



Issue 123

March 2023

# A New Ulster

**FEATURING THE TALENTS OF** Terry Brinkman, Sangita Kansal, Joseph A Schiller, Darragh Coady, Lulu Sinnott, Vin Mc Cullagh, Pawel Markiewicz, Halyna Budilova, Eithne Cullen and Erin Jamieson **EDITED BY AMOS GREIG**

# A NEW ULSTER

ISSUE 123

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## **CONTRIBUTORS**

This edition features work by Terry Brinkman, Sangita Kansal, Joseph A Schiller, Darragh Coady, Lulu Sinnott, Vin Mc Cullagh, Pawel Markiewicz, Halyna Budilova, Eithne Cullen and Erin Jamieson



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## **BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE: TERRY BRINKMAN**

. Terry Brinkman started painting in junior high school. He has had painting shows at the Eccles Art Center and paintings published in the Healing Muse, SLCC Anthology and in the book Wingless Dreamer: Love of Art. Detour and meat for tea; The Bangor literary journal, Barzakh, Cacosia, Magazines, and the New Ulster.

*Sleepwalk V*

*Wane* neonist's wears an Opal Ball-dress when he writes

Improper overtures from men

Writing on Tortoiseshells with Pens

Effigy lines up between shutters light

Frost- bound coachman will sleepwalk at midnight

Aurora Borealis at ten

Her caves in silk hose lost them

Lady's double-envelops white

(Terry Brinkman)

*Sonnet CCCIII*

Know now that's a coincidence too

Great man's breather for his coffee room

Eating Orange Peels in the park with two headed Octopus Groom

Home along the curbstone spurn Kazoo

Poached eyes on a Ghost Woman's woebegone to-do

With field glasses stood before the window at noon

Ball fans at Greenwich Time it's the bloom

May Moon must be a new Moon Taboo

Can't raise his pins unable to walk the course

Knife-full of Cabbage down depends on how drunk

Warm human plumpness wealth of the world's remorse

Silk mercers write it in the library like a Monk

Hope the rain mucks them up ridding their horse

Like holding water in your hands for a Skunk

(Terry Brinkman)

*Gull*

Low skimming gull circles over Cassiopeia

Weasel rat COVID 19 out around man

Young gossoon's now bloated round belly

Weasel rat circled out cast man

Low skimming gull circles over Cassiopeia

Lace fringe circle the livid sea tide

Pant her sahib livid sea

Hobbling in the trudged shadows

(Terry Brinkman)

*Sleepy Whale 487*

Beauty shall be found in unmentionables of silk

He who's out of fashion begins to move

Lacking in glamor to grove

Her joy you made ilk

Love's not love time's bilk

Snake's love has bitten until approved

Some pleasure of hers to removed

Rich alabaster silk stockings old lady, mixing Ale and milk

(Terry Brinkman)

*Sleepy Whale 486*

Drank silence COVID contraband

Personal supervision pantomime

She crawled all the way to the Top

Hawkins Street to drink a pint of beer

No I.D. so she got no lollipop

Professional respective fear

Weak hand her lollipop will drop

Spiritual conditional she cried to hear

(Terry Brinkman)



(Terry Brinkman)

## *Spring Break*

Last week I was shoveling snow every day, a usual January week. This week, and the weather gal says next week too; rain it's too warm to snow. A great break for my back, kind-a puts me in a too early spring fever.

Years ago when I was in the Boy Scouts, our troop started a yearlong project. We each made our own canoes; with a few repairs I kept my canoe for longer than Ten Years. Along with our Scout Master, we did odd job to pay for the canoes as we built them. One of the odd jobs we did was, each week delivered 1,000 Advertising hand bills to 1,000 front doors.

Each spring when I was in High School, my friend Shane and I took a trip to Wyoming to canoe the Snake River. We would camp at the Snake River State Campground, just south of Jackson Hole Wyoming.

Friday we would skip our last class, and head to Wyoming; (yes we took out canoes and camping supplies to school). After a couple pee stops we arrive at the camp just before dark. Parking at an unused camp site we put our Four Dollars in the Pay Envelope Two Dollars a night. I run it up the drop box, leaving Shane to start the camp fire. We always make foil dinner at home for the first night. (Foil Dinners are Carrots, Potatoes, onions and anything you want, in double folded foil to lay in the coals to cook.) I get back after dropping the envelope and gulling-lagging-around. Shane has the fire going our foil in coals and a pot of hot water going. After eating, a trip to the pit toilets and some stories our near misses on our last canoe trip. We lay some rubber pads and our sleeping bags to sleep in the back of the pickup, and go to sleep.

I woke with the sunlight, noticed Shane had moved in the cap of the pickup (what a baby). I take a pee in the trees then not quietly I rebuild the campfire and start a pot of coffee. By then Shane wake-ups, good thing we each bring our own frying pan and cook our own food. In my Cast-Iron Frying Pan I drop Potatoes, two eggs and a couple strips of Bacon. I also brought some Cinnamon rolls for Shane and myself too. Nothing beats the smell of bacon cooking on an open fire; I can smell it now just thinking about it. We both hurry and eat so we can start down the river.

We drive Fifteen miles downstream and drop off Shane's pickup, so after our run we can bring the canoes back to camp where we start canoeing. We Thumb our way back to



camp, and both throw our canoes in it always a race. We reach where we left the pickup, bring the canoes back to camp, take the pickup downstream, thumb back to camp. We should get to make three runs today and two runs on Sunday. Only two runs on Sunday, so we can get home for school Monday.

Saturday night after three runs we always plan on fish for dinner, (Snake River one of the best fishing rivers in the country.) but more likely to have Jiffies-Pop-Popcorn and some cake.

(Terry Brinkman)

## **BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE: SANGITA KANSAL**

Sangita Kansal started both reading and writing poetry March 2022. She has been on Tony Cranston's Talking Rhythms Radio twice, been published by 2 magazines and aired on BBC Kent Radio.

## INDIA'S SOUL IS GOING

Thundering heavens flashed and opened,  
Graciously enfolding Covid victims.  
India aflame with funeral pyres-  
Akin to holocaust fires.

Melancholic spirits whispered  
'In time of need where were the sinners,  
Had all benevolent deities disappeared,  
Was Satan now worshipped and revered?'

A bestial mentality, humanity diminished  
By callous worship of money and self- interest.  
The Ganges afloat with rotting bodies;  
Lives once tied in bondage, weaved in misery.

Impassioned Ghosts loudly wailed,  
'Indian land was part of their sweat and toil  
Patriotic ancestry buried in the soil,  
Why were so many lives despoiled?'

A nation drenched in religious hatred  
Once flowed with milk honey rivers sacred.  
Now brother savagely turns on brother  
Marginalising the blameless as the 'other'.

White colonists morphed into brown while  
The idealism of its founding fathers drowned.  
Such narcissistic vanity be dowsed;  
Where are the naked emperors' clothes and crown?

The sun of hope eclipsed with dark shame.  
A troubled sky hailed sorrowful tears of rain,  
The moon agonisingly rumbled  
Stars mournfully trembled.

Enfeebled souls left without honour,  
Thousands pitifully followed hour by hour  
Blessed and adorned by angels,  
For sufferance at Mother India's betrayal.

Depraved Oligarchs danced with the Devil  
Obscenely enriched at the nation's peril.  
Perversely oblivious to misery  
Condemning its people to filth and slavery.

The new Maharajas produced a monster,  
An all- consuming soulless vulture,  
Which in time will devour its creator,  
Destroying the demonic financier!

(Sangita Kansal)

## **BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE: JOSEPH SCHILLER**

Joseph is a high school social studies teacher in Houston, TX USA, where he lives with his wife and three sons. Writing and painting is his side passion. He recently published his first fiction novel, *Upon the Arrival of Dawn*.

## The Spaces In Between

By Joseph A. Schiller

Choose a path to the left or to the right.

Choose to explain things as right or wrong.

Choose to define things as black or white.

Choose to feel love or hate.

Choose to believe there is only good or evil.

You must choose one or the other.

Why not forge a path down the middle?

Why not see all things as inevitable?

Why not look past definitions?

Why not open your heart?

Why not embrace it all?

Why not dwell in the spaces in between?

## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE: DARRAGH COADY

A former student of St. Mel's college Darragh Coady is a Longford based writer and composer of gritty poems with an occasional social conscience. After a chance encounter with John Cooper Clarke, the Salford poet encouraged Coady to share his work with audiences and become a spoken word performer. His work has appeared in *The Frogmore Papers* and *The Longford Leader*.

The themes explored within his poems include poverty, love, memory, politics, mortality and injustice. Recently, he earned a certificate in Creative Writing from Maynooth University Ireland.





## Bread for the Bewildered

God must have put my legs on backwards  
I can't seem to break out of this endless cycle  
My name's not beggar  
My name's not Jack  
But still you're quick to turn your back  
If I dare to smile in your direction  
First thing you notice is my sickly complexion  
And expect me to beg  
For a handy few bob  
But before I can say  
One single word  
You bark it out loud  
So you can be heard  
Telling me to go get a job

I'm not asking for much  
Just the time and a place  
So I don't have to die lying down face  
First in a street puddle of piss  
With my feet exposed and naked  
Shivering openly in all my plight  
Surely to god it's no longer my turn  
To keep feeling the cold  
That burns, baby, burn!

Please, help the homeless  
Who can't afford the rent, you'll be helping  
Put a roof over my head  
The day you help contribute  
To the cost of a tent  
Is the day I'll get a new lease of life  
I'll still be on the streets  
But with far much less strife  
Thank you misses  
Thank you, sir, kindly, mister  
For all your charity  
I could've kissed ya!  
That's what I'd say this morning  
If last night had not been a dream

'There's no bread for the bewildered  
And no money to be spent  
For the ones out living rough with no walls  
Just some cardboard against the elements

And when charity starts abroad  
We forget about our home grown  
The E.U. flag flies high above the tri-colour  
And that's okay  
The union's funding has got it covered  
'There's some for you  
'There's some for them  
Here's more for the fat  
But nothing for the thin  
Housing crisis's non-existent  
But for the hundreds of homeless on Dublin's streets  
The government are insistent;  
'There's no homes  
No beds  
No room  
But for tourism's sake  
We'll run you off the streets  
For this could spell doom  
To the greedy Emerald Isle's  
Picture of perfection  
Retailing five Euros on a River Liffey postcard  
Minus us the filtered out infection

Come Christmas time with spirits high  
And all that merry cheer  
News reporters make the rounds  
Having ignored us through the year  
Paper cups of chicken soup  
Bread rolls now aplenty  
And questions quickly fired  
About the cold  
And living rough  
I'm singing for my supper now  
I'm live on R.T.E.  
While the wealthy

The fed  
The happily made  
Sit around their hi-def TVs  
For all of twenty seconds  
They'll try to fathom what it's like  
To be Irish and be homeless  
On a Dublin street at night

(Darragh Coady)

## Infidel

She texts, she calls  
Sends hugs and all  
The kisses honey flavoured  
Now the rush is over  
His secret's outta danger

A promise made  
Just this one time  
Is to be once more repeated  
Might be next week  
Might be next year  
Or when his demanding ego concedes it

A satisfying night of lust  
With a perfect stranger  
Trying to scrub the sin  
Off his body, his mind  
Just moments later

You see egotism is a disease  
To others and oneself  
Don't assail the poor boy's manhood  
Put him down  
Or doubt his wealth  
In terms of his significance  
The gravity of his style  
What was popular at mid-day  
Died a death by nine

Boy must have his plaything  
His secrets kept discreet  
From the only true loving heart  
He's surely ever  
Likely to have beat  
For him with care and devotion  
And never question where  
He lands at night  
Or in whose bed rests his feet

And just one more time  
To himself he lies  
This last girl will be my final prize  
Can't have her long  
Just one night will do  
I won't tell my girl  
If you don't tell her too  
This one last time  
I swear I'm through then  
Won't cast my eyes  
Nowhere near you

The male must have his pride  
Be free to roam the jungle  
While his lady waits at home  
With more cubs than she can handle

His proud mane greying  
Yet his roar is just the same  
Travelling 'cross the plain  
Never reaching closed ears  
Of lionesses pleas for  
Him to leave  
Others chant  
This is no longer your domain

Eventually the denounced king leaves  
His pride now is staggered  
His tale between his legs  
Got to prove it to my boys  
He toys with the first beauty he sees  
She shuts him down  
But now he begs  
Until she's forced to spell it out  
She's not that kind of girl  
So off he goes  
His head hung low  
Embarrassed by defeat

In the back of a cab  
He's scrawling through his past  
Pickin' and choosin'

He's vowed tonight he's not loosin'  
He refuses to accept the verdict  
To hell with what the younger blood thinks!

He raps on the door of  
A familiar apartment  
He's been a few times before  
When he's nowhere to be  
And no one else will have him  
But she tells him  
She can't play that game no more

Now there's only one place  
For guys like him to go  
But he's too tight with his dollars  
To part with that kind of dough  
So he saves what's in his pocket  
And nurses his ego

It's back to the cubs  
And the mother who bore  
His miniature versions  
With great news of one more an'  
A piece of him dies  
As he comes to realise  
He'll have to stop with his whorin'

(Darragh Coady)

Go Tell the Man

Go tell the man  
Don't tell the legend  
The market corner's empty  
Byrne's door is ajar  
There's a toast to be raised in your honour  
No matter where you are  
Go the man

Legends are made  
Like legends will fall  
Some last but a lifetime  
Others outlive us all  
Go tell the man

In a winey rose December  
When the snowflakes failed to fall  
Go tell the man  
Don't tell the legend  
Of this portrait on the wall  
Go tell the man

(Darragh Coady)

## **BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE: LULU SINNOTT**

Lulu Sinnott has published in *Cork Literary Review*, *Bray Arts Club Journal*, *San Francisco City College Magazine*, through *No Fixed Abode*, *Bray*, *Wexford Women Writing Undercover*, via her *Berlin Erasmus* blog, and has performed at *Serenity Garden*, *Electric Picnic*. Hosting monthly *Poetry by the Barrow* in Graiguenamanagh, she also runs *The Artists Way* workshops.





## **Decisions, decisions, decisions**

Compared to times we wouldn't or we would,

Procrastination settling in to stay,

I think we'll all agree that now is good.

To be grown-up, decide, as if we could,

be resolute, but not cause much dismay,

compared to times we wouldn't or we would.

Society rules, as if we understood,

assuming that they never go astray;

I think we'll all agree that now is good.

Then, check out records back in our girlhood,

the offer of sex behind the bicycle bay,

Compared to times we wouldn't or we would

'twas passion made the choice amid the woods

and often helped the choice twixt straight and gay,

I think we'll all agree that now is good.

And still the choice is endless, notwithstanding,

until clued-in and thoroughly *au fait*,

compared to times we wouldn't or we would,

I think we'll all agree that now is good.

Lulu Sinnott

## **El Blitzo Collapso.**

Have yiz any ashes left from your old man.

Me, I'm taking my darlings ashes and

going to visit the hill tribes,

scatter them where its appropriate,

while I experience El Blitzo Collapso on their behalf.

In their cups they'd say

*We'll have none of that Treatment,*

locking arms they'd say

*We'll go to the hill-tribes in Thailand.*

When the time came,

the road was closed to them,

the light was gone,

el Blitzo Collapso came to them instead.

Lulu Sinnott

## Comeuppance.

So, Paddy the plumber was fixing  
the pump that always fails in summer,  
and, going from place to place like  
Raftery the poet, he carried all  
the juiciest gossip from person  
to person. The various tools lined up,  
he shouted out details to me from the  
utility room, making tea in the kitchen.

Paddy warmed to this theme, knew  
he'd have a captive audience in me.  
Four local men from Ennistymon  
were snared *in flagrante* in the local  
whorehouse. It was in the paper -  
The Clare Champion. *Respected local  
men caught leaving prostitute's dwelling.*  
I couldn't wait to find out who they were.

Paddy moved the sweet peas out of the way,  
sat down to a mug of tea and flapjacks,  
using delaying tactics to enhance the story.

*Well, I couldn't tell you who they ARE...*

With that, I pushed the plate and coaxed  
another detail, another name, each one  
drawing astonished gasps from me.

*Those names - Must've been a set-up.*

Paddy, knowing he'd stunned me with his news  
couldn't resist embellishing the story.

*I hear, once you've done your business,*

*you get a cuppa tea and a ham sandwich.*

Something comic about this softened the picture  
of four small businessmen buying sex from  
poor imported women. With that, Paddy  
moved on to carry gossip to the next house.

Lulu Sinnott

### BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE: VIN MC CULLAGH

Vin lives with the obvious labels they see in front of them, bi polar or more descriptively, manic depression.

This state of mind came to them uninvited, unwanted and unwelcome, but it is with them.

These states of usual mind, between the exacerbations, can be good, satisfying and resourceful.

Vin Mc Cullagh can experience life with a certain fervor.

Their feelings for and their perception of life has been impacted both negatively and positively by their sometimes-wayward mood.

They believe that thoughts, images, remembered and with them presently, that cross their consciousness, act as stem cells for their words. Vin tries to put meaning on them.

As regards the poetry Vin is attempting to write, they are grateful for the words that come to their mind.

PRIEST ?

Relentless questions unanswered  
Trapped in a sickened mind  
A sullied loathing owns my soul  
Locked in suspended revulsion

Wherefore is thine mind from,  
Warped priest

Wherefore is thine God from,  
Warped priest

Dark illustrious Church Prince  
You crave the sex of the innocent  
Masquerading beast priest  
Black ,and white collared raven

You ruptured and destroyed



The trust of children  
On your altar of craven sex  
Indelible guilt forever seared  
Onto innocent minds and souls

Now, I'm young , I'm wee again,  
Am running on the pads at Brookmount  
Need to be God's child again  
Leaping the stone steps to the spired church  
Stolen mother's jam  
Will be forgiven and forgotten

Kneeling there in reverence  
As angled sunlit rays  
Cross'd the chapel floor  
Watching motioned moates of nothingness  
Float slowly to the floor

In this hallow'd lair of sanctity  
Whistle whispered praying  
Entreats our God of mercy

Sins of stolen jam remembered  
The wooden latticed confessional clicks closer

With your perceived power and might priest  
You abused and defiled the children  
Destroyed them ,fed your lust  
Poisoned chalice, priest ,poisoned church

Kiss my ring, some will  
Hide the craven twisted priests.

(Vin Mc Cullagh)

## PSYKOTIKY

Languishing here in the asylum

My imprisoned body rots  
Behind these doors of entrapment

Feel my mind as it floats free  
Above the asylum walls  
Where they laugh and scorn me

But I know  
That the birds were stolen to order  
For the President

And when smoke blows  
Against the wind  
Unhappy small men

Pass by on the streets  
As the strictest of strangers  
Argue in my brain

About what will be said  
And who shall refrain  
From stealing the birds  
These short fools  
Carry top class secrets  
As classroom clones collaborate

I am trapped at my desk  
As teachers of subterfuge  
Steal my thoughts

Then the whisperer's of the  
World beckon me to rise up  
Into the doleful night

Where the doer's of inconsistency  
Will die by the  
Double edged sword of thought

I know that shallow blackhearted people  
Are plentiful  
I know they were spawned

In hell by Satan's liars  
And the blood in their brains  
Stirred with Beezlebub's claw

They Christened themselves  
Angels of God and on the wings  
Of Icarus they will die

In the eternal circle of lying  
They claim they fight  
The Hallow'd cause of righteousness

Recognise reality and  
You will find that those  
Who fought for the President

And imprisoned the birds  
That were stolen to order  
When black smoke signals change

They will fall on  
Their swords in  
A temper of depravity

Then we will ask  
Who rules us ?  
Is it the President ?

No No , tis not the President  
Because the rules will always be broken  
By those who make them the most .

(Vin Mc Cullagh)

## UP IN THE BOX

Unfaced staging post of fears  
Prism'd spectrum of existence  
Contemplated warner of impendingness  
Disease driven worries deepen

Cajoled minds of carefree youngness  
Deceived ,passing illusory time  
The sooness complex beckons  
Reality of frailty dawns, she stops outside

In this big box of sorrows  
Trundling wheels, fish on Fridays  
Other peoples voices ,phones on the mobile  
Walking, talking, no one notices

Pushed, bed people, confused, powerless  
Uncertain fearful futures, says their faces

Keep us alive ,another day in the world we know  
On this twisting stroll to infinity

Labour wards ,greet the cry of the newborn  
Welcome young beautiful hope to this fickle world  
Naivety will grow you up quickly  
As quick- hands illness watches near by.

(Vin Mc Cullagh)



## Waked

Black and white's got out  
Standing at the sombre front door of mortality  
Moistened emotions, true wet eyed sadness  
Grimness here and there for the gone  
Silent remains in shiny wooden holder  
Waked for a while before the ground receives

Seeing the ceremonial women on the rounds  
wake people there almost subdued  
Different histories in their mouths  
Complimenting friends, weighing strangers  
Stirred memories, crying and laughing  
Minds faraway behind questioning eyes

and inevitable tomorrow's, acceptance cloaked

Against capitulation

The hand that will always seek you out

The past, forever vanquished up in the corner  
Hear feet shuffling to the room  
Of whispered prayers, his closest stand over him  
The priestly passage words begin  
Sounding through silences finality

From the kitchen drunk  
'Surely he must be there already'

Lid eyes now closed forever  
Mass cards messaged across his chest  
Comings and goings in the room  
Kitchen laughter  
Only two more nights to go

(Vin Mc Cullagh)

ON DERRY QUAY  
ON GOLD RIMS  
A FIRE FLAME GLINTS  
SHE STANDS UNSURE  
BY THE DIRTY WINDOW  
AND THE YOUNG GO LAUGHING BY

MIND'S TIREDNESS HIDES  
BEHIND AGED SAD EYES  
SHE GAZES OUT ON THE  
DARK HYPNOTIC SLITHERING  
MASS OF PASSING FOYLE WATER

OVER THE NEW CONCRETE SPAN  
FLASHING BLUE LIGHTS  
SPEED TOWARD THE CITY  
OF UNSEEN SICKNESS  
THAT KILLS THE OLD  
AND THE YOUNG GO LAUGHING BY

BELOW IN BLACK COLDNESS  
DARK OUT RUSHING WATER  
CASCADES AROUND A LISTING  
IRON HULL, MUD TRAPPED BOAT  
WHERE MADAM HAS HER BANK

GULLS, CREATING NIGHT WHITE  
FLECKS, VYING IN THE DARK SKY  
SOARING IN AIR FREEDOM  
ABOVE LONELY WATERS  
AND THE CHRISTMAS TOWN BELOW

PASSING PEOPLE PLINK  
PEACE BRIDGE LIGHTS  
7/20 TUBE METAL TRAIN  
LIKE A LIT-UP SPEEDING WORM  
RACING ON THE EAST-BANK  
TO A BRIGHTENED FESTIVE STATION

CHRISTMAS COLOURED LIGHTS  
REPLICATE IN BEAUTIFUL SYMMETRY  
DOUBLE SPINES OF THE FOOT BRIDGE  
SHAFTING DEEP INTO THE

GLASSY MIRRORING WATERS

ON THE QUAY SIDE

A MYRIAD OF SEARCHER'S TORCHES  
PROBING BRIGHT AND WHITE LIGHTS  
SCAN WATER'S EDGES FOR A LOST SOUL  
WHO COULD SEE HOPE NO MORE

AND THE HEALTHIES RUN ON  
RELENTLESSLY, DOGS BARK, CHILDREN CRY  
A TIDAL MOON GLISTENS ON STILL WATERS  
AND THE YOUNG GO LAUGHING BY

ON A FROSTED SEAT BY THE RED TREE  
A TRUMPETING GLITTERING ANGEL  
ALL SILVER AND SHIMMERING GOLD  
OUT OF PLACE IN HEAVEN  
TRUMPS OUT A SILENT COVID SONG.

(Vin Mc Cullagh)

**BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE: PAWEL MARKIEWICZ**

Paweł Markiewicz was born 1983 in Siemiatycze in Poland. He is poet who lives in Bielsk Podlaski and writes tender poems, haiku as well as long poems.

The new Celtic Ode to the dreamed mother Nature

Paweł Markiewicz

ABABACACA

You are an enjoyable juniper!

You are a pleasurable bush!

You are an agreeable poplar!

You are a delightful spruce!

You are a gratifying cedar!

You are an amusing birch!

You are a diverting corn!

You are a bonny pine!

You are a lovely palm!

Your sepal be alluring!

Your petals be delightful!

Your stamens be appealing!

Your carpel be graceful!

Your corolla be good-looking!

Your filament be pretty!

Your ovary be stunning!

Your ovule be foxy!

Your anther be ravishing!

You honor starlet-like dreamland.

You admire moonlet-like mirror.

You exalt moony fairyland.

You deify moonlit enchanted rose.

You praise starry gingerbread house.

You glorify starlit forest.

You apotheosize comet-like spell book.

You magnify spherical tower.

You gratify sunny Ovidian sword.

### Pawel and the Neoceltism

This poem is a dreamy manifesto of the Neoceltism, the spirit, in which Pawel has created his English poesy.



## Grammatical human-deep crash-poem

The Israeli God didn't trust the human.

The Australopithecus must have crashed at midnight.

The nights must have been embraced by felt butterflies.

The Grecian God hardly believed in a human being.

The homo erectus may have plummeted at the Morning Star.

The genuine indulgence may have been thought up by the Silence.

The Hindu Deity no longer enchanted man.

The homo habilis may have fallen at dawn.

The wings of picturesque feelings may have been flown away.

The Lord of Egyptians never loved man.

The Neanderthal is said to have crashed at Blue Hours.

Numinous homeland should have been sung about by the bards.

The African God didn't like him at all.

The homo sapiens claims to have crashed during sunset.

Happy weeping may have been infatuated with the breath of spirit.



Postekphrasis – according to me, is a finding of a picture based on written text (as Ekphrasis before the writing of poem). For example: Pieter Breugel: Fall of Icarus.

(Pawel Markiewicz)

### **BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE: HALYNA BUDILOVA**

Halyna Budilova is a children's writer, poet, songwriter, journalist, and translator from Kyiv, Ukraine. She was born on January 17, 1990. She holds a Master's degree in Philology and Translation, with expertise in Ukrainian, Russian, English, and German languages. She is the owner of "Little Beetle Press" publisher house ([www.littlebeetlepress.com/en](http://www.littlebeetlepress.com/en)) and has authored over 20 books, including "A very VERY angry book," which won an award. Her therapeutic coloring book series, "Robbie and Crosspatch in crown," about coronavirus, has been published worldwide. She is a member of Irish PEN and The Irish Society for the Study of Children's Literature. Halyna and her two children had to leave Ukraine due to the Russian aggression towards the country and are currently based in Ireland, Co Longford, where she continues her work as a writer and a publisher. Some of her books have been published in Ireland, including "The Sunflower Lion" and "Happy will be the Days."

## Happy will be the days

If I could describe

In one word

What we felt that night

So cold

I would say the one I learned

At school another day

*Disastrous* it was.

I wouldn't even bother

To remember it

But when I looked at mother

At once I understood how good

It suited us today.

*Disastrous were the bangs*

*Disastrous were the lights*

*Disastrous were the sirens*

*Disastrous were our lives*

We fled.

Our father stayed.

I had to leave my toys –

Not fair!!!

But one glance at my mom reminded me

The word that suited most.

*Disastrous* it was.

Just like our way to safety.

“Are we there yet?”

I didn’t ask.

I just waited, waited,

WAITED...

Walking, running,

riding in the cars,

Taking trains and almost

LOST.

*Disastrous were the roads*

*Disastrous were the queues*

*Disastrous was the food*

*Disastrous were our lives*

My mom didn't talk  
And she smiled only once  
When I said something silly  
Her mouth curved at last.  
It was good cause I though  
She was frozen or something.

But I think it was me  
Who was frozen and mad.  
We arrived to a place  
That was obviously grand.  
There was sea and nice toys  
But I felt only... NOTHING!

Our new life passed  
Just day by day.  
When we'll go home  
Mom wouldn't say.  
And something was wrong with us -  
I saw it in people's faces.

That very moment  
When we said

we were from Ukraine

They got upset!

And I really felt like an alien

Arriving from cosmic places.

*Disastrous were the days*

*Disastrous were the smiles*

*Disastrous was the school*

*Disastrous were our lives*

But do we have any lives left?

Mine was taken from me,

No home town, no friends, no dad...

And here they call me a refugee -

One more new word

That I'll have to remember.

I almost got lost in the airport,

mommy did find me.

But I think I am still lost inside.

We will go back someday, won't we?

In two weeks, the end of May,

Last time mom said "MAYBE September".

*Disastrous* is the word  
I can actually FEEL.  
It is slimy and dark and  
It just seems unreal.  
I would never believe  
that our life could be changed  
Just like that –  
without reason and cause.

But this WAR changed it all.  
And I feel this word too.  
War just feels so UNFAIR –  
Both for me and for you.

But we will find the way  
to be happy and strong,  
Disregarding how cruel  
and disastrous it was.

*And happy will be the days*  
*Happy will be our eyes*  
*Happy will be our plans*  
*And happy will be our lives.*

(Halyna Budilova)



## **Be silent with me**

When there's so much to say  
It's better to hush.  
Just take a guitar  
And hum little tune.

'Cause all words in the world  
Can hardly describe  
What you mean to me,  
What I feel to you.

You can be far away  
Just living your life  
And having your sins,  
Enjoying kids grow -

Don't forget just sometimes  
To lift your eyes high,  
High up to the sky  
Where silver Moon glows.

And you'll know you are missed  
You'll know you are loved  
You're often thought of,  
And always prayed for...

But you're with me tonight,  
So take a guitar,  
Just play for me now -  
I'll not ask for more.

Close your beautiful eyes,  
Hum to me lullabies,  
And let your heart hear,  
And let your soul see.

Only please say no words,  
They'll make it all wrong.  
Be silent tonight  
Be silent with me...

(Halyna Budilova)

### **October sky (Izum)**

October sky  
All crossed and lined  
Where are you flying, autumn planes?

I wonder why  
Great people die  
In dreadful suffering and pain...

October wind  
Blows when they bleed  
The sun is lighting their graves

Forgive us please  
And rest in peace...  
Why humans do the same mistakes?

(Halyna Budilova)

## **Despite the Fall and falls**

Despite the Fall and falls  
Keep coming back to light  
Keep taking off the cloak  
Of anger, gloom and fright.

It's tight around your neck  
It's dark and very stiff  
It's whispering you tempting  
"Regardless", "but", and "if"

Stay focused on today  
On moment you are in  
Stay cocooned for a while  
Till you grow back your wings.

Despite the Fall and falls  
Believe and wait for spring  
But not to freeze when cold  
Preserve the light within

(Halyna Budilova)

## Give up

When the Moon is only faithful friend  
That is looking at you with delight,  
And the only one who understands  
All confusion in your restless mind...

When the trees are dancing with the wind  
To the music of September rain,  
Let the drops get deep under your skin,  
Soothe your sorrows and relieve your pain.

Let the stars embrace your trembling soul,  
Take off shoes and walk in bare feet  
Eat some blackberries from bush in cold  
Just give up, give up today a little bit...

Rest your head on shoulder of Divine,  
Close your eyes, breathe in and out deeply.  
Just one bad day is not a bad lifetime,  
So please, just don't give up completely.

(Halyna Budilova)

## **Irish coffee**

Tongue is numb from whiskey  
Fingertips – from strings  
Of guitar that is not numb at all.

You don't really know  
What you might now feel -  
Not until you hum some well-known song.

Starry night is sometimes  
Very special treat  
For those people who don't sleep at night.

What if I will tell you  
That one thing you need –  
People next to whom you feel alright.

(Halyna Budilova)

## Can I help you?

- Can I help you with anything?
- Yes...

You can live and enjoy every sunset,  
Every drop of the dew and the rain.  
You can sometimes remember my humor  
And keep laughing again and again.

You can love all your favorite people,  
And have wonderful meaningful life,  
Doing things out of habit that sometime  
I was teaching you right by your side.

You can cherish the moments of wonder,  
Pray for wisdom when you're feeling down.  
"Aim to miss" all the evil temptations,  
Not forget to take off sadness gown...

Can you help me with anything?  
Surely. Be yourself and light up people's smiles.  
And... remember me once in a while  
When you're looking at infinite skies.

(Halyna Budilova)

## **Insanity**

Every head is a planet  
Every person is cosmos  
Every heart is potentially saint

Some of us feel the gravity -  
sometimes to insanity -  
To the people we recently met.

Is it God's happy blessing?  
Or curse of the Evil?  
In the end you'll have answer to this.

But at first all you can  
Is just trust with eyes shut,  
Leaving heart to report what it feels.

Every head is a planet  
Except yours is the Sun  
I am Mercury - drawn to you madly.

And as long as I stay  
In your hot loving arms  
If you want - I would burn down gladly.

(Halyna Budilova)

## **Thank you**

How come you see my inner child?  
Sometimes I lose this girl myself.  
How come you get from deep inside  
My laughter dusted on the shelf?

How come you heal my painful scars?  
And voice of yours - like lullaby,  
How come the myriads of stars  
Are in your eyes, when say goodbye?

You are like raincoat during rain,  
You are like shelter during storm.  
How come you know me very well  
If I've just knocked at your back door?

My dear friend, we must have met  
On other planets long before.  
That's how you managed to collect  
The puzzle parts of broken soul.

(Halyna Budilova)



## **Hammer my doors**

We all seek the way to maximize our comfort  
We all want to feel ourselves extremely safe  
We all want to know what's behind the offer  
And surely control every movement made

And the aim for us - it's a bit more "bestness"  
Is a bit less fear and no pain and grief.  
They expect from us feel no blue or restless  
"Put your smile back on - goals are to achieve!"

But remember please - not that smile is precious  
You can't always feel on the top of the world  
That's because we all are just human creatures  
And we value warmth after being cold.

You just need someone who will give you comfort  
Who will hug you tight and will wipe your tears  
Who will make you smile after all you suffered  
And will tell you how to embrace your fears

'Cause that special smile is a consolation  
Both for two of you cause it gives the hope  
Moments of despair change for inspiration -  
With god's help we do find a way to cope..

So if you feel bad any time of day or night  
I will do my best for your smile to be freed.  
Hammer all my doors, we will get it from inside –  
within fifteen minutes. Guaranteed.

(Halyna Budilova)

## Love

Isn't it strange  
That the most perfect world  
Full of wonders and beauty  
And so greatly designed

God has given to people -  
Who are so far from perfect,  
Who are weak and revengeful,  
Full of dreadful desires?

Loud and busy,  
Always acting and running,  
Either hurting or suffering  
Around the clock

Not even bothering  
Paying attention  
What immaculate beauty  
Was gifted by God.

Wanting some more  
And when finally getting -  
Not even happy,  
Just a little relieved

Rushing to please  
Smarty pants in the telly  
Or some neighbors who ask you  
"What have you achieved?"

Love is the only one  
Thing which is perfect  
And it is always there,  
In the everyone's soul,

Love must be found  
Then nourished and cherished  
Sometimes dug out from  
The blackest of holes...

Love is an answer  
To all our questions  
But it's sometimes not easy  
To find it ourselves

We all need somebody  
Whose eyes will be mirrors  
They will reflect it  
So catch and disperse.

(Halyna Budilova)

## Raspberry Jam

If there was heaven on Earth  
It would be in August  
It would be by ocean  
It would be with you

If there was day I would keep  
In jeans jacket pocket  
To find next October  
Or freeze in tattoo

It would be a day full of sun  
And rustling of leaves  
And birds flying high  
And clouds shaped as beasts

It would be a day full of hopes  
And full of despair  
Which tastes like a raspberry  
And sounds like kids...

And during long autumn evenings  
When you are alone  
When you are so cold  
And feel just despair

All you need is just open  
A jar full of hopes  
A jar full of Sun -  
Jar of raspberry jam.

(Halyna Budilova)

## **My toys are crying under the bed**

Toys My toys are crying under the bed.  
I never did put them away.  
My book is lying on the bedspread  
(Sleepy mom couldn't read anyway)

And I feel that I'm a lost toy too  
Which is lying alone on the floor  
Cause you don't take a thousand things with you  
When you try to escape from a war.

My toys are crying in their box  
Cause they really miss me so bad,  
And those loud alarms around the clock  
Surely make them scared and sad...

And I feel that I'm just a lego detail  
Separated from other small bricks,  
I don't know where my friends read their tales,  
Mommy says safety is what we need.

Aside from times when my mom doesn't speak,  
Doesn't cook and tries hard not to scold,  
She strives to hold the tears from her cheeks,  
Cause her friends are in cellars so cold.

When talking to dad, her eyes shine so bright,  
I imagine how brave he must be.  
Mommy says against *rashists* our lovely dad fights –  
Those bad men took my hometown from me.

And I often see my hometown in dreams:  
The bank of the river I like,  
Our favorite park full of bright autumn leaves,  
Our riding on scooters and bikes...

I see kindergarten, my favorite friends,  
The play park we went to on Sundays.  
Best waffles in town in cakeshop "Anglais"  
And football we had every Monday.

We're safe, we don't hide from the rockets today,  
My brother and mommy are near...  
But sometimes I hear in my head anyway,  
I do hear the sirens so clear!

My toys are crying under the bed,  
But I will be brave like my father.  
I'll wipe all my tears and draw instead  
Cool weapons for soldiers. And lasers!

My mom really likes all those drawings,  
And says we should do our best,  
So yeah, I am drawing war stories,  
But also I draw how war ends.

(Halyna Budilova)

## **We are different**

One builds sand castles  
With shells and flowers,  
Digs roads and tunnels,  
Erects tall towers.

But there's another,  
Whose aim – destruction.  
He doesn't bother  
Controlling actions.

“The castle's nice –  
I hate your brilliance.  
I'll crash it... twice!  
So no hard feelings”

And all the people  
Make own choices:  
One's kind and decent  
One's dark and useless.

But there's a secret  
(Bad guys can't get it)  
Sand castles really  
Can be once shattered

But there're some things  
That can't be blighted:  
The Sun and sea  
You'll smash unlikely.

No town – there's sea,  
No home – there's you!  
You'll have new dreams  
And they'll come true

(Halyna Budilova)

### **BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE: EITHNE CULLEN**

Eithne Cullen was born in Dublin and moved to London when she was six. She has had poems published in anthologies and magazines. She has published two novels: *The Ogress of Reading* and *Never not in my Thoughts* and a volume of short stories called *Pencils and other Stories*. She has had some success as a poet, was Hysteria Poet in residence in 2020 and published a pamphlet in 2021, called *The Smell of Dust*.

Eithne is a page editor for Write On! Magazine's Thoughtful Tuesday page. She's had stories, poems, interviews and articles in the magazine. She's also delivered creative writing classes online for Pen to Print.

She lives with her husband in East London. She is unashamedly proud of her three grown up children and endeavours to embarrass them as often as she can.





## Aurora

Aurora, goddess of the dawn.

She's gold, a breeze or wind who brings the day;  
languishing all day after her work is done,  
on sunny couches with the best of company.

Aurora, ever young, first to awake  
riding her chariot into the sky before the sun.  
Her purple mantle spreads behind her as she rides.  
She scatters roses and flowers before her.

With great white wings,  
the mother of the four winds;  
the mother of the morning star.

In Valhalla there's a constant party,  
berserkers drinking flagons, throwing hammers;  
as Aurora travels pole-ward, she's enticed  
fascinated by the partying and the raves,  
thumping Norse beats and outlandish sagas,  
a clubbers' paradise, and so she goes.

At eventide she's "red dawn of the north"  
fabulous contradiction - blush and flush of night.  
Her cousin, Arcus works the lighting rig,

and travels with the speed of wind  
from one end of the world to the other,  
and into the depths of sea and underworld.  
There's another party starting way down south,  
across wide spaces, opposing polar light.

The sky is filled with radiant lozenges,  
streamers, arcs and shooting rays -  
her purple cloak a mass of rainbow hues  
red, yellow, green, violet and shining blues.  
To watchers on the earth below,  
the curtains of the sky are shifting veils of light.  
Yet, she will not outshine the stars,  
the moon looks on as she lets go,  
wild dancer.

(Eithne Cullen)

I hope to see you soon ...

...when we can tell

tales of grazing knees in the playground

like bedtime stories we once loved.

I'll show you a ring from my mother

and weep - we never said goodbye-

I miss her sweetness, feel the cold

of her absence, never said goodbye,

never heard the last words of advice

which she gave freely. I hope

to see you

soon.

(Eithne Cullen)

Collective noun for mermaids

A Gossip of Mermaids,  
stop on a rocky shore to tell tales  
of leading ships to graveyards,  
enchanting human men with kisses  
spreading rumours, sharing scandal,  
laughing, mocking, throwing back  
their golden heads, laughing to the sky

A School of Mermaids  
learning to be beautiful, distracting;  
learning to make shell bras  
and combs to decorate this hair  
learning the wisdom of the ocean floor  
the rocky outcrops and the power  
they can hold over human folly

A Shimmer of Mermaids  
casting colours on the water  
hiding foam and spume thrown up  
in shipping lines, trailing boats –  
inhabiting the world of light and shade  
where real and imagined worlds

barely meet and legends are born

A Mission of Mermaids

forming a delegation, a deputation

intent on luring mortals to the depths;

evangelising life under the seas

proselytising salt water living to the fresh

water dwelling hordes; they know the

tricks of breathing without air

(Eithne Cullen)

Mrs Double Barrelled

Mrs Double Barrelled

came from Surrey,

worked in academia,

liked to call the students “children”

even the sixteen year olds

with attitude,

travelled on the underground to Holloway,

quite the adventure getting here.

Mrs Double Barrelled went to private schools

and Oxbridge and all that,

taught in leafy Surbiton or Cheam

(wherever they are)

told me I should connect

with the North London girls,

find out about their world,

walk a mile in their shoes...

*some of*, she lowered her voice,

conspiratorially,

*their mothers **work**...*

**BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE: ERIN JAMIESON**

ERIN JAMIESON HOLDS AN MFA IN CREATIVE WRITING FROM MIAMI UNIVERSITY OF OHIO. HER WRITING HAS BEEN PUBLISHED IN OVER EIGHTY LITERARY MAGAZINES, AND HER FICTION HAS BEEN NOMINATED FOR A PUSHCART PRIZE. SHE IS THE AUTHOR OF A POETRY COLLECTION (CLOTHESLINE, NIFTYLIT).



## Interludes

slush soaks my socks  
solace only in silence:  
chilled, I watch streets  
still under winter's gaze  
sun can melt only so much  
I shuffle- cracked sidewalks  
surreptitious glances they say  
who is she? why is she always  
alone? but secrets slip  
just as surely as snow boots

(Erin Jamieson)

## Something Like Spring

my mother warned me  
not to plant too soon  
frost will kill anything  
but like usual I was impatient  
with the desire to bring  
some life into this world  
after months of bleak  
gray skies, colorless weeks  
huddled in a robe, alone  
with steaming cups of tea  
that never warm the ache  
I can't place into words  
so I plant, against advice  
hoping this plant- that I-  
will survive a bit longer

(Erin Jamieson)

## EDITOR'S NOTE

The downside of getting older life gets harder, the various governments all seem to be drifting apart and it just seems to be one crisis after another.

2023 has been a really rough start for us and several large bills have completely gutted our finances, ISSUU the company who for the past ten years provided the online platform for A New Ulster has changed their prices and we've found all of our issues delisted meaning I'm going to be spending all this month replacing the online copy links. In the short term I have added a link to the pdf of the issue which can be accessed by clicking on the image to the left of the listings on the website and am working on other options as well. The hard part is everywhere has increased their prices the hardcopy edition had to go up in price as the printers ran into increased costs, I have kept it as cheap as possible by using their minimum price which means of course we get no money from the issue either.

I've tried to remain Apolitical while working on A New Ulster but the world and the harsh brutality of it all slides me ever closer towards Leftwing policies, still I enjoy working on the issue and this month's edition has a good range of work.

Happy reading, good health, and keep creating,

Amos Greig (Editor)

## LAPWING PUBLICATIONS

### 'IN A CHANGED WORLD'

Over the past number of years technology has transformed poetry publishing:  
shop closures due to increasing operational costs has had an impact,  
to put it mildly, shops are reluctant to take 'slow moving' genre  
such as poetry and play-scripts among other minority interest genre.  
The figures given a few years ago were: we had 5000 bookshops in the UK-Ireland  
and at the time of the research that number had dropped to 900 and falling:  
there was a period when bookshops had the highest rate of 'High Street' shop closures.

Lapwing, being a not-for-profit poetry publisher has likewise had to adjust to the new regime.

We had a Google-Books presence until that entity ended its 'open door' policy  
in favour of becoming a publisher itself. During that time with Google,  
Lapwing attracted hundreds of thousands of sample page 'hits'.  
Amazon also has changed the 'game' with its own policies  
and strategies for publishers and authors.  
There are no doubt other on-line factors over which we have no control.

Poetry publishers can also fall foul of 'on consignment' practice,  
which means we supply a seller but don't get paid until books have been sold and  
we can expect unsold books to be returned, thus 'remaindered'  
and maybe not sellable, years can pass!

Distributors can also seek as much as 51% of cover-price *IF* they choose  
to handle a poetry book at all, shops too can require say 35%  
of the cover price, which is ok given floor space can be thousands of £0000s  
per square foot per annum..In terms of 'hidden' costs: preparing a work for publication  
can cost a few thousand UK £-stg. Lapwing does it as part of our service to our authors.

It has been a well-known fact that many poets will sell more of  
their own work than the bookshops, Peter Finch of the Welsh Academi  
noted fact that over forty years ago and Lapwing poets have done so for years.

Due to cost factors Lapwing cannot offer authors 'complimentary' copies.  
What we do offer is to supply authors with copies at cost price.  
We hold very few copies in the knowledge that requests  
for hard copies are rarely received.

Another important element is our Lapwing Legacy Library which holds all  
our retained titles since 1988 in PDF at £4.00 per title:  
the format being 'front cover page - full content pages - back cover page'.  
This format is printable as single pages: either the whole book or a favourite page.

I thank Adam Rudden for the great work he has done over the years  
creating and managing this web-site.

Thanks also to our authors from 'home' and around the world for entrusting Lapwing  
with their valuable contributions to civilisation.

If you wish to seek publication please send your submission in MW Word docx format.

LAPWING PUBLICATIONS

POETRY TITLES 2021

All titles are £10.00 stg. plus postage from the authors via their email address.  
PDF versions are available from Lapwing at £4.00 a copy,  
they are printable for private, review and educational purposes.

9781838439804\_Halperin Richard W. DALLOWAY IN WISCONSIN  
Mr.Halperin lives in Paris France  
Email: halperin8@wanadoo.fr

9781838439811\_Halperin Richard W. SUMMER NIGHT 1948  
9781838439859\_Halperin Richard W. GIRL IN THE RED CAPE

9781838439828\_Lennon Finbar NOW  
Mr Lennon lives in the Republic of Ireland  
Email: lennonfinbar@hotmail.com

9781838439835\_Dillon Paul T WHISPER  
Mr Dillon lives in the Republic of Ireland  
Email: ptjdillon@gmail.com

9781838439842\_Brooks Richard WOOD FOR THE TREES  
Mr Brooks lives in England UK  
Email:richard.brooks3@btinternet.com

9781838439866\_Garvey Alan IN THE WAKE OF HER LIGHT

9781838439873\_McManus Kevin THE HAWTHORN TREE  
Mr McManus lives in the Republic of Ireland  
Email: kevinmcmanus1@hotmail.com

9781838439880\_Dwan Berni ONLY LOOKIN'  
Berni Dwan lives in the Republic of Ireland  
Email: bernidwan@gmail.com

9781838439897\_Murbach Esther VIEW ASKEW  
Esther Murbach lives in Switzerland though she also spends time in Galway  
Email: esther.murbach@gmx.ch

9781916345751\_McGrath Niall SHED  
Mr McGrath lives in County Antrim Northern Ireland, UK  
Email: mcgrath.niall@hotmail.com

9781916345775\_Somerville-Large GILLIAN LAZY BEDS

9781916345782\_Gohorry & Lane COVENTRY CRUCIBLE  
Mr Lane lives in England-UK and due to the recent death of Mr Gohorry  
Mr Lane will be the contact for this publication: