

In celebration of Poetry Day Ireland, *You. Just You.* is intended for distribution throughout hospitals and healthcare settings in Ireland. The poetry is a selection from the Poems for Patience series in Galway University Hospitals and edited by Yrsa Daley-Ward.

Menu of Poems is a joint initiative between Arts for Health Partnership Programme, West Cork; Arts in Health at Cork University Hospital; Arts Initiative in Mental Health Sligo Leitrim; Galway, Mayo, Roscommon Community Health Office; Galway University Hospitals Arts Trust and Saolta University Health Care Group; Kildare County Council Arts and Wellbeing Programme; Naas General Hospital Arts Committee; National Centre for Arts and Health, Tallaght; South Tipperary General Hospital; South Tipperary Mental Health Services; St. Luke's General Hospital, Kilkenny; Twilight Programme, St. Patrick's Mental Health Service; University Limerick Hospitals Group; Waterford Healing Arts Trust; West Cork Mental Health Services Arts and Health Programme and Wexford General Hospital.

'Menu of Poems' is a project of Arts and Health Co-ordinators Ireland, managed by Galway University Hospitals Arts Trust and kindly supported by the Health Service Executive and Poetry Ireland.

To download a copy go to: www.artsandhealth.ie
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YOU. JUST YOU.

MENU OF POEMS 2017

Selected by Yrsa Daley-Ward

In celebration of Poetry Day Ireland
27 April 2017

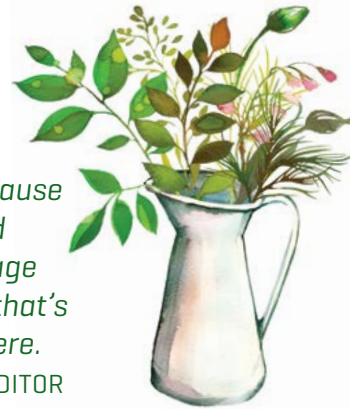


YOU. JUST YOU.

MENU OF POEMS 2017

Poetry is a feeling. Many poems resonate so strongly in our hearts and minds because we are all connected. Most of our emotions, most of our hopes, dreams, loves and fears are entirely universal and so poetry often ceases to be merely words on a page and acts as a bridge. You could run into a poem tomorrow and think, goodness... that's exactly how I feel. The poet had all the words for it. And that's the beauty, right there. What a gift. Enjoy the words.

YRSA DALEY-WARD, EDITOR



KINDNESS *Naomi Shihab Nye*

Before you know what kindness really is
you must lose things,
feel the future dissolve in a moment
like salt in a weakened broth.
What you held in your hand,
what you counted and carefully saved,
all this must go so you know
how desolate the landscape can be
between the regions of kindness.
How you ride and ride
thinking the bus will never stop,
the passengers eating maize and chicken
will stare out the window forever.
Before you learn the tender gravity of kindness,
you must travel where the Indian in a white poncho
lies dead by the side of the road.
You must see how this could be you,
how he too was someone
who journeyed through the night with plans
and the simple breath that kept him alive.
Before you know kindness as the deepest thing inside,
you must know sorrow as the other deepest thing.
You must wake up with sorrow.
You must speak to it till your voice
catches the thread of all sorrows
and you see the size of the cloth.
Then it is only kindness that makes sense anymore,
only kindness that ties your shoes
and sends you out into the day to gaze at bread,
only kindness that raises its head
from the crowd of the world to say
It is I you have been looking for,
and then goes with you everywhere
like a shadow or a friend.

From Words Under the Words: Selected Poems,
Naomi Shihab Nye, [Far Corner Books, 1995].

LOVE AFTER LOVE

Derek Walcott

The time will come
when, with elation
you will greet yourself arriving
at your own door, in your own mirror
and each will smile at the other's welcome,
and say, sit here. Eat.
You will love again the stranger who was your self.
Give wine. Give bread. Give back your heart
to itself, to the stranger who has loved you
all your life, whom you ignored
for another, who knows you by heart.
Take down the love letters from the bookshelf,
the photographs, the desperate notes,
peel your own image from the mirror.
Sit. Feast on your life.

From Collected Poems 1948 - 1984,
Derek Walcott, [Faber, 1986].

WHEN YOU SEE WATER

Alice Walker

When you see water in a stream
you say: oh, this is stream
water;
When you see water in the river
you say: oh, this is water
of the river;
When you see ocean
water
you say: This is the ocean's
water!
But actually water is always
only itself
and does not belong
to any of these containers
though it creates them.
And so it is with you.

*From The World Will Follow Joy: Turning Madness into Flowers:
New Poems,* Alice Walker, [The New Press, 2013].

