

Poznań-Październik 2017

Konkurs Poezji Irlandzkiej Październik 2017



12. 15 7.5. 83 , 1985 by Brian Maguire (Irish, born 1951)

PATRONATY HONOROWE:

Ambasady Irlandii w Polsce
Konsulatu Irlandii w Poznaniu



PATRONAT MEDIALNY:

Radio Merkury Poznań



Szanowni Uczniowie!

Zapraszam Was do wzięcia udziału w - **XIV edycji Konkursu Poezji Irlandzkiej**, którego finał odbędzie się w Poznaniu 13 października w auli Szkoły Muzycznej II stopnia, przy ul. Solnej w Poznaniu. Trzyście dotychczasowych spotkań z poezją irlandzką, zarówno tą mówioną, jak i śpiewaną, to trzyście wspaniałych przeżyć, które pozostaną nam w pamięci. Historia tych lat pokazała, że młodzież polska rozumie i ceni poezję irlandzką i według opinii Pana **Johna McGowana**, jurora i sponsora Konkursu z roku 2012 i 2013, 2014 oraz 2015 i 2016 potrafi ją zinterpretować nie gorzej niż rodowici mieszkańcy Zielonej, Wyspy. Cieszy mnie niezmiernie, że moja inicjatywa przyjęła się wśród młodzieży w naszym regionie i dzięki niej, anglojęzyczna poezja Irlandii stała się lekturą i przedmiotem interpretacji słownych i muzycznych.

Tegoroczny Konkurs przypada na rok po setnej rocznicy Powstania Wielkanocnego w Irlandii, które sto lat temu wybuchło na ulicach Dublina (Easter Rising) i stało się momentem przełomowym w historii walki o niepodległość Irlandii. Edycja 2016 stanowi szczególne wydarzenie w dziejach Konkursu Poezji Irlandzkiej w Poznaniu i w Wielkopolsce.

Fundatorami nagród XII Edycji Konkursu Poezji Irlandzkiej, będą irlandzka szkoła językowa The North West Academy of English z Derry w Irlandii oraz Szkoła Języków Obcych Program. A także Konsulat Irlandii w Poznaniu i Studio STA. Łukasz Chruszcz, znany aktor teatralny i filmowy, aktor Teatru Nowego w Poznaniu ufundował warsztaty teatralne w Studiu STA za najlepsze interpretacje wierszy.

Wśród innych nagród za interpretację poezji znajdują się: półroczne kursy językowe w szkole Program w Poznaniu, nieodpłatne egzaminy Cambridge English oraz nagrody książkowe a także cztery zaproszenia do publicznego wykonania nagrodzonych utworów muzycznych w czasie obchodów Dnia Św. Patryka w marcu 2016 w Poznaniu.

Ponadto dwie główne nagrody za najlepszą interpretację utworów muzycznych to ufundowane przez **The North West Academy of English z Derry** dwa tygodniowe kursy językowe w Derry w Irlandii.

Serdecznie zapraszam do wzięcia udziału w Konkursie 2017!

Katarzyna Lisiewicz



REGULAMIN KONKURSU RECYTATORSKIEGO POEZJI IRLANDZKIEJ

Założenia Ogólne i Cele Konkursu

1. W konkursie mogą wziąć udział uczniowie VII klas szkół podstawowych, gimnazjów i liceów.
(kategoria wiekowa także stanowi kryterium oceny)
2. W Konkursie nie mogą wziąć udziału laureaci edycji Konkursu z roku 2015 oraz 2016
3. Organizatorem konkursu są: Szkoła Języków Obcych Program oraz Poznańska Ogólnokształcąca Szkoła Muzyczna II stopnia im. Mieczysława Karłowicza.
Wszelkie działania koordynuje pani mgr Katarzyna Lisiewicz, dyrektor Szkoły Języków Obcych Program (office@angielskiprogram.edu.pl)
4. Cele konkursu:
 - Konfrontacja i ocena umiejętności recytatorskich, aktorskich, muzycznych, w tym interpretacji poezji śpiewanej oraz ogólnej kreatywności młodzieży.
 - Prezentacja poszukiwań twórczych w dziedzinie repertuaru oraz wyrazu artystycznego.
 - Wyłonienie i popieranie talentów artystycznych i twórczych.
 - Kształtowanie i rozwijanie zainteresowań młodzieży współczesną i dawną literaturą, poezją i muzyką Irlandii.
 - Rozwijanie wśród uczniów umiejętności wyszukiwania i wykorzystania informacji, formułowania opinii, argumentów i wniosków w wypowiedzi oraz prezentacji i obrony opracowanego tematu w formie ustnej
5. Celem Konkursu jest: **recytacja fragmentów poezji irlandzkiej w języku angielskim lub ich przedstawienia w formie piosenki lub innego utworu muzycznego inspirowanego poezją irlandzką. Kategoria muzyczna zakłada także własną, niepowtarzalną interpretację utworów, wyszczególnionych w poniższym zbiorze. Propozycje utworów zawierają linki do ich wykonania muzycznych na portalu youtube.**

I. Przebieg poszczególnych etapów

Konkurs przebiegać będzie w dwóch etapach:

a. **Etap szkolny**

Każda szkoła może zgłosić do udziału w Konkursie maksymalnie 6 wykonawców, w tym osoby indywidualne oraz zespoły muzyczne. W wypadku zespołów muzycznych, prosimy o wcześniejsze powiadomienie i uzgodnienie większej ilości uczestników. Szkoła zobowiązana jest do przeprowadzenia wewnętrznych eliminacji, które organizuje i przeprowadza Szkolna Komisja Konkursowa. Prosimy o zgłaszanie kandydatów do dnia 6 października (czwartek) pod adresem elektronicznym: office@angielskiprogram.edu.pl

b. **Etap rejonowy**

Organizatorzy dokonają weryfikacji poziomu artystycznego i językowego recytacji i prezentacji podczas eliminacji, które odbędą się w dniach 9 października (poniedziałek), 10 października (wtorek), 11 października (środa) 2017 roku, w godzinach od 14:30 do 19:30 dla szkół miasta Poznania oraz szkół spoza Poznania w siedzibie Szkoły Języków Obcych Program, mieszczącej się w Poznaniu przy ul. Fredry 1, I piętro. Eliminacje odbędą się również w Studio aktorskim STA w Poznaniu przy ulicy Ratajczaka 18. Celem eliminacji jest wyłonienie osób recytujących w języku angielskim lub interpretujących utwory muzyczne (piosenka poetycka), które zdobędą najwyższą punktację w ramach interpretacji poezji.

II. Finał Konkursu

Finał konkursu będzie miał miejsce **13 października 2017** roku w **auli** Poznańskiej Ogólnokształcącej Szkoły Muzycznej II stopnia im. Mieczysława Karłowicza, ul. **Solna 12** w Poznaniu w godzinach od 12:00 do 16:00. W jury konkursowym zasiądą:

- a) aktor
- b) nauczyciel-muzyk
- c) nauczyciel-anglista
- d) dyrektor The North West Academy of English

Młodzież otrzyma materiały do 15 września 2017 roku pocztą elektroniczną lub w formie papierowej. Materiały będzie można również znaleźć na stronie: www.program-bell.edu.pl. Będą to proponowane przez organizatorów **fragmenty poezji wybitnych poetów irlandzkich w języku angielskim, a także wykonania muzyczne przedstawione przez irlandzkich muzyków, piosenkarzy i poetów. Propozycje muzyczne będzie można obejrzeć w podanych linkach do portalu Youtube**. Istnieje możliwość wybrania własnego fragmentu związanego tematycznie z konkursem. Należy wówczas przynieść na eliminacje tomik z zaznaczonym fragmentem..

III. Ogłaszanie i zatwierdzanie wyników Konkursu

Oficjalne wyniki ogłasza się w formie komunikatu w miejscu i dniu przeprowadzenia Konkursu. Zaświadczenia dla finalistów zostaną wydane przez Szkołę Języków Obcych Program. Wszyscy finaliści otrzymają certyfikaty potwierdzające udział w Konkursie. Certyfikaty i podziękowania za przygotowanie młodzieży do Konkursu otrzymają także pedagodzy oraz szkoły, których uczniowie wezmą udział w Konkursie.

IV. Nagrody

Nagrody w Konkursie są ufundowane przez Szkołę Języków Obcych Program, Szkołę The North West Academy of English oraz Ambasadę i Konsulat Irlandii w Polsce. Wśród nich są: dwa jednotygodniowe kursy językowe w Derry w Irlandii z pobytem u rodziny, trzy półroczne kursy językowe, nieodpłatne egzaminy Cambridge English: FCE lub CAE oraz nagrody książkowe, płyty, koszulki. W ramach nagrody - bezpłatny egzamin Cambridge English - kandydat zostanie zaproszony na test kwalifikujący do egzaminu. Szkoła Program zapewni również załatwienie wszelkich formalności związanych ze zdawaniem egzaminów. Zdany egzamin Cambridge English oznacza otrzymanie międzynarodowego certyfikatu, który jest uznawany na całym świecie zarówno przez wyższe uczelnie, jak i pracodawców.

Louis MacNiece

poeta irlandzki. Urodzony w roku 1907, zmarł w 1963, należał do pokolenia poetów lat trzydziestych z W.H. Audenem na czele. MacNiece był poetą i dramaturgiem, zdystansowanym do rzeczywistości, jednak o dużej świadomości społecznej i emocjonalnej.

Meeting Point

-

Time was away and somewhere else,
There were two glasses and two chairs
And two people with the one pulse
(Somebody stopped the moving stairs):
Time was away and somewhere else,

And they were neither up nor down;
The stream's music did not stop,
Flowing through heather, limpid brown,
Although they sat in a coffee shop
And they were neither up nor down.

The bell was silent in the air
Holding its inverted poise –
Between the clang and clang a flower,
A brazen calyx of no noise:
The bell was silent in the air.

The camels crossed the miles of sand
That stretched around the cups and plates;
The desert was their own, they planned
To portion out the stars and dates:
The camels crossed the miles of sand.

Time was away and somewhere else.
The waiter did not come, the clock
Forgot them and the radio waltz
Came out like water from a rock:
Time was away and somewhere else.

Her fingers flicked away the ash
That bloomed again in tropic trees:
Not caring if the markets crash
When they had forests such as these,
Her fingers flicked away the ash.

God or whatever means the Good
Be praised that time can stop like this,
That what the heart has understood
Can verify in the body's peace
God or whatever means the Good.

Time was away and she was here
And life no longer what it was,
The bell was silent in the air
And all the room a glow because
Time was away and she was here.

Eavan Boland

irlandzka poetka, autorka, profesor. Jej dzieła nawiązują do irlandzkiej tożsamości narodowej i roli kobiet w historii Irlandii. Od 1995 wykładowczyni na Stanford University.

The Black Lace Fan My Mother Gave Me

It was the first gift he ever gave her,
buying it for five five francs in the Galleries
in pre-war Paris. It was stifling.
A starless drought made the nights stormy.

They stayed in the city for the summer.
The met in cafes. She was always early.
He was late. That evening he was later.
They wrapped the fan. He looked at his watch.

She looked down the Boulevard des Capucines.
She ordered more coffee. She stood up.
The streets were emptying. The heat was killing.
She thought the distance smelled of rain and lightning.

These are wild roses, appliqued on silk by hand,
darkly picked, stitched boldly, quickly.
The rest is tortoiseshell and has the reticent clear patience
of its element. It is
a worn-out, underwater bullion and it keeps,
even now, an inference of its violation.
The lace is overcast as if the weather
it opened for and offset had entered it.

The past is an empty cafe terrace.
An airless dusk before thunder. A man running.
And no way to know what happened then—
none at all—unless ,of course, you improvise:

The blackbird on this first sultry morning,
in summer, finding buds, worms, fruit,
feels the heat. Suddenly she puts out her wing—
the whole, full, flirtatious span of it.

Collette Bryce

Irlandzka poetka, urodzona w roku 1970 w Derry. Obecnie pracuje jako wydawca Poetry London, pisze i uczy. Jej pierwszy zbiorek poezji *The Heel of Bernadette*. Wiersz *The Full Indian Trick* pochodzi z jej drugiego zbiorku poezji i jest pelen magii i cudu. Wiersz ten wygrał dwa konkursy poetyckie i ogłoszono go ulubionym wierszem ostatnich trzydziestu lat.

The Full Indian Rope Trick

There was no secret
murmured down through a long line
of elect; no dark fakir, no flutter
of notes from a pipe,
no proof, no footage of it -
but I did it,

Guildhall Square, noon,
in front of everyone.
There were walls, bells, passers-by;
then a rope, thrown, caught by the sky
and me, young, up and away,
goodbye.

Goodbye, goodbye.
Thin air. First try.
A crowd hushed, squinting eyes
at a full sun. There
on the stones
the slack weight of a rope

coiled in a crate, a braid
eighteen summers long,
and me
I'm long gone,
my one-off trick
unique, unequalled since.

And what would I tell them
given the chance?
It was painful; it took years.
I'm my own witness,
guardian of the fact
that I'm still here.

Paul Durcan

Urodził się w Dublinie w 1944 roku, studiował na University College Cork. Jest bardzo popularnym poetą w Irlandii, znanym z wieczorów poetyckich, na których po mistrzowsku prezentuje swoje wiersze. W roku 1990 piastował zaszczytny tytuł writer-in-residence na uniwersytecie Trinity College w Dublinie. Paul Durcan jest członkiem grupy Aosdana.

"Cissy Youngs" - to Rosa Alice Branco

That first year in Cork city - '71/72 -
I spent the afternoons from four to six
Sitting alone sipping pints of Smithwicks
In a public house on the Bandon Road,
Cissy Young's,
Reading Bishop Berkeley's A Treatise
Concerning the Principles of Human
Knowledge.
I, ex-footballer, ex-hurler,
ex-high-jumper,
Branded by the dominant males
Of the Irish tribe "a hippy,"
Rejoiced in the eighteenth-century,
I sat in the private lounge,
As distinct from the public bar,
Because the private lounge was nearly
always empty.
Men in the public bar saluted me
Through the hatch.
Cissy Young's, all formica, banquette,
More anonymous, cosier by far
Than any salty, arty Kinsale bar.

That year in Cissy Young's reading Berkeley
Was a foundation year in my life as a writer
And, if I may meekly, profoundly trumpet,
My life as the virtuoso university teacher
I never became:
An attacking player on Berkeley's dream team.
Cissy Young's on the Bandon Road
Was my University of the Bermudas
Where I learnt the basics of my trade:
Learnt to think the hard way,
Learnt how to head the ball one way, looking
the other way;
Learnt the relationship between soul and body;
Learnt to communicate through the hatch;
Learnt how to introduce Libyan storytellers to
Cork insurance officials;
Learnt that reality is poetry, poetry reality;
Learnt the way of all things;
Learnt the existence of God -
That at five in the afternoon
On the Bandon Road in Cork City in Ireland
In the empty, private lounge of Cissy Young's
"To be is to be perceived."

Sport

There were not many fields
In which you had hopes for me
But sport was one of them.
On my twenty-first birthday
I was selected to play
For Grangegorman Mental Hospital
In an away game
Against Mullingar Mental Hospital.
I was a patient
In B Wing.
You drove all the way down,
Fifty miles,
To Mullingar to stand
On the sidelines and observe me.
I was fearful I would let down
Not only my team but you.
It was Gaelic football.
I was selected as goalkeeper.
There were big country men
On the Mullingar Mental Hospital team,
Men with gapped teeth, red faces,
Oily, frizzy hair, bushy eyebrows.
Their full forward line
Were over six foot tall
Fifteen stone in weight.
All three of them, I was informed,
Cases of schizophrenia.
There was a rumour
That their centre-half forward
Was an alcoholic solicitor
Who, in a lounge bar misunderstanding,
Had castrated his best friend
But that he had no memory of it.
He had meant well - it was said.
His best friend had to emigrate
To Nigeria.
To my surprise,
I did not flinch in the goals.
I made three or four spectacular saves,
Diving full stretch to turn
A certain goal around the corner,
Leaping high to tip another certain goal
Over the bar for a point.
It was my knowing
That you were standing on the sideline
That gave me the necessary motivation -
That will to die
That is as essential to sportsmen as to artists.

Seamus Heaney

Urodził się 13.04.1939, zmarł 13.08.2013. Jeden z najwybitniejszych poetów współczesnych, noblista z 1995 r. Był poetą na wskroś irlandzkim, któremu irlandzkość nie wystarczała. (...)Do pełnego zrozumienia poezji Heaney'a trzeba przygotować się jak do podróży na biegun północy - ona żyje historią Irlandii, jej kulturą i obyczajowością. Gawędzi jej językami, wędruje przez jej krajobraz i tryska jej humorem. Głęboko osadzona w irlandzkiej rzeczywistości, jest jednak często jej empatycznym, choć przenikliwie krytycznym, adwersarzem.

A kite for Aibhin

Air from another life and time and place,
Pale blue heavenly air is supporting
A white wing beating high against the breeze,

And yes, it is a kite! As when one afternoon
All of us there trooped out
Among the briar hedges and stripped thorn,

I take my stand again, halt opposite
Anahorish Hill to scan the blue,
Back in that field to launch our long-tailed comet.

And now it hovers, tugs, veers, dives askew,
Lifts itself, goes with the wind until
It rises to loud cheers from us below.

Rises, and my hand is like a spindle
Unspooling, the kite a thin-stemmed flower
Climbing and carrying, carrying farther, higher

The longing in the breast and planted feet
And gazing face and heart of the kite flier
Until string breaks and—separate, elate—

The kite takes off, itself alone, a windfall.

Jonathan Swift

irlandzki pisarz ur. 30 listopada 1667 w Dublinie, zm. 19 października 1745 w Dublinie) – irlandzki pisarz, autor licznych utworów satyrycznych, m.in. *Bitwy książek* oraz politycznych, m.in. *Listów kupca bławatnego*, jednak najbardziej jest znany jako twórca *Podróży Guliwera*, najważniejszej książki angielskiego oświecenia, która zyskała sobie ogromną popularność.

A Satirical Elegy on the Death of a Late Famous General

His Grace! impossible! what, dead!
Of old age too, and in his bed!
And could that mighty warrior fall,
And so inglorious, after all?
Well, since he's gone, no matter how,
The last loud trump must wake him now;
And, trust me, as the noise grows stronger,
He'd wish to sleep a little longer.
And could he be indeed so old
As by the newspapers we're told?
Threescore, I think, is pretty high;
'Twas time in conscience he should die!
This world he cumber'd long enough;
He burnt his candle to the snuff;
And that's the reason, some folks think, he left behind so great a s----k.
Behold his funeral appears.
Nor widow's sighs, nor orphan's tears,
Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
Attend the progress of his hearse.
But what of that? his friends may say,
He had those honours in his day.
True to his profit and his pride,
He made them weep before he died
Come hither, all ye empty things,
Ye bubbles rais'd by breath of kings;
Who float upon the tide of state;
Come hither, and behold your fate.
Let pride be taught by this rebuke,
How very mean a thing's a duke;
From all his ill-got honours flung,
Turn'd to that dirt from whence he sprung.

Sinead Morrissey

Sinéad Morrissey urodziła się w Belfaście w roku 1972. Ukończyła germanistykę w Trinity College w Dublinie. . Tam też napisała pracę doktorską. Wydała 5 tomików poezji: *There Was Fire in Vancouver* (1996), *Between Here and There* (2002), *The State of the Prisons* (2005), *Through the Square Window* (2009) . Jej tomik *Parallax* (2013) uzyskał prestiżową nagrodę T S Eliota.

A Day's Blindness

He stood up to carry his plate and cup
to the sink and couldn't see.
He sat back down. The clocks
went on consuming Saturday.

He sat on at the table,

rolling crumbs beneath his thumbs
and waiting, either for what was taken
to be handed back –
the fridge, the kettle, his cuff-linked shirt –
or for the kleptomaniac visitor
he couldn't shut out

to be done with it, finally,
and sever the link –
to haul him up out of his chair,
into the hall, and through the brown door
to a garden ruined with hooves
and there would be

horses set loose from the Bond Yard
where his father worked
in the Hungry Thirties,
their coats engrained with soot
and their heads encased in steam,
accusing him.

My son's awake at ten, stretched out along
his bunk beneath the ceiling, wired and watchful.
The end of August. Already the high-flung
daylight sky of our Northern solstice dulls
earlier and earlier to a clouded bowl;
his Star of David lamp and plastic moon
have turned the dusk to dark outside his room.

Across the Lough, where ferries venture blithely
and once a cruise ship, massive as a palace,
inched its brilliant decks to open sea—
a lighthouse starts its own nightlong address
in fractured signalling; it blinks and bats
the swingball of its beam, then stands to catch,
Then hurls it out again beyond its parallax.

He counts each creamy loop inside his head,
each well-black interval, and thinks it just for him—
this gesture from a world that can't be entered:
the two of them partly curtained, partly seen,
upheld in a sort of boy-talk conversation
no one else can hear. That private place, it answers,
with birds and slatted windows—I've been there.

Lindsey Bellosa

Lindsey Bellosa jest młodą poetką, która mieszka w USA, w Syracuse, NY. Ukończyła National University of Ireland, Galway. Jej wiersze są publikowane zarówno przez wydawnictwa w Irlandii, jak i w USA.

Portait

The eyes: hooded sky
the rest of the face hangs from—
little crescent moon.

Now you cast them to me:
ask your questions, make pleas,
defy with your white scowl.

Your lips are mine, drooping
roses; the pink shape of wonder
and the slope of your cheeks, mine,

but whitewashed of flaws; white
and pink, translucent as light
and thin-skinned as an egg.

Blue trails beneath the surface,
lines of a map, where eyelashes
linger: catching, giving depth.

Every day you grow arms and legs
and more looks, like light—
from me but not mine.

Like my mother in an old video—
I see me as I see you in me. She sees herself;
in the mirror, sees her mother.

The fourteen-year-old me in the video:

wiggling, excited for something I didn't know
yet: bursting from my pink swimsuit—

My mother knew. Lips stitched into a line:
eyes on the horizon, as mine are now.
The past comes in like the tide—
and our faces swallow themselves.

We shrug in and out of them
like a borrowed sweater;

like the two imprints, potter's
thumb slips just under your eyes:
up go the pupils,

up knit the eyebrows—
always up and away.
This is the way love travels.

© Lindsey Bellosa

Elaine Feeney

Elaine Feeney jest poetką młodego pokolenia, w której poezji można między innymi wyczuć odcienie polityczne i społeczne. Studiowała w Cork i Limerick. Opublikowała trzy zbiorki poezji : Indiscipline (2007), Where's Katie? (2010, Salmon) and The Radio was Gospel (2013, Salmon)

Bog Fairies

The heather like
Pork belly cracked
Underneath my feet-

The horizon like
Nougat, melted
Its pastel line at the heath edge
Blue fading to white light.

We stacked rows of little
Houses for bog fairies –
Wet mulchy sods
Evaporating under our small palms.

Crucifixions of dry brittle crosses
Forming the skeleton-
My narrow ankles parallel to them.

Coarse and tough like the marrow of the soul,
Like the skeletons crucified under the peat.

The turf will come good
My father said
When the wind blows to dry it.

We dragged ten-ten-twenty bags
With the sulphury waft of cat piss,
Along a track dotted with deep black bogholes,
Then over a silver door, like a snail's
Oily trail leaving a map for the moon,
And for bog fairies to dance in the mushy earth-

For us all to glisten in this late summer.

And behind the door
Once upon some time

Old women sat in black shawls
Bedding down Irregulars and putting kettles

On to boil for the labouring girls.

But I was gone.

I was gone at ten in my mind's eye.
I was dragging Comrades from the Somme
I was pulling Concords in line with Swedish giants
I was skating on the lake in Central Park
I was crouched in the green at Sam's Cross
I was touring Rubber-Soul at Hollywood Bowl
I was marching on Washington with John Lewis
I was in the Chelsea Hotel with Robert Mapplethorpe,
He was squatting on my lap with his lens,
Swearing to Janis Joplin I could find her a shift,
Nothing is impossible when you blow like that girlfriend.
I sang Come As You are in Aberdeen with union converse,
Blue eye liner and mouse holes in my Connemara jumper.

I was anyone but me
I was anywhere but here
I was gone

We rushed to hurry before the summer light would fade
Because animals needed to be washed and fed

And turf needed to be stacked
And all the talk of our youth
Would be said
In whispers and secrets, or written on postage stamps

Because light was the ruler as it was closing in around us,
Beating us, like the dark on the workmen
Deep in the channel tunnel that night.

The black light killed the purple heather
Yet I danced on the crackle in the dust
I crackled on the dust in the heather
My dance on the heather turned to dust.

Michael Longley

Uznany poeta irlandzki z Irlandii Północnej, miał udział w rozwoju poezji irlandzkiej, będąc współczesnym Seamusu Heany. Poeta był wieloletnim dyrektorem wydziału literatury i sztuki w City Council w Irlandii Północnej. W 2001 roku otrzymał złoty medal za poezję od Królowej.

Storm

Almonds and vines and lawns
drink up the last
of shallow, short-term water
then suck on the black depths
with a draw mightier
than the moon's. And suck.
In sudden places the ground
puckers and caves.
Far westward, China smokes.
Nobody sees the rains fail
until they have.
Tableland mesas crack.
In the mountains the snowpack thins,
meltwater now brown
reluctant drops.
Cities gasp in the sun's stare.
Faucets cough
and families turn inwards.
There must be somebody to blame.
Better ourselves than no-one.
We brag
of damage done
but whether we could truly
dry all rain, bake all earth,
science does not know.
The wastefulness was all
ours but this fetid heat
could be a planetary
impersonal adjustment
like an ice age,
so it might well be wise
to keep always
facepaint and ash about us.
When the last clouds
wagon-train off,
loincloth and invocation will be
the one hope for last
woman and last man discovering
she's pregnant.

WE DON'T EAT

JAMES VINCENT MC MORROW

LYRICS AND MUSIC BY VINCENT MC MORROW

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kR3HRMO7nZg>

James Vincent McMorrow is an Irish singer-songwriter. As of 2016, he has released 3 studio albums (Early in the Morning, Post Tropical and We Move). His song "Glacier" was used as part of an advertising campaign for the Spanish Lottery and his cover of the Chris Isaak song "Wicked Game" was used in the official trailer for the sixth season of the TV show "Game Of Thrones". He won an European Border Breakers Award in 2012 for the success of his first album beyond Ireland

If this is redemption, why do I bother at all?
There's nothing to mention, and nothing has changed
Still I'd rather be working for something, than praying for the rain
So I wander on, until someone else is saved

I moved to the coast, under a mountain
Swam in the ocean, slept on my own
At dawn I would watch the sun cut ribbons through the bay
I'd remember all the things my mother wrote

That we don't eat until your father's at the table
We don't drink until the devil's turned to dust
Never once has any man I've met been able to love
So if I were you, I'd have a little trust

Two thousand years, I've been in that water
Two thousand years, sunk like a stone
Desperately reaching for nets
That the fishermen have thrown
Trying to find, a little bit of hope

Me, I was holding all of my secrets soft and hid

Pages were folded, then there was nothing at all
So if in the future I might need myself a savior
I'll remember what was written on that wall
That we don't eat until your father's at the table
We don't drink until the devil's turned to dust
Never once has any man I've met been able to love
So if I were you, I'd have a little trust

Am I an honest man and true?
Have I been good to you at all?
Oh I'm so tired of playing these games
We'd just be running down
The same old lines, the same old stories of
Breathless trains and, worn down glories
Houses burning, worlds that turn on their own

So we don't eat until your father's at the table
We don't drink until the devil's turned to dust
Never once has any man I've met been able to love
So if I were you my friend, I'd learn to have just a little bit of trust

ANAHORISH

LYRICS according to the poem of Seamus Henay

MUSIC: SAINT SISTER and LISA HANINNIGAM

<https://youtu.be/7ORA-VMMgmw>

Zespół Saint Sister stworzyły w listopadzie 2014 roku dwie dziewczyny, Morgan MacIntyre i Gemma Doherty. Ich muzyka czerpie z wczesnych celtyckich tradycji i nawiązuje do muzyki folkowej lat sześćdziesiątych, a także do elektronicznego popu. Słychać w niej soulową harmonię głosu i elektro akustyczną harfę.

My 'place of clear water,'
the first hill in the world
where springs washed into
the shiny grass

and darkened cobbles
in the bed of the lane.
Anahorish, soft gradient
of consonant, vowel-meadow,

after-image of lamps
swung through the yards
on winter evenings.
With pails and barrows

those mound-dwellers
go waist-deep in mist
to break the light ice
at wells and dunghills.

CAUSING TROUBLE

LYRICS: SAINT SISTER

MUSIC: SAINT SISTER <https://youtu.be/df3PpzsuVUQ>

Came by to tell me how you've changed
You got a new girl, she keeps you sane
And you don't think of me like that
I hold the moment in the gap
But honey I know you
We dance to Elvis in the kitchen
At least we used to
And honey you know me
We danced from Belfast to the Basin
When you sang, "And it stoned me"
Well it stoned me

[Pre-Chorus]

You on the blue carpet
We swapped bodies for a while
What was I doing all of those years?

[Chorus]

Causing trouble I hear
Causing trouble I hear

You said, "darling it's a shame"
Was I intent on staying strange?
Take that car out of my garden
We should have left it on the island
Honey I know you
Doesn't that count for something?
At least I used to

[Pre-Chorus]

You on the blue carpet
We swapped bodies for a while
What was I doing all of those years?

[Chorus]

Causing trouble I hear
Causing trouble I hear

CASTLES

LYRICS: SAINT SISTER

MUSIC: SAINT SISTER

<https://youtu.be/dXD1bcRkab4>

My mother is lonely,
My father left early yesterday.
My sister is tired,
Her lover's a liar.

And I, I am like my mother,
But I'm like my father, too.
And I, I'll take their answers,
Paint them as something new.

My mother is lonely,
My father speaks only to himself.
My sister's in danger,
Her lover's a stranger.

And I, I'm like my mother,
But I'm like my father too.
And I, I'll build you castles,
Then I'll knock them through.

What are we without our chains?
I will carry on this name.
What are we without our chains?
You and I are just the same.

And I, I'm like my mother,
But I'm like my father.
And I, I'll build you castles,
Then I'll knock them through.

My mother is lonely,
My father left early yesterday.

SOMEONE NEW

LYRICS: HOZIER

MUSIC: HOZIER

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ax3qCW319nk>

Andrew Hozier-Byrne - ur. 17 March 1990, młody muzyk irlandzki z Bray, County Wicklow. znany jako Hozier, syn muzyka z Bray, County Wicklow. Hozier jest multiinstrumentalistą i tworzy muzykę z pogranicza soulu, bluesa, a także R&B.

Don't take this the wrong way,
You knew who I was with every step that I ran to you,
Only blue or black days,
Electing strange perfections in any stranger I choose.

Would things be easier if there was a right way?
Honey, there is no right way.

And so I fall in love just a little, oh a little bit every day with someone new
I fall in love just a little, oh a little bit every day with someone new
I fall in love just a little, oh a little bit every day with someone new
I fall in love just a little, oh a little bit every day with someone new

There's an art to life's distractions,
To somehow escape the burning weight, the art of scraping through,
Some like to imagine,
The dark caress of someone else, I guess any thrill will do

Would things be easier if there was a right way?
Honey, there is no right way.

And so I fall in love just a little, oh a little bit every day with someone new
I fall in love just a little, oh a little bit every day with someone new
I fall in love just a little, oh a little bit every day with someone new
I fall in love just a little, oh a little bit every day with someone new

I wake at the first cringe of morning,

And my heart's already sinned.
How pure, how sweet a love, Aretha, that you would pray for him.

'Cause God knows I fall in love just a little, oh, a little bit every day with
someone new

I fall in love just a little, oh a little bit every day with someone new
I fall in love just a little, oh a little bit every day with someone new
I fall in love just a little, oh a little bit every day with someone new
I fall in love just a little, oh a little bit every day with someone new
I fall in love just a little, oh a little bit every day

Love with every stranger, the stranger the better
Love with every stranger, the stranger the better
Love with every stranger, the stranger the better
Love with every stranger, the stranger the better
Love with every stranger, the stranger the better
Love with every stranger, the stranger the better

I fall in love just a little, oh a little bit every day with someone new
[Repeat 'til end]

CHERRY WINE

LYRICS: HOZIER

MUSIC: HOZIER

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5l4iwiDK_IQ

Her eyes and words are so icy
Oh but she burns
Like rum on a fire
Hot and fast and angry
As she can be
I walk my days on a wire

It looks ugly, but it's clean
Oh mamma, don't fuss over me

The way she tells me I'm hers and she is mine
Open hand or closed fist would be fine
The blood is rare and sweet as cherry wine

Calls of guilty thrown at me
All while she stains
The sheets of some other
Thrown at me so powerfully
Just like she throws with the arm of her brother

But I want it, it's a crime
That she's not around most of the time

Way she shows me I'm hers and she is mine
Open hand or closed fist would be fine
The blood is rare and sweet as cherry wine

Her fight and fury is fiery
Oh but she loves
Like sleep to the freezing
Sweet and right and merciful
I'm all but washed
In the tide of her breathing

And it's worth it, it's divine
I have this some of the time
Way she shows me I'm hers and she is mine
Open hand or closed fist would be fine
The blood is rare and sweet as cherry wine

LOVE DON'T LEAVE ME WAITING

LYRICS AND MUSIC: GLEN HANSARD

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hgG2rljJqH4>

Love, you've been hesitating
You've been hanging on for that sign too long
And love, you've been leaving me waiting
And I don't know why or what it is I've done

And love, don't leave me guessing
Oh, love, don't keep me
Show yourself to me

And time, you've been erasing
You've been running out on me
And tongues, you've been a talking
You've been saying what you really mean

And love, don't leave me waiting
Oh, love, don't keep me
And love, don't leave me guessing
Oh, love, don't keep me
Show yourself, show yourself

And love, don't leave me waiting
Oh, love, don't keep me
And love, don't leave me guessing
Oh, love, don't keep me
Show yourself to me

IF YOU WANT ME <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eJsIMr6NefE>

LYRICS AND MUSIC: GLEN HANSARD. MARKETA IRGLOVA

Are you really here
Or am I dreaming
I can't tell dreams from truth
For it's been so long
Since I have seen you
I can hardly remember your face anymore
When I get really lonely
And the distance calls its only silence
I think of you smiling
With pride in your eyes
A lover that sighs
If you want me
Satisfy me
If you want me
Satisfy me
Are you really sure
That you believe me
When others say I lie
I wonder if you could
Ever despise me
You know I really try
To be a better one to satisfy you
For you're everything to me
And I do what you ask me
If you let me be free
If you want me
Satisfy me
If you want me
Satisfy me
If you want me
Satisfy me
If you want me
Satisfy me

If you want me
Satisfy me
If you want me
Satisfy me

FOR YOU

LYRICS AND MUSIC: GAVIN JAMES

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sd5NIYvhv_Q

Gavin James is an Irish singer-songwriter. He released his debut album "Bitter Pill" last November and it reached the Platinum level for number of sales in Ireland. This helped him to win the Choice Music Prize. He has already performed on US television, appearing on both James Cordon's "Late Late Show" and Jimmy Kimmel Live!

Maybe I'll forget and maybe I won't
I'm stuck in the moment
And so far from home
Cause loving nobody
It's breaking my heart
But you'll never know this
Wherever you are

Well maybe I don't give up easily
But I know this is hard to see
But I wish time would slow down
So I could keep your heart around
If I can make you stay another day
I'll wait another day for you, and for you

Maybe I'm love drunk, I wish that I'd known

What you would say if time would slow down
So I could keep your heart around
If I can make you stay another day
I'll wait another day for you

Well maybe I don't give up easily
Oh but I know this is hard to see
But I know time won't slow down
So I can keep your heart in my hands
Oh but maybe if you stay a little while
You might feel like I do for you

NERVOUS

LYRICS AND MUSIC: GAVIN JAMES

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Jn-k66pQ0H4>

I promise that I'll hold you when it's cold out
When we loose our winter coats in the spring
Cause lately I was thinking I never told you
That every time I see you my heart sings

Cause we lived at the carnival in summer
We scared ourselves to death on a ghost train
And just like every ferris wheel stops turning
Oh I guess we had an expiration date
So I won't say I love you, it's too late
And ooooooooooh
Ooooohoooooooooh
And ooooohoooooooooh
Ooooohohohoooooooooh

Cause every time I saw you I got nervous
Shivering and shaking at the knees
And just like every song I haven't heard yet no
I didn't know the words in front of me
In front of me, and ooooooooooh
But I don't wanna know

Who'll take you home? (x3)
Hoooooome

If I let you goooooooooooooo
And oooooohhhhhh (x3)

Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

Now that you're on someone else's shoulders
The winter winds are colder on my own
Maybe we will meet when we get older
Maybe we won't

So I won't say I love you if you don't
And no you don't

So I won't say I love you if you don't

DELICATE <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DebqF9 AXuE>

LYRICS and MUSIC : DAMIEN RICE

Damien Rice jest irlandzki piosenkarzem, piszącym teksty do piosenek a jednocześnie producentem muzycznym, który gra na pianinie, gitarze, klarnecie i perkusji. Damien jest aktywnym działaczem i brał udział w kampanii manyFreedom. Bardzo dużo działała na rzecz uwolnienia Aung San Suu Kyi, oraz napisał i wykonał piosenkę, której nadał tytuł "Unplayed Piano" w 2006r. na gali Pokojowej Nagrody Nobla w Oslo.

We might kiss when we are alone
Nobody's watching
We might take it home
We might make out when nobody's there
It's not that we're scared
It's just that it's delicate
So why do you fill my sorrow
With the words you've borrowed
From the only place you've know
And why do you sing Hallelujah
If it means nothing to you
Why do you sing with me at all?
We might live like never before
When there's nothing to give
Well how can we ask for more
We might make love in some sacred place
The look on your face is delicate
So why do you fill my sorrow
With the words you've borrowed
From the only place you've know
And why do you sing Hallelujah
If it means nothing to you
Why do you sing with me at all?
why do you fill my sorrow
With the words you've borrowed
From the only place you've know

And why do you sing Hallelujah
If it means nothing to you
Why do you sing with me at all?

AMIE https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zQ1_RhaJznc

LYRICS and MUSIC : DAMIEN RICE

Nothing unusual, nothing strange
Close to nothing at all
The same old scenario, the same old rain
And there's no explosions here
Then something unusual, something strange
Comes from nothing at all
I saw a spaceship fly by your window
Did you see it disappear?
Amie come sit on my wall
And read me the story of O
And tell it like you still believe
That the end of the century
Brings a change for you and me
Nothing unusual, nothing's changed
Just a little older that's all
You know when you've found it,
There's something I've learned
'Cause you feel it when they take it away
Something unusual, something strange
Comes from nothing at all
But I'm not a miracle
And you're not a saint
Just another soldier
On the road to nowhere
Amie come sit on my wall
And read me the story of O
And tell it like you still believe
That the end of the century
Brings a change for you and me
And Amie come sit on my wall
And read me the story of O
And tell it like you still believe
That the end of the century
Brings a change for you and me

THE BOX https://youtu.be/DDE_TYmB5Y4

LYRICS and MUSIC: DAMIEN RICE

Don't give me something to hold in my hand
Something else to believe in
Cause I'm over it
And your reasons for wanting to stay
Your reasons for wanting to change
My reasons for everything are dull to you...

I have tried but I don't fit
Into this box I'm living with
Well, I could go wild
But you might lock me up...

And I have tried but I don't fit
Into this box you call a gift
When I could be wild and free
But god forbid then you might envy me...

So don't give me love with an old book of rules
That kind of love's just for fools
And I'm over it
And my reasons for walking away
My reasons for wanting to change
My reasons for everything are lost with you...

I have tried but I don't fit
Into this box I'm living with
Well I could go wild
But you might lock me up...

I have tried but I don't fit
Into this box you call a gift
When I could be wild and free
But god forbid, then you might envy me...

I have tried...
Into this box...
Well I could go wild...
But you might lock me up...

I have tried but I don't fit
Into this box you call a gift
When I could be wild and free
But god forbid, then you might envy me...

I could be wild and free
But god forbid, then you might...

CROSSFIRE

LYRICS AND MUSIC: LITTLE HOURS

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Lvr_MUVk6Aq&feature=youtu.be

Little Hours are a young Donegal duo who have become the latest Irish act to land a major label record deal after signing to RCA, a division of Sony Music which is the former home of Elvis Presley and current label of Kings of Leon.

Piano / Lead Vocals - John Doherty
Lead Guitar / Backing Vocals - Ryan Mc Closkey

Hey girl you've had your fun, now I'm listening
Tied your hands behind your back, now they're blistering
Fill up all my nights with strange pen and paper
Twist and turn the words trying to shape her

You got your flaws, but we all do
You hold a love that don't belong to you
You went away with my heart on a string
You exist on energy

I'm just shaking crossfire and I'm waiting
You don't hold me when I'm wrong, tied your hands and now you're numb
I'm just shaking crossfire and I'm waiting

Sunday morning I awake

Your body like a wire, your arms like a noose, your arms like a noose

I'm just shaking crossfire and I'm waiting
I'm just shaking crossfire and I'm waiting
You don't hold me when I'm wrong, tied your hands and now your numb
I'm just shaking crossfire and I'm waiting

If the bruises don't heal by morning will anyone come a calling
Right out of your heart I'm falling, I'm falling, I'm falling

I'm just shaking crossfire and I'm waiting
I'm just shaking crossfire and I'm waiting
You don't hold me when I'm wrong, tied your hands and now your numb
I'm just shaking crossfire and I'm waiting

I'm just shaken, I'm just shaken, I'm just shaken.

EMBER

LYRICS AND MUSIC: LITTLE HOURS

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0ogNMXDTZSI>

You said it's cold outside, I said that it's nice to meet you
You called yourself one thing, I called you ember
You struggle with words like love and hate, find a way to complicate it
react-empty: 111

It's hard to forget a smile like that, I should have taken more photographs

Oh ember, you never stay long
Oh ember, never sticks around

I like the way you fall at night, if I ever feel for you again
So stare right back and watch it smolder, our state seems a little colder

Oh ember, you never stay long
Oh ember, never sticks around

No you never, no you never, never stick around x5
No you never, no you...

You said it's cold outside, I said that it's nice to meet you

CRÍOCH
The end