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Editorial Board

Sandra Bunting

Ger Burke

Jarlath Fahy

Tony O'Dwyer

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We will not read submissions sent outside these times.

POETRY: Send no more than three poems. Each poem should be under 50 lines.

PROSE: Send one story. Stories should be under 2,000 words.

We do not accept postal submissions.

*When emailing your submission we require **three** things:*

- 1. The text of your submission included both in body of email and as a Word attachment (this is to ensure correct layout. We may, however, change your layout to suit our publication).*
- 2. A brief bio in the third person. Include this both in body and in attachment.*
- 3. A postal address for contributor's copy in the event of publication.*

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JOURNEY FROM ORLANDO, FLORIDA TO
CLARE ISLAND, CO MAYO LINDSEY BELLOSA

Inspired by James Wright's *Lying in a Hammock at William Duffy's Farm in Pine Island, Minnesota*

The chicken hawk is looking for home.
Having left America, having flown and driven
hours and miles, landscapes are colours, impressions.
This last stretch of journey is Westport to Roonagh, then the ferry.
Clare Island on the horizon. You see the comfort of home;
I see a hump of land on sea, whale rising from water.
'The rock' the islanders say. 'Inside' they say.
An island: landscape of dreams, decided outcome.
But the chicken hawk floats and looks. The world of the island
becomes large, inside. I have seen so many places.
But each afternoon on the island becomes its own field of sunlight,
each evening darkening and blazing up again.
Time stretches into a distance you don't feel going.
The island knows this. From here, I know it too.
How far do we blow away and away, and then see:
this has been my life. All beauty in the island ...
bronze evenings of summer, deep quiet winters
and animals grazing. We are asleep in it, tucked up,
waves lapping. But from here, the whale rises up.
It will swallow our lives.

Blind as a star, deaf
as a sun, we love.

A woman in a cold land searches
for her eyes in the mirror, asks
What if?

In a city where morning rattles like a snake, a man
smells hot tar being spread, closes his window, vows
Never Again.

And before the deepening shade grows into night,
somewhere a shadow raises a pen in a blue whisper
over the empty wine glass of a page,
We can.

Young, I could name the planets, thought
I knew them all. Yet I could not have imagined,
there where no one had ever looked, you.

Nameless beyond the majestic spin of your distance,
your silent pull at the space between us.

THE DUST

MARTIN KEAVENEY

Before light, I rise. I have figs and black coffee in the dark. A dog barks in the street, metal wheels rattle, there are voices in the distance, I shiver in my pyjamas.

I sit up on the mattress, newspapers fall, dust rises, I cough, I suck down on a Sweet Afton, feel the relief. I am ready.

Barefoot on the concrete I get to the hall, down the steps, damp with morning dew, tinge of green from emerging moss, I pull back the bolt, push the door in, straining with its weight, feel around in the darkness, the switch clicks in the weak light, I can see.

He is in the centre of the room. Every day, it is like I meet someone new. The changes are so acute, I am melancholic for his being of only a few days ago, but that manifestation is gone forever.

I go past him to my bench, on the far side and slide on my clogs. I will soon need more dust. The cart passes on Fridays and I try to arrange it so I never run out, but it is not an exact science, there is always the danger.

I half fill a bucket with water, pull out one of the sacks from the press near the door, I score the top with a blade, pour into the bucket. Hills form over the top, I stir it together with a stick, I always enjoy the rippling textures and odd colours that swirl into the water.

As I let it settle, I stand before him, scratching my beard, wondering where to spend the day. I think I lean toward the left leg. I have spent the past weeks around the bottom half. The top is yet a faraway summit, to jump to it directly now might have disastrous consequences for my mood.

It will be shrewder to move up, in the radiance of the final months. For now, in the misery of the early-to-mid point, I decide for this morning at least, to focus on what can be done simply, without ferocious concentration, without danger of excitement or distraction, there are so many already.

I hear another early morning wagon pass by, there is a cry from somewhere, it echoes down the street.

I wipe my mouth, take up a paring tool off the bench. I get on my knees and start to scrape the end, picking up the key at the thigh, careful to go with the grain,

it would be shameful to have fractures after all this agony.

The keying takes up most of the time waiting for the mixture to be ready for application, a fortunate quirk of nature.

I try to avoid the loops of meaningless meandering thoughts as I scrape, finding pleasure in the ridges appearing, the flaky flowery shapes scattering to the ground, the smell of freshly hoked mould, my hands becoming workmanlike again, the lethargy dissolving, the body warming, enthusiasm rising.

When the end of the thigh is keyed, I stand back from him. A bell rings from the commercial lanes. It is noisier outside now, the cribs of wagons rattle, bottles clink in crates, horses clip-clop on the cobbles. I go up the steps, my eyes adjusting in the bright slice of sun beaming through an arch across the rooftops. I drink a cup of coffee on the doorstep, watch figures passing by, my buttocks cold on the steps through my pyjamas. I take an Afton from my chest pocket, strike a match, smoke and yawn.

Between two chimneys that shadow me in the moonlight of my late walks over and back across the bridge, my gaze slows on the hands of the tower clock in the town square across the streets. The hands are still but move all the same even as I watch. The mixture has been setting in the bucket for an hour. I toss my cigarette, hurry down the hall, the mug left steaming on the doorstep, my clogs clicking on the concrete.

Downstairs, breath held, I reach for the bucket, poke it with the curved hoking tool. I heave softly, it is just right, the dampness delays the setting process.

I scoop out marbled daubs with a special spoon, agriculturally apply them to the thigh my fine edged tools will refine later. Yet the cleverer I am now, the less paring I will have to do in the late afternoon when my stomach will be rumbling, eager for grilled pig liver and onion, a small bottle of barley wine, an hour or two on the newspapers.

After I apply the bucket, I wash it out in the sink. I take a thin threaded cloth from the bench, unfold it, apply it to the leg, press around the dull shape. I take up a flat-edged trowel to skin off the minute piped rolls that emerge, smoothing the shape to the diagrams from my precious journals. They are permanently banded together in my safe upstairs, the instructions memorised. I would not risk their wafer leaves in this sodden workshop.

I carefully peel the cloth away, the new limb formed a little more. I will be able

to sculpt the curve when it has set further, uncover the slight proudness of the veins, the beam of bone, the soft bell of muscle, this requires me to guide one hand with the other, my fleshy actions becoming steadily more mechanical as I progress. Often, when the evening closes in, as I engage the skills I have honed over decades, it is as though something else guides my finishing tools, and I am simply hovering behind, little more than an observer, an Afton smouldering between my lips, a draught breezing through the folds of my pyjamas, my clogs stiff as life on the concrete, the metal wheels, wagons cribs, clip-clop of horseshoes all clattering together on the street outside.

*... we look completely
different, completely the same*

Linda Pastan

Here they are in the beginning, in the sepia years.
The first progenitors who look ill-at-ease
in front of the Cyclops eye of the camera,
but still in this image that you hold to the light
you can recognise the resemblance
between those in the picture and your face
in the mirror that has kept a semblance
of the hereditary blueprint that still decrees
a body's strength, a body's weakness;
the shape of shoulders, the first neurosis.
With each new alliance the line continued,
the clan extended: cousins and siblings,
grandparents and grandchildren
carrying within them laws that were written
on the genesis-genes, in the sepia years.

They were going to call him Alex. It was her grandfather's name. Paul told her it was bad luck to name a child before it was conceived but she said *nonsense, who told you that?* She started painting the back room and wouldn't let it become a dumping ground. *What if it's a girl?* he asked. *Alexia then,* she said, *Alex or Alexia.*

She was told she should try new things, to change her routine, to get out of her head a little. She's been advised to look at the world anew. So she started making small, unnoticeable changes: eating in new restaurants and listening to different radio stations. She's told nobody about this. In chippers she orders bags of chips, tells the cashier she'll be back in a minute and disappears. She waits for buses for half an hour and walks away when they arrive. On her way home from work she avoids the main roads. They're always full of traffic. She goes through the park, estates and back lanes. Her neighbours hardly know her. She's new to the area and has only talked to some of them briefly.

She's started opening windows again: the little one in the bathroom after a shower and the small one in her bedroom when she wakes up. She hadn't noticed that she'd stopped doing it. When they were together they'd wake up, take off the duvet and hang it over the banisters, open the window and let the air in. She bought a clothes horse and a dirty clothes basket. For the last few months she'd been hanging the clothes on door handles, on the backs of chairs or on hangers on the curtain rail. There's something wrong with the final spin of the machine and the clothes come out soaking wet. They leave puddles on the floor. It's on her to-do list. But now she's combining things: the open windows, the washes, the new radio stations and the list. Some things can run parallel again she thinks, some things.

On the weekends she likes taking the bus to areas she doesn't know: Rialto, Perrystown, Drimnagh. It doesn't matter where. She was told to travel in her own city, to see it with fresh eyes; with tourist eyes. On the bus she gives herself little tasks: sit beside someone, even if there are spare double seats, start a conversation, ask people to turn down their music. She likes the idea that people might think she's busy and has somewhere to go. Sometimes she rushes, sometimes she strolls

and sometimes she asks directions, even if she knows the way. In town she allows people to stop her: beggars, tourists, chuggers; anyone.

Some days she pretends she can't speak English when people ask her questions. Other times she asks confused-looking tourists if they're lost, then walks them to their accommodation, points out local information and advises them where to go at night. Occasionally she meets them for drinks and tells them lies about herself. She gives a different name each time. She always mentions Paul and Alex. There are no new people, no real people, she thinks. None of them matter.

In May, in the hairdresser's, she told the lady she was going to her son's communion. She enjoyed the small talk and the hands running through her hair. She spoke all about Alex, how he was getting on in school, what hobbies he had and where they were planning to go on holidays. She goes to a different hairdresser's every time.

On the October bank holiday she watched the marathon. She liked cheering on people she didn't know. A woman made small talk.

Are you waiting for someone?

Yeah. My husband Paul, he should've passed by now.

Is he fit?

Quite fit, yeah, he's done it the last two years. Do you know anyone doing it yourself?

Yeah, two friends of mine. One passed a few minutes ago and I'm waiting on the other one.

I hope Paul is alright.

Maybe you missed him. What time is he hoping for?

3.30.

They've passed a long time ago now, you must've missed him.

Maybe. I hope he's alright.

She wants to leave each place cleaner than she found it and take back some control in her life. So in every public toilet she picks up stray bits of tissue paper, collects any rubbish, wipes the seat and mops up piss from the floor. In cafes she always brings her cup to the counter. She craves little touches, is obsessed with them; the

cashier in Lidl brushing off her hand when giving change or her Pilates teacher correcting her posture when she makes a mistake. Sometimes she messes up on purpose so the teacher comes over and gently touches her shoulders or back. People patted her arm when she went back to work. Ireland isn't great for touches. No one knows whether to hug or shake hands, especially with women. It's never spontaneous. You can always feel it coming. You see people who haven't met in years, how they sort of dance around touching and it becomes a half-hug half-handshake. That's why she likes going to the continent. There are more rules there.

Only once did she walk near their old house. One Friday after work and she was halfway in the wrong direction when she realised where she was. She kept going for a minute and stopped outside one of the big houses that they used to joke about being able to afford one day. She saw a man playing with his child on the green. She remembered him. She used to pass him every day coming home from work. She'd forgotten about him completely. She wondered about all the people around here she used to nod and smile at. All these people now gone from her life. Where were they? Now she had a new route, new strangers and new houses. But he still had all of this. It was his family home, it was only right that he stayed and she left. But it was their home, for a while. That was what killed her, how he still had the little things he didn't even appreciate, things he didn't even notice, things she craved. He left her with the new when all she wanted was the old.

She notices less and less these days. In the past she'd listen to the sounds of the street. She used to love the energy of the students smoking outside the college building. She'd look at the Turkish men talking in the empty barber's, their hands moving in the air. On the bus she'd take notes into her phone of funny bits of talk she overheard. Paul loved that. But not anymore. She can't retain anything and nothing interests her now. One Friday after work she went to Madrid. She booked a last-minute flight. They'd been there on their second anniversary. In El Prado museum she stared at a painting of a street battle where only the horses looked her in the eye. The description said that it depicted how flawed humans were and how animals were the rational ones. It reminded her of when she went back to work after Paul had left her. No one could look her in the eye.

She always hated him in airports. He's the type who is the first one out of the

traps on a plane, standing up in his seat the second they land and taking his bag from the overhead locker when he's not supposed to. Then he has the tag and boarding card binned before leaving the terminal. Nothing is brought home. Nothing lingers. Everything is about moving on, the next thing always. You wouldn't know he'd been away.

He had an activeness that both bored and intimidated her in equal measure. He was always trying to do two things at once. She hated how he crossed the street. He never expected traffic and took it as a personal insult. He walked into the middle of the road, ran in-between dangerous gaps and left her on the other side, making hand gestures to show how slow she was. He was someone who wasn't there. He looked like he could take off and fly. She always felt she was walking up a mountain when walking beside him. But still, she missed him and wanted him back. They used to ask each other how they'd end up, what they'd look like when they were older. Now she sees him in every man. She's become someone new. He has too. He could be anyone. She can't deal with any of them, sees them all as the same.

They tried and tried for a baby. He said he couldn't imagine not being a father. He didn't dump her. He just put her aside until she couldn't find her way back. The details came out slowly. She burst out crying in the office when someone with his name had an appointment. In moments of weakness she told people what had happened but always regretted it after. She stood by him when they thought it was his problem. He didn't when it was hers. The day she heard about his baby was the day she walked home the wrong way.

She started walking to work two months ago. She bought white runners and changes into her office shoes when she arrives. She keeps them under her desk. She used to laugh at people who did that and now she is one of them. Today, like every other day, she walked home slowly, trying to avoid people and the main roads. She was walking through an estate near her apartment when she saw a dead cat lying in the middle of the road. She walked past it, stopped, turned back and stared at it. The right eye was bulging and blood was pouring from its body. With her shoe she scooped it onto the grass verge and kept walking. Nobody else was around. She walked to the main road and sat on a wall. She listened to some songs on her phone and watched an old man move slowly up the street. He was

carrying a shopping bag and was almost fully bent over. He needed to stop every few steps to lean against the wall, regain his balance and cough. She started crying.

She wanted to touch him, guide him, help him and do his shopping for him. She imagined the two of them going for a drink afterwards and hearing his life story and she telling him all about Paul, his new baby, the cat, her washing machine and everything else. But she didn't do anything. She couldn't. She didn't move until he went out of sight and into the petrol station on the corner. It had gotten dark and started drizzling. She got off the wall and noticed streaks of blood on her shoe. In the dimming light it could be dirt or a logo. She rubbed it with the sole of her other shoe but it made no difference. She started walking. She thought of the days ahead, how there was nothing she had to do and no one she had to meet. She'd take the bus tomorrow and go somewhere new. Sutton maybe. She'd have to put the runners in the washing machine when she got home. Hopefully they'd be dry by Monday. Wet runners can take ages to dry, she thought.

THE DEAD

WENDY MOONEY

They come with great change or after suffering,
their voices calling us, so we jolt awake to hear
our name said in astonishment or quizzically, as if
through the walls of an adjoining room.

Their younger selves in dreams, we suddenly stumble
on them, open doors and there they are
in sunlit spaces with sky or sea for eyes,
discussing ballads, singing, laughing in the world

not ours, eyeing magazines in towns we never visit,
Carrick-on-Shannon, Baltimore or Enniscorthy –
never a wide expanse before them, contained,
looking into, through and past us,

like beautiful uncomprehending dolls
who do not see our urgency, empathise
with our pain – art works, installations
from the outer edges, simulacrum

made of light and air,
telling only of themselves.

The elderly living, almost transparent in the August sun
on the park path below the Dublin mountains
(I see their blue veins through their skin)
remind me that my mother talks to me in dreams

and that I can't remember what she says.
It's understandable: something got smaller,

a person walked away in the distance.
*I am not then when I was not: I am now
and again I am now – that is
what it all boils down to.*

My son, I was a poet once, a war ago.
Aleppo was beautiful then, remember.
Arches spanned the narrow coolness of our street.
Our courtyard had a grapevine and a little well.
From my shoulders you reached high to pluck
the sun that fruited in the orange tree.
Now the doors of our house hang open onto ruin.

For two years after you left I went on teaching.
I used to ask my pupils what they dreamed.
One said, 'About my dad. I want him back.'
One said, 'Our house, the way it used to be.'
One said, 'I have no dreams.' Then I stopped asking.
In the street I watched children playing skittles
with marbles and the brass casings of bullets.

Since my brother brought you across the sea
I have no word of you. Against all omens,
my heedless hope is that you are still alive,
my waif, that you have found sanctuary.
Here, in the city that is your birthright,
barrel bombs are falling, our faith is failing.
We were not born to die like this, nor born to kill.

The graveyards have spread out into the hills
but rubble entombs us now, lost multitude.
Rubble has buried your mother and your sisters.
As the first snow sifts down its silent seal
I pray my cloud-flung words will someday find you,
Isma'il Salama, son of Ibrahim.
Remember, I am with you in your blood.

Artist's Statement

Cover image: *Hidden* by Maeve Curtis

My practice is sited between paint and photography exploring our metaphysical relationship to technology, specifically image technology. Through media ranging from sculptural installations to paint my work teases out the mysteries and metaphysics that ghost around the invention of photography and plays on a fear of photography that was prevalent amongst the intelligentsia of late nineteenth century Paris, some of whom were convinced that each time a photograph was 'taken' it removed a spectral layer from us. I investigate this anxiety using as my starting point my own family snapshots. Giving consideration to strangers and loved ones alike and equipped with the tools of paint and brush I set out to recover these lost moments of the soul in a gentle attempt to release them into an otherworldly place of arrivals and departures.

www.maevecurtis.ie

Biographical Details

Lindsey Bellosa has had poems published in both Irish and American journals, most recently *The Comstock Review*, *The Galway Review*, *Poethead*, *Flutter Poetry Journal*, *Emerge Literary Journal* and *The Cortland Review*.

Robert Beveridge is a musician and poet. He has recent or forthcoming work in *Dime Show Review*, *Communicators League*, and *Mad Swirl*, among others.

Bruce Boston is the author of sixty books and chapbooks, including the dystopian sf novel *The Guardener's Tale* and the psychedelic bildungsroman *Stained Glass Rain*. His writing has received the Bram Stoker Award, the *Asimov's* Readers Award, a Pushcart Prize, and the Rhysling and Grandmaster Awards of the Science Fiction Poetry Association.

Peter Branson is a full-time poet, songwriter and traditional-style singer whose poetry has been published by journals in Britain, the USA, Canada, Ireland, Australasia and South Africa, including *Acumen*, *Agenda*, *Ambit*, *Anon*, *Envoi*, *The London Magazine*, *The North*, *Prole*, *The Warwick Review*, *Iota*, *The Frogmore Papers*, *The Interpreter's House*, *SOUTH*, *Crannóg*, *THE SHOP* etc. He has won prizes and been placed in a number of poetry competitions over recent years, including a 'highly commended' in the Petra Kenny International, first prizes in the Grace Dieu and the Envoi International and a special commendation in the Wigtown. His last book, *Red Hill*, came out in 2013. His latest collection, *Hawk Rising*, was published by Lapwing, Belfast.

Michael Brown's work has been published widely including recently in *The Rialto* and *Butchers Dog*. He has published two pamphlets, *Undersong* (Eyewear, 2014), and *Locations for a Soul* (Templar, 2016).

Brian J. Buchanan's poetry has appeared in *Modern Age*, *Literary Matters*, *Cumberland River Review*, *Puckerbrush Review*, *Valley Voices*, *Potomac Review* and other journals. His book reviews have been published in the Nashville *Tennessean* and in *In Concert*, the magazine of the Nashville Symphony. He is the former managing editor of the First Amendment Center's website, firstamendmentcenter.org, at Vanderbilt University.

Sandra Bunting has had an academic career at NUIG, has worked in journalism, and as an editor. She is on the board of the Galway-based literary magazine *Crannóg*. Her publications include short stories, *The Effect of Frost on Southern Vines*, a poetry collection, *Identified in Trees* and co-writer of the non-fiction *Claddagh: Stories from the Water's Edge*.

Edel Burke has been highly commended in the Over the Edge New Writer in 2014 for fiction and longlisted for poetry in 2016. She is working towards a first collection.

Jo Burns was one of Eyewear Publishing's *Best New British and Irish Poets 2017*, and has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize. Twitter @joburnspoems

Colette Coen has twice been shortlisted for the Scottish Book Trust's New Writers Award. In 2013 she won the Waterstones Crime in the City Competition and has regularly been published in print and online. Her first novel *All the Places I've Ever Been* and three short story collections are available on Amazon. She has worked as a librarian and a literacy lecturer. <http://colettecoen.wordpress.com>.

Maeve Curtis is a graduate of the National University of Ireland, Galway and had over a decade long career in corporate management before she decided to study Fine Art. A first class honours degree graduate in Fine Art from the Centre for Creative Practices, GMIT, Ireland, she was

awarded the AIB Graduate of the Year in Paint and the Galway City & Galway County Council Emerging Artist Awards in 2007. Selected for numerous juried shows she has also had solo exhibitions with Galway Arts Centre, Ireland (2008) and Norman Villa Gallery, Ireland (2010). Her work has been purchased for private and public collections for the President of Ireland (2008) and Galway City Council, Ireland (2011). Selected for the prestigious Threadneedle Prize, London and the Pallas Periodical Review, Dublin (2011), her artwork was also shortlisted for the Crash Open, London (2012) and for the Thames & Hudson 100 Painters of Tomorrow, London (2013).

Patrick Deeley's poems have appeared widely in journals and anthologies. *Groundswell: New and Selected Poems* is the latest of his seven collections. He has also written works of fiction for young people and his memoir, *The Hurley Maker's Son*, was recently published by Transworld Ireland.

Tricia Dearborn's poetry has been widely published in literary journals and anthologies, including *Contemporary Australian Poetry* (2016), *Australian Poetry Since 1788* (2011) and *The Best Australian Poems 2012 and 2010*. She is on the editorial board of *Plumwood Mountain*, an online journal of eco-poetry and eco-poetics, and was poetry editor for the February 2016 issue. Her most recent collection of poetry is *The Ringing World*, published by Puncher & Wattmann.

Patrick Devaney has published four novels for teenagers and four for adults: *Through the Gate of Ivory*, *Úna Bhán: Flaxen-Haired Rebel*, *Romancing Charlotte* (written under the pen name Colin Scott) and *The Grey Knight: A Story of Love in Troubled Times*. His poems have appeared in magazines such as *Revival*, *Boyne Berries*, *Crannóg* and *Skylight 47*.

Chris Edwards-Pritchard's fiction has been published in *Bellevue Literary Review*, *The Irish Literary Review*, *Litro*, the Bath Short Story Award Anthology and twice in the Bristol Short Story Prize Anthology. In 2015, he won the Gregory Maguire Award for Short Fiction. and in 2016 he won the TSS International Writers Award and was also runner-up in the *Writers' & Artists' Yearbook* Short Story Competition. His work has been shortlisted for BBC Opening Lines, the Royal Academy & Pin Drop Award and the Colm Toibín Short Story Award.

Jesse Falzoi's stories, as well as her translation of Donald Barthelme's *Sentence*, have been published in American, Russian, Indian, German, Swiss, Irish, British, and Canadian magazines and anthologies. She holds an MFA in Creative Writing from Sierra Nevada College.

Eilish Fisher was awarded a position at the Bread Loaf Young Writers' Conference at Middlebury College Vermont in 1997. She holds a BA in Literature and History, an MA in Irish Literature and a Doctorate in English Literature from the National University of Ireland, Maynooth. She has appeared on academic panels and conferences in the UK and Ireland, most notably the Leeds International Medieval Congress. She is a member of the Irish Writers Centre and the Avoca Writers Group.

Tanya Farrelly is the author of two books, *When Black Dogs Sing*, a short story collection (Winner of the Kate O'Brien Award, 2017) and *The Girl Behind the Lens*, a literary thriller published by Harper Collins. Her stories have won prizes and been shortlisted in many competitions, among them the Hennessy Awards, the RTÉ Francis MacManus Awards, the Cúirt New Writing Prize and the William Trevor International Short Story Competition. Her stories have been widely published, appearing in literary journals such as the *Cúirt Annual*, *the incubator journal* and *Crannóg*. She has also read her work on RTÉ's Sunday Miscellany. In 2013, she completed a PhD in Creative and Critical Writing at Bangor University, Wales. She works as an EFL teacher and a creative writing facilitator. She co-hosts Staccato Spoken Word night with her husband and fellow-writer David Butler.

Nicola Geddes works as a musician and teacher. She has been previously published in *The Galway Review*.

Sean Gill is a writer and filmmaker who has studied with Werner Herzog and Juan Luis Buñuel, documented public defenders for *National Geographic*, and was writer-in-residence at the Bowery Poetry Club from 2011-2012. He won the 2016 *Sonora Review* Fiction Prize and other recent work has been published or is forthcoming in *The Iowa Review*, *McSweeney's*, *ZYZZYVA*, *Fourteen Hills*, and *So It Goes: The Literary Journal of the Kurt Vonnegut Memorial Library*.

Teresa Godfrey has written five feature-length screenplays and two audio plays on commission and has had two children's dramas broadcast on Channel 4. She was awarded the EU New Media Talent Award for her screenplay adaptation of the novel *Black Harvest* by Ann Pilling and she has been shortlisted for the Orange/Pathé Prize and the Miramax Award. She has won the Allingham Award and her stories and poems have been published in various local anthologies and been broadcast on radio.

Kevin Graham's poems have appeared in *The Irish Times*, *Oxford Poetry*, *The Stinging Fly*, and *Crannóg* among others.

Mark Greene is a poet, short-story writer and novelist. He has previously been published in *Now Then*, *Platform for Prose*, *STORGY*, *The Cadaverine*, *Clear Poetry* and *Ink. magazine*.

Kevin Higgins is co-organiser of Over The Edge literary events in Galway. He teaches poetry workshops at Galway Arts Centre, Creative Writing at Galway Technical Institute, and is Creative Writing Director for the NUI Galway Summer School. He is poetry critic of *The Galway Advertiser*. He has published four collections of poetry with Salmon, *The Ghost in the Lobby* (2014), *Frightening New Furniture* (2010), *Time Gentlemen, Please* (2008), and his best-selling first collection, *The Boy With No Face* (2005), which was shortlisted for the 2006 Strong Award for Best First Collection by an Irish poet. His poetry is discussed in *The Cambridge Introduction to Modern Irish Poetry* and features in the anthology *Identity Parade: New British and Irish Poets* (ed. Roddy Lumsden, Bloodaxe, 2010) and in *The Hundred Years' War: Modern War Poems* (ed. Neil Astley, Bloodaxe, April 2014). A collection of his essays and book reviews, *Mentioning the War*, was published by Salmon Poetry in 2012. His poetry has been translated into Greek, Spanish, Italian, Japanese, Russian, and Portuguese. In 2014 his poetry was the subject of a paper 'The Case of Kevin Higgins, or, The Present State of Irish Poetic Satire' presented by David Wheatley at a Symposium on Satire at the University of Aberdeen. *2016 – The Selected Satires of Kevin Higgins* was published by NuaScéalta in early 2016. A pamphlet of his political poems *The Minister For Poetry Has Decead* was published in 2016 by the Culture Matters imprint of the UK-based Manifesto Press. His most recent book *Song of Songs 2.0: New & Selected Poems* is published by Salmon.

Fiona Honor Hurley has been published in *Crannóg* and *Number Eleven*, and her articles have appeared on Bootsnall.com and SavvyAuntie.com. <https://taleswildatlantic.wordpress.com>

Martin Keaveney has had fiction, poetry and flash published in Ireland, the UK and the US, in *Crannóg*, *The Crazy Oik* and *Burning Word* among others. His play *Coathanger* was selected for development at the Scripts Ireland festival in 2016. He has a BA and MA in English and is currently a PhD candidate at NUIG.

Craig Kurtz versifies Restoration plays. Excerpts appear in *California Quarterly*, *Dream Catcher*, *Papercuts* and *Penn Review*. <http://antickcomedies.blogspot.com/>

Eamonn Lynskey is a poet and essayist. His third poetry collection is *It's Time*, (Salmon, 2017) www.eamonnlynkey.com

Anne Mac Darby-Beck writes poetry and short stories. She has had work published in such magazines as *Poetry Ireland Review*, *Cyphers*, *THE SHOp*, *The Interpreter's House* and others. She has won several awards including first place in Syllables Poetry Competition.

Eamon Mc Guinness has had poetry, fiction and memoir published in *Boyne Berries*, *Looking at the Stars*, *Skylight 47, Abridged*, *The Honest Ulsterman*, *The Galway Review*, *Bare Hands Poetry*, *The Bohemyth* and *Wordlegs*. He has been shortlisted for the Strokestown International Poetry Prize and for the Cúirt New Writing Poetry and Fiction Prizes, the Penguin/RTÉ Guide short story competition and longlisted for the Over the Edge New Writer of the Year Award. He has recently completed an M.A in Creative Writing in U.C.D.

Deborah Moffatt won the WOW award for poetry in 2015, and the Wigtown Poetry Competition (Gaelic section) in 2015 and 2016. She has published one collection, *Far From Home* (Lapwing, 2004), and is currently working on a collection of poems in Gaelic. She lives in Scotland.

Wendy Mooney has previously been published in *Poetry Ireland Review*, *Crannóg*, *Windows Publications: Authors & Artists*, *New Irish Writing* and several other journals.

Robert Okaji is the author of three chapbooks, his work has appeared or is forthcoming in *High Window*, *Boston Review*, *Into the Void*, *Taos Journal of International Poetry & Art*, *West Texas Literary Review*, and elsewhere.

Linda Opyr was the Nassau County Poet Laureate 2011–13. She is the author of seven collections of poetry and her poems have appeared in numerous anthologies, journals, magazines and newspapers, including *The Hudson Review*, *The Atlanta Review*, *The Paterson Literary Review*, and *The New York Times*. She was the Visiting Poet in the 1999–2000 Writers Series at Roger Williams University. She has been featured in the 2012 Walking With Whitman Series and the 2002–03 Poetry Series at Long Island University, the C.W. Post Campus; and has served on the poetry faculty of the New England Young Writers' Conference at Bread Loaf. In April 2001 the Suffolk County Legislature presented her with a Proclamation for her work. She holds a Doctor of Arts degree in English and American Literature from St John's University. She was a featured poet in the Bailieborough Poetry Festival in 2017. She lives on Long Island, New York.

Csilla Toldy's poems have appeared in online and print magazines such as *Poetry Monthly*, *Snakeskin*, *Fortnight*, *Lagan Online*, *Sarasvati*, *A New Ulster*, *The Honest Ulsterman*, *Poethead*. She has a chapter of poetry in *Mothers and Sons: Centering Mother Knowledge* published by Demeter Press, Canada. She has two poetry chapbooks published by Lapwing Publications Belfast, *Red Roots - Orange Sky* and *The Emigrant Woman's Tale*.

Madelaine Nerson Mac Namara's work has been published in *Southword*, *THE SHOp*, *Crannóg*, *Cyphers*, *The Cork Literary Review 2016*, and in *The Deep Heart's Core* anthology (Dedalus Press, 2017). She was guest reader at Ó Bhéal, Cork, 2016. Her first collection *The Riddle of Waterfalls* (Bradshaw Books, 2015) was shortlisted for the Strong/Shine Awards 2016.

Jessamine O Connor facilitates The Hermit Collective, and the weekly Wrong Side of the Tracks Writers. She recently won the *Poetry Ireland* Butler's Cafe Competition 2017, previously won the iYeats and the Francis Ledwidge awards, and has been shortlisted for several more including the Hennessy and the Over The Edge New Writer of the Year. She judged the New Roscommon Writing Award 201 and the 2017 Roscommon Poets Prize for Strokestown Poetry Festival. Three of her chapbooks are available from www.jessamineoconnor.com. A fourth is published by Black Light Engine Room Press and was launched at the Crossing the Tees Book Festival in June 2017.

Knute Skinner's collected poems, *Fifty Years: Poems 1957–2007*, was published by Salmon in 2007. A limited edition of his poems, translated into Italian by Roberto Nassi, appeared from Damocle Edizioni, Chioggia, Italy. *Help Me to a Getaway* – a memoir (2010), and *Concerned Attentions* – poetry (2013) appeared from Salmon. His latest collection, *Against All Odds*, was published by Lapwing in November 2016.

Gerard Smyth has published ten collections, including *A Song of Elsewhere* (Dedalus Press, 2015), *The Fullness of Time: New and Selected Poems* (Dedalus Press, 2010) and *The Yellow River*, a collaboration with artist Seán McSweeney (Solstice Arts Centre, 2017). He was the 2012 recipient of the O'Shaughnessy Poetry Award presented by the University of St Thomas in Minnesota and is co-editor, with Pat Boran, of *If Ever You Go: A Map of Dublin in Poetry and Song* (Dedalus Press) which was Dublin's One City One Book in 2013.

Jean Tuomey facilitates writing groups in Mayo and trained as a writing facilitator with the National Association for Poetry Therapy in the USA. She is published in *Crannóg*, *Fish Anthology*, *Stony Thursday* and *Washing Windows*.

Phil Vernon's poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Other Poetry*, *Ink Sweat & Tears*, *Elbow Room*, *Gold Dust*, *Pennine Platform* and the *Kent and Sussex Folio*. He has been shortlisted and commended in various competitions, most recently in the Shepton Mallet Festival and the Out of Place poetry and music collaboration. <https://philvernon.net>.

Karla Van Vliet is the author of two collections of poems, *From the Book of Remembrance* and *The River From My Mouth*. She is an Edna St. Vincent Millay Poetry Prize 2016 finalist and was nominated for a 2015 Pushcart Prize. Her poems have appeared in *Poet Lore*, *Blue Heron Review*, *The Tishman Review*, *Green Mountains Review*, *Crannóg* and others. Her chapbook *Fragments: From the Lost Book of the Bird Spirit* is forthcoming from Folded Word. She is a co-founder and editor of *deLuge Journal*, a literary and arts journal, as well as the administrator of the New England Young Writers' Conference at Bread Loaf, Middlebury College.

Andrea Ward has worked as a secondary teacher of English and Art in Ireland and South Africa. She has published articles and book reviews in educational and theological journals. She is a contributor to RTE's *Sunday Miscellany*.

Ali Znaidi is the author of several chapbooks, including *Experimental Ruminations* (Fowlpox Press, 2012), *Moon's Cloth Embroidered with Poems* (Origami Poems Project, 2012), *Bye, Donna Summer!* (Fowlpox Press, 2014), *Taste of the Edge* (Kind of a Hurricane Press, 2014), and *Mathemaku x5* (Spacecraft Press, 2015). He lives in Redeyef, Tunisia. aliznaidi.blogspot.com.

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