



ICARUS

MAGAZINE

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EDITORIAL

“And I will sit right down, waiting for the gift of sound and vision,
And I will sing, waiting for the gift of sound and vision”

— David Bowie

First, there is the beauty of the printed page. Thin symbols evoke elsewhere, serifs carry the eye, letters slip from consciousness, and other worlds take hold. This alone could be enough. But there is more. There is music in these pieces—the sound is important, often for no reason. You could say the delights are passive, but listening is an active thing. Make these pages sheet music; you, their curious instrument.

Find a favourite, find yourself alone. If only for a moment, feel these words as though they were your own.

— Michael Kemp *and* Dean McHugh

Icarus is proud to present some new poetry by Sarah Clancy, this issue’s featured writer, alongside the work of Trinity students and alumni.

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Hamptons

by LEO DUNSKER



Photograph

by S. R. GERHARDT

We have photographs here—really we do. They depict images of deserts and dunes and I feel like I know what the Sahara looks like with immense waves and infinite grains of the most golden sands that photoshop can create.

But the photographs are not of the Sahara. I don't really know where they were taken. The captions read *Iran* but I don't believe them because the world outside my window has trees and skyscrapers.

I know our metropolis and our protruding city skyline and the way the mountains look freshly covered with snow. I know the grapefruit trees and sound of the lap of the Caspian Sea against its grainy sandy banks.

We have photographs here—but we know, we see, through the careful façade. We have photographs here, but why do they lie?

In the End

by JACK LOOBY

A dim concrete room. The lighting is a wash of streetlight sodium orange. There is a low rectangular crate serving as a crude table downstage centre. Two chairs, one a busted up lawn chair and the other an old office chair with wheels, are at the Up Right and Up Left corners respectively of the crate. The room is filled with rubbish—stray bits of paper, empty cans and bottles, etc. A good portion of these are wine bottles, including one on the table with a wilting rose in it. Crude eating implements and food scraps are on the crate too. An old wooden handled mop is on the floor beside the crate. ‘I Don’t Want to Set the World on Fire’ by the Ink Spots is heard, muffled. After a moment, a sound like a slamming door is heard and FRAN and FRANK come in. Both are decrepit. Their clothes are shabby. They’re wearing many layers of dirt and clothing. They waltz clumsily around as the music plays and collapse, laughing, side by side when the song finishes. They are now sitting with their backs to the crates and facing the audience. They overcome their laughter and FRANK reaches over his shoulder to hand the rose to FRAN. She acts surprised and does a fake ‘gasp.’

FRAN: Oh, darling! You’re so good to me! And it’s not even my birthday!

FRANK: Oh, but it is!

FRAN: It is?

FRANK: Of course! *(beat)* I’m pretty sure...yes, yes it must be. Happy Birthday darling!

FRAN: Oh I love surprises! Imagine getting your own birthday for a surprise. I feel blessed to have you dear heart.

FRANK: Oh my honey pie, I would give you the stars and the moon and all could I but find them.

FRAN: Stars?

FRANK: Like lights way up where no one can ever touch them, just look at them and write poems.

FRAN: *(pretending to understand)* Oh...they sound precious. Frank?

FRANK: Yes my sweet Fran?

FRAN: Could I ask for one more special birthday treat?

FRANK: On this day you could ask for the world and I'd give it.

FRAN: I want to go sailing Frank, like how you told me. Remember, the big wooden room-with-roof that kind of flies over water, only not in a puddle (*gestures to damp corner of the room*) but way bigger, like bigger than even everything.

FRANK: (*hesitating*) Of course. Of course we can go sailing. But you need to close your eyes, okay?

FRAN: (*excitedly, childlike*) Okay Frank, whatever you say.

FRANK: (*leading her tenderly to kneel on the office chair, facing over the backrest*) Lets go then, close those eyes. Okay, now climb up here. Good, you're in the captain's chair now. Here (*handing her the mop*), this is your oar. You use it to push yourself forward over the water. Yes! You're a natural! Now the faster you go, the more wind you'll feel! Remember the wind? I'll tell you a story about it later. Good, good!

FRAN continues around the room, using the mop to push the chair forward. Her eyes remain tightly shut. FRANK coaches her around, occasionally simulating wind by blowing in her face. He does most of the work, pushing the chair. They stop when FRAN feels tired. FRANK is near exhausted by this point, but he still smiles. He leads FRAN off the chair and back to sitting on the ground. He collects himself a moment, then sits beside her.

FRANK: Okay, now you can open your eyes again.

FRAN: That was amazing Frank! I felt wind, just like you said. We were going so fast. This is the best birthday ever.

FRANK: (*begins clearing away the detritus from the crate*) Yes, it was really special. Shall I tell you that story now? About the wind?

FRAN: No, I think I'm finished with my birthday for today. You can tell me about the wind all tomorrow, for Christmas.

FRANK: (*lies down on the crate facing the audience. He gets increasingly drowsy as he speaks and drops off at the end of these lines*) That's a clever idea. We'll have a party, a real feast, and when we're fat and full of turkey and wine I'll tell you all the old stories in my head.

FRAN: (*quietly*) I'll sing you off to sleep sweetheart, your favourite.

FRAN *begins singing 'Funny Valentine' in the style of Ella Fitzgerald. Accompanying music swells up as she sings and cuts out abruptly when she stops. She falters towards the end and grows quiet a moment.*

FRAN: OH MY GOD FRANK WAKE UP!

FRANK: (*jolting up and falling off the crate*) AHH! What? What is it? Are you hurt?

FRAN: No, I just remembered something!

FRANK: Really? What did you remember?

FRAN: Valentines Day! I know what it is now.

FRANK: Is it like the stars?

FRAN: It's a thing like 'birthday,' but for both of us.

FRANK: Do we both go sailing on Valentine's Day?

FRAN: No, it's... it's like birthday but for love. That's it, it's love's birthday, and we celebrate it together.

FRANK: I've had a lot of birthday today, I'm not sure I can do anymore

FRAN: I'll do this one. Come here, lay down on my lap and we'll do Valentine's.

FRANK: (*comes around to lay his head in FRAN's lap*) This is nice. What do we do for Valentine's Day?

FRAN: It's a special day for love, so maybe I can tell you about where love comes from?

FRANK: Do you know?

FRAN: No.

FRANK: So, how will you tell me if you don't know it?

FRAN: Hush now. I'll tell you the story, and if you don't like it, then we can fix it, okay?

FRANK: I like that. I'll listen quietly, and you tell me when it's over.

FRAN: Let's see then...Long way back ago, before everything, there was nothing. No wind or birthdays or wine or Christmas, just nothing. Then one day a man found all this nothing and—

FRANK: What was his name?

FRAN: Francis. Now hush. So the man found all this nothing and he said to himself, "It sure is cold and dark out here in all this nothing." Then he made a room. He filled it full of food and wine and things, and

then he made another one but he didn't put anything in here. This was going to be all for him to just be in. The man had some bread and some wine and he said to himself "It sure is quiet in here." So, the man made up music. He thought up all these clever rhymes and rhythms and they were beautiful. But the man couldn't make them sound right. He could think how they should be, but he just couldn't get right. This made the man sad, and he had more wine. Then the man had his best idea yet. He went out into all that nothing outside his clever little rooms and he found a woman. She was lost in the nothing too and she was so happy that he found her. They went back to his clever little rooms and he shared all his wine and bread and everything with her. They were very happy, but the man was still sad. See, he loved to bring all his clever little plans to life but music was still something he couldn't make work. Then he had another idea. He asked the woman to try to sing for him. She tried it, and she got it right away. The man was as happy as he had ever been, and this made the woman happy too. She sang and sang and sang all the time and he wrote and wrote and wrote all the time, all these clever little songs and stories for her tossing. They were very happy. For a very long time. Then the man realised something. He had forgotten almost everything. He forgot the nothing and the way to do anything but listen to music or write it, and so did the woman. They were upset for a very long time. Then, the man had the best idea. He would read all his songs and learn again and they could be happy. So they had some more wine and tried to find all the old things they once knew together. They worked very hard all the time and they had fun.

FRANK: But when does love come in?

FRAN: I thought I told you to hush up and listen? That's the really clever bit. See, love was there all the time. When they were happy and making all that music together, they made love too. A happy little accident.

FRANK: So did they lose love too? Could they ever find it again? (*laying down on the crate again*)

FRAN: You can't lose love. It sticks right to you, right on your skin, so that you can't ever get rid of it, even if you try.

FRANK: That's a nice story. (nods off)

FRAN: Yes. Yes, it's pretty little story.

A pregnant pause, then she softly begins to sing 'Dream a Little Dream of Me.' As before the music swells up wvith her, but she stays more subdued this time. After the first verse she takes the mop and imitates a head-on-each-others-shoulders slow dance. The lights fade out slowly with the music to the point where she finishes a capella for two lines. She walks off stage right as the lights die.

Time Warp Tea Room

by CELESTE MCALPIN-LEVITT

The banging of the Chromosome Club
next door, reverb in misty malt glasses
from little queer T. Rex feet. We rub
against pinball machines, make passes

at the barstool brothers. You have developed
a phobia of my toes, their fungal ends,
so I thrust them till your eyes enveloped
their fulsome pelican beaks. Suttrees rend

watermelons with crick trickle moans, but
it is we who find ourselves blacklisted by
McCarthy. Imported quislings' runts who rut
in a ruin where we stand like sore sows, who try

to pass for Holler. I choke on the ancestral
marbles. I am no Sevier child, posted books
by Dolly, but an apostate Appalachian referential.
I was learnt my culture in Snodgrasses, by crooks.

Featured: Sarah Clancy

Sarah Clancy is a page and performance poet from Galway. *Truth and Other Stories* (Salmon Poetry, 2014) is her third and most recent collection.

Hotel Room

The four tiny milk cartons
on the tea tray in my latest hotel room
fill me with my favourite type of loneliness,
my out of date battery radio plays James Taylor
and I can't see the sunset from my window
but I know from the warm glow on the mountains
that it's brilliant and I'm missing it
and that stills my mind and empties it
so I can lie face up on these clean sheets
not waiting for anything.

If a bird flew at my window and stunned itself
I would rescue it so gently,
I'd cup my hands around it so it was safe
and hold it till its frenzied heart slowed,
and when I felt it soften and give way to calmness
I would release it, I would only then free it,
because nothing can fly if it doesn't itself believe in it
and as my small bird flew off
and vanished in the tree line
I would fill up with the lighter breath
of someone who had just that moment
freed something.

FEATURED WRITER

My Counsellor wants me to explain
why I like hotel rooms,
she reminds me of some Newsreader
who doesn't seem to know
that if she didn't show up for work one evening
things would keep on happening—
that everything doesn't always need
to be remarked on.

She says *Tell me how it feels* there
and I laugh, forgetting, that with her
this is the route to more and more questions—
Why? she says why are you laughing?
and I say *For me it is self-evident.*
And she says *I don't know*
what you mean there,
and have you noticed
how you've got your arms crossed?
Do you feel defensive?

And I say *I like hotel rooms*
and driving long distances
for me the reasons are self-evident
and she raises one brow at me
in a move that looks practiced
and says *what are you scared of?*
and I think nothing, nothing, nothing
but I wish someone would cup me in their hands
until my heart calmed
until I believed I could do it
and only then release me.

FEATURED WRITER

The Silence is Deafening Since I Met You

In our town we gave names to beggars, the eccentric
and the mad—for instance there was a woman
who we christened Iris De Mental and she collected
anything that crackled and anything that rattled
and then stowed it all in zip-up nylon bags
which she swung from each hand so they scraped loudly
on her plastic raincoat and she had armfuls
of cheap charm bracelets that jangled on everybody's nerves
and made it worse, she had loose shoes with steel tips
which she clattered on purpose down loosely cobbled streets,
she'd a necklace made of empty plastic cups that set up
a cacophony when she walked, and when she was
at her most afflicted she would make herself a tail
from crime scene tape and empty cans of coke
and hang it from the waistband of her skirt
so that everywhere she went things got discordant
and raucous and she loved this, she loved it when
dogs scattered, cats wailed, children cried
and even songbirds went off key and squawked.
Iris De Mental once mentioned that what she feared most
was silence, hollow people and not really existing
and ever since I met you I don't know what they call me
but I feel empty, I keep my radio on at night time
and well into morning and sometimes I lie here thinking
of Iris De Mental who reckoned that if she assembled
enough husks of things together it might be possible
to make something of substance from them.

What a Bomb Hits

Feel the dead heat of the quietening street,
see the early evening houses and the shutters
on the shops. Look at the row of highrise balconies
with their Aloe Vera plants.
See this door and behind it the tile-floored hallway?
Look at the outdoor shoes abandoned carelessly
by going-about-their-business feet?
Look in here and see shelves full of books
and the loose skinned hands
that choose one, thumb it and put it back?
Hear the sigh as someone older sits down
and now the tell-tale evenness of breath
that tells you sleep is near. Shhh now, come in here—
see the saucepans, turmeric, ginger, onions
and the glistening guts of something?
See the strong-backed person cooking?
Her flush blood-orange cheeks?
Over here—see the empty good room?
With photos of the girl's first day at school
her plump-armed prize for maths,
see her seven year-old gaptooth grin?
And now in the bathroom this very minute
see her neck nape exposed and older
as she kneels beside the bath,
see the henna swirl maroonish in the water
then disappear, see the soles of her bare feet,
see her calf muscles curve and how her skirt
is caught in behind her knees?
From the street below, listen to the overheating engine

FEATURED WRITER

of her teenage brother's car as he tries to park it
see his sinewy biceps strain while he reverses inexpertly
his slim thighs pressed against the seat, see
on his unlined forehead the freshness
of glistening beads of sweat, now watch him slam the car door
and turn this way while the lazy street cat looks
at him unimpressed before settling back to lick itself,
then freeze all this and think of it
blown to smithereens
this,
all this,
is what a bomb hits.

FEATURED WRITER

Lost Dog

In that evernight when I was strewn
across continents a black dog came to find me.
At the ebb end of carnival week
when all fervour was abating but adrenalin
kept flowing nowhere and for nothing
when my own heart kept catastrophically pulsing
her cold canine nose pressed against my palm
and calmed me. When dead-faced people
stalked me in San Cristobel and gesticulated
that I should go with them
across a darkly shadowed wasteland
the black dog demurred on my behalf
and I stayed with her until safety beckoned.
Later on when I was ghoststruck
and sleepless in a dead historian's star-lit courtyard
a black dog barking in the distance
filled up every hour of the night for me
and made me rest there
until everything was brighter
until my heart calmed.

Watkin's Brewery

by TADG MCLAUGHLIN



From *Analects*: Stygian Library Sequence

by RUAIDHRÍ MAC AN TSÍTHIGH

The Researcher's Note on the Nature of the Stygian Library

“We come like a man stunned and fallen from a stairs to the question as to whether the library is a world unto itself as well as a nexus of many others, or whether it is as a forest fire to the trees and creatures of a forest: a consumption of many things by a chaotic effect from beyond spread among them.”

The Researcher's Note on the Contents of the Stygian Library

“I have notes on the references to spines. I do not know the system by which the books posit their analogy with bodies, but know that the obvious pivot is the spine. They treat their spine as the equivalent of a biological spine...”

Taxonomy of the Stygian Library

“Most of the books refer to their pages as though the pages are muscular or skeletal joinings to the books’ spines. Some of the texts, however, refer to their pages as leaves, and others fins, but these may be anomalies—one catalogue describes some spines as having cancerous growths of fins and leaves...”

The Spine

Many of the books refer to logical errors as spinal deformities, and claim that the sum of their logical deformities results in the imagination of one who has read and internalized the contents and spirit of these books, in the appearance of a twisted, mile-long spine, which transcends dimensions and earthly logic, and which never leaves the mind.

Styx, Preface

The river Styx, contorted into the ripe aptitude of spinal metaphor or simile, but held from it a slight distance, being not quite sufficiently spinal and scoliotic for that analogy to be appropriate without qualification, or without the residue in this description of evidence of deliberation during its composition, or even of hesitation, was nonetheless spinal and contorted enough to herald a mention of the Man With Scoliosis and the Mile-Long Spine.

The Arrival of the Man with Scoliosis and the Mile-Long Spine

He would come, he would come: that man whose body would be incarnated inside the imaginations of those who read of him, obliquely and ignorantly, in the strange books of his library, where hundreds of bizarre images and paradoxes formed the imaginary tissue that became his flesh.

Parody

Terrified by the growth of strange images in her imagination, and striving to lighten her fear, the researcher wrote *The Lover of the Man with Scoliosis and The Mile-Long Spine*, a tiny burlesque in the style of the analects, which made light of certain unsettling images.

From the Researcher's Notes on the Stygian Library

"One footnote, from a book comparatively spare in self-referential conceits (MS Epsilon MMII), refers to its footnotes as tumours. One passage from another book (MS Theta XXIV, pp. 987–1000) is a treatise on the pain the codex claims to suffer from its ink, which it refers to as 'that atramentous cancer of paper.' Compile notes for a taxonomic oncology..."

Bodies Abyssal and Celestial: Subtle Bodies of Contradiction

Figure One: A microcosm of a cosmos vaster and more simple than the one in which it is represented; an ambassador of a world whose only possible form is its representation in another.

Contents of the Stygian Library

Books on anatomy, which presumed the most disfigured of bodies to be typical human specimens; books on zoology, which described chimeric and impossible animals; books of scholastic theology, which described an alien and unsettling God; books on general metaphysics, which described an incoherent universe; books of prophecy; which were agitated and obscure; books of chronology, which described incomprehensible events; books of geography, which treated only of subterranean realms; and books of medicine, which described “diseases of existence” that resembled books.

Equivalence

The books of the Stygian Library folded things of the outside world into their own. They were not internally consistent, nor consistent with the outer world, but they converged into another world as they blurred and bled, and as they fused and tendon-joined, into each other through metaphor.

Stygian Architecture

The contents of the metaphysical books in the Stygian Library were one with the architecture of the Library; the metaphors and paradoxes of the Stygian treatises fused to form the osseous design of that building in the imagination of one who had internalized them, and the design was that of a misshapen vertebra on a mile-long spine.

Exhibition

In some books of the Stygian Library were lists and illustrations of diseases and atrocities, accompanied by commentaries that explicated them as new models of the universe.

The Land Whose Vaporous Ambassadors We Know as Nightmares

The Man with Scoliosis and the Mile-Long Spine, a pure and terrible import from the land whose vaporous ambassadors we know as nightmares, was the organizational principle of the Stygian Library, whose books were written and arranged to deliver him into the mind of one who studied there.

Lost Socks

by ALICE KINSELLA

There's a custom
Down my way
And yours too
Probably
Of putting children's socks
On the metal spike
Of a gate.
I wonder why people do this.
Will the owner come back
To reclaim their lost sock?
What if they don't have a lot of pairs?
Or do we just not have the heart
To bin them?
Maybe they remind us
Of our own babies,
Their curly toes
And needy mouths.
Maybe we can't bear to think
Of chilly feet
On winter days.
Maybe pink socks
And blue socks
And yellow socks
Bring colour. Or maybe
We've just seen others do it
And decide not to question
This strange custom.

Tuesday Will be the Longest Day

by JAMES IRELAND

They sit in a dark room, dark panelled wood, and the grains of the dark wood table between them.

“But what about the people who fall through the cracks?”

His hands were gripping, slightly, the edge of the table.

“Fall through the cracks in time? What about them; think about it.” A pause for breath.

“Why don’t you think about it this way. You take a plane that can fly faster than the speed of sound—supersonic—and you fly it around the world. It flies faster than the sun, faster than the world turns. You understand the idea of flying West and being able to make the sun set in the East.”

The other questioned him.

“The classic example is Concorde back in the last century. There would be stories of passengers who’d seen the sun set in the East. Why? Tell me—it’s not meant to do that. It’s strange. It’s unsettling. It appears a horrible illusion.

“But it’s not an illusion. The passengers flew faster than sound. At that speed you can fly across six time zones to New York in less than six hours. You can make the sun set behind you.”

The other spoke again, once.

“You’ve got to imagine what this means in the bigger picture. A broader spectrum, if you will.”

I studied his face.

“Okay. Speak to me.”

“This is what I imagine. You take off from Paris in your supersonic airliner, and it’s dark, it’s night-time—the end of the 27th, let’s say. And as you fly west the sun comes up in front of you. You overtake it. It’s not the dawn of

the 28th; you're overtaking the sun. You're back in the 27th.

"What I posture is that if you fly long enough, you'll find it going down behind you, ready not for the night but ready to signal the start of the day—the dawn of the 27th.

"If you keep your plane refuelled in the air you chase the days backwards until you arrive in the 15th, let's say. Logic dictates it isn't possible. You've chased the sunset and won, thirteen times. You've rewound time."

They look at each other.

"I follow."

Neither moved.

"It was tried once. Not with an airliner. With a military jet. What do you think happened?"

The sound of his watch ticks from his wrist.

"There's no record. We don't know."

"I think I have a hypothesis."

A silent breath.

"Speak to me."

He takes another breath.

"The normal fantasy of the time-traveller states that they woke up in the fifteenth and found everyone as they had known them a few weeks earlier, mystified by the appearance of an unscheduled aircraft. This is the idealist's model; a perfectly functioning model of a time machine. Look closely—the same questions; the same paradox.

"There is a second hypothesis. Somewhat darker, it states that they arrived in the fifteenth and found everyone gone. Everyone was where they had left them in the 28th or the 30th. To return they would have to fly the other way, but without mission support they ran out of fuel before they could make it back. This gives a somewhat different view of time to the first: a dimension indelibly tied to our bodies and those of the other animals, but not effective upon inanimate objects. If the world persists either side of the world we are perceiving and we do not, are our consciousnesses merely the result of differences in the material landscape we inhabit?

"Secondary considerations arose upon the nature of the sun's seeming control in the matter, whether it had somehow assumed a position as arbiter of it

all, or whether it was all a coincidence founded in the accidental choice of the units of time we deal with. Interest in pagan worship of the sun was revived; more questions are raised.”

Then that dark wood table assumed a massive presence. There were splinters underneath the varnish waiting to break away; little sections of wood that waited for the varnish to be compromised—for a microscopic break, and the wood would give way.

“Unhappily, I believe this is the closer of the two. Almost. But not quite.

“What I speculate is that it happened the other way. They didn’t go backwards, but somehow went forwards. I’ll show it to you now.”

A shadow must have passed over the door then, because the two of them stopped. Now they looked over their shoulders—indiscriminate points of the wall. In time, he carried on.

“It starts like this.” He’s handling a spherical paperweight. “You have the aeroplane, which moves like this. And you have the sun, which moves at this pace. But there’s something else to keep track of. The International Date Line. And that’s the key, you see. We’ll mark it with a point.

“The sun rises on Wellington, Tokyo, Seoul, Singapore, New Delhi, Acre, Cairo, Tripoli, Paris. It makes sense from a fixed perspective that when it rises again over these cities it will be a different date. We forget that the sun never truly sets: as with the British Empire, it is always shining on some part of the globe. With this in mind, let us begin our experiment.

“We can follow the aeroplane here, and the sun chasing.” He moved two hands around the paperweight, the sun slower than the other. “It does not matter what the ratio is between their speeds. I have tried. All that is important is that the aeroplane moves faster than the sun, and then it is the same result every time.

“As the aeroplane gets to here, it has crossed the date line, and is in the 28th. The two carry around the world, and as they follow fast enough the aeroplane begins to chase the sun. The world is a sphere, remember. And let us say that it takes until the 1st of the month for this to happen; we see the sun pass the International Date Line into the 1st, and soon after the aeroplane does the same. But it has already been in the 1st so it must now be entering the second.

“As it catches up the sun we find ourselves posed with a problem. It is in the 2nd, the rest of the world is only in the 1st, and we must now wonder what to make of the dawn in front of the aircraft. Is this also the beginning of a new day? I conclude that this detail does not matter—the result is the same—it just takes longer to play out. If you follow the aeroplane and the sun around the world long enough, you undeniably find that they begin to occupy different spaces in time.

“That is what I speculate happened to that aircraft that day, and that is why I believe we have heard nothing about it since.”

The other took a long time to speak. And when he did, he looked behind him.

“So what did they find?”

His hands were not in sight.

“We can’t know what the future is made of. If it exists either side of our timelines, there is also no telling how far. Whether it is infinite, or whether we can only push it a few days before it crumbles.”

He added, “I have never seen a man live in the future tense. There are those who spend their lives immersed in their pasts, and there are those of us who live in the present moments; ‘I am speaking this now, I am reading that.’ I have never seen a man who exists in the future. It is impossible even for a fortune teller or a medium to conjecture except in the abstract. I do not believe I’d like to know.”

There was only one more thing to add.

“I believe there is a next step to this too. Something else I couldn’t consider until a friend brought it up. Twice in a year the hour changes but the sun stays in the same place. It sounds mundane, she said to me, but the potential of Daylight Savings Time is there when we learn to tap it. To change time without having to rely on the movement of the sun. That would be the key in all of this.”

All Time

by JAMES IRELAND



The Only Thing that Remained was the Sound of Wind through White Birch Trees

by HUGO LAU

Spinning words, lack of sleep, and attempts to— have moulded me and
dropped me here.

Beating windows. Disappearing. Strung out.

Near enough to where I started. Trying not to know better. “Don’t judge
people.”

But here I am:

Sore limbs and nostalgia. (Loaded memories I don’t care to recite.)

So worried and tangled.

So cruel and thoughtless.

Golly, it’s all a bit endless. I’ll never be done.

I don’t believe in much. But I can always count on hunger. I don’t actually
think that’s true. Not so steadfast at all. Good grief.

Fine, here’s a loaded memory, with an impasse, retrospectively:

We are holding hands. Everything is all right. You are. Out in the park.

Your skin is so fair it’s not fair, mother fucker.

Your fingers smell like mustard. Mustard fingers.

Maybe it’s biology. I hope so.

Maybe it’s the sickness. The big show, out there.

I adore you. You count on it. Calculate.

Later:

Red cheeks. Your colour. Mine. Familiar skin.

My eyes are vibrating. Like I'm on drugs, but not as fun. It's a start.

Sometimes stuff feels nice regardless. The feeling is what matters, as we hold-
each other's faces for hours, maybe, and forget to count the years. Spend
them.

Jugs of blood stain your mouth. We sing in foreign languages and dance hori-
zontal in the groggy morning and try to catch stars. There's an attempt. A
taste. A drop. The beat that drives your hips up and—inevitably—down.

You're shameless.

You ask because you know the answer and can't accept it.

I don't answer for the same reason.

No my red eyes just feel red. Just perfect curves and promises I can't make
anymore.

Now you're not here, there, or anywhere.

I'll just try to have opinions. Hone skills. Have affairs. Hump logs. Hang out.
Stay young at a leisurely pace. Fade out. Review, and recycle.

Helen

by CELESTE MCALPIN-LEVITT

Transcript of the Opening Speech Delivered by Dr. K. L. Benson at the 15th Annual Tri-National Psychological Professionals Conference of Remembrance and Repentance

To begin with, Helen hates herself.

If we are to truly explore her motives, to garner a full understanding of the deep and troubling tinderbox lay in wait of the smallest catalyst to reveal her world-shaking potential [i.e. the event], this must be established as a core element of her character.

Allow me to clarify: we are not here to evaluate whether Helen *should* hate herself.

This line of questioning has been pursued thoroughly and exhaustively; first by Helen's extended family and peers, and now most recently by the media, the many involved governmental agencies, and several influential international peacekeeping organizations.

No indeed. For finally, after these long decades, the fires of passion, metaphorical and otherwise, have cooled. It is time to turn a level-headed and anthropological lens on Helen, the woman of varied sobriquets from "Fuck-Up of Our Time" to "If She Ever Showed Her Sorry Ass in Here Again I'd Boil Her Bones in Vinegar" to simply "That Bitch."

Helen grew up in a medium-sized North Eastern U.S. city which, for obvious reasons, quickly packed up and sought shameful refuge in neighboring states following the event. Out of respect for its former residents, who continually petition to erase all historical record of their Helen-producing hometown, we will refrain from mentioning its original name. Suffice to say the town contained a prestigious women's liberal arts college and a teaching hospital, where Helen's mother and father worked as a professor and doctor, respectively.

Little primary evidence can be gleaned to help give us a glimpse into Helen's childhood. Naturally, when one takes into account the self-inflicted hangings, shootings, and mutilations, not to mention state sanctified reparations taking, few of Helen's teachers are around or in any fit condition to stand testimony. However, the charred remains of Helen's primary school records show a slightly above-average student who enjoyed running track, held the position of 4th chair flute in her marching band, and was given small non-speaking roles in school performances.

So, considering this relatively normal upbringing, what is it that could have made Helen hate herself?

Now I know, this seems an absurd question. These days any schoolchild, whether or not they have the defect, could provide me with a lengthy list of reasons why "The One Woman Holocaust" should have self-esteem issues. But remember, we are attempting to return to a time before the event. Yes, it is difficult and sometimes painful to reach back this far in our collective memory, to summon up those halcyon days, but strive we must.

Perhaps we are ignoring the obvious. While we would likely all acknowledge that Helen is an "exceptional" woman, though naturally devoid of any of the positive connotations of such a word, perhaps at an earlier time in her life Helen felt mediocre.

We must turn to the facts. Photographic evidence shows her college dorm room contained a light floral duvet, mix of posters from among Amazon's Top 20 Bestsellers, and selection of books and CDs which, though now banned from human consumption for eternity, were entirely approved of by parents and mental health professionals of the era.

It is common knowledge that she wore her straightened hair alternately in a single plait down the back or a bun. She professed to be a "coffee person." Her favorite food was bread.

Maybe we should look pityingly at the utterly bland, generic twenty-one-year-old that was pre-event Helen, recognizing that not even in that woman's most feverish Ativan-muted dreams could she have conceived of a world in which conferences such as this one would focus on the lasting social, political, moral, cultural, ecological, literary, paleontological, phylogeographical, nonlineardynamical, and gynecological consequences of her existence? That billions

would wonder, in sheer bewilderment and awe, why at the moment of her conception a different sperm cell could not have just picked up the pace a little bit? Maybe it is time... to forgive? To allow Helen, wherever her much speculated upon whereabouts may be, to return to society?

skipping to the slip

by SG

little song little sonorous sample little sinning stiffened still

sad sex and seeking stung

sad sex and a seeping too still

sad sex seeking and a sweep a sudden sickening

all so severe and sad sex a sapling, a little sapling stooping

so sad the sudden skipping to the slip

so sad this to seek in silence in sad sex stripping so

so into silence this seizing stripped sounds

so silence stampeding in skeletons, a single skeleton singly

so sad a stiffening a sick sleep still a little sad song sung.

Valerian

by GERALD DAWE

Like clusters of blue and yellow fire
sparking out of yard walls,
under the oldest of softening brick
these flowers take over
and yet we are told that far
from the streets running down
to the military-grey bay
this display comes courtesy
of an eager wish to please,
so shipped from the Himalayas
to greet a queen on her last
and final visit, Valerian-bedecked
lamp post and window box,
razzles away in unloved lane ways,
scentless, random.

The Gem

by TADG MCLOUGHLIN



Berlin 16/10/14

by ADAM BOATE

Tall tip talking on the walk to Alexanderplatz
Alexander, I conquer all that I see
Industrial veins with blood of the
Ever flowing, incessant paint on
The ideal canvas. The museum
Is a chamber.
This is the public realm

We take a stroll down Karl Marx
 Somehow we rise on that street
 Through our collective plight
 Of comradeship and our right
Expanse of the city among the clouds
 No horizon in sight
Colossus giving light, bullies in
Grey concrete
No longer a faux pas
 retrospect is a lens grinder

This is a city which history echoes.
Scars from deadly earthquakes, electric blanket centre,
Pain has dragged this polis into the cutting edge
Still a nice time for a cigarette in the park,
Life on the move,
Warmth in my hands.

Fashion.
We conquer the fashionista.
We destroy the inefficient with love of millions.
The evening drink with friends at a hostel
Work, let's rebuild.

The passing of time change with breadth;
Dublin, Amsterdam, Tehran, Babylon.
Time is a simple affair.
Here one must submit to
The clusters (& multiverse)

A night with many new friends
Drink within the mushroom coloured dormitories.
Nearing ausgang. Ostbahnhof awaits
For others as well as us.

a boy named jeep

by LEO DUNSKER

do i have a five year plan?
well, just last month i reached my goal
of being arrested three times in one year

*

gonna to leak my sex tape to launch my wrestling career
really i just want what's best for my brand

*

first question:
do you know any celebrities?
second question:
do you think i could fight them?

*

does anyone know how i can get on one of those jumbotron things

*

last week i got evicted from the big brother house
this week i'm losing american idol AND getting voted off the island

*

i am crying in the studio bathroom
there is blood everywhere

my mother is on the phone but i can't speak
she tells me the ratings are way up and then she starts crying too

*

120 mph backwards on the freeway
i am eating sweetcorn out of my palm
the cops are calling me but i ain't pickin up

*

figured out im living in the future
that's why everything sucks

*

not rich, just famous

*

when will the drama stop
i'm just trying to get married

*

on saturday i appear on the front page of the TMZ website
soon my entire family is calling me on the phone
they greet me at the start of my brilliant career

Whale

by BRIAN MICHAEL MOORE

Each heavenly body,
Circling each cap of the globe.
The hovering shadows split the shining surface—
A foreign quark of faraway gulls—

Pull it out, and
 I tell you repair,
Repair,
 that Divine skin blemished by harpoons,
Rubbery flesh: greenstained by algae and barnacle,
Peel it off—disrobe!
Reveal what lies,
Beneath——

Beneath,
The rumbling hum grumbles—
Bridging the colossal depths.
Listen, listen now—
 To the deep sea breaths!
Pole to pole, across gigantic plains;
Gaia's lungs heave and strain.

Kissed by salt, soaked in slime:
A creature gracing the lips of time.
Unscar the wounds, unwind the snare!
Relinquish your mortal signs;
Pull it out, I beg you, pull it out—

Repair.

A passing convergence,
Once each faithful decade;
The grey masses on black background:
Gradually,

Each comes to fade.

But the Echo:
That sound still resounds across—
A murky ocean floor.
An eternal passage, listen!
it shall Rumble—
 once more.

Would You Swim

by JAMES IRELAND

If I said a Mako Shark had the perfect body,
Would you put away the nail varnish and lipstick,
The necklaces and scarves?
Would you swim.

If I said that a sunflower had the perfect shape to be,
Would you drop everything to run into the fields,
The Lebanon or Croatia where you would lose yourself in the fields,
The lipstick quietly smudging the insides of your teeth.

Would you drop everything to swim in the fields,
The lipstick rushing by at three-thousand kilometres an hour,
And the nail varnish cracking on the insides of your beautiful white teeth.

When you quietly put away the clothes you've been borrowing, I ask you.
Of all the bodies in the world, what made you so ready to leave my own.

I sleep.
I sleep.
I sleep.
I sleep.
I sleep.

Of all the bodies in the world, I will ask you.
What made you so ready to leave my own.

He Spoke To Her In Love

by BRÓNACH RAFFERTY

He spoke to her in Love,

A ghrá, a chroí, a stór.

But she not understanding could not know,

That to love *go leor* is enough, is plenty.

Caught

by KATIE BLACK



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Katie Black is a fourth year English Literature student from Dublin. She has previously been published in *the Attic* and *Icarus*.

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Adam Boate is a Senior Freshman studying PPES. “Berlin 16/10/14” is his first published poem.

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Sarah Clancy is a page and performance poet from Galway. Her most recent collection *The Truth and Other Stories* and was published by Salmon Poetry in 2014. She has two previous collections to her name, *Stacey and the Mechanical Bull* (Lapwing Press, Belfast, 2011) and *Thanks for Nothing, Hippies* (Salmon Poetry, 2012). She has been placed or shortlisted in several of Ireland’s most prestigious written poetry competitions including The Ballymaloe International Poetry Prize and The Patrick Kavanagh Award. In performance poetry she won the Cuirt International Festival of Literature Grand Slam Championships in 2011, she was runner up in the North Beach Nights Grand Slam Final in both 2012 and 2013 and was runner up in the All-Ireland Grand Slam Championships in 2013. In 2015 she won the Bogman’s Cannon Irish People’s Poet award. Her books can be ordered from salmonpoetry.com. Tweets @sarahmaintains.

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Gerald Dawe has published nine collections with The Gallery Press, including *Selected Poems* (2012) and *Mickey Finn’s Air* (2014). He teaches literature at Trinity College.

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ALICE KINSELLA

Alice Kinsella is a writer living in Dublin. Her work has been published internationally in a variety of publications, including *Headspace* magazine, *The Fem* literary magazine, *Poethead*, *The Sunday Independent* and Poetry Northern Ireland's *Poems for Holocaust Memorial Day 2016*. In 2015 she was included in *Poethead*'s indices 'Women Poets' and 'Contemporary Irish Women Poets.' She is currently finishing her degree in English Literature and Philosophy at Trinity College Dublin and working on her writing.

HUGO LAU

Hugo is finishing his BA in Drama and English Literature. He has enjoyed writing words throughout his time in Trinity. He was the editor of *Rant+Rave* magazine. His play, *We Need The Eggs*, was put on in DU Players, and was also made into a short film, which was selected for the Chicago Irish Film Festival 2016. He is currently finishing a new play, *Magic*, which he hopes will be nice.

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