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Peann agus Pár – New Galway writing

Welcome to the Galway Review literary page. In collaboration with the Galway Advertiser the Galway Review will be publishing a literary page as a feature in the Advertiser each week from now on. An open invitation is being given to writers in Irish and English to submit their works for consideration and publication. Writers worldwide are invited to send their submissions to thegalwayreview@gmail.com and selected pieces from The Galway Review will be published on the literary page of the Galway Advertiser.

It is the goal of this joint venture to encourage writing amongst young and old and to have a panel of editors who will determine what will be published on the literary page. At a recent meeting in Taibhdhearc na Gaillimhe the General Administrator of The Galway Review, Uinseann Mac Thómais and Managing Editor, Ndrek Gjini outlined their plans for the Galway Review to a select attendance of Galway writers present. While the emphasis will be on writers with a connection to Galway, or from Galway itself, it will not be exclusively so affording extra variety of content. We look forward to a lively and entertaining literary page with the help and support of contributors and the team at the Galway Advertiser.

Clúid

Báisteach ar dalladh de shíor ar an ród
Soir ón mBualtín maidin roinm nóin;
Lochán uisce ag cur mé ar míthreoir,
Ceo mar chlúid ar na cnoic atá romham.
Ní mar atá dúthaign gach solas is scáth
Tráth na fiúise deirge faoi bhláth
Áille na h-áille inniu ina dubh agus bán,
Na Triúr Deirfearacha mar mharbháin;
An Samhain ar ais mar mháistír cruálaich-
Is í a chuir crioch le fómhar flaithiúilach.

MATT MOONEY

Coverlet

Rain ruining the way home
East of Buaileán near noon;
Steering clear of locháns,
With fog on the hills ahead.
No change of light and shade
Of the blood red fuchsia days
In colourful Corca Dhuibhne,
Now only in black and white-
The sun will paint the picture;
The Three Sisters look forlorn
As the rule of November runs
And ends the Indian summer.

MATT MOONEY

Matt Mooney was born in Kilcreest, Loughrea, Co. Galway. He has lived in Listowel since 1966. His first book of poetry 'Droving' was published in 2003 and this was followed in 2010 by 'Falling Apples'. His poems have appeared in 'Feasta', 'West 47°', 'First Cut', 'The Applicant', 'The Kerryman', 'The Connaught Tribune'.

Sadie

BY LINDSEY BELLOSA

"The time isn't long passing," Sadie says as she stands in her kitchen and kisses our faces, goodbye. Her blue eyes are settled like a calm day on Clew Bay, resting on the rocks of the Emagh shore where she has lived nearly a century: nine children, difficult births...is she thinking of them as she stares out, resolved to meet her God as the sea meets the shore? Or of her husband, twenty five years gone, his grave under the green grass beside the sea beside the small child they lost under the wheel of his wagon as he pulled the horses through the stubborn ground.

He had told her to keep seated but perhaps she spotted a flower, perhaps she was petulant as a small child is whenever they are seated, so she jumped down just as the wheels gave way from the stubborn ground and did he hear her small bones or her cry or did he return to find her seat empty and his heart lurched like that terrible wagon in the thick blood of love and did he pray please God no as he found her small body in the mud, carried her all the way home with no hope, with hope as dead as a day where

Childhood

Childhood was spent
waiting, for the world to find us
in this place of stern-faced women
where good advice was abundant,
but never enough love.
And always the talk of hay and the weather
the price of everything,
and what if we never left this place,
had to wear sensible shoes and
be those girls who read at Sunday mass -
what if?
In summer the land dried and we sat
in the orchard writing love-letters, with
all the foolish things we'd never say:
'Love you always,' and 'Love forever' -
They would never be read. All the time
staying close to the dark house.

MARY ELLEN FEAN

Mary Ellen Fean is a Shannon-based poet whose work has appeared in The SHOp, The Clare Champion, Revival magazine and elsewhere, and she has read her work widely. Long-listed for the Desmond O'Grady Poetry Prize in 2012, she is the organiser of the poetry event at the Sixmilebridge, Co. Clare annual music festival.

the sea does not move and the shore is desolate as an empty house.

So he carried her to the kitchen where Sadie met them at the door, where perhaps she saw them at a distance or heard his low and terrible moan. She must have howled like the wind that shook the house at night. She must have pounded her hands like rocks with grief, while the grandmother of my children rolled oblivious in her womb... born three weeks later under the haze of grief for her namesake, for the small Mary they lost.

Is this what Sadie thinks of as she bids us goodbye, as she stares out into the fields and listens to the sea and the wind, raging one night and settled the next. Like time.... beating the shore or like Sadie's eyes: resolved to its passing.

Lindsey Bellosa was born in upstate New York, USA. She has an MA in Writing from the National University of Galway, Ireland and has had several poems and short stories published in both Irish and American magazines and journals including Crannog, Big River Poetry, The Poppy Review, and TRANSITION Magazine.

Before Throw-In

We pace the tunnel behind the stand
while grown men curse at sixteen-
year-olds-in-shorts from the terrace.
Hear the screech of the crowd,
the crumpling of flying Tayto packets and
the rattling of empty Lucozade bottles.
Give them the blood they bay for.
Forget the dying gladiator being
scraped from the sand-based pitch.
Ignore the mounting crescendo, the tide
of voices that rises in tandem with the sliotar as
it loops over the bar somewhere behind.

EOIN MOLLOY

Eoin Molloy is a second-year student of Creative Writing at NUI Galway. This poem combines his love of writing with his other main interest: sport. A native of Galway, Eoin plays hurling for Castlegar.

The Ringmaster

In this circus
you juggle your roles with
great finesse
The barker, enticing
take a chance
The trapeze artist
gripping and tossing
without a net
throwing your knives
with expertise
taming with the
crack of your whip
until you fold up
your tent
and move on
to your next
paying audience
leaving
the holes from your stakes,
an empty ring.

LIZ KERR

Liz Kerr has had short stories published in Philly Fiction, City Paper, and the anthology "Rust Belt Rising". Her writing has also appeared in The Philadelphia Inquirer. She works at Temple University Hospital in Philadelphia and holds dual Irish and American citizenship.

Family fortunes

BY JAMES CLAFFEY

The adder on the ground grips a fritillary in its mouth. I cannot decide if it's consuming the butterfly or giving birth. My mother delivered my sibling in a drug-induced haze, without the ability to recognize the costumed creature that sprang from her legs in the forceps grip. She tells the story at my aunt's eightieth birthday party, nurse at one elbow, I.V. stand rocking precipitously at the other. Mother's not been well, and I had to bribe the home to let her attend.

"Spinster," she says. The word marches across the grass to where my aunt, from her wheelchair, welcomes the visitors. Mother is agitated and the nurse strokes her shoulder through the light cardigan. But there's no calming Mother as she takes a perverse satisfaction in her sister's discomfort.

My aunt accuses her of lying and explains the reason she never chose to marry was related to a family history of gigantism. It appears a distant cousin from another state had a

whole half of his face that slowly outgrew the other half, the eye bulging like a cyclop, the ear a flowering trumpet of pinkness. My aunt scratches the bulging varicose vein and blows bubbles into the glass of sherry in her hand.

"Liar. Liar." Mother's siren song poisons the air. As I leave the table to go to her side, she begins to choke. The machine hooked to her arm flashes as my aunt wags a finger in her direction. The adder consumes the last of the fritillary, and all that's left on the ground is a light dusting of wing. Mother scolds the nurse and settles into a deck chair with the I.V. standing guard.

James Claffey hails from County Westmeath, Ireland, and lives on an avocado ranch in Carpinteria, CA with his wife, the writer and artist, Maureen Foley, their daughter, Maisie, and occasionally, his son, Simon. James' writing has appeared in numerous journals, magazines and anthologies. His fiction collection, Blood a Cold Blue is published by Press 53, and he is working on a novel based on his childhood in Ireland.