

MATERIALpoetry

STUDIOpractice

Coracle for STUDIOpractice  
ISBN 978-0-906630-43-3  
[www.coracle.ie](http://www.coracle.ie)

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Photographs by Andrew Bradley  
Editorial design by Simon Cutts  
Layout design by Colin Sackett  
Printed and bound in China

Distributed in the U.K. and Europe by  
Cornerhouse Publications  
70 Oxford Street, Manchester M1 5NH  
[www.cornerhouse.org](http://www.cornerhouse.org)

*altered porcelain, solid sycamore, manganese-rich glaze, corrugated cardboard, beech, silver, oak, stoneware, white Japanese handmade paper, clay, ash wood, polypropylene, white precious metal, willow rods (s. purpurea), oxidized cast silver, a sheep's jaw, nylon-coated stainless steel, glass, rock crystal, Irish bog-oak, bullseye reactive glass, flax-clay, elastic, teeth, felt, white oiled olive ash, gold*

A list of such materials could be the starting point for artists to craft a series of objects, each formed by the skill and knowledge acquired through long years of practice. As to the title of this project, the Oxford English Dictionary defines poetry as *a quality of beauty and intensity of emotion regarded as characteristic of poems*.

This could aptly describe the work produced here in this book and exhibition. The challenge has always been to show the work in interesting ways, to develop partnerships that are unexpected and to have the results viewed by audiences in a new light. STUDIOpractice is about changing those expectations, challenging views and creating dialogues. This exhibition MATERIALpoetry is the first manifestation of this endeavour. Over the next three years we will continue to record these conversations and produce further exhibitions which will help define an emerging design voice from contemporary Ireland.

Brian Kennedy  
STUDIOpractice 2010

*Beith*, birch; *Luis*, blaze or herb; *Fearn*, alder;  
*Sail*, willow; *Nion*, fork or loft; *Uath*, horror or  
fear; *Dair*, oak; *Tinne*, bar of metal or ingot;  
*Coll*, hazeltree; *Ceirt*, oak; *Muin*, love or ruse  
or neck; *Gort*, field or garden; *nGéadal*, killing;  
*Straif*, sulphur; *Ruis*, red or redness; *Ailm*, pine-  
tree; *Onn*, ashtree; *Úr*, gold or earth or clay;  
*Eadhadh*, aspen; *lodhadh*, yew

The letters of Ogham, the earliest Irish alphabet, encompass and embody the materials which craft makes into the objects we live with—wood, clay, fire, gold, glaze—so that poems fashioned from those letters are haunted by the same wonders foraged in the world by other makers. Just as Irish writing in English is haunted by the ghost of the Irish language, by the shapes of the old orthography. In the entry hall here at the American Irish Historical Society is a large bronze plaque, commemorating the founders, overarched with the motto, in the defunct alphabet of the living language, *Tír gan teanga, Tír gan anam*—A land without a tongue is a land without a soul. The Society's Cultural Award, given this year to poet Seamus Heaney, is a plexiglass prism designed and incised by the artist Brian O'Doherty/Patrick Ireland with the words, in Ogham, ONE HERE NOW. As the late Michael Hartnett writes, in a poem regathered within:

*Chaonaic mé, mar scáileanna,  
mo spailpíní fánacha,  
is in ionad sleán nó rámhainn acu  
bhí rós ar ghualainn chách.*

I saw like phantoms  
my fellow-workers  
and instead of spades and shovels  
they had roses on their shoulders.

Skills, the mastery of materials, the discipline required to endure through the making of new and difficult things—all of these can be made to seem to vanish, real and necessary as they are, can genuinely

vanish, all seeming aside, in the finished, released object. Each minute of the day the sea at any given point where it meets the shore is building a tideline it is working to unbuild. An art that accepts the making and unmaking it visits and receives, as the world accepts the changes made upon it as it works, is not an art we have been familiar with until now. In the end, or in the absence of an end, rather, acceptance—of what the hand does, what the eye sees, what the day brings—is the hardest turn, the most simple.

Christopher Cahill

Executive Director, The American Irish Historical Society



Words and the makers



The poems that are scattered through the pages of this book make up a random, even quirky selection. They are not intended as representative of Irish Poetry at large, but are chosen for their hard, knotty qualities, to be arranged amongst the works of other writers and makers. The selection could be varied many ways to arrive at the same thing.

*Paralipomenal*, from the Greek, means 'left out, left on one side'. Seamus Heaney's poem has not been reprinted before and a number of poets in the present selection are not usually found in each other's company. Some of the poems are properly well known, others have been oddly overlooked. All of them employ craft in the service of art, all of them are Irish in one way or another, and the diverse ends served by these means position the selection at an angle to some habitual suppositions about Irish poetry. Some truths are better told slant.

The original meaning of *craft*—preserved in Danish, Dutch, German, Icelandic and Norwegian—is 'strength, power, force'. The transference to 'skill, art or skilled occupation' appears to have taken place exclusively in the English language. The word *craftsman* as a synonym for *artist* is a recent development (during the last 150–200 years), although *craft* in poetry has been recognised for much longer. See Chaucer *Parlement of Fowles*: "The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne." It happens that a poem by the Scots Chaucerian, William Dunbar's 'Lament for the Makaris', is one of most celebrated poems on poetry as Greek *ποιεῖν, ποιεῖν*; that is, 'to make, create or produce' and equally 'to compose or write'.

Although the Oxford English Dictionary does not confirm a connection between *quirky* and Latin *quercus*, meaning 'oak' and therefore 'tough or difficult to work', there is a pleasing coincidence in it. Makers work against, around and with their materials to discover what they must trust is the fitting solution. With words or wood or any other medium, the business of making is a humbling experience. When self-importance gets the upper hand, the result is a betrayal of trust and an imposition on the public.



Eiléan Ní Chuilleanáin / Waters Between

Gazing in the cold at the bright scene  
I reach to stroke the pane revealing the garden;  
And it melts at my touch into a wall  
Where a thousand silver drops are turning, turning away.



White Sculptural Armpiece / Angela O'Kelly



Saved From The Saw / Joe Hogan





Billy Mills / from Logical Fallacies

clear in crisp air hills  
road curves banks carmine  
grey beyond stratified  
light obliquely  
starlings & rock  
in dream wake integrity  
energy discrete flecks on  
a small ball turning  
outer reaches sweet  
insignificance home is

car park invisible river hills  
misted distant not overtly  
out there each clusters discretely  
things that are nothing  
happening here

Seamus Heaney / Dublin 4

Lit carriages ram through our fields at night  
Like promises being speedily withdrawn.  
Awakened by train noise, well-placed, suburban,  
I ask myself is where they were going.

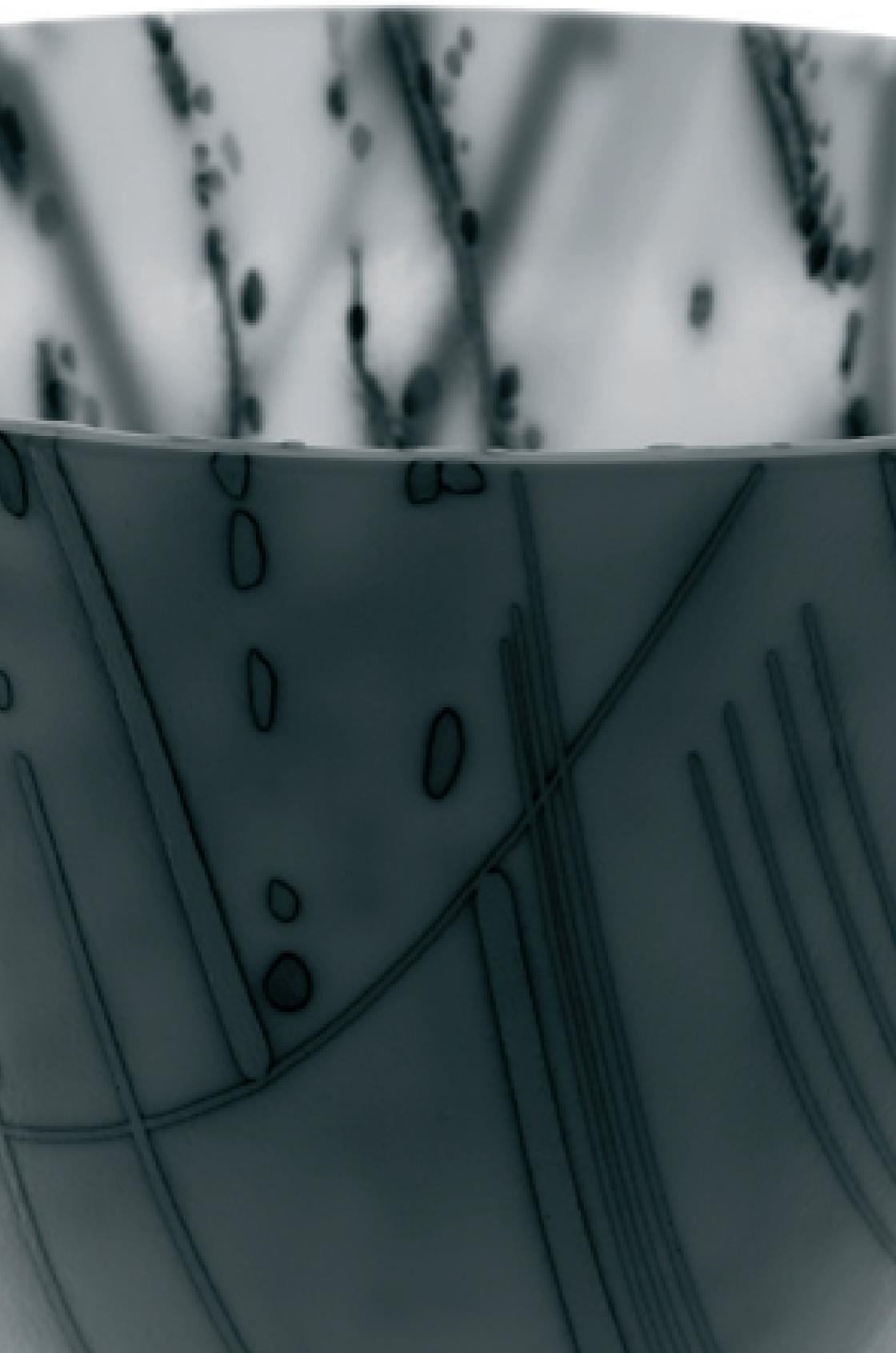
Double-Hipped Vessel No.1 / Sarah Flynn







Temple Offering No.0710A / Karl Harron



Sheila Wingfield / Remote Matters

As long as I can kneel to tell  
Pin-eyed from thrum-eyed primroses  
Or find a small cranesbill  
In rough grass,  
Why should I mind  
If Dunwich is under the sea  
With nine churches drowned?

## Clonmacnois

Along the gently  
Sloping riverbanks  
Of Shannon with its placid flow  
And all its wildfowl,  
Why should the ruins  
Of Clonmacnois,  
Pillaged by savages  
When most renowned and holy—  
Why do its ravages,  
In fact,  
Make the heart easy  
With high calm, tact,  
And harmony?

Pith Vessel / Mark Hanvey





Vona Groarke / Pastoral

I've ruined it. Thirty, forty years from now,  
she'll hear it again  
and it won't be just  
a clarinet cuckoo  
in a thicket of strings  
but her long-dead mother  
in an apron with French cheeses on it,  
turning from the sink to say,  
'Listen, here it comes'.

.

The streetlamp  
of my laptop flicks back on  
and the automatic light upstairs  
flutters two goldfish  
that are the only living things  
inside these walls,  
not counting me.

.

Lilac buds  
on his black sleeve  
is how his pollen  
requires me  
to become  
a clear night sky  
in which new stars,  
thousands of them,  
are called upon  
to bloom.

Kit Fryatt / Ghastlymake

Your fetch is here. His eyes scuttle  
his oval teeth are antic pearls.

His gait is yours and the pitch of his voice.  
You fall into step passing the lychgate.

Try to touch him. Your fingers start  
to skim your drum-taut skin.

We call that the walls of the world.  
It's quite normal and natural

that he should be the other sex  
if you once reflect on it (& own

it cannot be so for everyone.)  
If you take a certain turn

of mind, the seeing him will return  
you home in your own prints.

But your name is what you're called,  
and when you're called he'll come  
carrying, carrying, carrying you home.





Meli Chrysei / Eily O'Connell

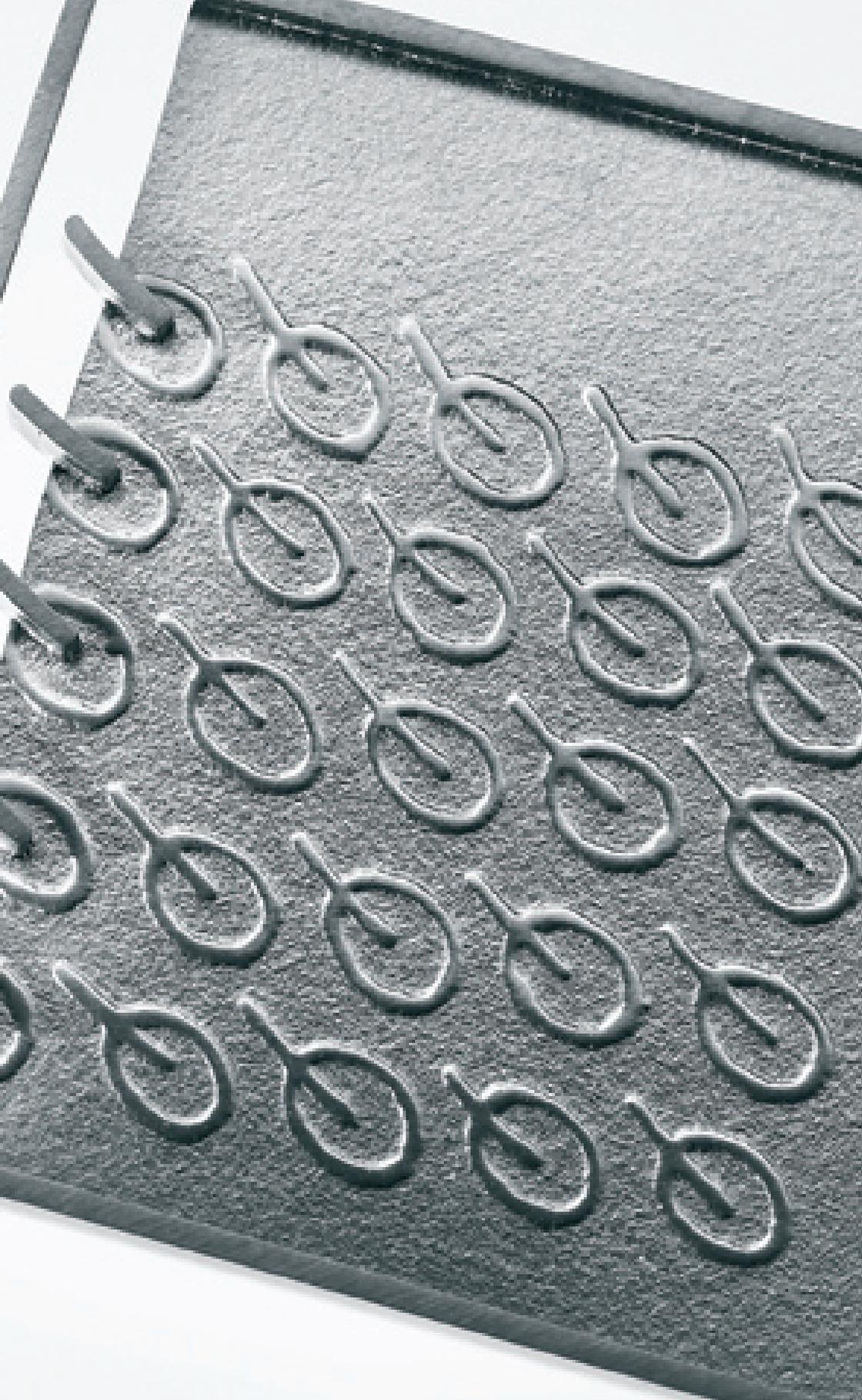
## Eithne Strong / Necessity for Reverance

O potato that I peel  
I am made to know  
your raw appeal  
insidious, oddly,  
not blunt nor coarse  
as might one  
expect from something so  
crudely sprung;  
in some peculiar fashion  
you quietly present  
your claim for reverence,  
you, cockeyed, swarth,  
supporter of my family;  
I feel a vague design  
holds me in curious link  
with you whose peel  
I strip while the Taoiseach  
sits in council.

White Sculptural Neckpiece / Rachel McKnight







The Bean Bursts Brooch / Inga Reed





Coffee Service, Architectural Series No.3 / Kevin O'Dwyer



Simon Cutts / The Arklow Box

re-windowed now  
as a greenhouse  
or a holiday home  
in a private garden

used once as a part-time  
telephone exchange  
after the line closed,

with no eave bracket  
and only a plain  
brick base to replace it

tinned-up,  
the frame removed  
retaining a replica  
of its tappets

the old burnt  
gantry box  
instruments intact

fuinneoga nua anois ann  
mar theach gloine  
nó mar theach saoire  
i ngairdín príobháideach

in úsáid tráth mar mahalartán  
teileafóin páirtaimseartha,  
nuair a dúnadh an líne,

gan brac sceimhle  
is gan ach bonn bríce lom  
ina áit

stánaithe,  
an fráma bainte de  
macasamhail  
dá chniogóga ann

an seanbhosca geantraí  
dóite  
na huirlisí slán

## Augustus Young

The bells  
we rang on a daytrip  
by taxi to Mount Melleray;

Cells  
to visit, a picnic  
in a quiet field of celery.

Not a word  
allowed me when left behind—  
my tongue was in a trap.

Don't remember  
the monk who was kind  
or the family coming back.

## Nighthawk

Nobody in Bruno's bar.  
Snow outside.  
The seats piled up for closure.

But he pours me a brandy.  
And himself one.  
We both need it  
with a morsel of sugar.

He has interior designs  
on the female soul.  
Me, on a poem.

## My Last Book

I wrote a book  
in my head. It had no cover  
except my hair. As for binding  
it was stitched together  
by the sutures of my skull.  
It's spine I suppose is mine.

The pages contained nothing  
except my brain. Words  
were not necessary, the ideas  
floated around. I forget them.  
There cannot be any readers.  
It was a good book while it lasted.

Perforated Form No.3 / Frances Lambe







Meniscus / Cara Murphy

## Seán Dunne / Sisters

### Martha

Her mind a packed picnic basket,  
a woman so busy she calls  
boys by brothers' names and longs  
for hours alone in olive groves.  
Her dreamy sister hunkers near the low-  
voiced visitor whose talk she'd follow  
if goats were gathered and basil plucked.

## Mary

To sit in silence and listen  
as pots chortle and oil in urns  
warms near a sunlit doorway—  
an act more simple than frisking  
crumbs from aprons, or arching  
a fine finger in trails of dust—  
and yet like this to enter history.

Oak Vessels No.13 & 14 / Liam Flynn





Michael Hartnett / The Last Vision of Eoghan Rua Ó Súilleabháin

The cow of morning spurted  
milk-mist on each glen  
and the noise of feet came  
from the hills' white sides.

I saw like phantoms  
my fellow-workers  
and instead of spades and shovels  
they had roses on their shoulders.

## Fís Dheireanach Eoghan Rua Uí Shúilleabháin

Do thál bó na maidine  
ceo bainne ar gach gleann  
is tháinig glór cos anall  
ó shleasa bána na mbeann.  
Chaonaic mé, mar scáileanna,  
mo spailpíní fánacha,  
is in ionad sleán nó rámhainn acu  
bhí rós ar ghualainn chách.

Trevor Joyce [from the late Middle Irish]

Wretched to me  
my own homeland,  
I'd sooner stay in Ulster  
conversing with kings.

Through seventeen years  
among this aristocracy  
they have dealt with me kindly,  
rather kinsfolk than strangers.

I and the mountain lark,  
of a muchness our nature:  
with the wood within reach  
she sleeps in the peat-bog.

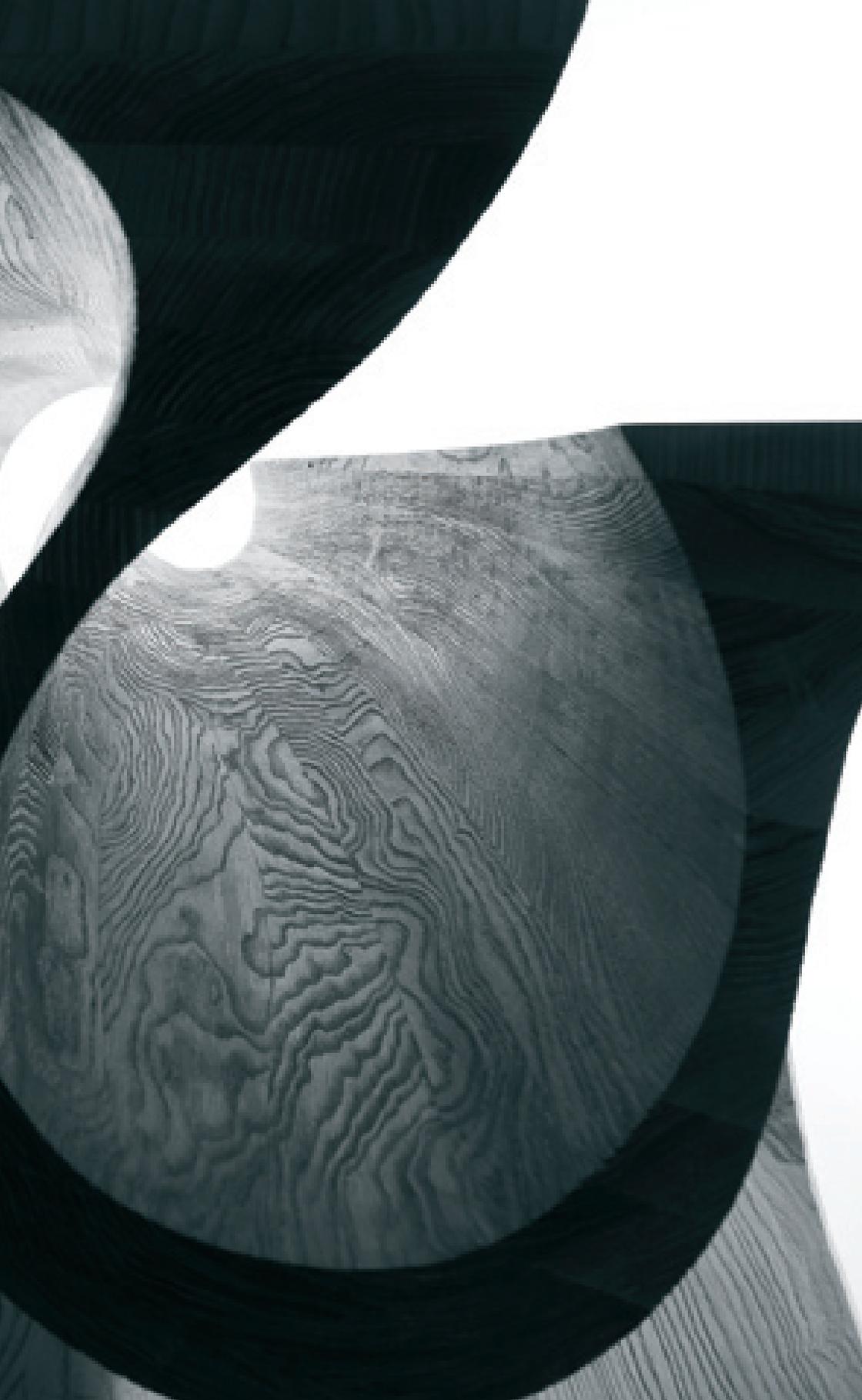
Getting so much from Niall  
what reason to leave him?  
that gentle slender-handed man,  
unequaled.

[This development is obscure.]

.....  
wretched.







Winter Twenty10 / Nest Design





## Maurice Scully / Miniature

Listen: sip coffee from a china cup

still alive

look

good

[glass

good

luck

hot till olives

drop off that tiny tree up

there

till then. Still. Good.

Listen.

*from Fire*

suddenness of what snow does  
on a doorstep when you  
wake to it in the morning  
early before almost anyone

(& why the verb to be  
in so many languages  
at such an angle should be  
so irregular so often)

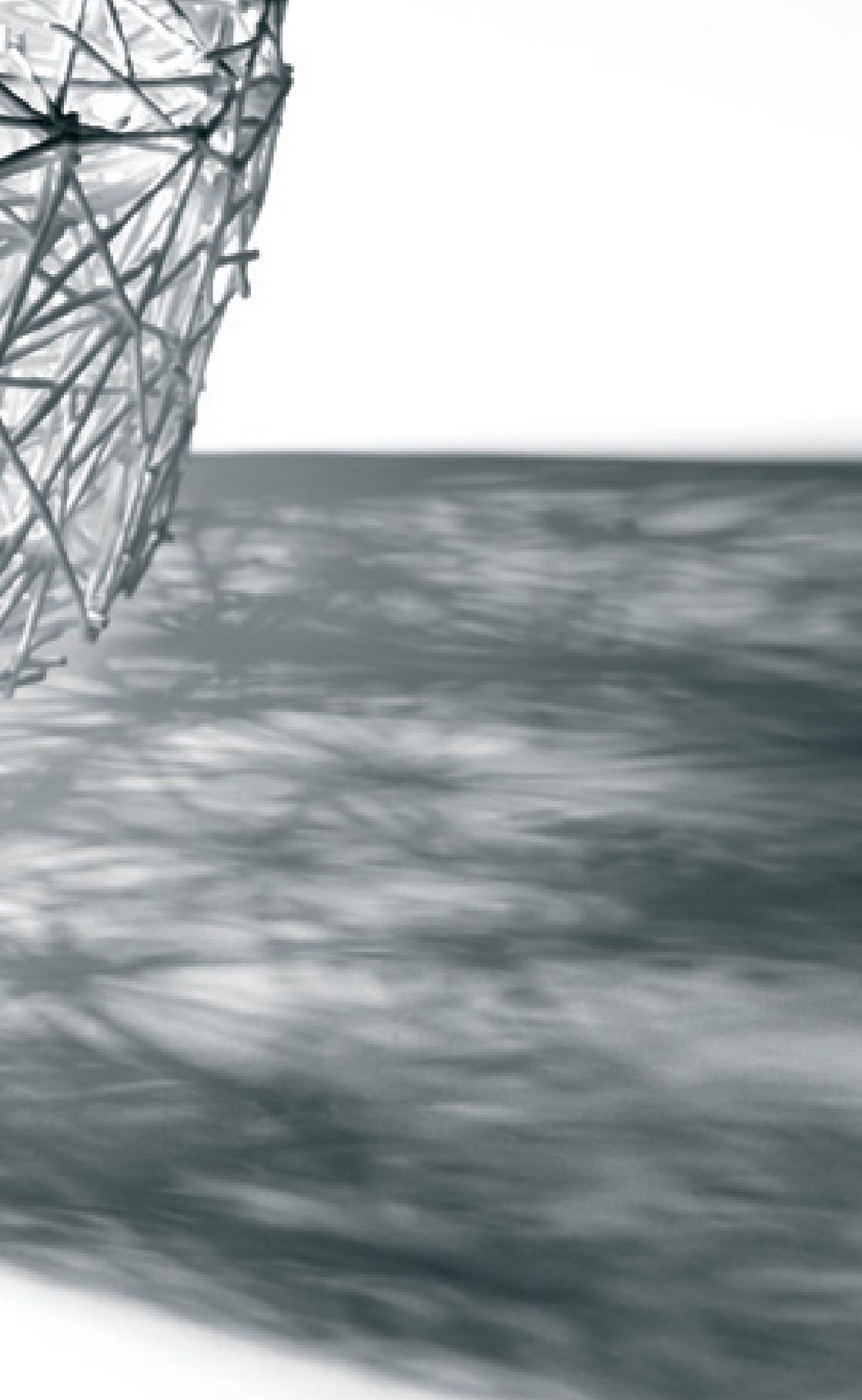
a slate gone there  
emphatic & there too  
yes the wind blew this way  
not that when

(is a mystery to me.  
where were you when they  
named the name of money  
in your name anyway?)

the snow fell graphic many  
ways across you (curls jointures  
loops stops) to make the black & white  
unmelting music of what is



Radiolaria 5 Repeated / Nuala O'Donovan



Brian Coffey / Madame Mallarmé Her Fan

With as with words  
nothing but a wingbeat in sky  
the verse to be breaks free  
from its most treasured home

Wing hung low the herald  
the fan if that it is  
the same through which behind  
you some mirror gleamed

limpid (where will fall again  
pursued each grain of it  
a little invisible ash  
alone distressing me)

such always may it appear  
between your tireless hands.

## Eventail de Madame Mallarmé

Avec comme pour langage  
Rien qu'un battement aux cieux  
Le futur vers se dégage  
Du logis très précieux

Aile tout bas la courrière  
Cet éventail si c'est lui  
Le même par qui derrière  
Toi quelque miroir a lui

Limpide (où va redescendre  
Pourchassée en chaque grain  
Un peu d'invisible cendre  
Seule à me rendre chagrin)

Toujours tel il apparaisse  
Entre tes main sans paresse.

Untitled / Laura Mays







STUDIOpractice



STUDIOpractice is an initiative from Brian Kennedy and Joseph Walsh to create and foster new links between different art forms: design & craft, craft & writing, music & design.

STUDIOpractice aims to bring together design practices and studio makers and to challenge the concepts, creativity and skills of their practices:

- by focusing on new processes and techniques in the studio
- by exposing them to new and alternative approaches to design and making
- resulting in work that represents a physical manifestation of the current debate on the boundaries and common ground between art, design and craft.
- the only way for leading practitioners from different areas to establish discourse and be truly innovative is through problem solving, and through the design and making of new and radical work.

MATERIALpoetry is the first in a series of exhibitions to arise from this initiative, presenting work by 16 of Ireland's leading studio makers alongside collaborative work between O'Donnell+Tuomey Architects, Design Partners and W/Workshop.

## O'Donnell+Tuomey

O'Donnell+Tuomey established their partnership in 1988 and have since developed an international reputation for outstanding cultural and educational architecture. Among their best-known works are the Irish Film Centre, Dublin; the Ranelagh Multi-Denominational School, Dublin; the Furniture College of the Galway-Mayo Institute of Technology (Letterfrack Campus, Galway); the Sean O'Casey Community Centre, Dublin, and the Lewis Glucksman Gallery at the University of Cork. The firm also won a competition in 2009 to design the new student centre for the London School of Economics (illustrated detail).

The practice has been selected for more than 50 national and international awards and commendations over the past 20 years, and has been shortlisted as finalists for major European awards. It has won the AAI Downes Medal for Excellence in Architectural Design seven times in the 13 years in which it has been awarded, and in 2005 received the RIAI Gold Medal, the highest award in Irish Architecture.

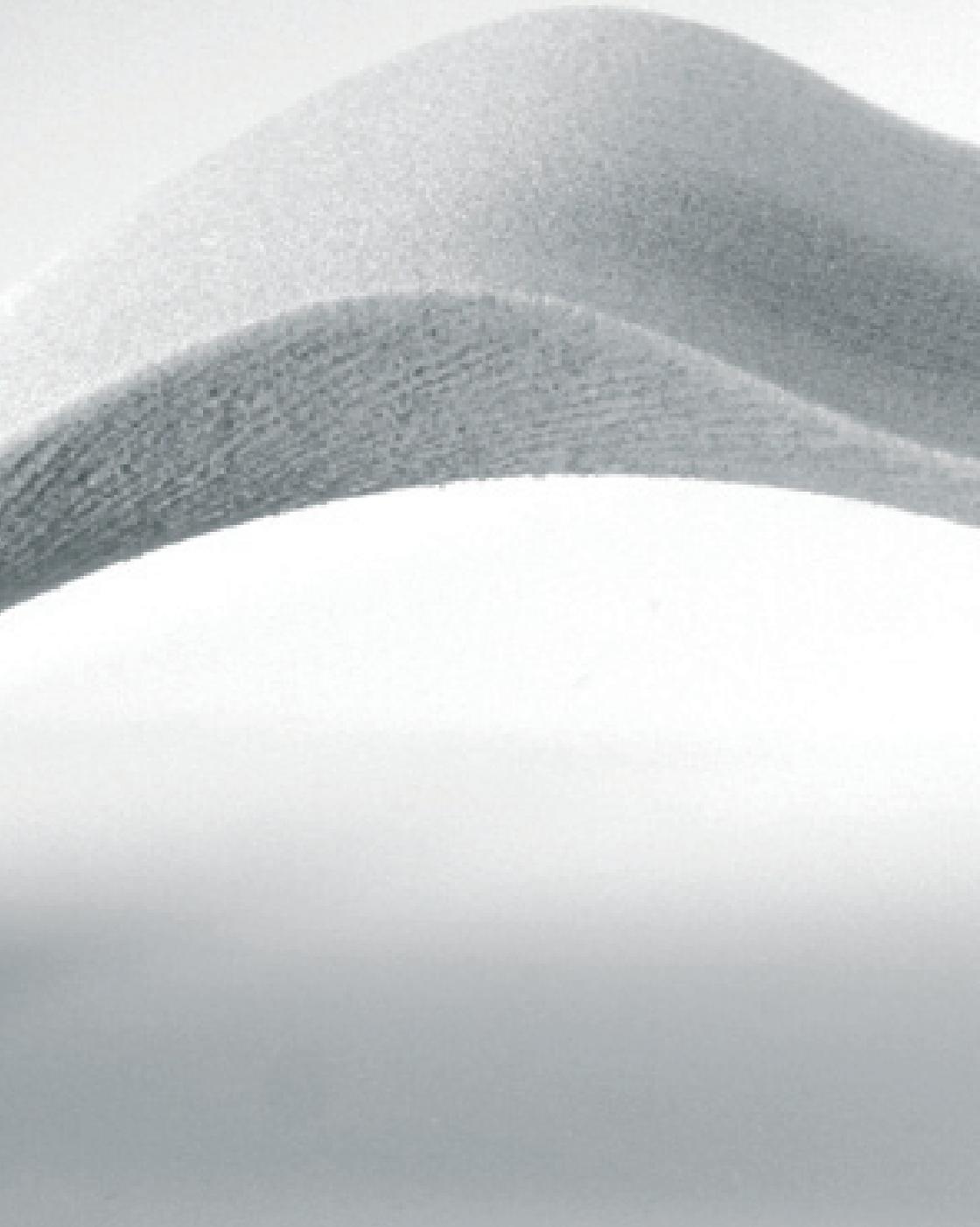
[www.odonnell-tuomey.ie](http://www.odonnell-tuomey.ie)

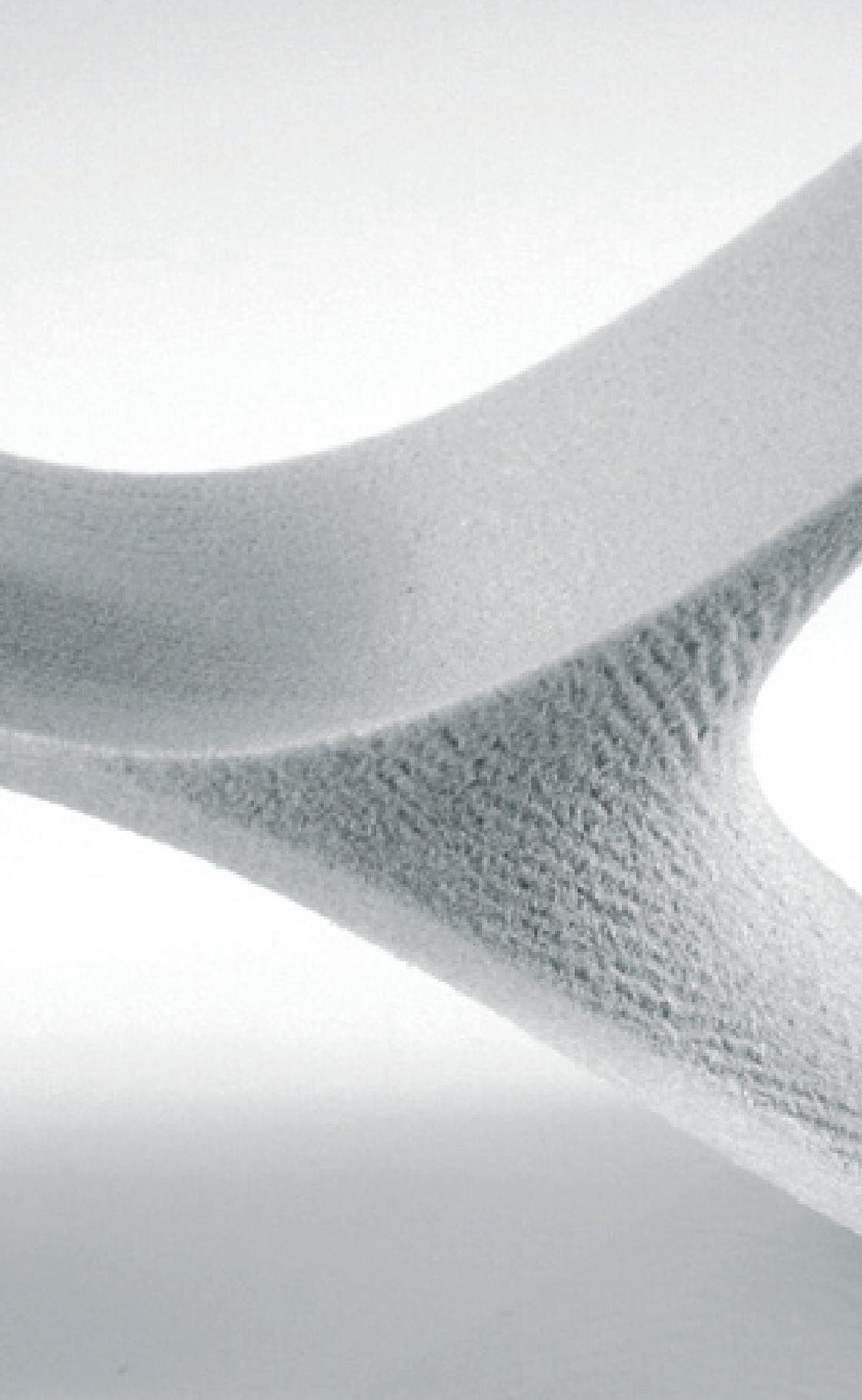






Drift / Cathal Loughnane, Peter Sheehan – Design Partners





## Design Partners

An award winning Dublin based industrial design consultancy recognized for its ground-breaking designs for brands such as Palm, Dell, Logitech and HP. By creating landmark product designs, including the MX Revolution for Logitech, the Treo Smart Phone for Palm, and the Trilogy range for Le Creuset, the team has helped evolving brands establish leadership in their respective categories.

The work of the consultancy has been recognized by major international design awards including the G mark in Japan, the Janus award in France and an IDSA gold award in the United States. Design Partners work has been exhibited in the Museum of Modern art in New York and in SFMOMA in San Francisco. Brian Stephens, the founding designer of the firm, sees STUDIOpractice as a real opportunity for dialogue between leaders in their field and an opportunity to bring to the marketplace some exciting and innovative products that will combine world-class design and manufacturing.

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

## W/Workshop

Founded in 1999 to produce the furniture of Irish designer Joseph Walsh, W/Workshop has become one of the leading studio workshops in Europe, fusing mastery in making with innovative techniques to realize Walsh's challenging works. In order to continuously develop its knowledge base and push the boundaries of what is possible, W/Workshop has initiated linkages over the years with established professionals such as Arup Consulting Engineers (who provide GSA Analysis) and Robert Ingham (former principle of Parnham College 1976–1996). It has also built an international team who come from backgrounds such as the Furniture College Letterfrack, Ireland, Shinrin Takumi Juku, Japan, and Les Compagnons Du Devoir, France.

Today W/Workshop continues to build skills and accumulate its knowledge of working with solid wood: carving and shaping, bending and manipulating, often employing wood in ways normally associated with engineering.

[www.wworkshop.ie](http://www.wworkshop.ie)



Makers



## Objects / Photographs by Andrew Bradley

Angela O'Kelly / White Sculptural Armpiece  
White Japanese paper, felt, elastic; 16 x 7cm, 2009

Joe Hogan / Saved From The Saw  
Willow rods (*S. purpurea*) and ash wood; 68 x 46 x 45cm, 2008

Rachel McKnight / White Sculptural Neckpiece  
Polypropylene, silver, nylon-coated stainless steel; 62cm long, 2009

Sara Flynn / Double-Hipped Vessel No.1  
Thrown and altered porcelain, manganese-rich glaze; 21cm high, 2010

Karl Harron / Temple Offering No.0710A  
Fused, diamond-engraved and fire-polished, bullseye reactive glass and precious metal, silver; 34 x 23cm dia, 2010

Mark Hanvey / Pith Vessel  
Beech; 19 x 24cm, 2010

Eily O'Connell / Meli Chrysei  
Cast silver, oxidized, a sheep's jaw, teeth, glass and rock crystal; 20cm dia, 2010

Inga Reed / The Bean Bursts Brooch  
Silver, 18ct gold; 5 x 5cm, 2010

Kevin O'Dwyer / Coffee Service, Architectural Series No.3  
Sterling silver, bog oak; 30 x 46 x 43cm, 2009

Frances Lambe / Perforated Form No.3  
Ceramic, stoneware clay; 26 x 13 x 10cm, 2010

Cara Murphy / Meniscus  
Silver; 26 x 49 x 6cm, 2009

Liam Flynn / Oak Vessels No.13 & 14  
Oak, 32 x 21cm; 2010

Joseph Walsh / Erosion – Low Table  
White oiled olive ash; 161 x 55 x 87cm, 2009

Neil and Annabel McCarthy for Nest Design / Winter Twenty10  
Solid sycamore; 188 x 36 x 83.5cm, 1/10, 2010

Nuala O'Donovan / Radiolaria 5 Repeated  
Porcelain flaxclay; 50 x 43 x 29cm, 2009

Laura Mays for Yaffe Mays / Untitled  
Corrugated cardboard; 40 x 55 x 90cm, 2010

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Writers



## Biographies

Brian Coffey was born in Dublin in 1905. Having qualified in both the arts and the sciences in University College, Dublin, he went to Paris. In the late forties and early fifties, he taught philosophy at St. Louis University, Missouri. Returning to Europe in 1954, he worked as a teacher of mathematics in England until his retirement. Brian Coffey's first book was *Poems*, a joint publication with Denis Devlin in 1930, which caused Samuel Beckett to describe them as "without question the most interesting of the youngest generation of Irish poets". He died in 1995. His translation from Mallarmé reprinted here first appeared in *salute/verse/circumstance* from form books in 1994.

Simon Cutts is a poet, artist, and editor, who has developed Coracle Press over the last thirty years in its many publicational forms. His own concern is with the book and its mechanisms as a manifestation of the poem itself. He lives in Ireland with Erica Van Horn. 'The Arklow Box' was published by Wurm im Apfel as part of their Wurmfest in 2009.

Seàn Dunne was a Waterford born writer who spent most of his years based in Cork City. After graduating from U.C.C., he worked as a journalist with The Irish Examiner and as a literary editor and poet. He died in 1995 at the age of 39. His poem 'Sisters' is taken from his *Collected Poems*, Gallery Press, 2005.

Kit Fryatt is a lecturer in English at the Mater Dei Institute of Education, Dublin. She won this year's Stinging Fly Prize for her poem 'Ghastlymake', which appeared in the Winter 2009–10 edition. She lives in Co. Laois and organizes the reading series Wurm im Apfel.

Vona Groarke was born in Edgeworthstown, Co Longford, in 1964, and grew up on a farm outside Athlone. Among her awards are the Hennessy Award for Poetry, the Brendan Behan Memorial Prize, Strokestown International Poetry Award, and the Stand Magazine Poetry Prize. She lives in North Carolina where she teaches at Wake Forest University. Her poem 'Pastoral' is taken from the collection *Spindrift*, Gallery Press, 2009

Michael Hartnett / Micheál Ó hAirtnéide was born in Co Limerick in 1944 and lived in Dublin for many years. He was poetry editor of The Irish Times for a period. He was a recipient of an American Fund Literary Award in 1999. His poem here is taken from *A Necklace of Wrens*, Gallery Press, 1987.

Seamus Heaney was born in 1939, and is a poet, writer and lecturer who was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1995 and the T. S. Eliot Prize in 2006. He currently lives in Dublin. His poem 'Dublin 4' was used as part of the Poems on the Dart series. His new book *Human Chain* is due from Faber in September 2010.

Trevor Joyce was born in Dublin in 1947, and co-founded New Writers' Press in 1967 with Michael Smith. His poetry employs a wide range of forms and techniques, ranging from traditional to modern experimentalism. He has published notable versions from Chinese and from the middle-Irish, which he refers to as *workings* rather than *translations* to emphasize that they are poetic re-imaginings in the tradition of Ezra Pound rather than straight translations. His poem here is taken from *Courts of Earth and Air*, Shearsman Books, 2008.

Billy Mills is an Irish experimental poet. He was born in Dublin in 1954 and lives in Limerick. He is the founder and co-editor, with Catherine Walsh, of the hardPressed Poetry imprint and *The Journal*. The goal of hardPressed Poetry is to publish and distribute mainly Irish poetry that you won't often find in your local bookshop. His two poems from 'Logical Fallacies' are taken from *Lares/Manes*, Shearsman Books, 2009.

Eiléan Ní Chuilleanáin was educated at University College Cork and The University of Oxford. She is a Fellow of Trinity College Dublin where she is an associate professor of English Literature specialising in the Renaissance. Her poem 'Waters Between' is taken from *The Rose-Geranium*, Gallery Press, 1981.

Maurice Scully, born in Dublin in 1952, is a poet who works in the modernist tradition, and was educated at Trinity College. He has been editor of numerous magazines and organizer of many series of readings. 'Miniature' included here is an unpublished poem, and the extract from 'Fire' is taken from *livelihood*, Wild Honey Press, 2004.

Eithne Strong was born in Limerick in 1925. She won The Kilkenny Design Award for *Flesh – The Greatest Sin* in 1991. Her poem 'Necessity for Reverence' is taken from the collection *Spatial Nosing*, Salmon Poetry, 1993.

Sheila Wingfield 1906–1992 was born in Hampshire, married Viscount Powerscourt in 1932 and lived at Enniskerry, Co. Wicklow. When she married, she found her husband liked farming and nothing else, and he extracted from her a promise that while he lived, she would never associate with literary people. Her *Collected Poems, 1938–1983*, were published in Enitharmon Press in 1983, from which these poems are taken.

Augustus Young is the pen name of James Hogan, who was born in Cork, in 1943. The autofiction *Light Years* was his first full length work in prose, re-enacting Augustus Young's literary development as a published poet from childhood days in Cork up to nineteen sixties London. His poems here are taken from *Rosemaries*, Labryinth Press 2008, and 'Nighthawks' from the sequence 'What's Happening', and 'My Last Book' from 'Flats and Sharps', both from No.2 of his own website publication, 2010.

## Acknowledgements

To J. C. C. Mays for his help in selecting and introducing the poems used in this interspersed anthology. To Enitharmon Press, form books, Labryinth Press, Salmon Poetry, Shearsman Books, Wild Honey Press. To Seamus Heaney, and Jonathan Williams for Poems on the Dart. 'Sisters' by Seán Dunne by kind permission of the Estate of Seán Dunne and The Gallery Press, Loughcrew, Oldcastle, County Meath, from *Collected* (2005). 'Pastoral' by Vona Groarke by kind permission of the author and The Gallery Press, from *Spindrift* (2009). 'The Last Vision of Eoghan Rua Ó Súilleabháin' by Michael Hartnett by kind permission of the Estate of Michael Hartnett and The Gallery Press, from *A Necklace of Wrens* (1987). 'Waters Between' by Eiléan Ní Chuilleanáin by kind permission of the author and The Gallery Press, from *The Rose-Geranium* (1981). To all the individual makers and poets.

The American Irish Historical Society was founded in 1897, and is an international center of scholarship, education and cultural enrichment dedicated to promoting the significant, on-going contributions to the United States of America made by Irish immigrants and their descendants. The Society maintains an extensive collection of Irish and American Irish books, newspapers, archives and memorabilia in its headquarters on Fifth Avenue's Museum Mile. Its highly acclaimed literary journal, *The Recorder*, chronicles the surging creativity of Irish writers on both sides of the Atlantic. As a center of the contemporary American Irish experience, the organization sponsors public programs to explore current issues and celebrates the renaissance in Irish culture from its weekly lectures, visual art exhibits and concerts. The Society has been, from its inception, both non-partisan and non-sectarian.





