, as torres,
os recunchos con silvas da casa esboroadada.

A noite demórase aínda nos elevados faios,
no alentar lene do río polas mestas, bretemosas,
deixadas fragas de Inniscarra.

Nqobizitha Vella

Living in Cork City

It was on a Thursday morning when the receptionist of the accommodation centre that I and my son were placed at knocked on my door.

“Good morning Nchobhizitha”.

That was her trying to pronounce my name Nqobizitha. Like everyone else I have met since I came to Ireland, she was so fascinated by it and was curious to know how it's supposed to be pronounced.

“Good morning ma'am”.

“Interesting name there, how do you pronounce it?”

I laughed and took a long thought as to how was I going to teach her do to the click.

“Oh Well! I'm not sure if I am going to make sense but, stick your tongue to the top and push it harder, and as you do that produce a sound. The click that will come out is where the trick is.”

After so many attempts she finally got it right, then I had to explain to her what it means and consoled her in the process, saying that even back home, it's only those that speak my language who can pronounce my name.

She had come to give me a letter that said we were being transferred from the capital Dublin City to Cork City. I sat down and read the letter over and over again, then I took my tablet and went to the computer room that had WI FI, I went online and googled the place that was going to be the next home for me and my son Nathan*(Not his real name). The first thing that caught my eye was that it is the second most populous urban area in the Republic of Ireland. I quickly connected that to my own city where I was born and bred, in Zimbabwe, which is also the second largest in the

Nqobizitha Vella

Ubuntu be Cork City

KwakungoLwesine ekuseni lapho unkazana osebenza ehofisini eyamukela abangenayo endaweni okuthiwa yi *HatchHall* edolobheni lase *Dublin*, eza khona wafika waqoqoda emnyango wexhiba lalapho esasibekwe khona lomntanami ngesikhathi sifika elizweni lase Ireland.

"Good morning, Nkhobizitha"

Kwakunguye lowo owayengibingelela ngesikhiwa ngapha ikiliza ibizo lami uNqobizitha. Njengabonke engihlangana labo kuleli, lelibizo liyabamangalisa futhi bahlala bengibuza ukuthi likhulunywa njani.

"Good morning ma'am."

"Interesting name there, how do you pronounce it?"

Ngaqala ngahleka ngizibuza ukuthi yinto engangizayichasisa ngiyithini leyo ngoba ngingakaze ngihlangane layo ukuthi ngifundise umuntu ukuzama ukukhuluma isiqo u 'q' ebizweni. Ngasengimchasisela ukuthi athathe ulimi lwakhe alunamathisele phezu. abesezama ukulufuqa ekhipha umsindo. Wakuzama elokhu eqhubeka waze wacina esekwenelisile. Ngasengimchasisela ukuthi litshoni lelobizo ngimduduza ukuthi angakhathazeki kakhulu ngakho ukuthi liyamehlula ngoba lasekhaya lapho engibuya khona, abomhlobo wesiShoneni labo lalibehlula ukulibiza bethi Ncobizitha.

Leyo nkosazana yayize ukuzesipha incwadi eyayisitshela ukuthi ngoLweSibili oluzayo sizathuthwa kuleyondawo sisiwe kwelinye idolobho okuthiwa yi *Cork*. Ngahlala phansi ngayiphindaphinda leyoncwadi, ngasengithatha umakhalekhukhwini wami omkhudlwana ngaya endaweni lapho engangingangena ku *Internet* khona, ngangifuna ukuyayicubungula leyondawo eyayisizakuba likhaya lethu elitsha. Ngisaqhwayisisa, into yokuqala eyangikhangayo yikuthi lelodolobho le *Cork* kulelizwe laseIreland,

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country, the city known as the city of Kings, Bulawayo, and now after three years of staying in Cork City, I can simply say I was spot on. There are so many attributes that I can say are the same, number one being the calmness of the place. Well, someone might say that I am being biased because it's where I have been placed and I cannot do anything to change it, or get to know and explore other places, but in all honesty, I would choose Cork city to anyplace else in the whole wide world.

On a Tuesday morning we packed our small bag and at 10:00 in the morning, the bus left the accommodation centre Hatch Hall in Dublin for Cork City. It was us and three other families.

That past week I had tried to roam around the city of Dublin. I should say I felt it wasn't safe to be moving around with a 6 year old boy, as he could have easily gotten lost because of the congestion, people there are forever busy, always in a rush. Get lost in Dublin and no one will give you directions, I don't know why, but that has always been my experience even now every time I go there, no one seems to know anywhere, they will tell you to use google maps, one would think that's is what everyone in Dublin had been trained and taught to say to strangers.

We got to Cork at around 2pm, to a place called Glounthaune. I do not know which direction on the map Glounthaune is, as I am still trying to figure out where my East is to this day, the satellite navigator in my head is still looking for network.

When I got here, I experienced a sense of tranquillity that was beyond words. The calmness was amazing, I fell in love with the place from the word go. On my first day, I met a lady who was also from the southern part of Africa Catherine*(Not her real name), our countries being neighbours, she understood my language and the following morning she took me to Cork city centre to show me around. We were to take a train and it was my first time ever to board a train. Firstly I was amazed that there were machines to buy tickets from and not people, and that the train wasn't fully squashed like I

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kuthiwa lidolobho elilandela ele*Dublin* ngobukhulu, kwangi-qumbaqumba lokho ngoba ngahle ngakuthatha ngakufananisa ledolobho lakithi lapho engazalelwa khona koBulawayo koNtuthuziyathunqa, lalo okulidolobha lesibili ngobukhulu elizweni leZimbabwe. Lakhathesi sengihlale kulindawo iminyaka emithathu yonke, ngingatsho ngiphinde ukuthi ngangitshaye ngqo! Ziyahambelana lezindawo, kakhulu ukuphola kwakhona. Omunye usangathi ngikhulunyiswa yikuthi ngoba angikabizazi ezinye indawo, futhi ngenziwa layisimo ukuthi angikwazi ukubhodabhoda kumbe ngithuthe ngike ngiyehlala ngifunde eyinye indawo, kodwa iqiniso lami lonke yikuthi laloba ngingazibhoda indawo zonke emhlabeni wonke jikelele, i*Cork* yiyo engingakhetha ukuhlala kiyo.

Lwafika uLweSibili olungaliyo, salungisa isikhwama sethu lomntanami uNathan oseleminyaka elitshumi khathesi. Ibhasi eyayizayasilahlela e*Cork* yayisimile ngaphandle kwe*Hatch Hall* ngehora letshumi ekuseni. Kwababehamba kwakuyithi, lezinye imuli ezintathu lazo ezibuya kwamanye amazwe.

Ngeviki elalisandulela lelo esahamba ngalo, ngesikhathi ngifika e*Dublin*, ngangithathe umfana wami ukuthi sichithe isizungu sizulazule endaweni leyo esasikiyo. Ngingatsho ngithi angizange ngiyithande indawo yakhona ngoba isiphithiphithi esasilapho sasingenzi. Ngabona ukuthi kulula kakhulu ukuthi umntwana ongangoNathan alahleke nxa umuntu engananzelelanga. Abantu bakhona bahlala begijima akula muntu olesikhathi lomunye, kusesixhobexhobeni. Ngikhuluma nje lakhathesi angiyinambithisisi leyandawo. Zama ukulahleka e*Dublin* ngiyakutshela wena, akulamuntu olesikhathi sokusizana labantu, nxa ubuza indlela ulahleka abantu bakhona bakutshela ngokuthi sebenzisa umakhalekhukhwini wakho uzakubonisa indlela, ungafunga uthi mhlawumbe bafundisiwe bonke abahlali balapho ukuthi batshonjalo ebantwini abangasibobalapho ngoba sonke isikhathi nxa ngisiyalapho ngihlala ngilahleka futhi angikaze ngithole uncedo.

Safika ke e*Cork* izikhathi sezisiya emahoreni alitshumi lambili endaweni okuthiwa yi*Glounthaune*. Ngingeke ngichaze ukuthi

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had seen in Dublin. I'm just learning now that the reason it wasn't packed was because it wasn't rush hour.

We got into town in about twenty minutes, the train took ten minutes and the other ten was for walking from the station into the city centre. Surprisingly, every person I made eye contact with would smile at me, I had to ask Catherine if they could see that I was new to the place and if they were trying to give me some sort of welcome, but no, I still see it today especially when I'm doing my morning walk or jog in Glounthaune, some greet, some wave and some hoot when they are driving, which is kind of new to me as back home in Zimbabwe, that only happens in the villages where everybody knows everyone, not in the city unless you know that person. My other amazing thing with Cork city and its people is that no one will tell you about google maps when you ask for directions, some go to the extent of accompanying you to the place that you are trying to locate. I was touched at one point when I wanted to go to the city centre and there were no trains. As I was leaving the train station, a gentleman who was coming to pick someone up asked me if I was going to town, and he gave me a lift with no charge. I was wowed at such humanity. I cannot talk much about Cork city and its buildings as I don't go out a lot because of circumstances, but I can say a lot about Cork city and its people, the kindness and the warmth is out of this world. One day I came across a subject on the internet that said 'Cork is one of the friendliest cities in the world', I quickly agreed with no hesitation.

Having lived in Cork city for the past three years, I have never experienced crime first hand. I have read the news, seen some stuff happening on TV, but it's always hard for me to accept that those things are happening in my beloved Cork city. I once read a book in our book club where the writer was saying a lot of stuff about crime in the city, It has been a year since we read the book, I always walk around with my eyes and ears open, thinking I would maybe see some of the things that we read about, but nothing. I have since concluded that the story was pure fiction at best, and I'm giving it to the writer for being very creative.

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i*Glounthaune* leyo ingakuliphi icele le*Cork* ngoba lakhathesi lokhe ngisadidekile ukuthi iMpumalanga yami leNyakatho yami ingaphi kwakhona, ngilokhu ngisaphethwe yisidzimira ngemva kweminyaka emithathu.

Ukuthula engakuzwayo nje ngendawo sizifikela kwakumangalisa, kupholile, kutshaya umoya. Ngahle ngayithanda indawo yakhona ngingakakhululi lezicathulo. Ngelanga lami lokuqala endaweni leyo esasibekwe kuyo, ngahlangana lomunye umama okuthiwa nguCatherine obuya elizweni laseNingizimu Africa. Amazwe ethu kwele Africa angomakhelwane ngakho siyezwanana nxa sikhuluma, mina ngikhuluma IsiNdebele yena ekhuluma iSiZulu. Ngosuku olulandelayo wangithatha uCatherine ethi ufuna ukuyangitshengisa enzikini yedolobheni lapho okulezitolo lento yonke. Ngangiqala ngqa ukugada isitimela ngoba lapho engakhulela khona sasikhona kodwa kungela lapho engangingabe ngingasigada ngisiyakhona. Into yokuqala eyahle yangiqeda amathe yimitshina eyayithengisa amatikiti hatshi abantu, okunye okwangimangalisayo yikuthi ezakuleyondawo izitimela zazingagcwali njengalokhu engangikubona e*Dublin*, ukuthi abantu bagcwale bathi manya kungabi lendawo yokunyikinyeka kodwa lokhu, kodwa khona ngisibakwazi khathesi ukuthi sasingagcwalanga lolosuku ngoba isikhathi esahamba ngaso kwakuyisikhathi abantu abanengi abasebehambile ngaso emisebenzini yabo.

Esidikidikini sedolobho le*Cork*, safika ngemva kwemizuzu engamatshumi amabili, itshumi elilodwa lingelesitimela, elinye lingelokuhamba ngenyawo sisuka lapho esasiphelela khona sesisiyangena edolobheni. Ngangimangaliswa ngabantu engangi-hlangana labo, kwakusithi amehlo ethu angatshayisana, bangibobothেকে, ngaze ngabuza kuCatherine ukuthi kungabe kusenziwa yikuthi bayabona ukuthi ngimutsha endaweni, yikungamukela kwabo? Kanti ke hatshi, lanamuhla ngisakubona nxa ngizihambela egwaqweni walapho engihlala khona kumbe ngizilolonga ekuseni, bayabobotheka, abanye ngabangiphakamisela isandla, okuyinto entsha kimi ngoba lapho engibuya khona lokho kwenziwa emakhaya lapho abantu bonke abazanayo khona, hatshi

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As an asylum seeker, living in a city where everything to me is foreign, i.e. the people, the weather, the language, the culture, the food and the atmosphere, adapting as an adult is a very big task, it's very hard. There is a group of individuals that have been of great help to us integrating, a group of mainly Irish people. Some have invited us into their homes, taken us to places of interest around Cork City, while teaching us about their culture. I have learnt that when I get out of the house never mind the season, I should carry a coat, an umbrella and sunglasses as the weather changes constantly. I have learnt that potatoes are an important part of every dish, back home they're a delicacy, only eaten on special occasions. As of now, I no longer want to see a potato even in a picture, whether it's served as a hash brown, croquette or cottage pie, I think it's because I overindulged when I first came here, but my son has quickly gotten used to the menu and he loves them. I grew up eating maize mealie meal for breakfast, lunch and dinner, and luckily, there are a few shops in Cork city that sell it.

A wise man once said everything in the world that has an advantage also has a disadvantage. The good thing about this once big disadvantage for me, is that it wore off eventually. I used to almost cry because of it. The accent of Cork city people. Whenever I am speaking to anyone that is not from the southern part of Africa, I struggle to get what they are saying if I don't look at their lips when they speak. English is not my first language, it's my second and I used to think that English was just English, but I struggled to understand people when they were speaking and my worst being the Irish people that were born and grew up in Cork and west Africans, no matter how much I stared into their lips when they spoke, it was a nightmare, I wouldn't catch a thing. The person that has helped me with this dilemma is my son. It's amazing how children can quickly learn a language or switch to a certain accent. After one year in the city, if one closed their eyes and listened to Nathan speak, one would think that It was an original Corkonian speaking. Even up to today, he is always correcting me when I pronounce some words, or it could be me on the other hand asking him what he means about the things that he is saying, as they would

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edolobheni koBulawayo. Enye into engayithanda ngendawo leyi yikuthi nxa udinga usizo ulahleka, akulamuntu okutshela ngokuthi usebenzise umakhalekhukhwini ukuthi uyithole leyodayo, kwesinye isikhathi umuntu aze ayekele konke akwenzayo akuhambise esiyakubonisa lapho oyabe uzama ukuyakhona. Angikhohlwa ngelinye ilanga ngangifuna ukuya edolobheni, ngathola ukuthi izitimela azihambi ngalolosuku. Ngathi sengisithi ngiyatshibilika ngibuyela endlini, ngatshayisana lomunye ubhudi owayethi uzolanda umuntu owayezakwehla esitimeleni, esezwile laye ukuthi asikho isitimela, wangithwala wayangitshiya lapho engangisiya khona wala imbadalo. Bangimangalisa ubuntu obungako engangingabulindlelanga.

Ngeke ngitsho okunengi ngezakhiwo zeCork kumbe indawo zokukholisa ngoba angisomuntu ophuma kangakho ngenxa yezizatho ezithize, kodwa kunengi engingakutsho ngobuntu babantu beCork, balomusa futhi bayakhudumala. Ngelinye lamalanga adlulileyo ngihlangane lesihloko kuInternet ebesisithi *'Cork is one of the friendliest cities in the world'*, ngaphangisa ngavumelana lawo umugca lowo ngoba kuyikho sibili.

Sengihlale eCork iminyaka emithathu yonke, angikaze ngibone ubugebengu ngamehlo ami, kumbe ngike ngizwe omakhelwane bekhala ngokuthi kukhona okwenzekileyo okuphuma endleleni. Ngizwile ngabo kumawayilesi, ngabona kuthiwa kwenzeke okuthile kumabonakude, kunzima ukuthi ngikholwe ngoba ngingakaze ngihlangane lakho. Ngilabangane bami esibala sonke amabhuku besihlangana siwahlaziya, kulebhuku esake salibala nyakenye elalikhuluma ngobugebengu lobudlwangudlwangu obenzeka kulendawo, angizange ngilikholwe silibala futhi lakhathesi lokhe ngingalikholwa. Ngimtshayela ihlombe umlobi walo lelobhuku ngoba uyakwazi ukudala into engekho ayihlele kuhle ibengani yiyo, kodwa nxa ngingambona ngingamcela ukuthi atshintshe indawo endabeni yakhe akhethe enye.

Mina ngiyisiphepheli esasuka kubo safika endaweni lapho into yakhona yonke intsha, abantu, umkhathi, ulimi, isiko lokudla imbala.

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be sounding different from how I would say them.

Even a tree that is known to produce the sweetest of apples can also have some that won't taste as good, and one cannot write off the whole tree because of the two or three bitter or rotten ones. When one empowers themselves with knowledge, one gets to learn and discover why some things happen in life. In this beautiful City of Cork, there are some that don't know or understand why a person would leave their home, it's only but a small bunch that are not pleased with it. My advice to those that are not happy with non-Corkonians being here is that they could maybe learn and understand the term 'no man is an island', that in this world people need each other, whether a different race, different culture or background. The borders that we have were created by man for their own interests, so one shouldn't allow that and think of themselves as superior to the other, but to treat those borders as a way of creating order in this world we are living in. People will always migrate for different reasons, I can attest that there were Irish people who were citizens in my country way back. People should be welcoming to outsiders and learn to embrace them, I guarantee that there is a lot we can learn from each other.

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Utshintsho emuntwini osekhulile lunzima futhi lubuhlungu kakhulu. Bakhona abantu abafika babaluncedo besisiza ekuthini sijayele indawo singazizwa engani silahlekile. Labobantu abanengi babo ngabazalelwe kuleli eleIreland, balokusithatha bazule lathi besifundisa isiko lakibo, kwesinye isikhathi bayasimema ezindlini zabo bafike basiphekele ukudla kwalapha.

Sengafunda ukuthi umkhathi walapha awuthenjwa ngitsho, nxa umuntu ephuma ekuseni loba libabalele njani ilanga, kungakhathalekile ukuthi yiNtwasa kumbe yiBusika, kumele athwale, ijesi, isambreni, lamanglazi elanga, ngoba kungaziwa ukuthi umkhathi uzabe uzatshona unjani, utshintsha njalonjalo, izikhathi zomnyaka zonke uyazithola ngosuku olulodwa. Ekudleni lapha sengifunde ukuthi abantu balapha bayawathanda amagwili bantu. Emuva lapho engibuya khona asiwajayelanga kangako, siwadla kuphela nxa kuthiwa kuyabe kudliwa kamnandi lolosuku, mahlayana nje hatshi! Ngathi ngifika lapha ngawadla ngamawala ngiwaqabuka ukuthi ngiwaboneleni aze angidaka, khathesi angisafuni kulibona igwili ngitsho lasempikitsheni, ungaze ulipheke njani ulihlanganise lani ngiyalibonga, kodwa umntanami yena uyawathanda futhi uyawakholisa. Mina ngakhula ngisidla isitshwala, ekuseni kulilambazi, emini kuyisitshwala, ntambama kuyisitshwala futhi kumbe itshakada, yikho ukudla kwami engikudla kungangidaki, ngiyabazwisisa laba abamagwili ngokudla kwabo ngoba amagwili kibo kimi ngumumbu. Kuyinhlanhla ukuthi laloba umumbu ungekho kulelizwe, bakhona abalezitolo lapha eCork abanelisa ukuyiwoda impuphu ibuye ivele kweleNingizimu Africa.

Kulenywe indoda ekhaliphileyo eyake yathi yonke into enhle, ububi labo abuswelakali. Kuthiwa, *akusoka lingelasici* (Ndebele proverb – *even the most handsome, good man has a fault somewhere*).

Ubuhle balento eyayiliphupho elibi ngisafika eCork, yikuthi ngokuya kwesikhathi iyadeda kubengconywa ngokuqhubeka ukhuluma labantu lokujayela indawo. Ngangisithi nxa ngicabanga ukukhulumisa umuntu ongabuyi emazweni angaseningizimu yeAfrica, kwakusithi ngikhale ngoba kunzima ukuthi ngizwe okuyabe

Nqobizitha Vella

kukhulunywa. Indlela abagoqa ngayo ulimi nxa bekhuluma isikhiwa langendlela thina esigoqa ngayo akufanani, ikakhulu abazalwa bakhulela lapha eCork kanye lababuya eNtshonalanga Africa. Ngangiqala ngokukhuleka ngingakakhulumi labo, kwesinye isikhathi sibili ngikhethe ukuthula laloba kulento engiyifunayo ngoba ngangithwala nzima ukubezwa, laloba ngingaze ngizame ukukhangela indebe zabo nxa bekhuluma kwakunzima. Ngangihlala ngisithi isikhiwa yisikhiwa siyafanana, ngingazi ukuthi siyangokuthi ukhulele ngaphi. Sokungcono ke khathezi ngoba umntanami njengabantwana bonke, kwabalula kuye ukufunda isikhiwa ngendlela abantu beCork abagoqa ngayo ulimi lwabo, ngemva nje komyaka sifikile, nxa wawungavala amehlo ekhuluma wawungacabanga ukuthi nguMCork okhulumayo, lanamuhla uyangiqondisa nxa ngiphambanisa ukubiza amanye amabala ngoba efuna ukuthi ngiwabize njengaye, kwesinye isikhathi akhulume ngingamuzwa ukuthi uthini kodwa angichasisele ngoba mina laye sikhuluma okuhlukeneyo.

Kuthiwa lesihlahla esidume ngokuthela amapentshisi amnandi, silakho ukuthi kwesinye isikhathi uthi uyalikha ipentshisi kuphume impethu phakathi, kodwa phela lokho kuyabe kungatsho ukuthi gamula isihlahla sonke kumbe usitshise, hatshi. Sengitshilo ukuthi abantu baseCork balungile futhi balenhliziyi ezinhle. Ngabanengi bakhona abanjalo, bakhona abanye abangazwisisiyo futhi abangajabuliyo nxa bebona abantu bebuya besuka kwezinye indawo bezohlala endaweni yakubo. Labo ke ngabantu abangakaze bazihluphe kumbe badingisise izizatho ezenza ukuthi umuntu asukume aflatele ikhaya lakhe labantu bakibo aduke lomhlaba aze azewela endaweni yakhe. Ngiyakholwa ukuthi nxa bengazipha isikhathi badingisise lokho, bangazwisisa, babamukele abafikayo endaweni, futhi kukhona abazobe bezakufunda kulabo bantu njengoba labo kukhona abayabe bengakufundisa abafikayo. Kumele bazi ukuthi singabantu sonke siyafanana, kungakhathalekile ukuthi umuntu uvelangaphi, ungumbala onjani, ukhuluma limi bani, isiko lakubo linjani. Imingcele leyi ekhona emhlabeni yadalwa ngumuntu ngezizatho zakhe ezithize, akumelanga siyithathe ngokuthi ngoba omunye ubuya le ungcono kulami kumbe mina ngingcono kulaye,

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kumele siyibeke ngokuthi yenzelwa ukuthi kuhleleke kuhle emhlabeni. Ngingafakaza mina ukuthi kudala le, umama wami wayesebenza labantu ababengabakuleli ngokomdabu. Ngakho abantu kumele bazi ukuthi abantu bazahlala bepakitsha bethutha, asithandaneni, samukelane. Kunengi esingakufunda komunye komunye, indawo isanele sonke. *Isisu somhambi asinganani, singangophonjwana lwembuzi.*

Jorge Ruiz Villasante

My Four Seasons in Cork

It was an overcast day, the kind of day I am, by now, used to in Cork. The sky was all covered by huge grey clouds. The sun was nowhere to be seen and the temperature, consequently, was much lower than one would expect in the middle of the summer. Back then I wasn't accustomed to that kind of weather coming from Madrid. Just a few days earlier I had been suffering from the scorching August sun in the capital of Spain. But at least it wasn't raining, although I had never minded the rain that much, to be honest. That was my first time ever in Cork City. These days I don't even think about it. I've grown to like this kind of climate.

After twelve years in Cork, I have realised that there is a common theme in every conversation among Corkonians: the weather. After asking each other 'how's things?' and answering 'not too bad,' 'grand' or something along those lines, the next topic is usually the awful weather we are having, how miserable it's been lately or how desperate it's going to be in the foreseeable future. The funny thing about it is that people from Cork always complain, whatever the weather. It usually rains a lot, so they tend to complain about it. But last summer, for instance, it was very sunny and warm. Yet people got tired of it and longed for rain.

It may just be human nature, but I find it quite amusing the way people complain about certain things, yet they don't do anything about them. On the one hand, I always ask myself why Irish people don't wear proper rain gear. They should be used to this weather by now and, therefore, ready for these inclemencies. Yet, whenever I see anyone wearing decent rain gear in Ireland, I'd dare say they are most likely foreigners. Not to mention just how pointless umbrellas, those things you use to get your back all wet (as I remember reading in one of my childhood books), are. You can see abandoned umbrellas in many places and in rubbish bins all around the city, all broken and torn apart. On the other hand, I cannot help but smile when I talk to my mum and she tells me about the weather in Madrid. It may be in the low twenties here with everybody enjoying

Mis Cuatro Estaciones en Cork

Era un día nublado, el tipo de día al que ahora ya estoy acostumbrado. El cielo estaba cubierto de inmensas nubes grises. No había señales del sol y la temperatura, por consiguiente, era mucho más baja de lo que uno podría esperar en pleno verano. Por aquel entonces yo no estaba acostumbrado a ese tiempo viniendo de Madrid. Tan sólo unos días antes había estado sufriendo el abrasador sol de agosto en la capital de España. Pero al menos no llovía, aunque, para ser sincero, la lluvia nunca me ha molestado. Esa fue mi primera vez en Cork. Ahora ya ni pienso en ello. Hasta me gusta este clima.

Después de doce años en Cork me he dado cuenta de que hay un tema recurrente en toda conversación entre "Corkonianos": el clima. Después de preguntar "how's things?" (¿qué tal?) y responder "not too bad" (no mal del todo), "grand" (bien) o algo parecido, el siguiente tema suele ser el horroroso tiempo que hace, que malo ha estado haciendo recientemente o lo terrible que va a seguir siendo. Lo gracioso del tema es que la gente de Cork siempre se está quejando, haga el tiempo que haga. Aquí llueve mucho, así que suelen quejarse de eso. Pero el verano pasado, por ejemplo, ha sido muy soleado y ha hecho mucho calor, sin embargo la gente se cansó de tanto sol y querían que lloviera.

Puede que sea la naturaleza humana, pero me parece bastante graciosa la forma con la que la gente se queja de ciertas cosas sin hacer nada al respecto. Por un lado, siempre me pregunto por qué los irlandeses no llevan ropa de lluvia adecuada. Ya deberían estar acostumbrados a este clima y, por lo tanto, preparados para las inclemencias del tiempo. Así que, cuando veo a gente llevando ropa decente para la lluvia en Irlanda, me atrevería a decir que son, casi seguro, extranjeros. Por no mencionar lo inútiles que son los paraguas, esosartilugios que se usan para empaparte la espalda (como decía un libro que recuerdo haber leído en mi infancia). Se pueden ver paraguas abandonados, rotos y rasgados por todas partes y hasta en papeleras por toda la ciudad. Por otro lado, no

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the sun and heat, wearing shorts and t-shirts and getting almost sunburnt, but for her it feels chilly when it is exactly the same temperature there. I guess it's all about perspective.

Talking about the weather has become one of the main topics when I first meet people from Cork, and I really enjoy having these conversations. Most of them, the minute I say that I'm from Spain, ask me what the hell I am doing in this place coming from such a warm and sunny country. I have had this conversation dozens of times and I don't get tired of it. I just love to see the puzzled expressions on their faces when I tell them, quite sincerely, that I love the Irish weather because I don't like the heat. Most of them cannot believe it and start talking about their holidays in Torremolinos, Santa Ponza and other typical destinations in Costa del Sol. Places to where, by the way, I've never been. They usually go to enjoy the sun and get away from the awful Irish weather as often as possible, they tell me.

I remember, only a few months after I moved to Cork, how I enjoyed going to work or college, turning any corner and feeling a gust of wind and the cold rain. I could feel every drop on my face as if they were tiny needles. I also had to lean forward to avoid almost being blown away. It allowed me to feel the elements like I'd never done before and I loved it. I wasn't used to having so much rain, and for so long, even though it used to rain in Madrid too. The main difference would be that in my hometown it used to rain for a couple of months or so in spring and a bit in autumn. There is a saying in Spain that goes "*en abril, aguas mil*" (in April, a thousand rains). We would also have the odd summer storm, but the rest of the year used to be quite dry indeed. Besides, it might rain there for a day or two and stop for a week or more, not like here in Ireland where it can rain for days and weeks on end. I still remember when my best friend Carlos came a few years ago to visit me with his partner. It never stopped raining during the whole week they spent in Ireland. Not for a second. He swore never to come back to Ireland again. And he has kept his word so far.

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puedo evitar sonreír cuando hablo con mi madre y me cuenta qué tal el tiempo por Madrid. Puede que haga poco más de veinte grados aquí y todo el mundo viste pantalones cortos y camiseta mientras disfrutan del calor y hasta casi se queman por el sol, pero para ella hace fresco con la misma temperatura allí. Supongo que todo depende del punto de vista de cada uno.

El caso es que hablar del tiempo es un tema que siempre sale cuando conozco a gente de Cork, y me lo paso muy bien en esas conversaciones. La mayoría de ellos, en cuanto les digo que soy español, me preguntan que qué demonios hago en este lugar viniendo de un país tan caluroso y soleado. Me fascina ver sus caras con esas expresiones de desconcierto cuando les digo, con toda sinceridad, que me encanta el clima de Irlanda porque no me gusta el calor. La mayoría no se lo puede creer y empiezan a contarme sus vacaciones en, sobre todo, Torremolinos, Santa Ponce y otros sitios turísticos de la Costa del Sol. Sitios en los que yo, por cierto, nunca he estado. Por lo general, según me cuentan, van allí para disfrutar del sol y escaparse del horrible clima irlandés tan a menudo como pueden.

Aun me acuerdo de como disfrutaba, a los pocos meses de mudarme a Cork, cuando iba al trabajo o a la universidad, del viento y la lluvia fría cuando me golpeaban al doblar las esquinas. Podía sentir cada una de las gotas en mi cara como si fueran diminutas agujas. Hasta me tenía que inclinar hacia adelante para evitar salir volando, o casi. Era una forma de sentir los elementos que no había vivido nunca antes y me encantaba. No estaba acostumbrado a tanta lluvia y tanto tiempo seguido, aunque en Madrid llueve también. La principal diferencia es que en mi ciudad natal suele llover un par de meses en primavera y un poco en otoño. Como dice el dicho, en abril aguas mil. También hay tormentas de verano de vez en cuando, pero el resto del año sí que es bastante seco. Además, puede que llueva un día o dos y no caiga ni una gota durante una semana o más, no como aquí en Irlanda que parece que nunca va a parar de llover. Todavía me acuerdo de cuando mi mejor amigo Carlos vino a visitarme, hace unos cuantos años, con su

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Many non-Spanish people don't know this, but winters in the capital of Spain can be very cold, falling to temperatures below zero quite often. During these times, I always liked to feel the cold on my face and breathe the winter air. To tell the truth, that's my kind of weather. I loved going out and about in the city, enjoying the crisp air and clear skies which are so typical from December to February. I have never seen skies of such an intense blue as I used to during my winters in Madrid. It almost seemed as if there was no pollution and the sky had been totally cleared of anything but pure and untainted air. The problem now is that every time I go back to Madrid and see the sun and blue skies, I think that it is warm outside, as is usually the case here in Cork. Because of this mistake, I end up freezing the moment I'm out wearing my very light clothes. I'm not used to the weather there anymore. As you can see, it is not always hot in Madrid.

Nevertheless, I can understand Cork people when they say they go to Spain in search of the sun and heat. I just don't like the heat, I tell them. And they look at me with very disbelieving looks. But it is true. I cannot stand it when it gets so hot that you don't even have the energy to do anything, because the atmosphere feels so heavy and you feel so sticky, sweating all the time. On top of that, when summers get so scorching hot, there is nothing one can do outdoors during the day apart from hiding from the sun in the shade, or as many Spaniards do (though not me), take a "*siesta*" to try and fight the unbearable heat. Moreover, Madrid is very dry and polluted now, so summers in the city are completely insufferable to me. I don't miss them at all and since moving to Cork, had never been to Madrid during the summer until last year, which I deeply regretted after just a couple of days there.

Irish people still ask me whether I am not sick of grey skies and dull days, to which I always say that I actually like them, which is true. There is a different quality of light during those overcast days that I haven't seen anywhere else. The light is so diffused that everything is evenly lit and there are no shadows at all, which is just perfect for me to go around with my camera taking photos of this lovely city

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pareja y no paró de llover ni un segundo. Dijo que nunca iba a volver a Irlanda y ha mantenido su palabra de momento.

Mucha gente que no es de España no lo sabe, pero los inviernos en la capital de España pueden ser muy fríos, con temperaturas bajo cero bastante a menudo. Siempre me gustaba, en esas ocasiones, sentir el frío en mi cara y respirar ese aire invernal. Ese es el tipo de clima que más me gusta, la verdad. Me encantaba ir a dar una vuelta por la ciudad disfrutando de ese aire tan vigorizante y esos cielos tan azules que son tan comunes de diciembre a febrero. No he visto nunca cielos de un azul tan intenso como los de Madrid en invierno. Casi parecía que no había contaminación y que en el cielo no había más que aire puro y sano. El problema es que ahora, cada vez que voy de visita a Madrid y veo el cielo azul y el sol, me pienso que hace calor, como suele pasar en Cork. Es por esto que me congeló de frío en cuanto salgo a la calle sin nada de abrigo. Ya no estoy acostumbrado al clima de allí. Y, como se puede ver, no hace calor siempre en Madrid.

Sin embargo, entiendo a la gente de Cork cuando dice que van a España en busca de sol y calor. Siempre que les digo que no me gusta el calor me miran con cara extrañada. Pero es verdad. Cuando hace tanto calor que ni tienes energía para hacer nada porque la atmósfera está tan cargada y te sientes pegajoso sudando todo el tiempo, no lo puedo aguantar. Encima, cuando el calor es abrasador en el verano, no se puede hacer nada en la calle aparte de esconderse del sol a la sombra o, como hacen muchos españoles, aunque no yo, echarse una siesta para combatir el calor insoportable. Además Madrid es muy seco y está muy contaminado ahora, así que los veranos en la ciudad son imposibles para mí. No los echo de menos en absoluto y, desde que me mudé a Cork, nunca había estado en Madrid durante el verano hasta el año pasado, de lo que me arrepentí después de sólo un par de días allí.

Aun así, los irlandeses me siguen preguntando si no estoy harto de los cielos grises y esos días tan feos. A lo que siempre les contesto que me gustan ese tipo de días. La calidad de la luz en esos días

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and its people. You can see “The Four Liars” standing out from the city skyline, as you look to the north of the city, with that characteristic grey background of sky above Norrie territory. Saint Fin Barre’s Cathedral seems to fade and merge with the clouds, except for its golden angel which is always up there, shining behind the main spire, making sure that the end of the world is not here yet, as the old story goes. Fitzgerald’s park, on one of those days, is the perfect place to walk among its gardens and rose beds, along the river Lee with its misty water and across the “Shaky bridge”, a bit further upstream. The English Market doesn’t seem, as you go through the gates from Grand Parade, as if you were in a market built a century or so ago. It also gives the environment an air of calmness that I find very soothing and relaxing. It is true though, that sometimes when it gets sunny, I realise that I kind of miss the sun, but I can live without it for quite some time. Not a bother.

Once Corkonians get over the initial shock of meeting a Spaniard who doesn’t like the heat and the sun, they seem to find my explanations and reasoning about the weather quite amusing. I’m never cold. As a matter of fact, my school nickname was “ruso” (which means Russian) because when everybody else was freezing I would only be wearing a jumper, at most. I can cope with low temperatures quite well and, in any case, I could add layer after layer of clothing to try and keep warm, if need be. On the other hand, I start sweating when the thermometer rises over the 20 degree mark, not to mention when it goes higher than 30, or even 40 degrees, as happens quite often in Madrid during the summer. In that situation, there is nothing one can do to refresh oneself. You can take off some clothes but you can only go so far before you risk being arrested for indecent exposure.

There is something I’ve been telling people in Cork for a while, that has become even more relevant and obvious after the unpredictable and changeable weather conditions we’ve had this year. In fact, it hasn’t rained as much this year compared to what it used to. As long as I can remember, anyway. Early in March it snowed, causing general chaos across the whole city and county, as well as most of

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nublados es diferente y no la he visto en ningún otro sitio. La luz es tan difuminada que todo está iluminado igual y no hay apenas sombras, lo que es perfecto para poder ir de paseo con mi cámara y hacer fotos de esta ciudad tan bonita y de sus gentes. Se puede ver "The four liars" (la torre que llaman "las cuatro mentirosas" porque cada esfera del reloj da una hora distinta) sobresaliendo cuando miras hacia el norte de la ciudad con ese característico fondo gris que es el cielo sobre el territorio "Norrie" (norteño). La catedral de Saint Fin Barr parece fundirse y difuminarse con las nubes, excepto el ángel dorado que siempre está en lo alto, brillando detrás de la torre principal, asegurando que el fin del mundo aun no ha llegado, como suelen decir. El parque de Fitzgerald, en un día de esos, es el lugar perfecto para dar un paseo por la rosaleda y sus jardines, a lo largo del río Lee con la neblina que sale del agua o incluso cruzando el "Shaky bridge" (puente tambaleante) corriente arriba. Hasta el "English Market" (mercado inglés) no parece el mismo cuando cruzas las verjas viniendo de la calle Grand Parade, como si fuera un mercado de hace un siglo. Esa luz le da un aire de calma a la atmósfera que me resulta muy relajante y tranquilizador. También es verdad que, a veces, cuando sale el sol, me doy cuenta de que casi lo echaba de menos, pero puedo vivir sin él bastante tiempo. Sin problema.

Una vez que los "Corkonianos" salen del shock inicial de conocer a un español al que no le gusta el sol ni el calor, parece que les hace mucha gracia mi explicación y razonamiento sobre el clima. Lo que siempre les digo es que prefiero el frío al calor porque es más cómodo para mí. Yo nunca tengo frío. De hecho, en el colegio me llamaban "el ruso" porque cuando todos estaban pelados de frío yo sólo llevaba un jersey como mucho. Aguanto bien las bajas temperaturas y, en cualquier caso, siempre podría añadir capas y capas de ropa para entrar en calor si me hiciera falta. Por el contrario, en cuanto la temperatura sube de los veinte grados, por no mencionar de los treinta y hasta de los cuarenta, como suele pasar en Madrid en verano, empiezo a sudar. Y entonces no hay nada que pueda hacer para refrescarme. Me podría quitar ropa, pero sólo hasta cierto punto si no quiero arriesgarme a ser detenido por

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the country, with roads closed and people snowed in, not being able to go to work or school. The summer, however, was one of the hottest and driest in thirty odd years, I was told. You could even see fields turn yellow, which is so common in Spain but a rarity in Ireland. The issue I'm very concerned about is climate change. I keep saying that if we don't do something about it, in a few decades, maybe years, people from Spain will be the ones coming to Ireland to enjoy the sun and hot climate and to escape from the cold and rain. Global warming is already happening, shifting weather patterns all over the globe, and it's no joke. If things keep going this way and we don't do something to change the way we use energy and the way we pollute, it's going to be very hard to survive on this planet. Hopefully we'll act before it's too late, so we'll be able to live on a healthier and purer Earth again.

On the whole, I still enjoy living in Cork and its weather, and I certainly don't complain about it. Well, not that much. Only when I get soaked while cycling across the city do I wish I was back in Madrid, roaming through traffic and wearing shorts and sunglasses. But, as they say in Spain *"nunca llueve a gusto de todos"* (it never rains to everyone's taste) so I get on with my life and try to make the most of it here in Cork, the real capital.

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exposición indecente.

Hay un tema del que llevo mucho tiempo hablando con la gente de Cork que es mucho mas relevante y obvio después del tiempo tan cambiante e impredecible que hemos tenido este año. No ha llovido tanto este año comparado con lo que solía llover. Al menos que yo recuerde. En marzo nevó, con el consiguiente caos en la ciudad y la provincia, y hasta en la mayoría del país, de carreteras cortadas y gente sin poder salir de sus casas para ir al trabajo o al colegio. Sin embargo, el verano ha sido uno de los más calurosos y secos en más de treinta años, por lo que me han contado. Hasta la hierba de los campos estaba amarilla, lo que es muy común en España pero muy raro de ver en Irlanda. El asunto que me preocupa mucho es el cambio climático. Llevo años diciendo que si no hacemos algo al respecto en pocas décadas, puede que años, será la gente de España la que venga a Irlanda para disfrutar del sol y del clima cálido escapando del frío y de la lluvia. El calentamiento global es una realidad, cambiando los ciclos del tiempo en todo el mundo, lo que no es ninguna broma. Si las cosas siguen así y no hacemos algo para cambiar nuestros hábitos de consumo de energía y la forma en que contaminamos, va a ser muy difícil sobrevivir en la tierra. Espero que hagamos algo al respecto antes de que sea demasiado tarde para poder vivir en un planeta más sano.

En general, me sigue gustando vivir en Cork y su clima, no me quejo. Bueno, no mucho. Sólo cuando me calo en mi bici yendo de una punta a otra de la ciudad es cuando me gustaría estar otra vez en Madrid, surcando el tráfico llevando mis gafas de sol y una camiseta. Pero como se suele decir, nunca llueve a gusto de todos, así que sigo mi vida e intento sacarle todo el provecho que puedo aquí en Cork, "the real capital" (la verdadera capital, que es como la llaman los lugareños).

Through my Eyes

I fell in love. I fell in love at second sight. After arriving in Cork in November 2011, I was positive. Positive that all this talk about the bad weather was yet another myth. Another way of trying to intimidate. The way people had told me about the bad weather in Belgium when I moved there and went through a perfectly acceptable summer, wearing skirts and sunglasses and flip flops. This was not that time.

I also remember my surprise at the amount of sporty people. They were everywhere, wearing track suits. I thought 'how do they make time to get out of the gym to do their shopping, etcetera?'. It only dawned on me a few weeks after arriving in Cork, that the track suits and sports on this island did not necessarily have a significant correlation, if any at all.

Going out on weekends had more surprises in stock. It became apparent who the ex-pats were. Just look for the girls wearing multiple layers and your marksmanship will be good.

And yet here I was, despite it all, with cultural shock sinking in, slowly.

I remember my surprise when at a free gig, with everyone heading for the bar, a stranger chatted me up, asking what I did here. While I started my almost rehearsed speech about how I got here to work and what I would be working at and whom for, the guy stopped me in my tracks, 'No, no,... I meant what do you DO? Do you dance, take pictures, play an instrument... what do you do?' And after another very confused look, 'Welcome to Ireland. Let your hair down, girl.'

And so, after digesting the brush cuts, the 'edding eyebrows', the purple legs under super ultra short skirts in winter, the orange striped legs under super ultra short skirts in summer, I discovered among other things, that no one needs to be sitting in a pub on their own for longer than 10 minutes, that if you forget your wallet at brunch, you are trusted to go home and fetch it, that you can

Cork durch meine Augen

Ich habe mich verliebt. Auf den zweiten Blick. Nach meiner Ankunft in Cork im November 2011 war ich positiv gestimmt. Positiv dass alles Geschwätz über das miese irische Wetter ein Mythos' war. Wieder ein Versuch einzuschüchtern. So wie damals, als mir alle vom schlechten Wetter in Belgien berichtet hatten und ich einen absolut akzeptablen Sommer in kurzem Rock und Flip Flops verbracht hatte. Doch das sollte dieses Mal anders sein.

Ich erinnere mich daran, wie überrascht ich war, so viele sportliche Menschen zu sehen. Sie waren überall in ihren Trainingsanzügen. Ich dachte, wie bekommen die ihr Work Out und dann den Lebensmittel-Einkauf hin? Wie finden die bloß die Zeit dafür? Es dauerte ein paar Wochen, bis ich zu verstehen begann, dass Trainings-Outfits und Sport nicht unbedingt miteinander korrelieren müssen.

Das Ausgehen am Wochenende war auch eine Überraschung; Es wurde schnell erkennbar wer die Expats, also die ‚Zugereisten‘ waren. Man muss nur die Mädels mit mehreren Schichten, also dem berühmten „Zwiebel-Look“ beachten. Das ist ein ziemlich klarer Indikator.

Und trotzdem war ich hier in Cork - mit dem Kulturschock, der langsam einsickern begann.

Ich erinnere mich wie überrascht ich war, als ich bei einem Konzert mit freiem Eintritt von einem fremden Mann angesprochen wurde, der mich fragte was ich denn in Cork mache. Während ich meine praktisch einstudierte Zusammenfassung darüber wie ich hier gelandet war um zu arbeiten, für wen und was begann, fiel mir der Mann ins Wort und meinte , No, no.... I meant what do you DO? Tanzt du, machst du Fotos, spielst du ein Instrument,... what do you do?' und nach einem sehr verwirrten Blick meinerseits meinte er ‚Welcome To Ireland. Let you Hair down, girl, aka: lass locker, lass dich gehen.‘

Veronika Wacker

sneak backstage at a concert without a VIP pass, just because you had shared a cigarette with the bouncer before and that it is perfectly acceptable to get out of any 'looking shit'-situation by honestly confessing that one is suffering a major hangover from the day before. 'Sure you're grand'.

And so, I am thankful to having taken the time to let it all sink in, not running away from miserable weather to be surprised by all the light and warmth that the island's people has to offer. Welcome to Cork, boy/girl. Let you're hair down. Sure, you'll be grand.

Veronika Wacker

Und so konnte ich, nachdem ich die Bürsten-Haarschnitte, die die mit wasserfestem Marker kunstvoll zu dicken Balken geschminkten Augenbrauen, die violetten Beine unter super kurzen Röcken im Winter, die orange gestreiften Beine unter super kurzen Röcken im Sommer, verdaut hatte, entdecken, dass niemand für länger als 10 Minuten alleine in einem Pub sitzt, ohne nicht angequatscht zu werden, dass wenn man beim Brunchen im Café feststellt dass man seine Geldtasche vergessen hat, darauf vertraut wird, dass man heimhuscht um selbige zu holen, dass man bei einem Konzert auch ohne VIP Pass Backstage schlüpfen kann, nur weil man mit dem Türsteher zuvor eine Zigarette geteilt hat, und dass man jeder Situation in der man bedenklich schlimm aussieht entkommen kann, indem man einfach ehrlich gesteht, dass man am Vortag ordentlich gefeiert hat, was dann mit einem lakonischen ‚sure, you’re grand‘ aka ‚schon in Ordnung‘ quittiert wird.

Und so bin ich dankbar dafür, dass ich Zeit hatte das alles einsinken lassen zu können, dass ich nicht vor dem triesten Wetter davon gerannt bin und überrascht wurde von dem Licht und der Wärme, die die Insel zu bieten hat. Welcome to Cork, boy/girl. Let you're hair down. Sure, you'll be grand.

Cliff Wedgbury

First Weeks in The Beautiful City

At Swansea Ferry Port I was queuing before the gang-plank to board the Innisfallen for the overnight voyage to Cork, when two Welsh Detectives pulled me to one side with the intimidating words, "You look like someone we are after!"

Nineteen seventy was a strange year. Violence was in the air. Those in authority were suspicious of travellers. Particularly a young man with hair below his collar, carrying a guitar and struggling with a heavy cardboard suitcase full of Bob Dylan vinyl albums.

They asked me where I was going, which was pretty obvious as I was trying to board the ferry to Cork. They asked me if I had been in trouble with the London Police. I told them that I had been a stock controller and previously, a Solicitors clerk.

"Then why are you travelling to Cork?"

In my innocence I replied, "To get a job!"

They looked at each other with strange and amazed expressions. Then suddenly they both burst into uncontrollable laughter. They put their arms around each other's shoulders for support and laughed so loudly that I thought they would both collapse from fits of coughing. With tears of joy in his eyes, the older Detective suddenly said, "You're going in the wrong fucking direction Sonny! They're all coming over here looking for work!"

As I slowly mounted to gang-plank my thoughts were suddenly filled with anxiety and doubt. Perhaps I was making a big mistake? Perhaps I was being too impulsive?

I was drawn because of a beautiful girl with long golden hair that I had met in a South London folk club months previously. Catherine was staying at her Aunt's house in Abbeywood and worked in the city. She had returned to Cork.

Cliff Wedgbury

After a smooth and surprisingly sleep filled crossing, the Innisfallen tied up at the Marina, opposite Blackrock Castle. It was a sunny Thursday morning in September. I met Catherine and we made our way into the city centre. Her Auntie Aggie had agreed to put me up for a couple of nights until I found myself a bed-sit. Catherine advised me to purchase the Evening Echo when it appeared on the streets shortly after lunch, because the small-ad's usually held details of accommodation available.

As soon as the Echo boys began shouting in Patrick Street, I purchased a copy and began quickly investigating the advertisements. There were a number of flats and bed-sits being offered that day, and the one that caught my eye was situated in Montenotte, which I had been advised was a nice area. I was instructed to enquire at a second-hand furniture shop near the North Gate Bridge. I duly attended and was interrogated by a middle aged man who immediately asked what I did for a living. I replied that I was a Solicitors clerk. He seemed satisfied and drove me in a van to St. Luke's Cross where the flat was situated. It was opposite a hotel called The Country Club.

The landlord quickly entered a large four story terraced house and briskly descended to the basement. He withdrew keys from his pocket and unlocked a peeling blue door. The door led straight into a dark and substantial basement room. Two small skylight windows gave a small amount of ground level daylight. He switched on a bare and single light bulb hanging in the centre of a high cracked ceiling, to reveal further delights.

In one corner was a single bed. In the centre, a table together with two hard kitchen chairs, and under the windows a stone sink and draining board, beside which was an electric cooker. The only heating seemed to be a small two bar electric fire. He opened a blue door to reveal an old fashioned lavatory with a high cistern and a shower base with overhead spray. No shower cabinet of any sort. He looked me up and down once more and rubbed his chin.

Cliff Wedgbury

"It's five punts per week and I shall request an extra week as a deposit." I probably wore a disappointed expression, but I needed somewhere to sleep and this would be home for a while. I handed the man the money requested and he handed me the keys and a blank blue covered rent book. "You must come to the shop every Friday or Saturday to pay the rent. I can't be bothered to keep doing the rounds". Suddenly he was gone and I was standing with feelings of amazement in my own accommodation. It had been so quick!

I stayed two nights with Catherine's kind aunt, allowing me time to purchase some bedding and sweep out the many cobwebs, but on that Saturday night, two days after arrival, I was installed. We celebrated by attending a Saturday night dance at The Arcadia Ballroom where we jived to a country and western band.

The next priority was to find a job and prove those sarcastic Welsh Detectives wrong. I wrote many letters to various large Cork companies, suggesting that they couldn't survive without my clerical expertise and stock controlling abilities. Surprisingly I began receiving replies and appointments to attend interviews. I made sure I looked smart and had made photo copies of the few references I possessed. The Ford Motor Works, Dowdall & O'Mahony, Harrington's Paint Factory, Seafield Fabrics, and Cobh Dockyard, all gave my references and myself the once over. I think they were more curious in meeting this impulsive nutter, who thought he could secure a job in Cork when so many others were taking the boat. I was unsuccessful everywhere.

A couple of weeks later I went after a job as a night porter, required by The Intercontinental Hotel, Western Road. (Later Jury's and now The River Lee Hotel) A ten hour night, five days a week, would pay fifteen punts. I replied enthusiastically that I would take the job if offered, but again, was unsuccessful.

My small amount of savings was diminishing, so I did something I was reluctant to do. I went to the Labour Exchange. The building in White Street was packed with queuing men. I must have looked a

Cliff Wedgbury

bit lost, until someone pointed to a window with a middle-aged lady peeping out. She was kind and sympathetic to my story and advised me to attend an office in the South Mall called "Manpower."

"Go there first before you sign-on. You may be lucky". She said.

I quickly walked across to the address given and was met by another kind and sympathetic clerk who seemed impressed by my stock-controlling reference. He made a phone call, scribbled out a card and handed it to me.

"This firm requires a store-man urgently. The manager will see you in half an hour. Give him this card."

The firm was a wholesale bookseller and a magazine delivery agency, situated in a narrow turning off Patrick Street. I promptly attended the interview, and with great hope was recalled two days later for a second interrogation. The job was mine! With great joy Catherine and I went dancing that night to The Majorca Ballroom in Crosshaven, where we listened to a fine band called, "The Plattermen."

Catherine's brother Thomas was in his final year at The North Mon, and he was helping to organise a fund raising charity concert at The Father Mathew Hall.

"It's next Friday night. Will you bring your guitar and sing a few folk songs?" he asked hopefully.

The following Friday found me onstage and doing something I hadn't been doing for weeks, singing before a live and enthusiastic audience at a variety show. I was given three songs and asked to open the second half. I decided to sing familiar songs that the audience could join in with. Two compositions by Tom Paxton, "The Last Thing on My Mind," and "Where I'm Bound," before finishing with Bob Dylan's "Blowing in the Wind." The final act was a popular local band called "The Mini-Beats."

Cliff Wedgbury

As I came off stage a man stopped me and asked urgently, "Do you want another gig tonight? I need someone to start the Wolfe Tones midnight concert at The Palace Cinema!" I hadn't heard of this group and I didn't have a clue as to their popularity. I just replied, "O.K. If you think I'll be suitable?"

He smiled with relief. "You'll be perfect. It's a ballad group. Just sing the same three songs and you'll go down a bomb!" Catherine and I crammed into his small car and he drove like a maniac to the venue, where a long and restless queue of young people waited for the doors to open. The line stretched from the Palace Cinema, along MacCurtain Street and down into Bridge Street. I was told it would sell out easily as the group had a record climbing the charts.

We were quickly hustled in through the front doors and taken back-stage. The Wolfe Tones were just finishing their sound check when they spotted me entering with my guitar. One of the members speedily approached. I think his name was Brian Warfield.

"What are you going to sing?" he asked. I told him the three titles that I had performed earlier. He seemed satisfied, but gave me a warning. "Don't you dare sing, "The Banks of the Ohio." It's our single and we must perform it tonight."

The venue quickly filled, the midnight hour struck, the curtains slowly parted as I began Tom Paxton's classic opening line, "It's a lesson too late for the learning." Immediately and amazingly the enthusiastic audience began singing along with the familiar lyrics. The other two songs quickly followed with Dylan's, "Blowing in the Wind" raising the rafters with the entire audience singing loudly. I came off stage joyously to cheers, whistles and sustained applause.

The man who booked me, quickly slipped a five Punt note into my hand and said "Thanks a lot." I was happy to get the extra money because I hadn't expected anything. It had all happened so quickly. That's over forty years ago and the experience is etched in my memory with joy. My love for this beautiful city has not diminished.

Cliff Wedgbury

"Flying" (in the Real Capital)

In 1970, when I first arrived in Cork City from London Town, I was introduced by my future father-in-law, Thomas, to the wonderful world of pigeon racing. My previous limited experience of pigeons was, as a boy, to stand beneath Nelsons Column in Trafalgar Square, with both hands outstretched containing fists full of bright yellow corn and balancing three greedy birds along each straining arm. One even landed on my school cap, to be captured forever in the lens of my late father's box camera.

Thomas kept a large loft at the rear of his house in Innishannon Road, Fair Hill, as did many of his friends and colleagues from the racing fraternity. The evening sky over the north side would be full of individual flocks exercising and returning to their lofts to feed.

On race days, one would often see men hurrying down to their club rooms, carrying timing clocks to register the exact moment of their favourite birds return from far distant places. The big event of the pigeon racing calendar was the long distance race from Thurso on the north coast of Scotland back to Cork, a distance of around 500 miles.

The birds would be liberated on a Friday morning and in fair weather conditions they would arrive back in the city on Saturday afternoons.

Tired and hungry they would quickly return to their lofts, enabling them to be speedily clocked. Precious minutes could be lost if a stubborn pigeon would sit on a nearby rooftop resting. Thomas would grow impatient at the loss of time and anxiously shake a container of corn to encourage a swift return.

Saturday nights would see friends and fellow club members walking down Fair Hill to the Homer Bar on Shandon Street, to talk about the race, play a game of "Don" and perhaps, after a couple of welcome pints, sing a few ballads. Innocent fun and a love of their precious birds, fondly recalled when flying in the real capital fifty years ago.

Cliff Wedgbury

Pigeons

for Thomas

He's waiting by the loft in the sun,
Dreaming of a race to be won,
Softly he sings, waiting for the wings,
Beating like the rhythm of a drum.

He watches the clouds as they fly,
Feels the wind from the sky,
Though his feet are on the ground, altitude he's found,
And freedom, as his dreams sail by.

It's a long way from Thurso, to the top of Fair Hill,
But his thoughts to distant shores roam.
Let his gray pigeon fly, over rooftops high,
He'll "Clock" that fine bird, when its home.

He's found a quiet haven of peace,
Far away that bird is released,
On Sutherlands shore, where the northern waves roar,
While here, all worry has ceased.

He sips a hot mug of tea,
Imagines what it's like to sail free,
On thermals he'll ride, south west he will glide,
Where homing is that great mystery.

In small back yards nearby,
His pals are watching the sky,
Cracking a joke, sharing a smoke,
Waiting for wings to sail by.

Tonight in "The Homer," they'll sing,
And hear "The Shandon Bells" ring,
With the verse of a song, a few games of Don,
And one tired pigeon crowned King

Sylvia Wohlfarth

Autumn

I have a strong urge inside me to get up and go, just go. Not a passing away, or a dropping out, but a going away with an embrace, my embrace. I no longer want to be absorbed by stories on legs, or faces on distorted screens, left to fend off an invasion. I have my own living-room, full to the brim with every item shouting its story at me. And I am not the mother of scruffy shoes or uncoated frozen souls, with no reprieve from this multi-story overload. I do not want to know, and I do not want to care. I no longer want to tread on layers upon layers of history, history gone and emerging again, like graveyards, with me hopping over death.

My knees are paining me.

Nor do I want to drown in a pool of cess, grasping at straws of truth and kindness. I do not want to listen to a black girl telling me that her best friend at college wants to bring up her future children in a migrant-free zone, just like she was brought up, Irish and pure, with no foreigner on the white horizon to soil the landscape, my dearest friend. Nor do I want to listen to a mother at the bus stop ranting at her small son, hysterically warning him that if the police had seen him dropping that piece of sweet paper on the ground they'd have come to get him and thrown him into prison. And then having to listen to the anguished wail of a four-year-old: "Forever?" "No, not forever, but definitely for one whole night" Doesn't she see I am listening to her threats, to her child's tears, doesn't she care? If this is public, what then is private? I walk away closing my heart to a crumbling young soul, only a hair's breadth away from jail.

Yet another story to stumble over.

You see, I've been there, I've heard it all, I've seen it all on my travels through the city. The sad deflated eyes of distraught souls. The miserable wife with her straggly unkempt hair, screened behind dark glasses and her angry, fist-clenching, bleary-eyed partner at the checkout. Or the screeching, brassy-haired woman with the

Sylvia Wohlfarth

broken crimson nails at yet another bus stop. She glares at her defeated husband, who has obviously stooped too low once too often and finally lost, unable now to stand far enough away from her.

And I search the ground for dog poo.

Yes, there are good things, I know, which fill me with light, such cherished moments. But I am tired now and wish to lay down my shield. The nights are darker, and I have reached the Autumn of my life. Just bring me the bellows to pump up my shoulders, before the cold sets in.

Why did I have to see her again?

Especially because I didn't ever want to see her again, along with that pushy, sleazy, scrawny sallow-skinned young man, his intensity almost shoving her onto the street. I'd walked out of the shop onto Patrick's Quay and seen him right in her face, this young black girl with the long black braids and voluminous bum. Squashed into her jeans, her young insecure eyes had searched and found mine. What was he demanding of her? Looked obvious, I'd thought. Persuasive or threatening, I couldn't really tell. Only that her eyes, avoiding his, were not happy, but demure and unconvinced. I looked away and quickly crossed the street, shuddering off the image of male control and a young girl's desperate insecurity.

Two hours later, sitting in a café in another part of the city, deeply engrossed. I look up, for whatever reason, and glance through the window. Lo and behold, there they are the two of them, like two figures from a tableau vivant, except they are in motion, and striding along Dyke Parade ensnared in the limbo they are caught up in. Full of intent, heading back towards the city centre, the pair tread swiftly past, lengthening the distance behind them, and more. In this vapour of complete disharmony I cannot see their faces. Nor do I

Sylvia Wohlfarth

want to, as to whatever might have happened in that space of time, I would rather have erased from my mind.

Eavesdropping on the Ballyphehane bus

"Uncle Joe said he'd give me ten Euros if I'd leave Liverpool and become a Manchester United fan"

"I bet you didn't take the ten Euro, you and Daddy have been Liverpool fans ever since you could walk and talk"

"I did say yes and got the ten Euros but I'm not going to change clubs"

"What? You can't do that, take the money and not keep your promise, that's lying!"

"Yes I can, I can't change clubs until I'm 14 and that's years away."

"What, whoever told you that?"

"Daddy did, I have to be 14 before I can be a fan of another club, if I really want to that is."

"So, that's what Daddy said. Now, I've never heard of that rule before!"

I could hear his mother smile.

"Oh yes!" said the boy emphatically "And Daddy knows for sure!"

I watched the curly-haired little boy walk off the bus with his mother. I bet his clever Dad's Nigerian, I winked to myself. My dad was.

Maria Wojdylo Kelly

The Bells and the Guesthouse of North Cork

I strolled between the corners
of the streets
peeking at shining colours
even in the rain.

The rows of rainbows
remind me of the constant
mixture of weather,
the sun or rain when catching the bells
expand Shandon with each toll
The sounds spreading through the air
embrace the old and the new.

The walls emanate the past
but through whispers from within
as most, now, covered in reviving paint
can reveal only a glimpse of bygone days.

The window display of the houses
are a gateway to personal exhibitions
exposing another rainbow
that of the Corkonian spirit.

And as you meander through the colours
you cannot miss the cacophony
of melodies rung by the bells in the sky,
struck by tourists one time after another
as if over the landscape of the city, they fly.

And I listen, and I hear
I hear when I listen
when seated in a local place
so well-known yet anonymous
so paradoxical yet exceptional,

Maria Wojdylo Kelly

Dzwony i the Guesthouse w Północnym Cork.

Przechadzałam się zakamarkami
uliczek
spoglądając na kolory, lśniące
nawet w deszczu.

Tęcza za tęczą w rzędach
przypomina mi o stałej
zmienności pogody,
słońce czy deszcz obejmują dzwony
powiększając Shandon z każdym ich biciem.
Dźwięki rozpierchnięte w powietrzu
obejmują i antyczne, i nowe.

Przeszłość promieniuje ze ścian
wskroś mediacji szeptów ich wnętrza
gdyż większość przywdziana w rzešką farbę
zaledwie w mrugnięciu odsłania ubiegłe dni.

Okna domów w rodzaju ekspozycji
są bramą do osobistych galerii
uwidaczniając dodatkową tęczę
corkowskiej energii.

W trakcie wicia się wśród kolorów
nie ominiesz kakofonii
melodii w niebie dźwięczących dzwonów
uderzanych cyklicznie przez turystów
jakby nad pejzażem miasta, mknęły.

A ja słucham i słyszę
słyszę, kiedy słucham
kiedy usadowiona w lokalnym miejscu
niezwykle znanym, lecz anonimowym
paradoksalnym, lecz wyjątkowym,

Maria Wojdylo Kelly

filled with artists in this space
concealed in between narrow streets
but so close to the ringing bells.

I've heard sounds there many times
of experiments where the Sun became the Moon
and the Moon turned into the Air
as the waves of sonic compositions burst
in all directions, many times covering
the sounds produced by the Shandon bells.

The Four Liars Clock in a new phase
pointing at elfin artists, at dawn
and at night, with no rationale
defined in the space of the Guesthouse.

Many voices in diverse forms
became known to this space
and they vibrate like a waterfall
vividly manifesting, like the tone of bells
that the past is as prominent as now
but only when they bow to one another.

I have been many a times sitting here
where bells can be heard on their own
or when words were spoken, leaving lava,
when images flirted with the guests' eyes
when there was a beginning to an end
and an end to a beginning.

the thoughts and the stomach are fed
by Mick O'Shea and Irene Murphy
as a routine to fill the mind, the heart
and the gut, my favourite trio,
here in Cork, in Shandon
where bells tell you
where the Guesthouse is.

Maria Wojdylo Kelly

w przestrzeni wypełnionej artystami
ukrytej pomiędzy ciasnymi uliczkami
lecz tak blisko uderzanych dzwonów.

Wielokrotnie słyszę dźwięki
eksperymentów zamieniających księżyc w słońce,
a słońce przekształca się w powietrze
kiedy fale dźwiękowych kompozycji tryskają
we wszystkich kierunkach, wielokrotnie tamując
fonię zaaranżowaną przez shandońskie dzwony.

Zegar Czterech Kłamców w nowej fazie
wskazuje figlarnych artystów o świcie
i w nocy, jako że żadna racja
nie jest zdefiniowana w strefie Guesthouse.

Wiele głosów rozmaitych form
przedstawia się tej przestrzeni,
a one drgają niczym wodospad
barwnie przejawiając, niczym ton dzwonów, że
przyszłość znaczy tak wiele co teraźniejszość,
lecz tylko wtedy, gdy się sobie kłaniają.

Niejedyn raz tutaj siedziałam
gdzie same dzwony się usłyszysz
bądź, gdy mówione słowa tworzą lawę,
gdy obrazy flirtują z oczami gości,
gdy koniec miał początek
i gdy początek miał koniec.

Myśli i żołądek są karmione
dzięki Mick O'Shea i Irene Murphy
rutynowo wypełniając umysł, serce
i jelita, moje ulubione trio,
tutaj w Cork, Shandon
w którym dzwony wskazują
gdzie znajduje się Guesthouse.

Maria Wojdylo Kelly

St. Finbarrs' Sound Reflection

Inside...
sound of pipe organs
where the walls
gently invite
with their history
to renovate the space
to be sculptured by
new sounds and vibrations
of the city
and migrants
which merge new
stories within old walls
of the cathedral
and the city and life.

Robert Curgenvin inside
with fingers and feet
building new blocks
of hope and vision.

Brick after brick
through stained glass
light
shaken by the sound,
mesmerised
foamed in the mystery
of wave-scapes and the truth
that here, lies
the power of purification
of acceptance
of a new beginning
of daring to dig
into the discovery.

Maria Wojdylo Kelly

Odbicie dźwięków St.Finbarrs.

Wewnątrz...
dźwięk organów
gdzie ściany
z delikatnością zapraszają
poprzez swoją historię
do odnowienia przestrzeni
rzeźbiąc ją
dźwiękami i drganiami
miasta
i migrantów,
którzy scalają nową
narrację wewnątrz starych ścian
katedry
i miasta i życia.

Wewnątrz, Robert Dungarvan
palcami u rak i u nóg
tworzy nowe bryły
nadziei i wizji.

Bryła przy bryle
poprzez witraż
światło
wstrząśnięte dźwiękiem,
zafascynowane
spieniło się w tajemnicy
krajobrazu fali i prawdy
jako że, tkwi
we władzy oczyszczenia
akceptacji
nowego początku
ważąc się dokopywać
do odkrycia.

Maria Wojdylo Kelly

The vitality within
mirrored occasionally
the vibrancy in the reflection
of the Cathedral in the water,
curving in the River Lee
in through the city,
soft but tenacious
bouncy but stern, just like
the musician's touch
the composer's torch
forming a cloud of sound,
the cloud swaying in the air
to the harmony of effervescence
filling the air
with moist refreshment
where body responds
with each fragment
becoming a part of the cathedral
a part of the sound
a part of Cork
being Cork
being sound
being this space.

A carpet of letting go
is spread ahead of you
to tread in between the sounds of trees
of mystery and new discoveries
where your step is my step
where my step is our step
on the carpet of letting go
and discovering a new flow.

Maria Wojdylo Kelly

Wnętrza witalność
okazyjnie odzwierciedlona w
żywołowości odbicia
wody, a w niej, Katedra,
wijąca się w rzece Lee
między miastem,
miękka, ale nieustępliwa
pełna wigoru, ale surowa, tak jak
wykonawcy dotknięcie
latarka kompozytora
tworząca chmurę dźwięku,
chmura huśtająca się w powietrzu
do harmonii żywołowości
wypełniającej powietrze
z wilgotnym odświeżeniem
gdzie ciało reaguje
wobec każdego fragmentu
stając się częścią katedry
częścią dźwięku
częścią Cork
będąc Cork
będąc dźwiękiem
będąc tą przestrzenią.

Dywan odpuszczania
rozłożony przed tobą
by stąpać między drzewami nut
tajemnicy i nowych odkryć
gdzie twój krok jest i moim
gdzie mój krok jest naszym
na dywanie odpuszczenia
i odkrywania nowego ruchu.

Maria Wojdylo Kelly

Culture and Lifelong Learning

Floating with the river
near the river's banks
they take the shapes
of new memories
and new marks
engraved in
the streamline
of its DNA.

Experiences of learning
are moving forward
in the spirals
of the River Lee
and its wisdom
is hidden in the
flowing water's stream.

Empirical strands of senses
fusing into plaits
sway to the adventure
of a brewed culture,
freshly available
every year, for all.

The labyrinth of night
leading into cafes,
jails and studios
known as Culture Night
without a doubt
leaving you
with a culture tan.

As does Lifelong Learning,
a festival

Maria Wojdylo Kelly

Kultura i nauka na całe życie

Bujając się z rzeką
blisko jej brzegów
przybierają kształty
nowe wspomnienia
i nowe ślady
wygrawerowane
w linii prądu
jej DNA.

Doświadczenia uczenia się
posuwają się na przód
wraz ze spiralami
rzeki Lee
i jej mądrością
ukrytą w strumieniu wody.

Empiryczne kosmyki zmysłów
splatające się w warkocz
kołysały się do przygody
zaparzonej kultury
świeżo dostępnej
dla każdego co roku.

Labirynt nocy
zaprasza do kawiarni,
więzień i pracowni,
zwany Nocą Kultury
bez wątpienia
opali każdego kulturą.

To również osiąga Dożywotniej Nauki
festiwal
pełen seminariów, wykładów
i artystycznych występów

Maria Wojdylo Kelly

full of seminars, lectures
and art performances
continuously helping
each other to grow.

I floated
among those myself
as I was the air
made of particles
of adventure
and of fluid knowledge,
which with every event
was poured over my brain
as if iron, casting the trail.

My feet walked the
inviting streets of
Shandon, Barrack and the rest,
each unique at their core
sparkling with an individual glow.

I can become lost
in between being
a tourist or a local,
as so inviting are
the moments
which open up the door
to the dimension
of any cultural
or learning floor
enabling me to explore
more than one shore.

Maria Wojdylo Kelly

stale kierując
do wzajemnego rozwoju.

Ja się bujałam
między tymi opcjami
jakbym była powietrzem
utworzona z cząsteczek
przygody
i płynnej wiedzy
które przy każdym zdarzeniu
wlewane są do mojego mózgu
niczym żelazo, odlewając ścieżkę.

Moje stopy pokonywały
gościnne ulice
jak Shandon, Barrack i pozostałe,
każda w swym tronie wyjątkowa,
lśniąca osobliwym blaskiem.

Mogę się tu zgubić
między byciem
miejscową a turystką,
tak zachęcające są
momenty
otwierające drzwi
do wymiaru
dowolnej kultury
czy kształcącego podłoża
umożliwiającego odkrycia
niejednego wybrzeża.

Maria Wojdylo Kelly

Ó Bhéal's Thought Kingdom

Even though this place
is small in a physical way
you may feel as if
you are on an endless field,
or among really tall trees,
the words here are rolling hills
of the creatively unlimited
swelling of Ó Bhéal's nook.

By giving motion to the words
which fly, as if hot air balloons
expanding dimensions of the room,
the only boundary is imagination.

The air of options
to be breathed
to expand the lungs
with an alchemy of words,
motivation and support
facilitate a pathway
to another world.

Many faces in this one spot
wrinkle with the waves
of experimental angles
to reveal a multi-layered
surface of possibilities,
stitching a new reality
with words, film and challenge
in a beehive of poetry -
a keyhole to a poetic life
is unveiled by the Master
whose gentleness and openness
encourages all voices to be voiced

Maria Wojdylo Kelly

Królestwo myśli O'Bheal.

Pomimo tego, że to miejsce
jest malutkie w swej fizyczności
można się poczuć, jakby
się było na terenie bez końca
bądź wśród bardzo wysokich drzew,
tutejsze słowa to nabierające tempa wzgórza
nieograniczonej kreatywności
puchnącego kącika O'Bheal.

Słowa wprawiane w ruch
leczą, niczym balony na ogrzewane powietrze
powiększając wymiary pokoju,
którego jedyną granicą jest wyobraźnia.

Powietrze możliwości
do wzięcia oddechu
by powiększyć płuca
alchemią słów,
motywacją i wsparciem
udostępnia ścieżkę
do innego świata.

W jednym miejscu, wiele twarz
marszczy się w falach
eksperymentalnych kątów
by wskazać wielopoziomową
płaszczyznę wyborów
szyjąc realność
słowami, filmem, wyzwaniem
w poetyckim ulu,
dziurka do klucza poetyckiego życia
udostępniona przez Mistrza,
którego łagodność i otwartość
zachęca by każdy głos był wyrażony

Maria Wojdylo Kelly

and the most buried ones surface
as life is injected
by a boost from the Master,
whose consistency and hard work
gives platform, support and a microphone
with a friendly smile, Paul Casey,
a father to us all, has put a garden in place
and the diversity there, like a rainbow
is wrapped up in the fecund beauty.

There is always space for new seeds,
some have grown, pierced through the ground
several have entwined their roots with others
reaching to a dozen or so along the depths
while poetic aromas drift irrespective of the season.

I brought my spices and myself as a petite seed
to where the sun, water and fertile soil is abundant!

Maria Wojdylo Kelly

i te najbardziej zakopane się wynurzyły
gdyż życie wstrzyknięte zostało
przez zachętę Mistrza,
który konsekwencją i ciężką pracą
daje platformę, podporę i mikrofon
uśmiechając się przyjaźnie, Paul Casey,
Ojciec nas wszystkich, założył ogród,
a w nim różnorodność niczym tęcza
jest zawinięta płodnym pięknem.

Zawsze się znajdzie miejsce na nowe ziarna,
co poniektóre już wyrosły, przebiły się przez ziemię,
niektórych korzenie się splotły z innymi,
sięgając kilkanaście metrów wzdłuż głębin
a poetyckie zapachy unoszą się bez względu na porę.

A, ja, przyniosłam moje przyprawy i siebie jako ziarnko:
słońca, wody, podlewania i żyznej gleby tu nie brakuje!

Block

Mono-landscape three meters wide, with constant passing of people and cars, with a clearly visible horizon of events, opening the opposite door, taxi cabs driving up and deliverers passing by.

An aquarium where you observe the life of several thousand organisms with the possibility of diving in like in a human oceanarium to swim and associate in the exotic water of pedestrians, cars and ambulances providing the acid-base balance of the environment and self-promotions.

To rattle through symbiotic macro contacts with fish - small, thick, majestic, short - and long-distance, without great storms and unnecessary disturbances, avoiding those lying in wait for your wallet, your cigs, your veins, the predators that are exterminated by the arrayed yellow-blue-black Garda formations, operating on every level of the ocean crucible.

It is possible to look closely at tattoos on women's shoulders burned out by tanning lamps, which are their inked stories of an uncomplicated life.

To return with the seventh wave and wait tables,
Serving coffee, tea, sandwiches to the older, younger,
Thin, thick in the morning, at night, on rainy and sunny
Days, keeping a close eye on dishes on the stove, baking cakes,
Throwing out drunks, disciplining pain-in-the-ass clients,
Who have swum here from the oceanarium, regardless of how
The rest of the passers-by look at and observe
Your three meters wide, with an event horizon
Not entirely known to them -
- mono-landscape.

Blok

Monokrajobraz

szerokości trzech metrów, z niezmiennym przemijaniem osób i samochodów, z wyraźnie uchwytnym horyzontem zdarzeń, otwieraniem drzwi naprzeciwko, podjeżdżaniem taksówek i mijaniem się dostawców.

Akwarium, w którym obserwujesz życie kilkunastu tysięcy organizmów z możliwością zanurkowania jak w oceanarium ludzkim, by popływać i poobcować czas jakiś w akwencie egzotyki przechodniów, samochodów, ambulansów, zabezpieczających kwasowo-zasadową równowagę środowiska, i lansów.

Odbębnić symbiotyczne kontakty w skali makro z rybami drobnymi, grubymi, majestatycznymi, krótko- i długodystansowymi, bez wielkich burz i zbędnych sztormów, omijając czyhających na twój portfel, twoje fajki, twoje żyły, drapieżców, których trzebią poruszające się w szyku żółto-niebiesko-czarne formacje Gardy, operujące na każdym poziomie oceanicznego tygla.

Móc przyjrzeć się przepalonym od lamp solariów tatuażom na ramionach kobiet, co są jak dziergane historie ich własnego, jakże nieskomplikowanego życia.

Na siódmej fali powrócić, by zakręcić się wokół stolików, podając kawę, herbatę, kanapki, starszym, młodszym, chudym, grubym, rankiem, nocą, w deszczowe i słoneczne dni, pilnując potraw na kuchence, piekąc ciasta, zajmując się wyrzucaniem pijaków, musztrując upierdliwych klientów, którzy wpłynęli tu z oceanarium, nie bacząc na to, jak cała ich reszta przechodząc, przejeżdżając, spogląda i obserwuje twój szerokości trzech metrów, z nie do końca znanym im horyzontem zdarzeń -
- monokrajobraz.

Tomasz Wrzesień

Before I make a Small Irish

I do not have to be perfect in the early morning.
I look at pavement runners,
Losing weight from sweaty clothes.
The street has not gained momentum yet.
Sleepy tourists
Are finishing their breakfasts.

The time will come for:
- deliverers
- car commuters
- on-foot commuters
- AA members dropping in for tea
- online art traders
 breaking borrowed pens
- tourists who have not eaten yet
- workers who are just digging in.

Has time sped up or have people slowed down?

Everything is running out...

Samuel from West Africa
Discovered this place for himself.
In the worn uniform of the Salvation Army
He is praying
Even over a cup of coffee.

I do not ever remember having a bourbon,
Even though I know the taste of oranges.

Like an old song,
This thought
Is slowly
Starting to bother me.

Nim Zrobię Mały Ajrisz

Wczesnym rankiem nie muszę być idealny.
Przyglądam się biegaczom chodnikowym,
zrzucającym kilogramy ze spoconych ubrań.
Ulica jeszcze nie nabrała tempa.
Niedospani turyści
kończą pierwsze śniadania.

Ruszą godziny:

- dostawców
- jadących do pracy
- idących do pracy
- przychodzących na herbatę AA
- internetowych handlarzy sztuką
psujących pożyczane długopisy
- turystów, którzy jeszcze nie zjedli
- robotników, którzy dopiero zaczną.

Czas przyspieszył, czy ludzie zwolnili?

Wszystko ucieka...

Samuel z Zachodniej Afryki
odkrył to miejsce dla siebie.
W znoszonym mundurze Armii Zbawienia
modli się
nawet nad kawą.

Nie pamiętam, bym kiedyś pił burbona,
choć przecież znam smak pomarańczy.

Jak stara piosenka,
myśl ta
powoli
zaczyna dokuczać.

Tomasz Wrzesień

Walking Around

The River Lee is carrying a lunar syndrome
With the main stream
The time of local bards
Mixed with beer and a bit of hash
Humming respectfully "Into the great wide open"

Knocked off with the sound of fanfare celebrations
Which are never enough
A light, almost imperceptible
Rat-like gait of junkies

To them "The sky was the limit"

Ladies buy cancer in a tanning salon with a membership card
from the very first minute

wrong place and time #5, please

The bus stopped
Half a meter before me

Before the moments get around the body like tattoos
Marking former glory and inked love
I call the following as my witnesses

Working cars
For the working class
Luxury cars
For the luxury class
Tourist cars
For the travelling class

I glimpsed Frankie somewhere around the corner
Waving a leather jacket in the rhythmic sunrays

Tomasz Wrzesień

Chodząc dookoła

Niesie rzeka Lee księżycowy syndrom
głównym nurtem
czas lokalnych bardów
zmieszanych z piwem i odrobiną haszu
nucących z respektem "Into the great wide open"

zbijany dźwiękiem fanfar uroczystości
których nigdy dosyć
lekki niemal niedostrzegalny
szcurzy chód narkomanów

dla nich "The sky was the limit"

panie kupują raka w solarium w abonamencie
już od pierwszej minuty

złe miejsce i czas nr 5 poproszę

autobus zatrzymał się
pół metra przede mną

zanim chwile rozejdą się na ciele niczym tatuaże
markujące dawną świetność i wyszywaną miłość
biorę na świadków
samochody pracujące
dla klasy pracującej
samochody luksusowe
dla klasy luksusowej
samochody turystyczne
dla klasy wędrownej

Frankie tylko mignął gdzieś za rogiem
machając skórzaną kurtką w rytm promieni słońca

Tomasz Wrzesień

Our Lord - glory be to him forever - will take anything on faith.

"Rebels without a clue"

Morning Story

How little you need in a small room

Bed

A few other pieces of furniture

No bells and whistles

Precisely calculated

You could fit a ruler of

Survival to everything.

Everything is made of must-haves

Must-have cabinets

Must-have shoes

Must-have chair

I must have some new things

I'm going out on the town

Full of

Must-see events

Must-visit people

To go shopping

I must have a face

A bold face

To fit in

Poetical fiction

- the most real thing

Tomasz Wrzesień

Nasz Pan - chwała mu na wieki - przyjmie wszystko na wiarę.

"A Rebels without a clue"

Poranna Historia

Jak niewiele trzeba w małym pokoju

łóżko
parę innych sprzętów
bez wodotrysków
precyzyjnie wyliczone
dokładnie jak od linijki

przetrwania
Wszystko zrobione z trzebaminy

trzebaminowe szafki
trzebaminowe buty
trzebaminowe krzesło

Kilka trzebaminowych rzeczy

Ruszę na miasto
pełne
trzebaminowych zdarzeń
trzebaminowych ludzi

Na zakupy

Trzeba miny
Dobrej miny
do tej gry

Poetical fiction
- najbardziej realna rzecz

Liping Xiong

Where is the Rice?

Gao Ming walked up and down the aisles three times but he could not find any rice in TESCO.

He had arrived in Cork the night before. East IT, the agency that recruited software engineers from China, had arranged to collect him from the airport and take him to the house provided for its recruits. It was a cold wet February night. Sitting in the car watching the city through the misty rain, he remembered thinking how dark the night felt and how weak the lights from nearby buildings seemed.

It still felt like as if he was having a strange dream. When he had first seen the overseas job opportunity the agency had advertised on the Internet, he had thought it was too good to be true. 'No need to study, invest or wait and you are paid from the first day ... that is impossible!' One of his former colleagues had spent many years, and a fortune, to get a visa to go to the United States. Some of his friends were still waiting for news from immigration agencies that had sprung up in the late 1990s helping Chinese professionals move to Canada, Australia and New Zealand.

He knew practically nothing about Ireland except the word IRA - which had appeared in the news so often that it was stuck in his head. When he searched for more information online, he was surprised to find that Ireland was the second largest software exporter in the world at the time. He could hardly believe it. Possessing no fortune and having no patience for waiting, he decided to try his luck and applied. He didn't really expect to hear any more of it.

And yet here he was.

Living in a villa-like house with a nice garden.

The kitchen was fitted, the toilets were tiled and the bedrooms were

大米在哪里？

高明在TESCO超市里的过道上走了三个来回都没有找到大米。

他是头天晚上到的科克。东方IT，一家从中国招聘软件工程师的猎头公司派人到机场迎接他并把他送到了公司为招聘来的工程师安排的住处。那是二月份的一个又冷又湿的一天。坐在车里，透过细密的雨丝看着窗外的城市，他记得他曾思量这里的夜色觉得多么深沉附近楼房里的灯光显得多么微弱。

他觉得他似乎还在做着的一个奇怪的梦。当他在网上看到猎头公司登出的海外工作机会的广告时，他不敢相信世上有这样的好事：“不用留学、不用投资、不用苦等，而且从聘用的第一天就发工资……这怎么可能！”他的一个同事准备了很多年，还花了很多钱，才拿到了去美国的签证。90年代末帮助中国技术人才移民到加拿大、澳大利亚新西兰的海外移民咨询公司像雨后春笋般冒了出来，他有好几个朋友还在等这些公司的消息呢。

除了因在新闻中经常听到而记住的IRA一词，他对爱尔兰几乎一无所知。在网上搜索进一步的信息时，他才惊讶地发现爱尔兰是当时世界上的第二大软件出口国。他觉得太不可思议了。没有钱也没有耐心等待，他决定碰碰运气就提交了申请。他并不指望会有任何回音

然而他却到了这里。

住在一栋带有漂亮花园的、别墅似的房子里。

Liping Xiong

carpeted, which was all incredibly luxurious for him, having been born in a small village in Sichuan. By working hard and doing well in his studies he had escaped the fate of working in the paddy fields like his parents, either baked by the scorching sun in the summer or frozen by the bitter cold in the winter. He'd had a good job working in a hi-tech company in Beijing, and with a loan from a friend he and his wife had bought a small apartment in the heart of the city during the housing reform in 1997. They had only been able to paint the walls and put in the most essential items piece by piece: a double bed, a washing machine, a fridge, a dinner table with four chairs, two bookcases and two wardrobes. A Pentium 386 computer and a 25" TV were the latest additions.

He didn't know what half of the things in the kitchen of this Irish house were. Following advice given by other Chinese engineers who had come to Ireland through the same agency, he had brought a rice cooker from home, but now he had to find rice to cook in it.

This supermarket was full of strange stuff, things that he didn't know what were for, or things that he thought he'd never need. His eyes nearly popped out of his head when he saw shoppers load their trolleys with large loaves of sliced bread and bags of 10-kg potatoes. 'My goodness, they must have very big families to feed ... but where did the shop keep their rice? Or did they have rice at all? I'd better go and ask.'

Even though he had studied English from secondary school to university, and then on and off in his spare time, he had few opportunities to speak it. His face blushed involuntarily when he thought of the interview he'd had with an Irish representative from East IT the previous December. It was the most English he had spoken in real life. It felt very awkward and quite embarrassing. The words he knew quite well in the dictionary sounded very strange in his mouth and they refused to line up into coherent sentences as they were supposed to. He knew the grammar was all wrong even as he was speaking it. He thought he had failed there and then, but he must have been 'the tallest amongst the dwarfs' and somehow got

Liping Xiong

厨房装满了壁柜、卫生间面满了瓷砖、卧室里铺满了地毯，对于出生在四川一个小村庄的他来说，都是令人咋舌的豪华。因刻苦努力学习优异，他逃离了跟父母一样在农村种田、夏天被烈日烤、冬天被寒霜冻的命运。他在北京一家高新技术公司工作，1997年房改时他和妻子跟朋友借了一笔钱买了一小套位于市中心的公寓。他们只能先把墙粉刷一下，然后再一件一件地购买必需品：一张双人床、一台洗衣机、一只冰箱、一张餐桌四把椅子，两个书柜、两个衣柜一台奔腾386电脑和一台25寸的电视机是他们最新添置的大件。

而这个爱尔兰房子的厨房里有一半的东西他不知道是什么。听从了通过同一家猎头公司到爱尔兰工作的其他工程师的建议，他从国内带了一个电饭锅过来，而这就得来买米做饭。

超市里有很多奇怪的东西，他不知道那些东西是干什么的，还有些他觉得一辈子也用不上。看到很多人往购物车放大包大包的切片面包和大袋大袋的土豆，他的眼睛差点儿从脑袋里里蹦了出来。“天啊他们一定有一大家子人要养活.....可是他们把大米放在哪儿了呢？他们到底有没有大米呀？我最好还是去问问吧。”

尽管他从中学到大学学过英语，业余也时断时续地学着，他几乎没有机会说英语。想起去年12月份他与东方IT派来的爱尔兰代表的那次面试，他的脸不由自主地红了。那是他真情实景说英语说的最多的一次。他觉得既别扭又难堪。字典里熟识的单词从他的嘴里说出来怪怪的，而且都不听他的使唤拒绝排列成连贯的句子。他一边说一边就意识到自己的语法错误百出。他以为他当时当地就被淘汰了没想到他可能是“矮子里的将军”居然过关了。他庆幸他没有像他的同学那样一毕业就把英语丢到爪哇国去了。

这得感谢他的妻子和他们一起看的那些英语DVD。

Liping Xiong

through. He was glad that he didn't drop English into the abyss of oblivion like many of his classmates did after graduation.

Thanks to his wife and the many English DVDs he had watched with her.

'I wonder how she is,' he thought, 'What is she doing now? Is she home from work yet? My elderly parents and our 2-year-old son, have I left too much on her shoulders?'

It suddenly hit him that he was all on his own.

In a totally foreign country. No family, no friends, no roots.

Only a contract with the agency and about 800 US dollars left in his pocket.

He stopped in his tracks. 'What am I doing here?' A frown crept onto his forehead, 'Everything is so expensive in this place! The cheapest tooth paste costs 1.19 pounds - that is about 15 Yuan, which would buy me half a dozen of them in Beijing! I can find no rice, and very few vegetables!'

Turning on his heel, he came face to face with a shop assistant. 'Are you all right?' the middle-aged woman asked him. She must have seen the pained look on his face.

'Oh, I ... I'm looking for ri ... rice,' He stammered.

'I'll show you where it is. Follow me.' She had a very kind smile on her face.

'Here you are,' she stopped and pointed to the shelves. 'All the rice is displayed in this area.'

'Thank you ... very much!' he said and turned to look at the shelves. He had looked here a while ago but didn't see any rice. Or to be more exact, he didn't see any rice in the way he knew it. He was expecting to

Liping Xiong

“不知道她怎么样。”他想，“现在在干什么？下班了没有？我年老的父母和我们两岁的儿子，我留给她的担子是不是太重了？”

他突然意识到他自己孑然一身。

在一个完全陌生的国度。没有亲人，没有朋友，没有根。

只有和猎头公司的一份合同和口袋中剩下的800美元。

他停下了脚步。“我在这里干什么？”他皱起了眉头，“这里所有的东西都那么贵！最便宜的牙膏要1.19爱镑，合15块钱，在北京可以买五六支！我找不到大米，蔬菜品种也少得可怜！”

他一转身，刚好和一个店员走了个面对面。“你没事吧？”那个中年女人问他。她一定看到了他脸上苦恼的表情。

“哦，我.....我在找大.....大米。”他结结巴巴地说道。

“我告诉你在哪儿。跟我来。”她的脸上带着善意的微笑。

“就在这儿，”她停了下来，指着货架说。“所有的大米都摆在这个地方。”

“谢.....谢谢您！”他说完就往货架上看去。他刚才到这儿来看过，没有看到大米。准确地说，是他没有看到他所熟识的大米模样的大米。他以为他会看到大袋大袋的大米堆放在墙边，前面蹲着一溜儿半满敞着口的米袋子，等着顾客的手、眼睛和鼻子来挑选。

Liping Xiong

see big sacks of rice piled up by the wall and rows of opened sacks squatting in front of them, waiting to be examined by the customers' hands, eyes and noses.

All he saw was rows of small packets with strange names: fusilli, lasagne, penne... words he had never before come across. Resigned, he moved his eyes to the shelf below and saw more things with stranger names: lentil, chickpeas, cous cous ...

Painstakingly he moved his eyes from one packet to another, and then he saw it: Rice! Jasmine rice, Basmati rice, brown rice, long grain rice, easy cook rice, boil-in-the-bag rice. He was stunned. He never knew rice had such a different existence over on this side of the world!

He looked at the price: Jasmine rice, 1kg, 1.99 Irish pounds.

'That is over 20 Yuan, enough to buy 5kg of rice in Beijing!' He scrolled further down the shelf and saw on the bottom shelf the cheapest type, 99 pence in plain plastic packages. Dubiously he put one into his basket.

As Ming was turning to leave, he stopped and searched the shelves again. 'I wonder if they have any noodles.' Noodles were another necessity of his Chinese way of living. When he was too busy or did not feel like cooking a full meal with stir fries and rice, he could make an equally delicious meal with noodles in 10 to 15 minutes.

He found only instant noodles. 'Yuck!' He thought to himself, 'These are regarded as junk food back home! They may be a popular convenience food on the train but people rarely have them at home.' What he was looking for was dried noodles made of wheat flour, cut into straight strips, and packaged into 500-gram bundles. In the end he picked up a packet of spaghetti thinking at least it was similar in shape to what he was looking for.

'Everything is so expensive here,' he muttered to himself as he laid out his purchase onto the conveyor belt.

Liping Xiong

而他只看见一排排写着奇怪名字的小袋子：螺丝粉、千层面、通心粉.....一些他以前从来没有见过的词儿。

无奈，他把视线移到下面那个货架上却又看到了更多有着更奇怪名字的东西：小扁豆、鹰嘴豆、麦粉.....

他耐着性子一个袋子一个袋子地看过去，然后看到了：大米！茉莉香米、印度香米、糙米、长粒米、易煮米、袋煮米。他惊呆了。他从没有想到大米在世界的这一边有着这么脱胎换骨的存在！

他看了看价格。茉莉香米，1.99 爱镑一公斤。

“折合20多块，在北京够买10斤米！”他往下面的货架扫视过去，在最底下的货架上看到了最便宜的一种，99便士装在简单的塑料袋子里。他将信将疑地拿了一袋放到他的篮子里。

明刚要转身离开，又停住了，重新在货架上搜索起来。“我想看看他们有没有面条。”面条是他的中国生活方式中另外一个不可或缺的东西。他太忙或懒得做米饭炒菜的时候，用面条10到15分钟也能做出同样好吃的一顿饭。

他只找到了一些方便面。“呸！”他心想，“在国内这些都是垃圾食品虽然是在火车上很受欢迎的方便食品，但是很少有人在家里吃这个东西。他想找的是用小麦粉做的、切成直条的、扎成一斤一把的干面条。最后他拿了一包意大利面条，想着至少这形状和他想要的类似。

“这里所有的东西都那么贵，”他边把他要买的东西放到传送带上边咕哝着。

Liping Xiong

'That's nineteen pounds seventy eight, please,' said the cashier.

He pulled out a 20 pound note from his inside pocket and handed it to the cashier. 'That's over 200 Yuan, with which I could have bought a full cart of things back home!' He thought anxiously.

Before the cashier took it off him, he suddenly remembered that he had forgotten to buy any salt. So he asked the cashier: 'Can I get ... some *sarlt*?'

The cashier stared at him and said: 'Excuse me?'

'I need ... *sarlt* too,' He explained.

The cashier shook her head in bewilderment.

'*Sarlt* for cooking. S-A-L-T.'

'Oh, you meant salt. Ok, it is straight ahead, near the back of the shop, on your right.'

He dashed off in the direction the cashier pointed, stopped in front of the last shelf on the right, scanned it quickly and found there were several varieties. Conscious that he was keeping the cashier waiting, he took the one closest to hand and rushed back to the cashier.

'Sorry!' He said apologetically.

Beep, the cashier added his last item in, 'that's twenty one pounds seventy seven, please.'

He pulled out another fiver and gave it to the cashier.

'Luckily I had some English!' he thought to himself as he walked out, 'Otherwise I could have bought dog food for dinner, just like the illegal immigrant in a story I read a long time ago!' At the time he had thought it incredible, but now he knew it could be true!

Liping Xiong

“一共19镑78便士，” 收银员说。

他从衣服里面的口袋里抽出一张20镑的票子出来递给收银员。“约合人民币两百多块，在国内能买一满车的东西！” 他不安地想。

收银员还没有接过钱，他突然想起他忘了买盐。于是他问收银员：“我能不能……买些盐？”

收银员盯着他问：“您说什么？”

“我需要……买些盐。” 他解释道。

收银员不解地摇了摇头。

“做饭用的盐，S-A-L-T。”

“哦，您说的是盐。可以呀，直着往前走，到商店的最后面，右边就是。”

他朝着收银员指的方向跑过去，在右边最后的那个货架面前停了下来，很快地扫了一眼，看见了好几种盐。想到收银员还在等着他，他顺手拿了一袋就急忙回到了收银台前。

“对不起！” 他抱歉道。

嘟的一声，收银员把他最后的一样东西加了进去，“一共21镑77便士。”

他又抽出一张5镑的票子递给收银员。

“幸亏我会一点英语！”他边往外走边想。“不然的话，我没准会买了狗粮当晚餐，就像多年前我看过的一篇文章中的那个非法移民一样！”当时他还觉得难以置信，现在他知道是有可能的！

可惜他那天还是没能吃上米饭。他把米饭放到锅里，加好了水，才发现他的中国电饭锅的插头插不进墙上的爱尔兰插座里。

Liping Xiong

Unfortunately he didn't get to eat rice that day. After putting in the rice, adding the right amount of water, he was dismayed to find that the plug of his Chinese rice cooker did not fit into the Irish socket in the wall.

'Damn! How could I have forgotten about this!' he chided himself. 'It seems I have to make do with these!' He eyed the packet of spaghetti without enthusiasm. 'Ah well, at least I won't go hungry on my first day here!'

He cooked the spaghetti the same way as he would cook noodles, and was a bit put off by the length of time it took to soften. As he could not find any chopsticks in the cutlery drawer, he struggled to eat it with a fork. It was edible, he decided afterwards, but could not quite appreciate its plain taste and tough texture.

The next day he was quite happy to find an adaptor from a nearby hardware shop. When he came back and found that the two pins of his Chinese plug were a tad too long for the adaptor, he was speechless. 'Just as they say, all is well when one stays at home,' he shook his head in disbelief, 'difficulties spring up as soon when one goes away!'. At his wits' end, he took the adaptor and the rice cooker back to the shop. It was raining and soon his hair, his face and his clothes were all wet. The man saw his plight straight away, smiled at him reassuringly, took out a file and started to work away at the pins.

'Here you are,' said the man warmly, 'it is all fixed for you now.'

'Ah...thank you,' Ming smiled at him gratefully. 'How much...?'

'Don't worry about it!' the man waved him on with a smile. 'Have a good day!'

And he did. Finally he could cook rice! Even though the rice tasted somewhat different to what he was used to, Gao Ming felt that he had never enjoyed rice as much as he did that day.

Liping Xiong

“该死！我怎么会忘了这个！”他责骂着自己。“看来我只好拿这个凑合了！”他没劲地看着那包意大利面条。“唉，至少我在这里的第一天不至于饿肚子啊！”

他像煮中国面一样煮意大利面，对洋面条煮软要那么长时间有些不满。在餐具抽屉里没有找到筷子，他只好费劲地用叉子吃。吃完后，他的评价是，吃是吃得，只是索然无味而且太硬了。

第二天他在附近的一家五金店买到了一个转换插头，感觉很开心。回到家里发现中式插头上的两根金属片比转换插头的槽略长了那么一丁点，他又无语了。他难以置信地摇摇头，“正像人们说的，在家千日好，出门一时难哪！”

没辙，他只好把转换插头和电饭锅一起拿回那个五金店。天下着雨没一会儿他的头发、脸和衣服都湿了。店里的男人一眼看出来他的困境，对他露出安慰的微笑，拿出一把锉对着那两根金属片就锉开了。

“拿着，”那人温暖地笑着，“都已修好了。”

“啊.....谢谢您！”明对他报以感激的笑容，“多少钱？”

“别放在心上！”那人微笑着挥手送他出门，“过个开心的一天！”

他的确过得很开心。他终于可以做米饭了！尽管那米的味道和他熟悉的味道有所不同，高明觉得他从来没有像那天那样享受过吃米饭的感觉。

Libin Zhang

Crosshaven under the Sunset

The Port of Crosshaven is situated at the end of the River Owenabue, at the mouth of Cork Harbour. Wandering here, the world-famous Royal Cork Yacht Club with more than two hundred years of history is definitely not to be missed, and the year 1720 - four golden shining numbers in the sun, inspired me to take all night long on the Internet, to search for its past and present, and marvel at this immortal legend. Across the water, the Crosshaven Boat Yard, which has more than 60 years of performance, has repeatedly inspired my dream of buying a boat, driving a colourful boat with my beloved one to a place in the Pacific Ocean called Hainan Island, where under the boulder of "The End of the Earth" we can witness the vows of our first love. From the port, follow a winding path to the sea, after about five or six minutes you'll arrive at the famous Camden Military Castle, where you can see a full view of the Cork Port—one of the world's largest natural ports.

On the second day of moving to Crosshaven Port in 2001, our curious family of three couldn't wait to look for things of beauty and ancient exploration about the port. I still remember that it was extraordinarily refreshing, the deep blue sky reflected in the blue water especially, as the soft wind made the sea surface like a big blue mirror with different shades. Sitting on a white stone bench facing the Curraghbinny Peninsula, I saw that green peninsula was like a semi-ellipse, and with the underwater reflection formed a perfect ellipse, lying quietly upon the sea. The clusters of white clouds were arranged vertically, starting from the sky above the green island and curving up alone, radiating into the sky. A few white wooden boats with purple, red, and yellow sails floated leisurely on the surface of the water, adding a touch of spirit and vitality to the skylight, which was amazingly wonderful!

"Wow, I understand why this is called a paradise intersection." My nine-year-old son was blushing with excitement and shook my arm as if he had discovered the New World.

夕阳西下时的克拉斯港

克拉斯港坐落于卡里格莱恩河的入海口，位于科克港的湾口。闲游漫步在这里，可以目睹享誉世界，拥有两百多年历史的皇家航海舰艇俱乐部，而1720这四个阳光下闪着光的数字激发起我整夜上网搜寻它的前世今生和不朽传奇。隔水相望的有着六十多年不菲业绩的克拉斯造船厂，曾经让我萌发出无数次购船的梦想，驾驶那艘彩船和心爱的人驶往太平洋岛上一个叫海南岛的地方，在“天涯海角”的巨石下，去见证我们初恋时的誓言。从港口出发沿着一条蜿蜒曲折的坡路往出海口走，大约五六分钟便到了著名的卡姆登军事城堡，登高一望，世界上最大的天然大港之一科克港的风采尽收眼底。

零一年搬到克拉斯港的第二天，我们一家三口就迫不及待地怀着好奇到港口寻古探幽。还记得那天格外地清爽，深蓝色的天空把海湾的水辉映得特别地蓝，柔风轻拂的海面静如一面深浅不一的蓝色大镜子，坐在白色的石椅上对望卡尔比尼半岛，只见那绿色葱葱的半岛恰似一个半椭圆型，与水下的倒影构成了一幅完美的椭圆状，静静地卧在海面。那一小团一小团雪白的云朵呈纵向排列，从绿岛的上空出发，在天空中呈弧形放射开来。几只白色的小木船，挂着紫色、红色、黄色的帆，悠然地漂行在水面，给这天光水色增添了几分灵动和生机，妙不可言！

"哇塞，我明白了这儿怎么叫天堂路口" 九岁的儿子兴奋地摇动着我的手臂，仿佛发现了新大陆一般。

Libin Zhang

"Do you not see that across the water is paradise? You can reach paradise by drawing a boat from here. Here is the ferry to heaven. No wonder it is called a paradise crossing, right! Mom?"

We could live in the intersection of heaven, this is the luck of our family. In these eighteen years of spring, summer, autumn and winter, I've been in every corner of the port leaving tireless footprints; My eyes have read the colours of the seasons and changes completely; I've picked up countless five-colour stones on the beach; my heart has kissed all the flowers on the side of the road. My endless happy tears have melted into the morning pearl of clear crystal in my flower heart; the conscience soup from the "Rivers End Cafe" has warmed my cut-off nostalgia in the gray wind and sorrowful rain of winter ... on the day of the Mid-Autumn Festival family reunion, my man asked me what "special program there was for tonight?". I took his hand and said to watch the sunset.

The lawn of the port with two iron cannons and some wooden tables and benches for visitors to rest is the best location for watching the sunset. Sitting on a long bench, to our left is the sparkling Owenabue River, with the rolling hills and forest at the end of our line of sight. To the right is the Curraghbinny Peninsula that extends into Cork Harbour, and it's called Paradise by my son.

The afterglow of the setting sun, illuminated in the quiet harbour, hundreds of yachts of different sizes on the water, green grass, and a few palm trees on the shore coated with a layer of sparkling gold. Bathed in this golden warm light, every joint of our bodies stretched out (OR relaxed) exceptionally well. Six or seven teenagers dressed in red and yellow life jackets laughed and walked down the beach with a red wooden boat, in groups of two, down towards the big boat moored on the water. A blonde in a light blue casual dress was holding a pure yellow Shar Pei near to us. A few white seagulls on the beach who were used to making a show in front of people, swayed in every stroke of the tide, drifting away as the tides dissipated, swaying, drifting, then swaying again, then drifting down.....

Libin Zhang

“你看水那边是不是天堂？从这里划只小船就可以到达天堂，这儿就是去天堂的渡口，怪不得叫天堂路口，对吧！妈妈？”

……

能住在去天堂的路口，这自是我们一家的幸运。十八个春夏秋冬年里我们不倦的足迹遍及港口的每一个角落；眼眸阅尽了季节的色彩变幻；沙滩上拣起过数不清的五色石；心吻过了岸边每一朵盛开的花；花心上晶莹剔透的晨珠里融进了我无尽的喜泪；河口咖啡店的良心汤在多少个冬日绵绵的阴风苦雨中温暖了我那剪不断的乡愁；

……

中秋合家团聚的日子，先生问我有什么特别的节目？我说看日落去。

港口那片供游客休憩的架着两尊铁皮火炮的草坪，是看日落的最佳选址。怡然地坐在供游人午餐的黑色的木桌旁的长排椅上，我们的左前方是波光粼粼的卡里格莱恩河，视线的尽头是连绵起伏的山坡和坡上的森林。右前方是延伸入科克港的，弧线优美，被森林覆盖的墨绿色的卡尔比尼半岛。

夕阳西下时的余辉给静静的港湾，水上泊着的上百只大小不一的游艇，绿茵茵的草地，岸边的几棵棕树都镀上了一层亮闪闪的金色，沐浴在这金灿灿的暖光中，身体的每一个关节都格外地舒展。六七个身着红黄色救生衣的少年嬉笑着，两人一组地扛着独木小船走下沙滩，朝水上泊着的大船走去。一身浅蓝色休闲装的金发女郎悠然地牵着一只黄色沙皮狗从我们身边绕过。沙滩上几只白色的海鸥习惯了在人前作秀，在潮水的每一次轻抚中荡起来，随着潮水的消散漂下去，荡起来，漂下去，再荡起来，再漂下去……

Libin Zhang

A large group of seagulls gracefully fanned their light wings, they screamed, hovering over our heads, then heading west, posed a dramatic silhouette in the backlight of the setting sun. As time went by, the sky in the west was like a huge canvas under heavy ink, and under the scene of orange and red clouds, the dazzling sun was wrapped in a ring of lemon, and the sun in the eyes became bigger. The light was softer, like the size of a full moon, bright and swaying, looming in the clouds, trembling, and fluttering into the distant forest. The light wooden boat in the water, the black iron gun on the gray wooden stake on the lawn, and the palm tree leaf next to it....all coated in softer light, gradually dimming.

With the change of time, the clouds in the west turned to orange, then deep red, and then to lavender. In the end, the sunset gave the lavender clouds a beautiful golden rim, which was completed before the night fell. It was the final gorgeous farewell ceremony... Just before the sun set and took away all the light, all the scenery in front of my eyes suddenly became blurred, and my heart was so soft with tears. My husband clasped my hands, whispering "touched again by beauty".

I held his hands and said, "It's the most beautiful thing when the sun sets, I am sure that the sunset in Crossheaven must be the most beautiful in the world....."

Libin Zhang

一大群海鸥优雅地扇动着轻盈的翅膀，它们嘎嘎地叫着，盘旋在我们的头顶，然后朝西飞去，在夕阳的逆光中构成了一幅动人的剪影。此时西边的天空如浓墨重彩下的一幅巨大的画布，一抹又一抹桔红的云霞下，那耀人眼目的太阳已裹上了一环柠檬黄的色晕，眼中的太阳变大了，光柔和了，如满月般大小，亮晃晃的，若隐若现地浮在云翳之中，颤动着，一丝一丝地飘落入那遥远的山林。水波中轻漾的小木船、草坪上那架在蓝灰色木桩上的黑色的铁皮炮筒、身旁的棕树叶片……泛着更加柔和的光。随着时间的变化，西边的云块由桔色幻化成深红，再幻化成紫色，最终夕阳给紫色的云块们镀上了一道道美丽的金边，在夜幕降临之前完成它最后一项华丽的告别仪式。就在夕阳敛走所有的光线之前，我眼前的场景突然变得模糊起来，心是如此地柔软，唏嘘不已。先生轻抚着我的手“又被美丽感动了！”

我握紧他的手：“最美不过夕阳西下时，我确信天堂路口的夕阳一定是世上最美轮美奂的……”。

Mirella Yoshida

This is the Foreign Rain!

Like light and tiny drops, but always followed by many winds: this is the foreign rain!

Absolute Queen of this emerald and fertile green scenery, from mushrooms at the price of cents, to potatoes on all the plates: this is the foreign rain!

Strong accent of the farm and full of personality, with the power to make raincoats and umbrellas obsolete: this is the foreign rain!

Not close to his brothers, lightning and thunder, but finding in the rainbow, a reliable friendship: this is the foreign rain!

National reference, losing your position in the ranks just for whiskey and stouts: this is the foreign rain!

The first and smartest choice to break the ice in a conversation: this is the foreign rain!

Main actress of this landscape with the sun and vitamin D only as supporting actors: this is the foreign rain!

With mortal enemies such as clothes to dry on the clothesline and open air events: this is the foreign rain!

Passionate wife of the River Lee, living in a relationship so powerful that it often overflows: this is the foreign rain!

Foreigner, pilgrim, immigrant and transient, specialist in arrivals and departures: this is the foreign rain!

- This is the foreign rain! This is the foreign rain!

Sings the busker on Patrick Street when, for the first time, the Irish rain drenches his guitar made in Brazil.

Mirella Yoshida

Essa é a chuva estrangeira!

Como leves e minúsculos pingos, mas a todo tempo acompanhada de muitos ventos: essa é a chuva estrangeira!

Rainha absoluta desse cenário verde esmeralda e fértil, de cogumelos ao preço de centavos à batatas em todos os pratos: essa é a chuva estrangeira!

Sotaque forte do campo e cheia de personalidade, com poder de tornar obsoletos capas e guarda chovas: essa é a chuva estrangeira!

Sempre distante dos seus irmãos, raio e trovão, mas encontrando no arco-íris, uma amizade sincera: essa é a chuva estrangeira!

Referência nacional, perdendo seu posto apenas para marcas de whisky e stouts: essa é a chuva estrangeira!

Escolha inicial e inteligente para quebrar o gelo em uma conversa: essa é a chuva estrangeira!

Atriz principal em uma paisagem que tem o sol e a vitamina D apenas como coadjuvantes: essa é a chuva estrangeira!

Com inimigos mortais como a roupa para secar no varal e os eventos a céu aberto: essa é a chuva estrangeira!

Esposa devota do Rio Lee, tem com ele uma relação tão cheia de energia, que por muitas vezes transborda: essa é a chuva estrangeira!

Forasteira, peregrina, imigrante e passageira, a especialista em chegadas e partidas: essa é a chuva estrangeira!

- Essa é a chuva estrangeira! Essa é a chuva estrangeira!

Canta o músico na Patrick Street no momento em que, pela primeira vez, a chuva irlandesa molha seu violão feito no Brasil.

Zovi Zoni

Luck is Me

The best is here
The cursed one gone
I'm my own GOD
Since my power has shown.
Losing is no option
Winning is in my blood
I'm flying high like
A high flying bird.
Dreams that I've seen
Are just coming true
I'm walking on the moon
Can you feel that too?
I'm a fighter, I'm a rider
I'm the one who's a glider
My aims are high I'mma stick to the sky
Sky is a roof & I'm like a spider.
I laugh at danger
I love to take risks
I won the hardest battle
Now my heart is fixed.
Winds blows around me
& whisper in my ears
You're an idol of love Zovi
You don't have any fear.
I smile and blush
With pride on my face
As I write my rhyme
You can feel my grace.

بہترین آچکا ہے
منحوس جا چکا ہے
میں اپنی خدا خود ہوں
جب سے میں اپنی طاقت سے آشنا ہوئی ہوں
بارے کی کوئی صورت ہی نہیں ہے
کیونکہ جیت میرے خون میں ہے
میں انجانی پر اڑنے والے پرندے کی طرح
اونچی اڑان میں ہوں
میں نے جو خواب دیکھے
وہ اب پورے ہو رہے ہیں
کیا تمہیں بھی محسوس ہو رہا ہے
کہ میں چاند پہ چل رہی ہوں
میں حالات کا مقابلہ کرنے والی میں حالات پہ سواری کرنے والی ہوں
اور میں ہواؤں میں اڑنے والی ہوں
میرے ارادے اونچے ہیں میں آسمان پہ بیٹھنے والی ہوں
آسمان میری چہت ہے اور میں ایک مکڑی کی طرح سے چمٹ جاؤنگی
میں خطروں پہ ہنستی ہوں میں خطروں سے کھیلتی ہو
میں نے مشکل ترین جنگیں جیتی ہیں
اور اب میرا دل سکون میں ہے
میرے ارد گرد ہوائیں چلتی ہیں
وہ مجھ سے سرگوشیاں کرتی ہے
تم محبت کی مورتی ہو
تمہیں کسی قسم کا ڈر نہیں
میں مسکراتی اور شرماتی ہوں فخر لیے اپنے چہرے پر
رہی ہوں جب میں اپنی نظم لکھ
تم میرے چہرے پر فخر دیکھ سکتے ہو

Photographers

Azem Koleci finished photography studies at St John's College, received a high certificate from Crawford College of Art and Design in Fine Art Photography (Digital), a high diploma from Cork Griffith College and a Bachelors (Hons) degree from Dublin Institute of Technology. He has had several exhibitions of his work, including at public museums, city libraries and art cafes. He was awarded a licentiateship from both the Irish Photographic Federation and the Royal Photographic Society. He works as a clerical officer in public service.

Jed Niezgoda - originally from Poland - is a photographer and architect living and practicing in Cork, working in the fields of architectural photography and arts documentation photography. His personal projects relate to Irish landscapes and cityscapes. Visit www.venividiphoto.net

Silvio Severino is a contemporary photographer, collage, and gif artist. He works in both analog and digital formats, which puts him in a unique creative position, whereby he can cross and recross the traditional and the contemporary. Silvio is searching for new values, new visual languages that will allow him to incorporate photography, collage, and animation in new formats. Silvio is interested in exploring a range of contemporary issues through both collage and gif animation. Silvio was born and raised in Brazil, but has spent the last eighteen years in Europe, he now lives in Cork , Ireland. Visit www.silvioseverino.com

Writers' Biographies

Kseniia Aksenova is originally from St. Petersburg, Russia, 36 years old: "My family background is in cinema, journalism and teaching, my professional background is in psychology. I came to Ireland 7 years ago to work for Blizzard Entertainment in their Customer Service department, I'm a Customer Service Manager there, while being on maternity leave at the moment. I enjoy art and poetry a lot and try to find beauty in every day life. I've been writing poetry in Russian since I was 11, put myself forward for different minor publications, got an Honorable mention from the Princeton poetry prize back in school in the 90s, I believe Paul Muldoon was on their jury at the time. This is my first attempt to write poetry in English without translating it from Russian."

Sardar Aziz PhD was born in the Iraqi part of Kurdistan in 1973: "In my late twenties, during the civil war, I left the country. I have been living in Cork for the past two decades. I studied my undergraduate and PhD at UCC. I am interested in politics, governing and literature. I am an adviser in the Kurdistan regional parliament and I teach Middle East politics at UCC. Moreover, I am also a columnist and consultant. In the past, I have worked in various places and occupations. I have three languages, a partner and am a father of two boys. I relate to Cork through memories, dwelling, family and friends."

John Barimo is an educator, coastal ecologist, social activist, writer and adventurer. He was raised in Miami, USA where his paternal grandfather eventually settled after fleeing Aleppo, Syria in the early 1900's. He earned a doctorate in Marine Biology and subsequently lectured at third level institutions serving socially disadvantaged communities in the US Virgin Islands and Miami. John studied and worked across the Caribbean and Central America, often with traditional indigenous groups. He immigrated to Cork in the summer of 2017 and currently volunteers at several local organizations while working at the Quay Coop. John is exploring his Irish heritage through the lens of returning from the diaspora.

Afani Carla Baruffi is Brazilian: "I'm 29 years old and a journalist. I have lived in Cork since June 2018. I graduated in Social Communication and have a Masters in Literature. I am a literary columnist for a magazine in my country. I have 13 years of experience in educational television as a reporter and I am a collaborator of a project called *Jornada Nacional de Literatura*, one of the largest literary movements in Latin America, which happens in my state, Rio Grande do Sul."

Rosalin Blue is a cultural scientist, translator and poet who began performing in 1995 in Hildesheim, Germany. Linked to the literary scene in Cork since 2000, her poetic home is the weekly Ó Bhéal event on Mondays. She has performed in Cork City and County, Limerick and Dublin, and at festivals like the Electric Picnic and LINGO Spoken Word Festival. Her poetry collection *In the Consciousness of Earth* was published by Lapwing, Belfast in 2012, and her translation of love-poetry by the German Expressionist August Stramm *You. Lovepoems & Posthumous Love Poems* appeared in 2015. Find her on Youtube and facebook.

Writers' Biographies

As a Dutch Lady, **Marieke Bosman** likes to travel to many different and remote places in the world: "After visiting 30 countries I arrived in Cork city to settle down. In Cork I came home in many ways and now I am creating a home in Cork to explore new and other journeys in my life. Cork feels like the right place and now feels like the right time to start a family and my own business called Heartfelt Connections. That many more heartfelt bridges are built within me, through Cork.

Benjamin Burns was born in Hastings, England. His parents subsequently moved to Ireland, and he spent his childhood in the village of Geevagh, County Sligo. He now lives in Cork City where he is a regular attendee of Ó Bhéal. Benjamin was runner-up in the Munster Poetry Slam 2016 and 2018, and joint-winner of the All-Ireland Poetry Slam 2016. He has a BA in Anthropology and a H. Dip in Early Years Montessori Education.

Ariana Caballero was born in Bolivia and lived half of her life in Spain (Barcelona): "I came to Ireland two years ago as an au pair to learn English for seven months after my experience with a lovely Irish family I thought I wasn't fluent yet so I decided work in a Coffee Shop in town. After a few months leaving in Cork I met my boyfriend, things got serious and I decided to stay now we are living together and I'm working as a legal secretary trying to convert my Spanish qualification an become a solicitor in Ireland."

Constantin Calugaru was born in Cegani, Romania in 1956. He has been writing poetry all his life, but publicly only since the Romanian Revolution in 1989. He has published two books of poetry in Romania : *Essence* (2014), and *Irish Poems* (2018), written since he came to live in Cork in 2015, published this year in Romania. He likes Ireland, its landscape and people, and is in the process of writing a second collection, based on his experiences here.

Born in Russia, **Sue Cosgrave** spent her formative years in the United States, Iraq and Finland. After traveling extensively in Asia and the Americas, she worked in various parts of Africa before settling in Cork. Sue has a Masters in Creative Writing from Lancaster University and her work appeared in the *Cork Literary Review*, *The Five Word Anthology*, *Can Can, Abridged*, *The Irish Examiner*, *Stark*, and *The Bone Orchard* among others. She was nominated for the Wisehouse International Poetry Award and featured as a guest reader at various events both in Ireland and the UK.

Zsuzsa Emese Csobánka (1983, Miskolc, Hungary) is an author of seven books, three collections of poems and four novels (*Fingering me*, *Almost Auschwitz*, *The missing body*, *Killing nicely*). She has been working as a teacher in Hungary and she finished her PhD studies about opportunities for teaching contemporary literature in the classroom. She won a scholarship founded by the Hungarian government and she is spending nine months in Cork teaching children in the Hungarian School. In her last novel, *Killing nicely*, she wrote about so-called inner

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mountains; lies in her life which have been built by family, childhood and old patterns.

Helen Pamela de Jesus is Brazilian, 32 years old: "I came to Cork in 2015 to learn English, meanwhile I got a part-time job, it helped me to get in touch with Irish culture and to improve my English skills. I'm not professional writer, but writing helps me to express my feelings. I was encouraged by friends to start writing and to take part in this project. I don't really know for how long I will be in Ireland. At the moment I am just following the flow and enjoying everything that I can experience here."

Zahra Deschard was born in Dijon, France in 1983 from Algerian parents. She comes from a big family of four sisters and two brothers. She studied English and Italian at the University of Burgundy: "I've always been interested in learning foreign languages and discovering other cultures. After I finished my Masters degree, I had a job opportunity in Cork. That was in 2007. I met my (French) husband and we have now three kids. We moved from Cork City to West Cork a few years ago and we fell in love with this part of Ireland."

Gabriela de Sousa was born in Oporto, Portugal, on June 7th 1992. She has a Bachelor's Degree in Music (Classic Piano) and is currently a Piano Teacher, also pursuing a Master's Degree in Piano Pedagogy. She has written some books, writes literary chronicles for a periodical and participates in cultural events often in her country and most recently also in Spain. She was a student at Cork School of Music and piano accompanist of the City of Cork Male Voice Choir for a year and during that time she participated in the weekly poetry meetings at Ó Bhéal.

Joanna Dukkipati was born and raised in Mumbai, India and moved to Cork in 2012. She is co-organiser of TEDxCorkWomen and TEDxCorkSalon, co-founder of *That's What She Said* (Cork) podcast and co-creator of *Think-Speak-Do* community events. Joanna is also the founder and editor-in-chief of *Good Day News*, Cork's new quarterly positive news magazine.

Stefano Ferretti & Silvia Benini Ferretti were both born in Figline Valdarno, a small town outside Florence (Italy). They moved to Cork in 2008 after having visited Ireland and Cork previously. They love exploring every corner of the city and of Ireland in general with their inseparable dog Lyndon. Stefano works in IT tech support and Silvia is an Italian language teacher and linguistic lecturer/researcher.

Ayla Goktan graduated from Northwestern, a university outside Chicago, in June 2017 with a BA in psychology, a BM in flute performance, and minors in creative writing and Spanish. She moved to Cork city in September 2018 on a Working Holiday Authorisation to live and work abroad, connect with her grandfather's heritage and indulge the wanderlust that runs in her family. Her poetry has been published in *Driftwood Press* and *Talking Writing*, among others.

Writers' Biographies

Mareike Graepel was born in Datteln, Germany, in 1977. Since her teenage years she wanted to do two things in life: Become a journalist/author and live in Ireland. She started out as a freelance reporter for local German papers, and later became sub-editor and editor. She wrote for different publications and magazines in both countries. Mareike lived in Cork from 2005 until 2009, worked for the *Irish Examiner*, picked up a Cork accent - and although she moved back to Germany when the first of her two daughters was very small, her heart's still in Ireland. Particularly in Cork.

A French baby-boomer, **Marie Guillot** spent half of her life in France, becoming an engineer and a teacher. After moving to America to get work experience in the electronics industry, she was happy to return to Europe and work in the same field; this time, Europe meant Ireland for her. A quarter of a century later, She is still living in the Cork area; through a lucky turn of fate, she became a veterinary nurse, from which she retired ten years ago. Then, a large number of things happened to her and she has delight in reporting some of them here.

Originally from Parkersburg, West Virginia, **Hailey Hughes** is an essayist and budding poet. She earned her BA in Creative Writing in 2017 from Marshall University in Huntington, WV. Hailey is a proud 2018-2019 US Student Fulbright grantee to Ireland, and a student in the Creative Writing MA Programme at University College Cork. She is continually amazed and humbled by the immense talent of the vibrant literary community in County Cork.

Tyler Johnston was born in the United States, and moved to Cork City in the early 2000s. Despite remaining strongly connected to his homeland, he has found a greater interest in both the history of Cork and Ireland in recent years. He has grown optimistic at the new developments in Cork City over the past years, and as time goes forward he's looking forward to seeing Cork blossom into a global city. Tyler has interests in politics, history, public transport, and mental health.

Ravnita Joyce's trajectory to Cork was foretold by the ginger-haired Irish Priest that baptised her on her first Island home, Vanua Levu: "Island to Island-Continent to Ireland I wandered, taking a few detours along the way. Compulsion and love brought me here. There was too, something about this place that held a sense of home lost. A whisper of a memory of the village & family life I had left behind when the first military coup happened on our little Island. Not being a pure-blood and thus demarcated different and an abomination (as it so often is in so many pointless conflicts) I never could claim to have a home, much less a homeland. Familial past grounded in an orphanage and disappeared ancestors – some sold some ran of their own accord. Don't ask me where I'm from, what I am – I don't know. I like Cork. It is new but familiar. I am here now. I seek a safe home, like everyone else. I am not a writer. But some things need to be said. The catholic cane taught me the english words to begin with, but I make my own ending. And you can make your own conclusions too.

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Marcel Kröner was born in 1962 in Brandenburg, Germany. He grew up on the east side of the Iron Curtain and worked as a traditional printer. The initial step of writing poems began during his training as a primary school teacher in 1983. After the fall of the Berlin wall, Marcel had the opportunity to study German Literature and Art at university alongside working part-time as a secondary school teacher. He gained a Master's degree in Art. He also lived for a year (2004/05) in Limerick and performed on stage at the White House. During another year (2016/17), this time in Cork, he regularly took part in the open mic evenings at Ó Bheál. He writes and creates poetical texts mostly in and for his 'Silent chamber'. Marcel has three grown-up daughters, his partner is from England, and currently lives in Berlin working as an art teacher and teacher trainer.

Xean Landingin is 21 years old: "I came to Cork from the Philippines with my family when I was 5 years old. My Mum is a nurse. My parent's names are Jennifer and Bryant –they helped me to translate my piece back to Filipino. I am a trainee in Bonnington Training Centre and I am in my final year there. My hobby is drumming. I love music. I love living in Cork."

Chimera Lay lives in West Cork, Ireland. Her work has appeared in *Bare hands*, *Burning bush 2*, *And other poems*, *The Stony Thursday Anthology*, *The Poetry Bus* and *Southword*. One of her poems is forthcoming in *The North*. She was nominated for the Forward prize in 2014. Chimera often spends her weekends in Cork city writing and watching Corkonians from the Farmgate café in the English market.

Fiona Looney was born in Barking, North East London in 1973. I've been living in Cork for 5 years now, having travelled with my parents who decided to return to their birthplace in retirement. I had several jobs in London including office worker, teaching assistant and (most importantly to me), local studies assistant and museum guide at Valence House, the borough museum for Barking and Dagenham. I like Cork pretty well, although, just like London, there are some things and people I really like and some things and people that drive me nuts. That's the same the world over I imagine.

Ciarán MacArtain is a poet and theatre artist born in Prince George, British Columbia, Canada to a Scottish Mother and Irish Father. He is a graduate of Drama and Theatre Studies and English in UCC. He has performed his poetry locally, nationally and internationally since 2011. In 2018 he performed at the Voulmentin festival in France and at Festival dos Edos in Courel, Galicia in Spain. In 2017 he and Stan Notte represented Cork as cultural ambassadors to Coventry as part of the Cork-Coventry Twin Cities Cultural Exchange. A chapbook *Spoken Worlds: Sound as Character* was published by Ó Bheál for the occasion. He is a member of The Choke Collective, manages *The Crossover* and is Artistic Director of Strive Theatre. Though comfortable calling a number of places home, Cork is the city that has shaped him most, having studied, worked and lived here since the age of four.

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Asad Mahmud is currently working in Cork as a Legal and IT executive. He has also contributed as an author to the Cork City Libraries publication, *Here, There, In Between* (2018). He is very vocal for the rights of asylum seekers and has led a very successful protest for asylum seekers in Ireland. He writes about asylum related issues on his blog asadmahmud.ml. He was an advocate at the high courts in Pakistan and has been involved in much public-interest litigation, including challenging the nomination papers of Mian Nawaz Sharif (three times prime minister of Pakistan), and the eligibility of then foreign minister Hina Rabbani Khar, due to the default of 10 million rupees in electricity bills. News related to Asad Mahmud and his articles published in Pakistan can be seen on asadmahmud.com.

Victor Iturbe Martínez comes from the North-West part of Spain. He studied History and enjoys Archaeology and has great respect for nature. He chose to come to Cork because he wanted to learn English. He is now working in the Port of Cork. He met **Luisa Nogales Sánchez** (also listed here) next to the river Lee.

Nyaradzo Masunda was born in Gutu district of Zimbabwe in 1972, the youngest of three children. Her father was a school teacher turned politician. Her mother was also a school teacher who gave up her job to join her husband after he was politically banned from teaching. Her father died when she was five months old. She was brought up by her mother who herself aspired to be a writer. Nyaradzo went on to study Accountancy, however she kept her love for poetry. Nyaradzo came to Ireland to join her husband working in Cork. Her poetry was recently published in the anthology *Landing Places – Immigrant Poets in Ireland* (Dedalus Press, 2010) and in *The Stony Thursday Book*. She has read her poetry on RTÉ Radio's Arena programme, at Cork's Sound Eye Poetry Festival and at Irish Aid's Africa Day Celebration.

Jacqueline Moreira is from Guarulhos, a busy city in Brazil: "I used to write in my childhood. I have been passionate about literature and poetry my whole life. At college, I studied the Portuguese and English languages and then I came to know Carlos Drummond and Florbela Espanca, my favourite Brazilian and Portuguese writers. In 2013, I came to Ireland to improve my English and discovered my favourite Irish writer Frank McCourt and got to learn about many other great Irish Writers. Three years ago I moved to Cork, this small and cosy city that helps me to find inspiration in every detail.

Abdiaziz Mussa is an Ethiopian journalist from Wajale city, on the border between Ethiopia and Somaliland. He worked as a journalist in that area paralysed by war and famine. He was forced to leave his town in Ethiopia after being arrested and intimidated with death threats for his own writing and fled into exile in Somalia. Before coming to Ireland in 2015 he wrote many books in the Somali language, he founded the first Somali media entity in Ireland somaliradio.ie and translated the Irish proclamation of 1916 into Somali. He was one of the founders of Cork City Sanctuary Movement and is the sub-group leader of Communication and Media.

Writers' Biographies

Arancha Nogueira is a poet, journalist, literary critic, researcher, feminist, vegetarian, shower singer and a fan of affections. Born in Ourense (Galicia), pieces of her life have passed through Porto, Madrid, Belfast and Cork. She is working on her PhD research on Galician and Irish women's poetry at Santiago de Compostela, although she is currently doing research in the Centre for Galician Studies at UCC (Cork). She has won several poetry contests in Galicia and has participated in poetry readings and festivals, besides publishing in different anthologies and magazines. In 2018 she published the poetry collection *o único lugar onde ficar inmóbil* with Urutau Editions.

Stanley Notte was born in London in 1965 to Cork parents, who returned to Cork in 1976, settling in Togher. Stanley attended Sullivan's Quay and Coláiste Chríost Rí. He was an active member of Everton AFC, the Togher Youth and Athletic Clubs in his teens. Stanley lives in Glasheen with his wife and four children. He has been writing and performing poetry for a number of years, and is well known on the Cork and National scene. His work has been published in written and recorded format, and he has collaborated with other Cork artists to produce a number of poetry films.

Dr. Xiao Ouyang (欧阳霄) is an Associate Professor in Aesthetics at Wuhan University, China. He was an Irish Research Council Postdoctoral Fellow (2016-2018) at the Philosophy Department of University College Cork, where he also completed his PhD in 2016. Besides academic work, he devotes himself to Chinese classical arts such as poetry, calligraphy, painting and literati music, and he also enjoys Western arts, especially the styles of the 18th century. "Personally, I believe musicality is an essential aspect of poetic quality, but as a non-native speaker, this sort of magic is beyond my power. I wish the readers would excuse me."

Carmen Palomino is an Andalusian poet who after living in Sicily for several years moved to Ireland in 2014. She graduated in Law and has a ResMaster in Applied Linguistics. An inquiring mind, she has worked in bars and retail, as Revenue agent, Teacher and Translator. She currently works as Content Developer for an IT company located in Cork. She draws inspiration from Literature, Music, Nature, Astronomy and Mythology. She usually writes under the pen-name SouthPaw-Poet in social media and has published two collections of poems through Amazon: *Songs for Ghosts* and *World in a Word*.

Sara Charret Pires is Brazilian, from Rio de Janeiro. Language and literature have always played an important role in her life. She majored in Brazilian Portuguese and Literature and studied Italian as a foreign language. She also did a two-year specialisation course in Portuguese. She came to Cork to deepen her knowledge of English and fell in love with the city. She would like to stay but unfortunately her days are expiring (visa deadline), so she has tried to print her love in a couple of words. It is a way she found to repay Cork for the amazing memories.

Writers' Biographies

Michael Ray is a prizewinning poet and visual artist living in Cork, Ireland. His poems have been anthologised and have appeared in many journals including *The Moth*, *The Shop*, *Cyphers*, *The Penny Dreadful*, *One*, *Southword*, *The Stinging Fly*, *Ambit*, *Magma*, *Numero Cinq*, *The Well Review* and forthcoming in *The North* and *New Coin*. He has participated in a number of Cork literary events and has recently bought a home in the city close to the river Lee.

Dani Rodriguez is from a small town called Sestao, close to Bilbao in the Basque Country (Spain): "I graduated in Mathematics in the University of the Basque Country and achieved my postgraduate in Business in the Autonoma University of Madrid. In this city I spent fourteen years working mainly in the Banking industry. Then, last May, I quit my job and came to Cork with my wife to improve our English skills and to start a new life in this charming city. As I am writing, Cork and I are still getting to know each other. So, if Cork offers us an opportunity to work, we will be delighted to correspond."

Rudá (aka Lucas Farias), is a Brazilian, "wordlust" exchange student. "The Indians who inhabited most of Brazil's coast before colonization believed that Rudá was the god of love. Rudá, as my pen name, reinforces my origins and reaffirms my vision and perception as foreign, about this pleasant and delighting city."

Elisa Sabbadin was born in Padua, in Italy. She completed her BA in English at the University of Groningen, in the Netherlands, and her MA in English and American modern literature in UCC. She found that Cork inspired and interested her and happily decided to stay for a while. She is currently doing her PhD in modern American literature in UCC.

Luisa Nogales Sánchez is from Spain, Sevilla. She came to Cork to learn English, to know how to live in the country of the 40 greens and to work in animal welfare. She is worried about the effect of man's hand on our planet. She lives in Blackpool and discovered **Victor Iturbe Martínez** (also listed here) in a beautiful corner of Rio Lee. They are worried by the rubbish in the River Lee, principally in Cork City where they see dumping in the bank. It doesn't help the City of Cork.

Barbara Siller was born in Sterzing/Vipiteno in the North of Italy. She studied German and Italian literature and linguistics in Innsbruck and L'Aquila. She moved to Cork first in 2003 to teach in the Department of German in UCC. She left the city in 2011 and returned five years later. She lives with her partner and their two boys in Cork and works as a Lecturer in the Department of German in UCC. Cork is for her the city where she spent a big part of her youth.

Leah Miraj Sohotra was born in Albany, New York and grew up in Vermont. Aside from the births of her two children she counts graduating and acquiring her B.A. from The University of Vermont to be among her greatest achievements. Her studies were centered in Nutrition and Women's and Gender Studies. Her primary

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focuses, both in her work and in her studies, have been on empowering women, people of color and people who identify as belonging to the LGBTQ community. Deconstructing poverty, racism, violence against women and other forms of systematic oppression has played an integral role in her professional development. She has been living in Cork for six years as an artist, radio show producer and host, writer, singer/songwriter, and zine maker.

Kerri Sonnenberg is a poet and freelance writer originally from Chicago, Illinois. She is author of the poetry collection *The Mudra*, published by Litmus Press in 2004. A new collection examining migrancy and intercultural experience is in progress with the support of an Arts Council Bursary Award. Kerri has lived in Cork since 2010.

Ana Špehar is from Zagreb, Croatia. She moved to Cork three years ago and started writing poetry in English. Her poems were published in *A New Ulster* magazine, *Boyne Berries* magazine and *Solstice sounds*, an online audio magazine. She is currently studying English literature and Creative writing through The Open University in the UK. Most of her poetry is love-themed.

Gabrielle Ulubay is an American postgraduate student at UCC and is currently working toward a Master's degree in Film and Screen Media. Originally from New Jersey, she lived in Boston for five years and obtained her Bachelor's degree at Northeastern University in History. Now, she is pursuing a career as a writer and filmmaker, and has published film reviews, interviews, and an essay for the *New York Times*. Her particular thematic interests revolve around urban life, history, and social justice, and she hopes to apply her inter-cultural perspective as she explores these interests in Cork City.

Originally from Edinburgh and living in Cork since 2000 **Rab Urquhart** writes poetry, songs, and short fiction. A founding member of the 'Choke Collective'; Rab wrote and directed their show 'Tumbling Birds', a meditation on refugee's, using drama, poetry, song, origami, and lights. Rab plays guitar and sings with Cork based band 'The 5th Floor' and mostly enjoys living in Cork "because it's always warmer than Edinburgh", however, with the advent of climate change, that might not be the case for much longer.

Serge Vanden Berghe was born in Belgium in 1960 to a Flemish father and a Walloon mother. He started his adult life as a political activist in the radical peace movement, and met his future Irish wife at an international peace conference in India. In 1992 the pair settled in Cork, where Serge embarked on a new life as a craft worker and artist. He soon began to sell his silk scarves and his paintings from his workshop in Prince's Street. Over the years, Serge has had numerous exhibitions in Ireland, and has engaged in music, poetry, theatre, puppetry, street art, etc., all the while trying hard to juggle his roles as an artist and a house husband with two children... You can view his work at www.Timbasilks.com

Writers' Biographies

Martín Veiga is a Cork-based Galician poet and academic. He is a lecturer in Hispanic Studies at University College Cork, where he is also the director of the Irish Centre for Galician Studies. In 2017 he was awarded the Pedrón de Honra Prize for his trajectory in the promotion of Galician culture abroad, especially in Ireland. His poems have been published in many journals and anthologies and he is the author of five poetry collections in Galician: *Tempo van de porcelana* (1990); *As últimas ruínas* (1994, Espiral Maior Poetry Prize); *Ollos de ámbar* (2005, Esquíu Poetry Prize), *Fundaxes* (2006, Fiz Vergara Vilariño Poetry Prize) and *Diario de Crosses Green* (2016).

Nqobizitha Vella is an Ndebele speaking woman, born in November 1980 in a city called Bulawayo in Zimbabwe: "I am an asylum seeker in Ireland, I came to this country in September 2015 with my son, who is now 10 years old. I am currently staying in Cork City in a place called Glounthaune. I was placed in an accommodation centre in the city by the Justice Department a week after I set foot in the country. I am writing an Ndebele/English novel entitled *Umendo so!* (marriage mysteries), it's a sequel and I am currently on book four. Since it began in February 2018, I have posted a chapter on facebook almost every day of the week, with thousands of Ndebele-speaking followers. My facebook page is INgwaloZikaMaVella (meaning MaVella's books)"

Jorge Ruiz Villasante is from Madrid: "I have been living in Cork since 2006, when I first came to Ireland. I'm a freelance photographer and a community educator who teaches digital photography and technology to adults. I like reading and always wondered what it would be like to write my own stories. In the last few years I've mainly written about my personal experience and adventures while volunteering in India and South Africa. Most of my writings are non-fiction, but my dream has always been to publish a novel.

Veronika Wacker was born in Austria: "... amidst mountains and without kangaroos and followed my calling, or rather the phone call of a recruiter who got me into the interview process with Apple, almost 7 years ago. I hold a degree in economics and have worked in marketing as well as consulting before moving onto the island. I was and am a dreamer and have always written short stories and observations I've made down, more for myself than anything else. I always wanted to work and live in an international environment, even though I must confess I had had a warmer spot in mind when finally leaving my home country for a new residence.

Cliff Wedgbury is a Cork based poet, born in London in 1946. His formative years were spent in the folk clubs, jazz clubs and second-hand bookshops of the Charing Cross Road area. He began writing during these years, and a selection of his work appeared at this time in an anthology published by the Greenwich Poetry Society. His last collection, *a lingering adolescence*, was published by Belfast/Lapwing in 2007. In 2010 his poems "brown shoes," and "ant," were

Writers' Biographies

published in the anthology *Landing Places – Immigrant Poets in Ireland* (Dedalus Press, 2010).

Maria Wojdylo Kelly is a multi-media artist, a poet, a performer, an independent scholar and collaborator. Her poem is published in *Solstice Sounds vol V* and she has an academic paper in the book *Cinematic Narratives: Transatlantic Perspectives*. She completed an MA in American Literature and Film from UCC. She also graduated with an MA in Translation in Poland at the same time as she lived and worked in Cork. She organised and ran a UCC radio show called "The Attic", about literature and film for a year, and has been participating in academic conferences dealing with literature, film, ethics, translation and art/performance.

Tomasz Wrzesień was born in 1966 in Sosnowiec (Poland) and has lived in Ireland since 2005. A musician, organizer of cultural activities, publisher of poetry, and in his free time ... a poet, he has published two collections of poems for children: *Bzdučki, bajki, zapytjki* (Trifles, fables, riddles, 1999), *Zosinkowe wiersze* (Poems for Zosia, 2005) and a volume of poetry for adults *Blížej niż nisko* (Nearer than low, 2018). He lives and works in Cork city.

Liping Xiong was born in Hubei, China in 1968: "After graduating from Beijing Normal University with a Masters Degree in English Language and Literature, I worked in Beijing first as an English teacher and then as an English textbook editor. My husband, myself and my son came to Cork in 2001 and we have been living, working and studying in Cork ever since."

Mirella Yoshida is a Brazilian journalist, has a postgraduate in Cultural Journalis and is passionate about literature and writing. Since she was little, she has been writing poems and texts in an attempt to express her feelings about life and human behavior. In 2016, she left her job in Brazil for an English exchange in Cork, Ireland. Things changed, and the place that she was to live in for only 8 months became her new home. She fell in love with the city and its cultural events and now she attributes to Cork the return of inspiration to write new poems.

Zovi Zoni is a beautician who works voluntarily for the females in the Kinsale Road Accommodation Centre. She is also a great support to her husband **Asad Mahmud** (also listed here). She wants to bring about change for the betterment of Humanity in general, She is also a contributing writer to the book published by Cork City Libraries, *Here, There In Between*. She believes in the laws of attraction and positive thinking and her writings and poems reflect that vividly.