

A Hive of Home

I am unreasonably fond of home. There should be some word like *uxorious* to describe how I am about home (I've always wanted to meet a *uxorious* man, haven't you?). Now that I'm back at work I have no option but to have homes everywhere. I have a home in the 8th floor bathroom of the Design Center. I have a home in the 2nd floor Ladies in Carr House. I have a holiday home in the Men's Restroom next door to my office. Bathrooms make excellent homes & I have them all over campus & indeed all over Providence, e.g., Borders, the Providence Place Mall, the Brown Book Store. All the libraries. Libraries are *de facto* homes. Bookstores are hotels. Hotels are homes though I don't usually stay in them in Providence. A bus can be a good home. Even your own seat at a meeting or reading can be home. Or the third seat in the seventh row in the movie theatre. Bus shelters & telephone booths in Ireland were wonderful homes, as were a pair of shoes, especially if they didn't leak, but come now I'm beginning to get nostalgic. A tread on an escalator can be home, albeit fleetingly. A table makes a very good home, though not in a restaurant generally. I mean the desk kind of table. A place in line at the bank can be quite homey. I find it possible to go to work as long as I can duck home every now & again. My daughters think I have a weak bladder but it's not that. I think home may very well be a certain amount of space & silence around my very own self. I slot myself into it whenever possible. Stationary slots work best though a car is an excellent home, even at full tilt.

Mairéad Byrne

'A Hive of Home' from *Talk Poetry* (Miami University Press, 2007)



'Menu of Poems' is a project of Arts + Health Coordinators Ireland and is kindly supported by Poetry Ireland and the Health Service Executive, Health Promotion.

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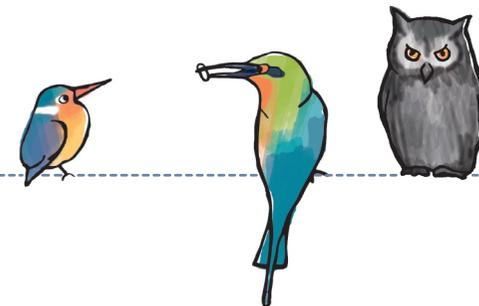
To download a copy go to: www.artsandhealth.ie Please email your comments to: menu.of.poems.2013@gmail.com

a Gathering Place

a menu of poems 2013

In celebration of All Ireland Poetry Day 2013, we offer a Menu of Poems that caters to various literary tastes and appetites. Poems that investigate 'gathering places' of many varieties feature here. This Menu of Poems is intended for distribution throughout a range of healthcare settings in Ireland. Study the menu for as long as you like — and enjoy!

With best wishes,
Alice Lyons, Editor
& the Advisory Group



Postcard

Cranes, egrets, kingfishers, pelicans, eagles, blue-tailed bee-eaters (five in a row on a wire) crows, many many crows. Owls, herons, swifts or maybe swallows, I never can tell. German birds. English birds. Sri Lankan birds in saris of many colours. Crows, more crows. Bird in blue bikini still on beach night falling xxx

Paula Cunningham

'Postcard' is excerpted from the poem 'The Birds of Sri Lanka' from *Heimlich's Manoeuvre* (Smith Doorstop, 2013)



Sea Violet

We have little need of words, you and I,
on a day that throws no shadow,
we know this shore,
this theatre our hammering house,
sun chiseling through clouds.

I want to cheer, run,
sweep my tongue over this day,
the way your dog streaks the dunes, wheels
at the sound of your voice calling him to heel.

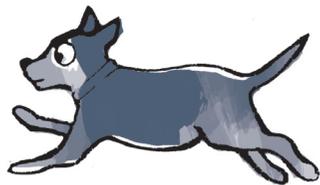
I stay by your side, fall into your rhythm.
Your back stiffens as I tell you
of a toddler in navy shorts,
a young mother and a June day.

And you tell me of porpoises dancing
offshore, where coral lies, and how
to recognise the coming and going of tides.

As though there were no where else to be,
I name this day, bite into its brine,
lean my head to its song,
its neap-tide, its hemline quilted
with stones, polished moons.

Peggie Gallagher

'Sea Violet' from *Tilth* (Arlen House, 2013)



'Menu of Poems' is a joint initiative between Arts for Health Partnership Programme West Cork, Waterford Healing Arts Trust, Galway University Hospitals Arts Trust, West Cork Mental Health Services, Naas General Hospital Arts Committee, Arts in Health at Cork University Hospital and the Arts Initiative in Mental Health. A *Gathering Place* has been coordinated by the Arts Initiative in Mental Health, a programme of the Mental Health Services Sligo Leitrim.

Misconception

This is a poem about a moon
that was visible one clear day
in December: three quarters visible -
buttermilk against delphinium -
as framed in a pane of this window:
and a sequence of airplanes
with short contrails, swimming
through the blue, in its direction,
particularly the first seemed sure
to merge with the stationary orb -
but missed it by what looked like
little more than a millimetre.

Olive Broderick

'Misconception' from *Darkhaired* (Templar Poetry, 2010)
was winner of the Hennessey X. O. Literary Award in 2009



To make a table
you need wood
to make the wood
you need a tree
to make the tree
you need a seed
to make the seed
you need fruit
to make the fruit
you need a flower
to make a table
you need a flower

Gianni Rodari - translated by Maurice Scully

'to make a table' from *5 Freedoms of Movement*
(Galloping Dog Press, 1987 & etruscan books, 2001)