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A
NEW
ULSTER



**Featuring the works of. Anum Sattar, Marc Carver,
Charlie Jones, Joan Leotta, Ahmad Murad Merican,
Michael Lee Johnson, Daniel De Culla, Mark Young,
Michael J Whelan, Jess Mc Kinney, Hard copies can
be purchased from our website.**

**Issue 60
September 2017**

A New Ulster
Prose
On the Wall
Website

Editor: Amos Greig
Editor: E V Greig
Editor: Arizahn
Editor: Adam Rudden

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A

New

Ulster

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Cover Image “Longing” by Amos Greig

“It is during our darkest moments that we must focus to see the light.” Aristotle Onassis.

Editorial

I apologize for the delay in getting this issue out I am afraid that due to factors out of our control we lost internet access for a while meaning no email, no social media and no work. Our connection has been repaired however there are still a few glitches with the up and down speed.

Putting words together in a coherent pattern can be challenging enough, focussing on the editorial process is also difficult combine that with waiting for test results for cancer and a genetic defect made the task even harder. Any way after months of unknowing (hah!) I finally got my results back. I do not have cancer or the genetic defect of the MSH6 gene which runs in the family, with that worry no longer on my mind I can get back to focussing on poetry and prose again.

What then should my focus be considering how few words I allocate to myself each month for musing and discussion? How about the 1910 political turmoil caused when the British Liberal party attempted to raise taxes on the wealthy to support the rest of British society? The fact that the house of lords rebelled and blocked it and how the Conservatives would manipulate the political system here to gain the majority in parliament? No too much like politics sadly and that is something I promised to keep out of ANU.

September already it is amazing how time seems to fly sunset to dawn and back again in the blink of an eye. I like to think of this magazine as a multicultural magazine our door being open to every culture and creed for myself as an editor I find that it is important to leave my politics and my personal ethnic and religious baggage outside. ANU will always be a neutral venue granted that isn't an easy thing to do but poetry and prose have no borders, no religious barriers or at least it shouldn't. I draw the line at hate speech or violence towards a culture or individual.

I understand that that might burn some bridges or make things awkward for us in the future I don't care I will not provide a platform for that even if I feel the same way it goes against the very reason for why I made A New Ulster and I will not abandon those principles even if it costs friendships. In saying that I do have to comment on something namely the recent attacks in Syria, Iraq and Normandy. Hundreds of people are being bombed every day in Syria for them it has become normal, in Iraq car bombings are nearly an everyday occurrence and again this has become normal. I've lived through the Troubles and have experienced riots, bombings, shootings and beatings these became normal. That's messed up no society should have to experience that ever it's no way of life I remember talking with a Bosnian and for them dodging sniper fire to go shopping was normal. Finally, the situation in Normandy is horrific I've seen people calling the priest a martyr and I believe that that is a mistake ISIL wants a holy war they are a doomsday sect and want nothing more than to fan the flames. We have to deal with them yes but the language we use needs to be treated with caution. May all those who have suffered in the recent violence find peace.

Amos Greig Editor.

Biographical Note: Anum Sattar



Anum Sattar is a junior studying English at the College of Wooster in Ohio, USA. Her poems have been published in the American Journal of Poetry (Margie,) Better than Starbucks! Artifact Nouveau, Off the Coast, Strange POEtry, Between These Shores Literary & Arts Annual, The Cannon's Mouth, The Journal (i.e. The Journal of Contemporary Anglo-Scandinavian Poetry,) Wilderness House Literary Review, Poydras Review, The Wayne Literary Journal, Deltona Howl, Poets Bridge, The Ibis Head Review and Tipton Poetry Journal. She won the third Vonna Hicks Award at the college. Whenever possible, she reads out her work at Brooklyn Poets in New York City.

The Huntsman

(Anum Sattar)

Act I

He was tired of shooting birds,
so he sang to lure the ones that perched on a tree
into his shimmering cage to keep him company.

His call to attract the birds
was heard by a bluebird flying past
and hearing how wonderfully he sang she sung along.

He had never heard a bird sing so blissfully,
so he pursued her to fill his empty cage,
but she sped back to join her tiny flock.

Act II

When she told her friends of her admirer,
they twittered under their iridescent blue wings.
Such din they made, such warbling and such fuss!

They warned her he would trap her,
but the silly birling already flew off to a bush
where she picked some succulent drupes for him to eat.

Act III

But the berries he ate made him ill
for the food that nourished her would poison him,
so he sharpened his arrow and shot her.

Then he mounted his horse and rode back
swiftly like an arrow from a crossbow
to tempt with his dulcet voice another more deserving.

But his voice was now hoarse and when he sang
the bluebirds heard only the blare of a battered hunting horn
and they all pecked him pecked him without mercy.

The Courtship

(Anum Sattar)

The bashful lady swan tucked her head underneath her wing
as the cob glided with such grace on the rippling water
that she thought he had descended from the heavens
for he surpassed all the other oafs in their mating displays.

She finally gathered up the courage to fly out to him
and lowered herself for him to clamber onto her snowy back,
but though he gripped her long neck with his knobby beak
the clumsy girl lost her balance and toppled him over.

And though she opened her throat to tempt him once again
the swan realized that she could not hold his fleeting attention
for he slowly drifted towards a more experienced neighbor,
while she schemed against them from behind the shriveled rushes.

Biographical Note: Marc Carver

Marc Carver has had ten collections of poetry published and over two thousand poems published on the net but all that really matters to him is that people send emails telling Mark they enjoy his work.

DEAR JANE
(Marc Carver)

They were all there
the mayor
the countess of Portsmouth,
the local MP
All to take a velvet cloth
off a statue of a woman
that died 200 hundred years ago.

Me I had nothing better to do.
So I started talking to the man to my left.
"We don't get much excitement in Basingstoke". I said
"No well we had a riot in 1877 they shut the pubs." he said.
"Bloody hell, I am not surprised". I said.
"Had to get the army in." He said.
"And there was that time they buried the woman but she was not dead."
"Must of been like night of the living dead." I said.

I kept looking at the statue
and hoping that there was no statue underneath
and that perhaps a dwarf or a pantomime horse was underneath and they would run off up the
road shouting.
"We fooled you, we fooled you"

But instead they pulled it off and there she was
the woman who had been dead for two hundred years
and would now have to spend eternity
rooted like one of those trees around her
Here
the Basingstoke.

Biographical Note: Charlie Jones

Charlie Jones is a twenty-four-year-old poet from Merseyside, hoping to have more of his work published.

His poetry has been featured in print and online with *Acumen*, *Orbis*, *The London Miscellany*, *The Caterpillar*, *The Journal*, *Under the Fable*, and *Literature Wales*, as well as several other magazines and journals.

Bold Street Blues

(Charlie Jones)

The gin is flowing on Bold Street,
The city's gone gin mad!
The gin is flowing freely on Bold Street,
The city's gone gin mad!
The people are having the most fun
They've ever had.

There's outstretched hands on Bold Street,
On the steps of every door.
There's outstretched hands up and down Bold Street,
On the steps of every door.
There's nothing fun
In being poor.

Sign

(Charlie Jones)

There's a sign outside our house
Telling us to move.
We don't make noise,
We take out the bins,
And we paid the rent when it was due.

But there's a sign outside our house
Telling us to leave.
I'm not sure why folks round here
Can't just let us be.

There's a sign outside our house
Telling us to go.
Though who put up the sign,
We don't know.

My Mother's Blood

(Charlie Jones)

My mother's blood flows like the Tigris,

My father's, the Euphrates,

And up those two unfathomed rivers

The Shatt al-Arab ferries.

A Man Foresees His Death

(Charlie Jones)

(For Otis Taylor)

won't be pretty, won't be quick

blood spill from me black and thick

string me from the tallest tree

leave me there for all to see

saw it in a dream at noon

gonna come round real soon

Grenfell

(Charlie Jones)

at the edge of the London skyline

a high-rise burns

like a beacon

fetch the engines!

spray the water!

there is neither

but there are questions

of how did it start

of why didn't they listen

and of who is to blame

perhaps we will never know

on the other side of the London skyline

the burnt-out remains of Grenfell Tower stands

like a beacon

Biographical Note: Joan Leotta

Joan Leotta plays with words on page and stage as a writer and story performer. Her poetry, short stories, and essays appear or are forthcoming in North Carolina Literary Review, A-3 Review, Spelk Fiction, Sisters in Crime Anthology, Hobart Literary Review, Fourth River, and Silver Birch, among others. She has twice served as a Tupelo Press 30/30 poet. Her 2017 chapbook, ***Languid Lusciousness with Lemon*** is from Finishing Line Press. When not hunched over a computer, Joan can be found at the stove, cooking or hunting seashells at the nearest beach.

Author, Story Performer

"Encouraging words through Pen and Performance"

Giulia Goes to War, Letters from Korea, A Bowl of Rice, Secrets of the Heart.

historical fiction in Legacy of Honor Series

Simply a Smile--collection of Short Stories

WHOOSH! Picture book from THEAQ

You can download a mini-chapbook of my poems at

https://www.origamipoems.com/files/Books%20/2016/Joan_Leotta_-_Dancing_Under_The_Moon_2016R.pdf

Find out more about my work at

www.joanleotta.wordpress.com and Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/pages/Joan-Leotta-Author-and-Story-Performer/188479350973>

Standing Under An Open Window In Bologna
(Joan Leotta)

As I walked along,
alone, on an ancient
Bologna walkway,
in the heat of
the afternoon,
when sensible folk
remained inside,
a sudden noise
broke my reverie.

From an open
window
a soft slapping
sound—
white lace curtains
against
green wooden shutters.
called to me.
I stopped, looked up,
watched that
quiet rush of air
move back the
curtains again,
to gently jostle
window box's
red geraniums.

Embarrassed,
I realized
wind's whispers
were not meant
for me.
He wanted to caress
soft red petals
on his way
into the room beyond.
I looked down,
pretending
to consult my map,
then stepped away.

Biographical Note: Ahmad Murad Merican

Ahmad Murad Merican is a professor at the Centre for Policy Research and International Studies, Universiti Sains Malaysia, and the first recipient of the Honorary President Resident Fellowship at the Perdana Leadership Foundation. He is also an adjunct professor with the National Academy of Arts, Culture and Heritage (ASWARA, Malaysia).

Lessons on philosophy for journalism schools

(Ahmad Murad Merican)

JOURNALISM and philosophy do not mix – that is what they say. And who are they? The whole lot of mankind – men, women, bureaucrats, professors, and journalists themselves. It is certainly a rare occasion that one finds discussions favouring the interlocking dimension of journalism and philosophy.

Journalism schools in Malaysia, and most parts of the world shy away from the literary, the historical and the philosophical. Journalists, journalism teachers and journalism students would denounce philosophy in the newsroom, and in the classroom. Philosophy seems to be out of place. There is no space for the journalist to “think about philosophy”, “think philosophically”, “indulge in reflexivity” in his daily routine; or in the routine of the journalism teacher in class. “The world out there” is important, so the sentiment goes. “Industry experience” for the student is glorified, and educators who have no “industry experience” are condescended upon.

The journalist works on truth claims, not truth in itself. And these are said to have their functions outside the classroom. When I was teaching journalism in the 1980s to about 2007, I was always mindful of journalists having a preconception of themselves, of the organisation, of the profession and of historical, social and intellectual landscape of the nation.

This is because journalists are not just chroniclers, not only — as they say — the first recorder of history, or the first to report an event. Journalists are interpreters, advocates and generators of opinion. The column is the journalist’s sword. The journalist must be

conscious of his prose. And how that prose asserts a generalisation of phenomena, and limits or transcends the boundaries of words.

The journalist must be conscious of modes of thought, and his own thinking. The journalist must exist outside his cloistered cranium to see what goes on in his thought – its patterns, nodes, connections and interconnections, of what the mind sees and how it represents what it sees. The obnoxious reality. Or is it the fiction of the mind?

But there is also factuality and imagination, and how his prose meanders and oozes a new life, and a portent force, perhaps, distorting the very reality and truth claims that he initially captures and makes. I see the students that I taught as experiments to truth and truth claims of themselves and of what they write. I build that certain defiance to facts, to distrust knowledge and conventions, but to respect scepticism, and one's own judgment.

Their first day in class would be greeted with a paradox to journalism education. I taught journalism, but assert that I would not hire them if I were the editor. I distrust the paradigm of journalism education. At the same time, I subscribe to it. Is there a methodology, a single assumption on teaching and studying journalism? Must you study journalism to aspire to be a journalist or are you expected to be one after such studies?

I ask Malaysian journalism schools this question. And I suspect that the question has never been asked in their almost five decades of existence. Is it necessary to teach, educate and train young men and women to be journalists? Isn't a university education – in various diverse fields and disciplines, say from Art History to Nuclear Physics or Medicine – a good enough qualification to be a member of the profession, to indulge in the vocation?

Should we not assume that philosophy can enhance journalistic thinking – whatever we may mean by “journalistic”? I have written elsewhere in this newspaper that journalism is an intellectual pursuit, imperfected by popular constructs and ideological contortions. Journalism scholarship is rarely deliberated. The flawed epistemology remains, and continues to be so.

The journalistic product – be it news or the (journalistic) essay — is embedded in social and power relations, resonating the dialectics of reasoning. At one time, I tend to think that teaching a little of different subjects, by way of providing content, would make a better journalist. Or perhaps look at the study of journalism as interdisciplinary and multidisciplinary. I was then thinking of significant components of literature, anthropology, history, sociology and geography as part of the journalism curriculum.

Most of the time, we assume that those components are content-related. They are not. Those disciplines provide structures of thought and methodological orientations. Philosophy as a subject in itself is the capstone. I would imagine that it can provide arguments on the structure of objectivity – not as an erroneous popular view of that word coming from journalists, journalism educators and journalism students. Ethics or code of ethics have been uttered with ignorance – a misdirected notion of conduct and what we call journalistic ethics.

And who should develop the curriculum, the syllabus and teach what has been laid out? What kinds of leadership do we expect in journalism teaching, study and research? And who are the people now tasked with journalism teaching, or who should they be?

Many may suggest doctorates in journalism. But I speculate that none would support those doctorates in philosophy or related areas, and perhaps many more would vouch that practitioners or former practitioners are the most qualified people. Many in journalism schools pronounce the value of critical thinking skills. In some systems, the journalist may not be too critical perhaps. Nevertheless, one of my main objectives in teaching students of journalism is to inculcate a habit of knowing about their profession, the ability to provide a critique of the craft, the occupation, and the vocation. We may end up calling it a profession. It is a contradiction of labour and intellect, of public (and private) interests and truth, of media capital and the political economy.

But I always strive to emphasise that a journalist is an intellectual (of daily life), a populariser of arcane ideas, functioning as a philosopher. I tend to be Quixotic. But then, universities must rethink, reassess and reshape journalism education, and not, like in some universities here, regard it as a vocational subject, without a corpus, without a soul if you will. What is a medical or law school if not a vocational one? I am not defending the study of journalism, neither am I subjugating the study of Medicine and Law. But it will do society and the nation good to have a second look (at studying journalism). We are dealing with the study and teaching of an instrument of production and reproduction of ideas. Some, coming even from within the campuses, would dismiss it as popular writing, and hence not worthy of study and deliberation. No one wants to see journalism as a profession and as an institution, except perhaps the journalism academic, the scholar of sociology and political science, and the conscientious member of the vocation, and naively the student. And for purposes of regulation, the powers that be.

Cognisant of the complexities, and the unsettled notion of the function of the scribe, I was once deliberating a text to the course which I would teach for more than 10 years. The course was titled Principles of Journalism. It was not a writing course. It was an orientation to the subject – more of an introduction. I finally found Sophie's World, a

novel on the history of philosophy. My journalism students were given that honour to delve into and dwell on ideas and thoughts - their reproduction, and their representations. Written by Norwegian writer Jostein Gaarder, it first appeared in 1991 and was translated into English in 1995. It provides initial lessons in philosophy to the journalism student - the “Sophia” and the “Philo”.

*****The writer is a professor at the Centre for Policy Research and International Studies, Universiti Sains Malaysia, and the first recipient of the Honorary President Resident Fellowship at the Perdana Leadership Foundation. He is also an adjunct professor with the National Academy of Arts, Culture and Heritage (ASWARA). Email him at ahmadmurad@usm.my or muradamerican@gmail.com**

Biographical Note: Michael Lee Johnson

Michael Lee Johnson lived ten years in Canada during the Vietnam era. He is a Canadian and USA citizen. Today he is a poet, editor, publisher, freelance writer, amateur photographer, small business owner in Itasca, Illinois. He has been published in more than 930 small press magazines in 33 different countries or republics, and he edits 10 poetry sites. Author's website <http://poetryman.mysite.com/>. Michael is the author of *The Lost American: From Exile to Freedom* (136 page book) ISBN: 978-0-595-46091-5, several chapbooks of poetry, including *From Which Place the Morning Rises* and *Challenge of Night and Day, and Chicago Poems*. He also has over 134 poetry videos on YouTube as of 2015: <https://www.youtube.com/user/poetrymanusa/videos> **Michael Lee Johnson, Itasca, IL nominated for 2 Pushcart Prize awards for poetry 2015 & Best of the Net 2016.** Visit his Facebook Poetry Group and join <https://www.facebook.com/groups/807679459328998/> He is also the editor/publisher of anthology, *Moonlight Dreamers of Yellow Haze*: <http://www.amazon.com/dp/1530456762> A second poetry anthology, *Dandelion in a Vase of Roses*, Editor Michael Lee Johnson, is now available here: <http://www.amazon.com/dp/1545352089>

Reincarnation (V2)

By Michael Lee Johnson

Next life I will be a little higher on the pecking order.
No longer a dishwasher at the House of Pancakes,
or Ricky's All Day Grill, or Sunday night small dog thief.
I will evolve into the Prince of Bullfrogs, crickets don't bother,
swamp flies don't bother me-I eat them. Alligators I avoid.
I urinate on lily pads mate across borders, continents at will.
Someone else from India can wash my dishes locally for me.
Forward all complaints to that religious office of Indian affairs.

Detective Poetic Johnson Here

By Michael Lee Johnson

December 1st 2016,

detective Johnson here.

I see my shrink for the 1st time,

I'm low maintenance, one every 3 months,

Dr. Pennypecker. He is tight ass conservative type
with a raisin dry personality who tries to keep sober
and focused so he can focus on me.

I'm a grade 3 drop out with a degree
in elementary school bullshit.

I ask him how his children are.

"I only have one, let's focus on YOU!"

Nice haircut, Dr. Pennypecker,
have you ever noticed how the poor people
who usually come here, are Mexicans,
and they all can afford a \$60 a month cell phone?

"Let's stay focused!"

I tell Dr. Pennypecker I love Jesus, I love the Holy Ghost,
I love the Father; most of these Mexicans do too.

With all these rain clouds up above outside this window here,
I believe we are all together until I pass.

"Now that is interesting, let's focus on that!"

I tell Dr. Pennypecker when I get upset about something
I know is my fault and I do have problems
sleeping but I don't dwell on that too much.

"Let's focus on that!"

**Is 20 milligrams of Citalopram, antidepressants, generic,
enough or should we cut it back?**

Oh no, don't do that Dr. Pennypecker. By the way, Dr. Pennypecker,
how do you cut your hair in the back when you have your own Wal-Mart
Pro Clipper Haircutting Kit set on # 2?

**"I put a paper back there and I put a mirror back there and I sort of do,
no, no, let's not focus on that!"**

I walk out the door ready for my next appointment 3 months down the road.
I open the door for a stranger ready for his appointment; I say, "have a good day."
He is so self-centered, that his long hair and the way he moves back and forth
sways, swings, doesn't say anything he is so damn self-absorbed in his own gray
cloud.

This was my day with Dr. Pennypecker.

I Edit My Life (V2)

By Michael Lee Johnson

I edit my life.

Clothesline pins & clips

hang to dry

dirty laundry.

I turn poetic hedonistic

in my early 70's,

reviewing the joys

and the sorrows

of my journey.

I find myself wanting

a new review, a new product,

a new time machine,

a new internet space,

a new planet where

we small, wee creative

creatures can grow.

Day Time Bitch & Nighttime Whore (2)

By Michael Lee Johnson

Fern Dickson life untrue to her marital vows, peachy,
what did you expect from the Indiana Rockville whore?
Daddy was welder man, sweat, bleeder bending
over hot steel rolls all day, he was a verb man,
Oliver farmer, noun, welder machine man.
Fern Dickson was a sneak out the door whore, peachy,
2:30 pm. daily was her homemaker check out time.
Waddling penguin style down to Kubiak's bar
to write her own mystery novel.
Demolition of their marriage, started with table hopping at the bar,
peachy, free drinks and a celebration of wholesale sex.
Narrative, family circles and circuses run in the gypsies of whores,
daddy dog, dancing sin, with the Rockville whore.
Daddy comes home from work,
angered at the burned potato fries,
cold Sauerkraut, Bush's fresh out of the can,
maple cured baked beans, cold Cole Slaw, A&P grocery store.
Narrative, old prostitute whore habits die-hard.
Coon hunting, fox hunting daddy, I'm the storyteller
of this Rockville, Indiana whore.
Her brass tits suck then stuck in the mouths of strangers at the local bar, peachy.
Fern has no regular job, bar hopping, table jumping,
became her unemployment check, salary, entertainment and career, peachy.
This cemetery now is Archangel Lucifer, secretary, note taker
for the Rockville whore.

Children in the Sky (V2)

By Michael Lee Johnson

There is a full moon,
distant in this sky tonight,

Gray planets planted
on an aging white, face.

Children, living and dead,
love the moon with small hearts.

Those in heaven already take gold thread,
drop the moon down for us all to see.

Those alive with us, look out their
bedroom windows tonight,
we smile, then prayers, then sleep.

Biographical Note: Daniel de Culla



Daniel de Culla is a writer, poet, and photographer. He's member of the Spanish Writers Association, Earthly Writers International Caucus, Poets of the World, (IA) International Authors, Surrealism Art, and others. Director of Gallo Tricolor Review, and Robespierre Review. He participated in many Festivals of Poetry, and Theater in Madrid, Burgos, Berlin, Minden, Hannover and Genève .He has exposed in many galleries from Madrid, Burgos, London, and Amsterdam. He is moving between North Hollywood, Madrid and Burgos; e-mail: gallotricolor@yahoo.com

SONG TO THE RUINS OF AMERICA

(Daniel de Culla)

With the Glyn Ford' eyes:

"Fascist Europe-The Rise of Racism and Xenophobia"

I see with horror how from an american country to another

Racism and Xenophobia are cultivated in ist fields

Inspecting the growth of fascism and its relationship

With the capitalist families' domain

As Daniel Guerin saw in his "Fascism and Big Busines"

When Fascism was flourishing in Germany and Italy

For nothing.

Cities and fields returns to watering the river Biederitz

Feeder of the river Elba

That brings the Hitler and Eve's cremated and crushed remains

Together with others of theirs on the studio couch

Where they were found suicided

Perhaps the same couch of love where Neville Chamberlain

the British Prime Minister was sat.

River that joins and, at the end, matchs to the river Potomac

In Chesapeake Bay, Atlantic Ocean

Rested in backwater of the White House' pool

Built in its foundations and frames

by slaves and Irish and Italian workers without papers

that tomorrow will come to call "Trumbunker".

He'll walk in the middle of the garden

Arrogant his figure as a God with joke eyes, body to much he-man

And penisly classic figure

whose Te Deum will be of the Asses and the Marquis of Sade.

Heil; He's the "Uro of Heck" big, robust, with long horns
a brown copper hair, with skin of a certain form
with fierce behaviour.

Heil; He's the new Thartac, God of the Hivites with Ass-headed
well known and loved by priests and parish priest.

Nor the snow neither the wind will lash, that they believe

The angry figure of this God-man who loves life

As a desolated tyrant with dizziness of sex just nasty

running towards the void of a great National and Global Zoo

upon which will erect a statue to the Ass

to which will come the souls of the Eve's terrier breed scottish dogs

and the Hitler' German Shepherd Dog with her cubs

to piss lifting up its leg.

And Fabius will sing near the doors of the White House

The new "Trumbunker"

the Rodrigo Caro's paraphrased song to the Ruins of Italica:

"These, Trump, poor me; that you see now

Lonely fields, gloomy hill

Were a time great America".

Because the crime, the evil, the cruel and bloody

Assembly of wars against another peoples and nations

Ever returns, sooner or later, against one and another.

MINE'S "HOORAY FOR HOLLYWOOD"

(Daniel de Culla)

Listening Frankie Goes to Hollywood

I'm peer over this Place.

Men and women want to build a stellar life

As soon as possible

Imitating the old stars with compacted dreams

Saying to us the "strange POETRY" sentence:

"There is no exquisite beauty...

Without some strangeness in the proportion".

There are countless reasons

To fall in Love with Hollywood.

Evidence logically assumes the form of a found object

Or a found image.

Stars speak through stamen

Hear through the petals of a Daisy

Wash up after work, eat dinner

Have a beer, go to bed

Working for enclosing their lives in the spectacle.

The light is very clean and soft

An early spring day,

Wo/Men are radiant from within

We are alert enough to see the radiance:

Le cadavre exquis boira le vin nouveau

The exquisite corpse will drink

The new wine with Marilyn Monroe and John Wayne.

But the ritual of the fame is out of tune

Has vanished the Wo/Men are .

She who's rite meant wrapping a place

A "holding spot" around wet, newborn whore

And he is employed in some manner

As Motherfucker

If their sources are sufficiently remote.

Films and signs:

Motherfuckers and whores

With the greatest diversity of species-
climax.

The foat all mind giving Life

Under the Star of Film-Illumination

The active more ever renewing Mind

Of primordial spontaneous Wisdom.

The retired stars are also here

Building their homes from the adobes of the West

The whites, the blacks, the hippies, foolish transients

Recorded with native birds and insects in the background.

Who could ever start, Mamma Mia, here;

Hollywood is what is seen.

There is what is not.

There is what is inside and what is without.

It is all real. And it is all false

While it is either real or false

Or partially real

Partially false.

Adios, Mujeres y Hombres, y viceversa.

Que les vaya bonito en Hollywood.

Yo sé que estáis contentos

Por dejar vuestras tristes vidas

¿A que sí?

Goodbye Wo/Men, and vice versa

Good look in Hollywood.

I do know You're happy for leaving

Your sad-looking lives.

She/he is in America, silly;

Biographical Note: Mark Young

Mark Young's most recent books are *Ley Lines & bricolage*, both from gradient books of Finland, *The Chorus of the Sphinxes*, from Moria Books in Chicago, & *some more strange meteorites*, from Meritage & i.e. Press, California / New York.

A vicarious life—the backing track

(Mark Young)

Whenever it started
to get away from him
he would slide in under
the ropes clutching a
variety of extended

instrumental versions
of his life —usually
kept in a box in the car
boot — & hold karaoke
nights so he could watch

other people doing the
words that were meant for
him. Only then would he
decide which track he
wanted to record next.

Rapprochement

(Mark Young)

Perhaps

the approach

is where I

am losing it. Or

perhaps it is

that I / do not

come close

at all. The

approach of

non-

approach. Not

a poem but

another fucking

zen koan.

The extinct river

(Mark Young)

He collected water
from different rivers,
from the same river
at different times. Kept
in a controlled environment
to prevent evaporation. In
old jam jars. Numbered.
Carefully registered.
Date, place, sometimes

season. Whether up-
or downstream from some
notable landmark. The
Fitzroy, 17/12/96, 2 km
above the Barrage, on
the third day of rain. Or:
Nine Mile Creek, seven
years of silence & then
the first flow. 13/1/79.

Most now clear water for
the sediment settles over
time. Different levels of

it, sometimes a sequence,
often sad. Thirty-three years
of the Murray, the jars
side by side, the first with
a thin layer of silt, the last
a jar of dessicated dust.

The Pillow Book of Patrice Lumumba

(Mark Young)

The play is over,
but the play is
never over. Under-
studies line up
to take my part. A
new director, new
backers, the monied
ones who want
a rewrite of the
script. More blood,
more firing squads,
an occasional acid
bath. The play is
never over, but I'm
no longer in the play.

Tuesday evening @ The Blue Note

(Mark Young)

Miles is playing

Bye Bye Blackbird

in the — not

so — back-

ground & for

the duration I

am Red Garland

& this is the key-

board on which

I block out

the chords as I

comp away

behind Miles' solo

& I am feeling

that special tingle

up & down my spine

as I watch

Coltrane wetting

his lips getting

ready to solo as

he listens to Miles
& picks out the
phrase he is
going to enter
with an answer to.

Biographical Note: Michael J Whelan

Michael J. Whelan is an Irish soldier-poet & historian. He served as UN Peacekeeper in Lebanon and Kosovo in the early 1990s. 2nd in the Patrick Kavanagh and 3rd in the Jonathon Swift Creative Writing Awards and selected for the Poetry Ireland Introductions, Michael's Debut collection PEACEKEEPER was published in 2016 by Doire Press.

THE SOLDIER YOU WERE

(Michael J Whelan)

*(Rifleman Shay Singleton, U.N. checkpoint 6-38 Alpha, Haddathah Village,
Irish Area of Operations - South Lebanon, winter 1988)*

I will always remember
that Peacekeepers, like *Icarus*, sometimes soar
too close to the flames of a violent sun,
that warriors are drawn by the gods
to the night-time's phosphorous tracer
bouncing like molten solder
under a welder's torch,

that glory and honour take many forms,
and a Greek falling at Thermopylae
was as real and important to antiquity
as you buying shoes for a near barefoot child
and your reading these words now.

So these lines are for the soldier you were,
for that Peacekeeper all those years ago
because you've often wondered
if the months you spent in that burning land

were worth the time away from home
and your family's fret,
what the things you did and witnessed meant,

for though all warriors seek the glories of the Spartan
and armies, for millennia, have ploughed the soil of Lebanon,
history shows that enemies aren't always victims of a war,
the poor and innocent too are taken by the sword.

But, even warriors are known to save lives,
like the day you refused to let a schoolboy die
or the greatest pain explode among that winter's classroom,
or his home.

Though he thought better
than gift a secret hand-grenade to you - an Irish soldier,
you gave him every dollar you could muster from your pockets
for the deadly contents of his bag.

BATTLE SIGHTS

(Michael J Whelan)

*(Rifleman John Curley, U.N. Observation Post 6-40 - Haddathah,
Irish Area of Operations, South Lebanon - 1989)*

Everyone was shooting before anyone was killed.

Sometimes you have to defend yourself.

Your body was tense, selecting through your battle sights

the one trying to kill you, his bullets

kicking up dirt on their way to your head,

you never took the shot.

Being a Peacekeeper in a warzone

and being prepared to use your weapon

was a lesson you learned very early.

Later, when you smashed their Russian

made machine-gun to bits on a rock,

you were only venting your rage at the carnage.

Two AMAL dead and five Irish injured

after a stand-off at a U.N. checkpoint

over who was to keep possession of the thing.

Flesh has no resistance to bullets

aimed by dead freedom fighters

squeezing triggers as they fall.

You still see it all.

After the fire-fight blood filled your vision.

It poured from the floor of an APC,

where two of your friends lay wounded,

their bodies punctured.

You worked on them as they screamed,

rolling the most serious onto his side to drain his lungs,

while he pleaded with you to keep him alive

to see his daughter.

When you destroyed the machine-gun that day,

with blood on your face and on your hands,

everyone remembered how a human skull

is disintegrated by a rifle switched to automatic

and no one dared stop you.

AMAL – Lebanese Resistance

APC – Armoured Personnel Carrier

THE CLEVERNESS OF HUNGER

(Michael J Whelan)

In my garden on a wet summer day,
while big crows mustered
and seagulls squawked in anger
at the cleverness of hunger,
small birds clustered
to feed each other damp crumbs,
and there I witnessed a tiny sparrow
drag a half slice of bread
(which I had just thrown
onto a flat-roof shed)
under a small table
to keep it from the reign.

Biographical Note: Jessica Mc Kinney



Feminist / Bisexual / Plant Mom / Poem Person

Originally from Inishowen, Co. Donegal, Jess Mc Kinney is an English Studies graduate of UCD.

She is currently living and working in Dublin, inhabiting space within the city's cultural vein, whilst doing all she can to #Repealthe8th.

Her work has been previously published in Impossible Archetype, HeadStuff, Hunt & Gather, and with a number of local zines.

(Jessica Mc Kinney)

The thin film of 'making it work' over your eyes.

The 'just for now's keeping you off the up highs.

Independence is disappointment,

that of staying up all night.

Admitting that you hardly know home sickness,

is this what it means to live your best life?

You emerge, blistered survivor of a small-town hive.

Independence is limbo:

double down, be quick to deny.

What would you say to yourself then, if you could?

Not to dwell? To take heed?

You've built your own life now, minus mouths to feed.

Gained authority enough to be occasionally off topic

and out of sorts for as many months as you need.

Still scrambling at the embers of creativity,

and for that you ought to be grateful,

especially in the capital,

glad of these mealy ounces of autonomy.

Run far from the border, but you're starting to circle back,

getting big thoughts in the inconvenient late night.

Can't help but feel estranged among the empty flats,

phantom limbs, incomplete and amassed.

One city is grown within the other.

Independence is 'just in case', but often that just applies to your mates.

So you work harder, by eerie scaffolding lights,
bathed in electrons from which they parasitically feed.
Independence is avoiding your own shrunken likeness,
casting cigarettes down into the unconstructed depths,
not hanging around to see where they land.
You cannot be concerned by what does not visibly impact.

And when out walking alone, as you should be able to,
you hurt yourself straining from the parched glances of men
wrung out like a dish cloth with hunger
“don’t ask to borrow something if you won’t be giving it back”
“don’t say it’s a proposition if it won’t be realized together”

And you will know that you’re just the mesh caught in the zip,
screaming for more in the system designed to digest
but you’re still expected to work and smirk,
make a to-do list, make your art and passions a pastime.
Independence is productivity, and mental health is inconvenient
say it again and again and again until you believe it.

Independence is a medical card, it’s a front door key.
Aged 7: I felt the first hot breath, the threat of homelessness.
Age 22: toiling full-time but I can’t afford my meds again.
Moving ‘home’ has happened 3 times in the last 7 months.
Self-sufficiency is the degree I achieved in.
Successful, independent, but what’s it worth if you aren’t really from Dublin.

Jess Mc Kinney

If you fancy submitting something but haven't done so yet, or if you would like to send us some further examples of your work, here are our submission guidelines:

On the Wall

SUBMISSIONS

NB - All artwork must be in either BMP or JPEG format. Indecent and/or offensive images will not be published, and anyone found to be in breach of this will be reported to the police.

Images must be in either BMP or JPEG format.

Please include your name, contact details, and a short biography. You are welcome to include a photograph of yourself - this may be in colour or black and white.

We cannot be responsible for the loss of or damage to any material that is sent to us, so please send copies as opposed to originals.

Images may be resized in order to fit "On the Wall". This is purely for practicality.

E-mail all submissions to: g.greig3@gmail.com and title your message as follows: (Type of work here) submitted to "A New Ulster" (name of writer/artist here); or for younger contributors: "Letters to the Alley Cats" (name of contributor/parent or guardian here). Letters, reviews and other communications such as Tweets will be published in "Round the Back". Please note that submissions may be edited. All copyright remains with the original author/artist, and no infringement is intended.

These guidelines make sorting through all of our submissions a much simpler task, allowing us to spend more of our time working on getting each new edition out!



Arizona & Friends



September 2017's MESSAGE FROM THE ALLEYCATS:

September is here and the hot weather has vanished. I'm afraid there has been some delays due to Amos' asthma. Where does the time fly? It seems like it was only last week when we were busy making the January issue meow!!.

Well, that's just about it from us for this edition everyone. Thanks again to all of the artists who submitted their work to be presented "On the Wall". As ever, if you didn't make it into this edition, don't despair! Chances are that your submission arrived just too late to be included this time. Check out future editions of "A New Ulster" to see your work showcased "On the Wall".



Round The Back

We continue to provide a platform for poets and artists around the world we want to offer our thanks to the following for their financial support

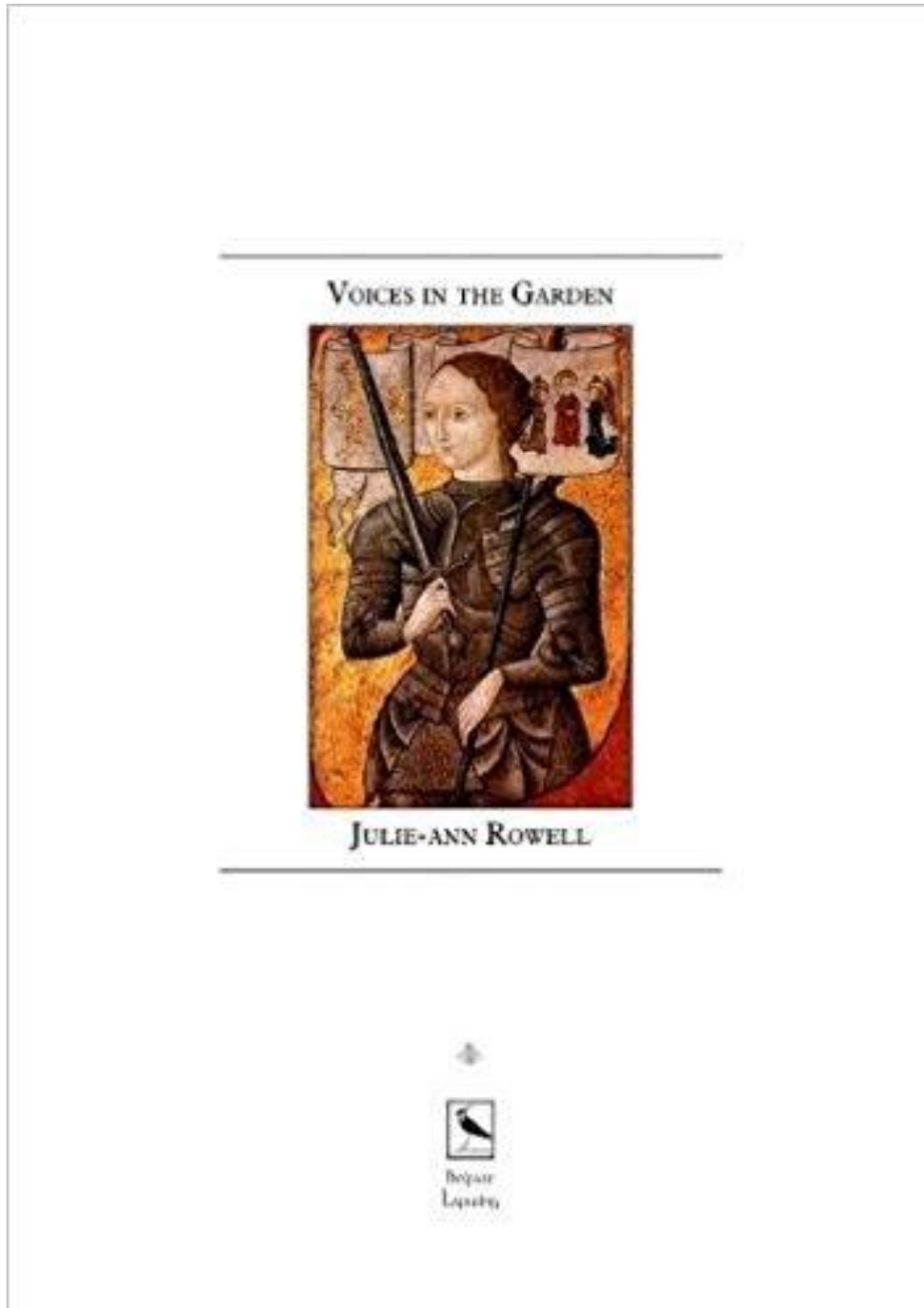
Richard Halperin,
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John Byrne,
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Strider Marcus Jones

Our anthologies

https://issuu.com/amosgreig/docs/anu_present_voices_for_peace

https://issuu.com/amosgreig/docs/anu_poetry_anthology_-april

Voices in the Garden by Julie-Ann Rowell



Review By [E. Grey](#) on 27 July 2017

This heart-achingly beautiful collection chases and find new insights into a Joan of Arc who is revealed in a series of poems, as vivid as splinters of sunlight, not as a distant saint but a multi-faceted young woman brushing up against the lives of her

contemporaries in the broil of war.

The voices are marvellously varied, sometimes ethereal, sometimes earthy, sometimes heart-breaking; from the Dauphin who equipped her for war, ('I am a bauble of petty interest...The throne is a wooden chair at best'), to the camp followers ('I'm used to it, the shunning') whose livelihood she destroys, to the voice of her mother, mourning not for the saint or the inspiration of soldiers, but for the daughter she has lost: ('I am chained to my daughter by my ribs. My king, free her from the flame.')

Inanimate objects also observe her with cool disinterest, as in the beautiful 'Statuette of Saint Catherine' ('She sees God in hard folds/of cloth, in the petition of my hands') to the shattering 'What the Fire Said to Jeanne', ('I have come to lick you goodbye...All I will deliver intact to the executioner are your teeth.')

These are poems that deliver a pleasurable shiver of surprise and rightness on first reading and which offer even deeper insights upon further study. A wonderful collection that I have already returned to again and again.

News Release – for immediate release – 5 September 2017
“Seamus Heaney HomePlace celebrates literary greats this autumn”

Tribute events to two key Heaney influences - Patrick Kavanagh and Michael McLaverty

Autumn guests at Seamus Heaney HomePlace include Jennifer Johnston, Colin Davidson, Ardal O’Hanlon, Ciaran McMenamin, Fintan O’Toole and Robert McCrum

Two of Seamus Heaney’s greatest literary influences – poet **Patrick Kavanagh** and writer **Michael McLaverty** - are being celebrated with a number of events taking place as part of the newly unveiled autumn programme at **Seamus Heaney HomePlace**.

In a cross-border collaboration funded by the Department of Arts, Heritage, Regional, Rural and Gaeltacht Affairs, HomePlace will be working with the Patrick Kavanagh Centre in Monaghan to explore the works of Kavanagh, Heaney and the shared links in their writing.

2017 marks the 50th anniversary of the death of **Patrick Kavanagh** – whose poetry Heaney described as combining “*bag-apron realism and far-horizon vision*” – and events will take place in their respective literary centres in both Monaghan and Bellaghy.

The HomePlace events on Saturday 7 October will include a children’s writing workshop on the theme of home, a lecture by Dr Una Agnew evaluating Kavanagh’s influence on Heaney and their respective literary legacies and a performance of Kavanagh’s ‘**The Great Hunger**’ by the **Lyric Theatre**, which will meld spoken word, film, and sound to evoke the poet’s exploration of country life.

One of Ireland’s greatest short story writers, **Michael McLaverty**, died 25 years ago and on Saturday 28 October family members and literary experts will come together to discuss his life, work and relationship with Heaney. The event will feature a reading of Heaney’s ‘Tribute to Michael McLaverty’ by actor Vincent Higgins and will be preceded from Saturday 21 October by ‘**Fosterage**’, an exhibition exploring McLaverty’s life and work, presented in association with Linen Hall Library.

In ‘**Capturing Seamus: The Art of the Portrait**’ on Sunday 8 October, three artists who have created a portrait of Heaney - artist **Colin Davidson** and photographers **Eamonn McCabe** and **Geray Sweeney** - will discuss the context and experience of working with him and the process of capturing his essence in just one image, in an event chaired by **Declan Long**.

Often described as the definitive documentary of the life and work of Seamus Heaney, ‘**Out of the Marvellous**’ was created in 2009 to mark the poet’s

70th birthday. Filmmaker Charlie McCarthy will discuss the film with BBC Northern Ireland's Mark Carruthers following a special screening on Saturday 25 November.

Poet and professional glasses-wearer **John Hegley** makes his HomePlace debut on Friday 20 October with two shows - 'Peace, Love and Potatoes', with poems and songs inspired by memories of his childhood and 'I am a Poetato', featuring songs, jokes and rhymes, for children aged 8-12 years.

The fun continues on Thursday 23 November with actor, comedian and writer **Ardal O'Hanlon** ('Father Ted') who will be in conversation with BBC Northern Ireland's William Crawley about his wide-ranging career, love of literature and famous acting creations.

Looking back at her career of almost 50 years, her reputation and her legacy, one of Ireland's most important contemporary novelists **Jennifer Johnston** will be in conversation with fellow author Martina Devlin on Saturday 14 October.

The explosion of new Irish writing talent comes under the spotlight in two events in the HomePlace this autumn. On Sunday 15 October, '**Young Blood**' sees three debut authors – actor **Ciaran McMEnamin**, **Sally Rooney**, one of The Observer's Rising Stars of 2017 and former journalist **June Caldwell** – share their fresh and irreverent takes on life in Ireland today. '**A Constable Calls**' on Saturday 11 November, meanwhile, looks at the rise of crime writing following political changes in Northern Ireland and includes contributions from authors **Eoin McNamee**, **Liz Nugent** and **Declan Burke**.

Award-winning journalist and commentator **Fintan O'Toole** makes a welcome return to HomePlace on Thursday 7 December to discuss the issues that have dominated the news over the past twelve months – from President Trump to the UK general election and the consequences for the UK and Ireland of triggering Article 50.

The prospect of death and its aftermath for those left behind are explored in two events. On Sunday 5 November, author and journalist **Robert McCrum** discusses his new book, 'Every Third Thought', his literary and personal response to his own mortality and his friendship with and memories of Heaney. In 'Who Am I Now?' on Saturday 21 October, actress and comedian **Nuala McKeever** leads an expressive and creative writing session for anyone living with life-changing loss.

There's plenty on offer for theatre fans too, with '**Green and Blue**' from Kabosh Theatre Company looking at the realities of patrolling the border during the conflict on Tuesday 17 October; Stephen Beggs exploring the funny, challenging and emotional issue of fatherhood in '**My Father's Chair**' on Saturday 4 November and Olivier Award-winning actor Guy Masterson (and nephew of Richard Burton!), bringing the Charles Dickens classic '**A Christmas Carol**' to life in a one-man show just in time for the festive season, on Thursday 14 December.

Tickets for all October – December events at Seamus Heaney HomePlace are on sale now at www.seamusheaneyhome.com or from box office on tel. 028 79387444. The full online programme is available to view [here](#).

LAPWING PUBLICATIONS RECENT and NEW TITLES

- 978-1-909252-35-6 London A Poem in Ten Parts Daniel C. Bristow
978-1-909252-36-3 Clay x Niall McGrath
978-1-909252-37-0 Red Hill x Peter Branson
978-1-909252-38-7 Throats Full of Graves x Gillian Prew
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978-1-909252-43-1 At Last: No More Christmas in London x Bart Sonck
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