

In celebration of Poetry Day Ireland, *Encounters* 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 Michael Coady.

Menu of Poems is a joint initiative between Arts for Health Partnership programme, West Cork; Arts in Health at Cork University Hospital; Galway Mayo Roscommon Community Health Office; Galway University Hospitals Arts Trust and Saolta University Healthcare 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; University Limerick Hospitals Group; Waterford Healing Arts Trust; West Cork Mental Health Services Arts and Health Programme and Wexford General Hospital. *Encounters* has been co-ordinated by Galway University Hospitals Arts Trust.

'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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Encounters

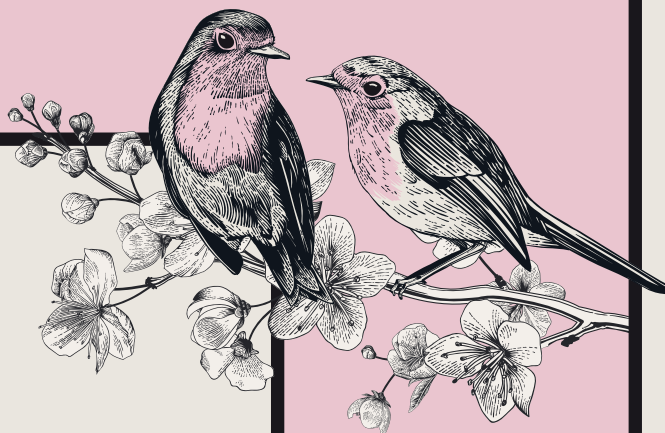
MENU OF POEMS
2018

Selected by
Michael Coady

In celebration of
Poetry Day Ireland
26 April 2018

Encounters

MENU OF POEMS 2018



Cash *Tony Curtis*

I have been to town to buy
Johnny Cash's new record
America VI,
his last and final album —
until the next.

I am waiting until darkness falls
before letting his pilgrim's voice
roam the house.
It will fill the empty rooms,
pace the hall, climb the stairs,
feel its way into the cupboards,
squeeze into every nook and cranny.
It will lie along the beams
in the attic,
linger on the bookshelves,
brush against the lamps,
whisper in the ears
of the sleeping cat,
rest on the crumpled pillows,
breathe on the hands of the clock.

His old, cracked,
independent voice —
broke, you might say —
haunting the air,
filling the house with soul.

From *Folk*, Tony Curtis, (Arc Publications 2011).

Poetry may ask deep questions, directly or by indirection, employing literary devices of verbal imagery and rhythm. For the most part it is an art of compression, reaching towards enchantment, mystery and insight.

MICHAEL
COADY,
EDITOR

Checkout Girl

Paul Durcan

A week back in Ireland from Japan,
But I cannot stop bowing.
Only ten minutes ago in the supermarket
I bowed to the checkout girl
With the red cheeks and the limp.

I bowed from the waist to her
And she blushed and I think
When she limps home this afternoon
Collecting her toddler from the crèche,
It may be with an extra spring in her limp.

From *The Art of Life*, Paul Durcan,
(Harvill Press, 2004).

Whales at St John's Point

Francis Harvey
for Joan

It was all sea and sky out there that day.
It always is. You were with me and we
were in our element rediscovering
the elements of water, light and air.
The skyline was hung with cobwebs of rain;
filaments of gossamer flashed in your hair.
Just another day looking at mountains,
clouds, flowers, until suddenly, abrim,
tidal with wonder, we saw the whales rise
up out of their element into ours.
Out of the mystery of water and myth
into light and air and into what would now
be a history indissolubly
part of the history of you and me.

From *Collected Poems*, Francis Harvey,
(Dedalus Press 2007).

