

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.

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# YOU. JUST YOU.

MENU OF POEMS 2017

Selected by Yrsa Daley-Ward

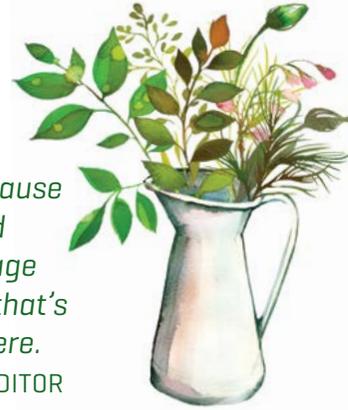
In celebration of Poetry Day Ireland  
27 April 2017

# 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].

