

Vox Galvia — new Galway writings

submissions to voxgalvia@gmail.com

Vinny Steed was our last editor, handled with ease. Hannah Kiely steps up for this excellent issue. A big thanks to both for job well done. I step up to the plate for the next issue of V.G. so inundate me please, voxgalvia@gmail.com. Summer is upon us, the vaccines are rolling up our sleeves and we will work together to bury this insidious visitor. My heart goes out to my friends in India and hopefully they can get it quelled ASAP. Stay sanguine. James O'Toole.

As Though Love Were A Transaction
Hands meet through folds
of wrought iron bed sheets,
eyes curing the pillowcase
with a prodigal sadness

How tired you are -
inmate of dead weight blues -
with these nightly attempts at escape
breezed by sleeper's breath
chased by streetlight moons

I do nothing

but break my heart on silence
and use the shards to pick your locks
hidden beneath the dark
from Krueger hounds and sirens

you whisper
My patient man,
I owe you one.

Luke Brennan

The Final Brilliance

Drip stands tower eerily above
like denuded masts on the Marie
Celeste.

Around me the cold steel evidence
gleams its harshness in the light
Yet my environs are familiar

Home

Ceaseless knowing pain
finding every neuron's end
Fend it off with conscious relaxation.
nauseousness as in the first trimester

Staving off the longed-for
Sleep

Acrid smells invade my every pore
chlorines for the microbes
Antibiotics for the victorious
chemicals for the malignant

Invaders
Sounds drumming in my brain
door handles dropping, wheels whirring
Footsteps falling, kin converging
worrying whispers sharing sinister
Secrets

All too much too fast too soon
my senses bombarded a now willing
victim

All struggle gone I gaze lifelessly
into the distorted room for
Solace.

A new perfume stillness of sound
a lightening amber hue
Surrounds the gentle loving faces

A brilliant radiance calms my world
stealing me away to
Peace.

Ann O'Dowd

As We Lay
We watched the water, scorned
repeatedly
by the black sand

while the heat leached
from our young bodies
and the sky glowed orange

effervescent like vitamin C
and I thought about earlier,
the sweat and stick and persistence
of the Roman sun;

heat lashed into us like whips
as we beheld stone giants
but now it was soft, lips soothing
where it had burned.

It swelled into me, warmth and
gentleness
after the miles we'd walked that day
it slipped into my mouth
and sat there

while we watched the sky
bleeding onto the sea

The Fraud

I miss the thick trickle of tears
salty skin, this thrashing heart
Instead now the slow tickle
of a banal threat teasing

quick passion pouring once from fingers
now I force these letters one by one
a troubling labour, love-lacking

I thought I knew shame before
pleasure from expressing pain
now it hides in its elusive face

I'm married to a duller claim
jealous of the weeping sky

Aisling Porter

Throwing Crockery

I want to get my hands dirty not to sling mud but melt newness of form
between fingers, smooth the leather of water and clay, to hold something
more certain.

Sometimes silence is kinder, the heel of palm must learn the how of
skimming bumps to fill the scars, the chuck forging the uneven spin of
the wheel until this mishapen thing of ours, neither cup nor bowl, is ready to
hold firm in a heated place.

For until we can slow the spin of our shared earth mould it into a holding
silence is kinder than the fiery flinging of dauby plates.

Sinead Mongan

Dreams of a Dying Earth

Falling, falling between the pines you've waited dreaming still silent sentinel patient snows sculpted with
breath and water from the deepest of wells your finger print falling, falling upon the earth visible only in your
crystalline web clear only in your falling, falling to rest once again with the tapestry of your kin unmediated
unfolding each step of your flurrying dance cherished, reminding those few who glimpse your falling, falling to
breathe, to dance, to tread softly on this dying, dying Earth.

Michael Curran-Dorsano

Bereft

You drove in your bare feet.
I watched you holding the clutch steady.
The sinews in your ankle and foot pulsing slowly under the skin.
They were so strong and supple.
I scanned your face when you watched for oncoming traffic.
The smell of the car seats on those hot august days was like a drug.
I can smell it still.
You had your right hand out the open window tapping on the door.
You flicked your long black hair out of your eyes so you could see the approach roads clearly.
Your eyes were so bright.
When you looked to the left your eyes scanned mine.
Inside I was so happy.
And so bereft.

Back from the sea

after John Pinschmidt
The dark light of nights was what we couldn't get
enough of then, the beautiful simplicity of two people
sitting together, reclining against that old oak
on the village green whose brothers and sister had long
been turned to ships sailing the world, then sunk
beneath waves. For us it was sitting, not sailing. Chatting.
Being. Beers in hand. Pausing, guessing the leaves
when winds were murmuring into our shadow moments.
Now it's morning return journeys to the graveyard after dark
water nightmares recalling how you did not come
back from the sea. Just one trip to the island. Just once
not on a plane. A small headstone, your name, your dates –
placeholders for no one underneath. Sometimes I bring
a garden hoe for weeding out what does not belong here.
Always some lines of Ni Ghriofa – you fell, and felt deeply
for her words of motherhood. The wind in the crown of the tree
turns the leaves of my book.

Sven Kretzschma

There will not be another night

When you climb out of sinew and sin, past the old man who notes down your
every shame and past the young animal who drives you, you will see the
red sky for what it is.
There will be no words to describe your joy, and you will feel small and
towering all at once, as though you have been twisted into human string, and
wound around the fingers of the gods.
If you were to recall all the moments of your life before this one, you would
say they were tinged with cloud and blunted like the end of a charcoal stick.
Smoky, spreadable and transient.
But this red sky, this faltering earth, this glowing blue moon will clear a path
for you, a path to unity and open hands. You will wonder why you waited so
long for every itch to cease, to soothe.

Fionnuala Simpson

Steps

My son, I forgave you for not remembering the moments. When you walked
your first steps. Clinging to my hand. Smiling and crying at the same time.
After those moments all your life was not a normal walk. It was a sprint. And
my hand, a speed restriction sign it was in front of your eyes. Every moment.
I forgave you my son ... Because you will forgive me too, for not remembering
making my last steps. Clinging to your hand. Smiling and crying at the same
time.

Ndrek Gjini

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between fingers, smooth the leather of water and clay, to hold something
more certain.
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skimming bumps to fill the scars, the chuck forging the uneven spin of
the wheel until this mishapen thing of ours, neither cup nor bowl, is ready to
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