

Tullamore Rhymers Club present:



Featuring contributions from:

*Thomas Carty, Ken Hume, Seamus Kirwan, Anthony Sullivan, James Delaney, Cormac Lally,
Willie Rimes, David Mallaghan and Camillus Boland.*

Cover Art Created by Chris Tyrrell.

*" Under the fading lamp, half dressed – my brain
Idling on some compulsive fantasy... – "*

*- Thomas Kinsella
"Mirror in February"*

ISSUE 1 – FEBRUARY 2013

Free to a good home!

Introduction

Dear Reader,

Welcome to the first edition of ' Under The Fading Lamp ', a poetry project which we, the Tullamore Rhymers' Club, have undertaken to try and bring a little more poetry (especially from local writers such as ourselves) into peoples' everyday lives. We intend to publish three editions of ' Under The Fading Lamp ' in 2013, and hopefully, continue in a similar vein into the years beyond also.

So, how this whole deal works is simple: ' Under The Fading Lamp ' is free, so if you enjoy what you read in the pages that follow, then by all means please take a copy away home with you to keep and enjoy to your heart and soul's content forevermore! Or, simply leave this copy where you found it so that whoever comes along next can flick through and probably ask, " What in God's name are these mad yokes talkin' about?! " Either way, in its own peculiar way, works just as well!

You might be wondering where our title of ' Under The Fading Lamp ' comes from? Well, it's inspired by lines from that great Irish poet Thomas Kinsella, in his poem ' Mirror In February '. Kinsella writes, " Under the fading lamp, half dressed - my brain/ Idling on some compulsive fantasy - ... " Our interpretation of the ' compulsive fantasy ' in this context has always been to do with ideas and revelations:

ideas and revelations about life, about writing, and about the writing life.

This kind of ' compulsive fantasy ' feeling is one which most writers in our Club have often, thankfully, experienced. It's that somewhat magical sensation (well look, it is for us anyway, being the easily and strangely pleased breed!) when what had previously been an absolutely ordinary moment is illuminated by the sudden light of inspiration, and transformed into a moment when truth of some shape is revealed and thus, the hand's search for pen precedes the soul's search for expression. Or, to put it simply: good ideas often come out of the blue at times and in places when you would least expect them, under the fading lamp at either end of any given day. And we love it when that happens!

' Under The Fading Lamp ' seemed like a good idea when we first conceived of the notion and please God, by the time you, dear reader, finish reading this first edition, you at least won't consider it to have been a bad idea! Until next time and further down the road, keep to the road that your heart tells you is yours....

~ The Tullamore Rhymers' Club, February 2013. ~

A Very Brief History of the Tullamore Rhymers' Club....

Officially formed just over a year ago, the Rhymers' Club were named as a nod to the old Rhymers' Club of London, who had as one of their esteemed members many years ago, that great Irish man of words, W.B. Yeats. Founding members of the Tullamore Rhymers' Club, Thomas Carty from Banagher, Tullamore native Ken Hume and Lusmagh man Anthony Sullivan, had been meeting informally for many's a day in any establishment with coffee on the go! These get-together's would consist of time spent sharing their work, seeking inspiration, testing new lines and..., o.k... and yes, occasionally to moan like bitter old men as they sought to put the world to rights! Eventually these three amigos of verse decided to turn these meetings into something resembling a more formal occurrence!

And so it came to pass that once a month meetings in the 'Hume Library' became days of note in these rhymers' diaries. Ken, Thomas and Anthony were soon joined by fellow followers of the writer's road in life, Jill Britton-Batty, then a certain James Delaney, and the one and only Cormac Lally shortly after. More recently the 'Hume Library' has had need for even more seating and coffee cups to cater for these monthly evenings of poetic rhyming, occasional ranting, and sometimes raving, as David Mallaghan and Camilus Boland have added their points of

view to this monthly baring and sharing of the souls.

Since forming, the Rhymers' Club have been successfully involved in a number of noteworthy projects. In no particular order; Anthony and Ken were judges for the Offaly section of the Midlands Poetry For Pleasure competition for secondary schools in Offaly, Westmeath and Longford, both men meeting President Higgins as a result of their involvement. The Club hosted events to mark National Poetry Day in Ireland in 2011 and 2012 and they participated in Tullamore's Arts Festival last year. They also hosted a special night of poetry as part of a worldwide 100,000 Poets For Change campaign, inviting well known Galway poet Kevin Higgins to town for that event. Ken and Thomas have taken part in the Midlands Radio 3 'Encore' Show, Seamus has been interviewed by Joe Duffy on RTE Radio 1 regarding his first collection, 'Ravings Of A Mad Irishman.' Seamus, Ken, Thomas and Anthony travelled to Banagher to take part in the long-running and respected 'Readings From The Pallet' poetry night, with Seamus being awarded the main prize and Ken receiving a special mention, also. And Thomas, Ken and Anthony travelled to Dublin by special request to read at a fundraising night in Open Heart House in aid of Father Shay Cullen's PREDA charity in the Phillipines.

All in all, it's been a busy beginning to the story of the Tullamore Rhymers' Club. And 'Under The Fading Lamp' is but the next line of this verse in progress!

Camillus Boland

Mother

Our mother tends to all of our needs
There when we fall down on our knees
Encourages us to speak and to talk
And helps us to take our first steps and walk

She's there to tuck us into our beds
Always makes sure that we are well fed
If we're not happy, then she always knows
Keeps us in style and buys us new clothes

When she sees the tears well up in our eyes
She's there to soothe us 'til the tears turn to joy
When we first go to school, she'll sit there and cry
Knowing that time is passing us by

Off now to college, first time to leave home
Worries that now we are out on our own
Gets on with her life, you'll not hear her moan
But still loves to hear our voice on the phone

We seek out employment and earn our first wage
Our mothers are happy to see us turn the new page
Living at home, food always there on the plate
She calls each morning to ensure we're not late

And then we become a husband or wife
Leaving our home to start our own life
As Grandma, she loves all of our kids to bits
And she never forgets the day to bring gifts

Our mothers all are the salt of the earth
And love us from the day they give birth
Mother, I thank you, for your kind love and care
So here's a small token for always being there.

The Swallow

I sit in my garden and it's near the end of Spring
I listen to the different voices of the birds in contrast sing
As I sit here in my garden, a chirp comes from the sky
On my clothes line is a swallow, she looks and says hi

When the swallow arrives here, works from dawn to dusk
She has to raise her family, for her it is a must
She builds her nest from straw and mud in my turf shed
Spends her time catching flies to keep her chicks fed

When time comes for the swallow to head off to the sky
Wonder how she knows what way she has to fly
She doesn't have a sat-nav or a radar, I know
So it must be down to nature that tells her where to go

When the chicks are fully feathered, off to the sky they go
I sit and I watch them, it's better than an air-show
I am a little saddened now, it's Autumn and I know
The swallow will say goodbye and off she will go

When time comes for the swallow to head off to the sky
Wonder how she knows what way she has to fly
She doesn't have a sat-nav or a radar, I know
So it must be down to nature that tells her where to go

The swallow has to travel, now that I understand
Tomorrow she will be in some far-off distant land
I think about the swallow as I watch my turf fire burn
And when our Spring arrives, the swallow will return

When time comes for the swallow to head off to the sky
Wonder how she knows what way she has to fly
She doesn't have a sat-nav or a radar, I know
So it must be down to nature that tells her where to go.

Seamus Kirwan

Lost Loves

Mine eyes throw that, whose glint love wanton
Toward her who dance, while singing sweet
Her whiteness pure as e'n the snow
While Cupids arrow not discreet

I willed that point to swollen breast
To pierce and fill of my loves best
Then hoping, swooning, dreaming, lust
In tense excitement, like it's first

That shaken shudder through bodies coupled
Such sweet massage and coolest cream skin supple
Whence teardrop sank and swam to meet thine crest
So fertilised your want in this our quest

Then fruit will grow and ripen in its time
Then 'pop', come forth aft' many months as nine
This glorious gift that lived in such a dream
Has since been washed away by swollen stream

The tears that flow so freely from my face
That dream, that stream, had no such time for Grace
That seed once sown, in that place sometime past
Ne'er 'cipricated love, one wished to last

For that time then the man above decreed
He changeth plan to cure ones of their greed
So one might ne'er just take his gifts for granted
This cruel hard world throws many wishes slanted

This love for lost, will always still flow true
In reaching to the heavens just for you
Never dear forgotten in my heart
Be sure that e'en not born, you played your part.

A Horse Called Burger

I found a lovely horse today,
And it nearly broke my heart,
For someone ate his legs away,
And then ran off with his cart,

I also found a yellow man,
I thought he had the jaundice,
I think he came from a Kinder egg,
The sweet of which I'm fondest,

He wore a blazer all of blue,
A shirt and tie to match,
For any comely lassie,
Sure he'd be the finest catch,

He works out at the airport,
And he flies the odd auld plane,
And I'm sure he'd fly some horse meat in,
From Poland or from Spain,

And then I think of Tesco shops,
Horse burgers for the masses,
Who ever is responsible?
They need to take some classes,

To teach them how to tell the truth,
And not to tell a lie,
So children won't feel sad,
When they look horses in the eye,

Then I found a rubber, red,
It bounced around the floor,
I lunged and dived and caught it,
As it headed for the door,

The things I find while working,
In my little Laundrette,
Sure they'd stir imaginations,
Now will someone call a vet?

For you see I have to let him check,
And see if this was murder,
For I'm dying for to know who killed,
The horse we all call 'BURGER'..

Cormac Lally

J.F.K

Jeremy fecking Kyle , Jeremy fecking Kyle
Who do you think you're fooling with that cheap formica smile?
Sitting on the the steps there with your tests for DNA
Rejoicing in the ratings that are climbing up today.
Jeremy Kyle, Jeremy Kyle,
You preach down to your guest and tell them they're all in denial
That their kids are out of control and the systems not to blame
But family destruction is your lucrid little game
Jeremy fecking Kyle , Jeremy fecking Kyle
You lie beneath the surface like a salt sea's crocodile
Then attack with lie detector tests
Lawyers, courts and trials.
Jeremy Kyle ,Jeremy Kyle
You tried to copy Springer but you just don't have his style
He was a mayor of Cincinatti and the King of Talk Show hosts
You're the Queen of dreary daytime drama
Its your one and only boast
Jeremy Kyle , Jeremy Kyle
Go live on social welfare then come back in a while
Survive without your salary, champagne and limousines
Without your fattened pheasants and your fat designer jeans.
Jeremy Kyle, Jeremy Kyle
Get off our televisions , interfering with our childs
I'd rather get a dose of piles or eat ceramic kitchen tiles
Than listen to you jabbering , my blood it starts to boil
Jeremy Kyle ,Jeremy Kyle
Who do you think you're fooling with that cheap formica smile.

Felt Fear ?

Have you ever felt fear ?
Kind of like , when you hear
Red necks speaking?
And you think
what the hells happened here?
The views of the South
drool and drawl from their mouths
Feckin enter my brain through my ear.
Change ? Hope ? Democracy ?
They both amaze and then shock me.
Try some sexual relations with a .44 Magnum
Not ,your first cousins or kin
Put us out of your misery
We find ourselves in.

Ken Hume

Red Is the Colour

Red is the colour of our blood as it flows
Red is the colour of our love as it goes
Boom, boom, boom, boom and so the yearning starts
Who knew that you could stoke this burning heart?

Red is the colour of all those roses and wine
Red is the colour of my chosen Valentine
Snap, bang, goes the token arrow from Cupid's bow
God damn, you're smokin', I'd be stupid to let you go

Red is the colour of your high-heeled shoes
Red is the colour that makes it hard to lose
One's direction when you come into my sight
Pure affection draws me on into your light

Red is the colour of your lipstick on my shirt
Red is the colour that'll always pick me up
Everytime, anytime that I'll see that daring fit
Every line in every rhyme should be wearing it

Red is the colour of paint dashed 'gainst the wall
Red is the colour that taints gashes when we fall
Drip, drip, drip, drip, and so the liquid red is spilling
I once skipped, then I tripped, now this bed is killing

Me, because while you were always my Valentine
It seems that I was never going to be yours
That arrow broke and never reached you in time
And deemed this one not ready to be ours.

Ode to a Son

Son, I can't begin to tell you just how much I miss
You. Still doesn't seem right, you not being here. All this
Loneliness I feel when I wake up in the morning
And walk into your empty room. Son, I'm still mourning
Your passing from this earth, it wasn't your time
So much to live for, but I know that you were never mine
To keep. You were a gift to me like all other sons
Are. Still doesn't stop me questioning what you have done

You had a heart of gold, would do anything you could
For anyone that asked. Go the extra mile, when you should
Have taken some out for yourself or found someone who
You could talk to about all the shit that you were going through
Red Bull gave you wings and Daemon your loyal friend
A joy all dogs bring, now you're gone, that's come to an end
And we both end up in your room now from time to time
To see was the whole thing just one nightmare and nasty lie

Because we're still not used to you not being here
We try to be strong (your friends, family & I) but a tear
Always seems to find it's way down my cheek
To the floor, there are times when my life seems so bleak
Without you to crack a joke with and have a laugh
If only our love & grief could've been measured on a graph.

Anthony Sullivan

A Flower Comes Into Bloom

Suddenly the scent of jasmine perfumes the air
While winter's breath bites still and colours red my cheeks
But there's more hope now than just of darkness lifting....
A flower comes into bloom to warm the coming weeks

Unveiled has been a mystery, a season's turn
A rising breath in constant chase of distant peaks
A marked response the soul can gauge: these flames will burn....
A flower comes into bloom to woo the coming weeks

A rolling thunder drifts through heartlands still untamed
Rivers of emotion swell, but one sure voice speaks....
I sense the air perfumed by scent of jasmine now
A flower comes into bloom to whet the coming weeks.

Comets

In the moment's dance of memory and dream
Our lips once more by just inches separated
I felt my soul seeking hers within the gaze we held
As if we were, after a universe navigated
Comets on collision course, two hearts that could not hide their fire.

Time, in a breath, seemed to matter not once more
For 'hello' brought the kiss of life to yesterday
And the romance of old battlegrounds where once we fought
Began to bloom again, in all there was no need to say
Destiny mapped the path of, two hearts that could not hide their fire.

In the moment's dance of dream and dream's rebirth
The space between her eyes sad glow and last echo
Of the ravaging whirlwind that had forced our farewell
We were joined again, by gravity not ours to bestow
Comets on collision course, two hearts that could not hide their fire.

David Mallaghan

Dunnes Stores Shoplifting Princess.

I fell in love in the beauty product aisle
I spotted her robing razors with a radiant smile
And looking back, it is very hard to believe
The amount of stuff that she could fit up her sleeve
“How will I ask her out?”, it's going to be hard
I could blackmail a date as a security guard
And then one day as I followed her around
The princess slipped up, and was dragged to the ground
“This lady is innocent”, to the Guard I protested
“Doesn't matter a f@*k”, and my love got arrested.

Requiem for the Ten Box.

How dearly we miss both your shape and your size,
Cannot blame Cromwell for your sad demise.
They used to say about Ireland that everything rocks,
And now the whole country's up on cement block's.
The lack of a small pack, this shit really drags,
Only the suits can afford 20 fags.
I pray all day in my jeans and my socks,
My heartfelt requiem for the beloved ten box..

James Delaney

The National Anthem of a Country Called Motivation.

There is no remote control to life, you have to change it yourself.
Control in our hands, life can only go as far as we demand.
Content to play it safe.
As the days move forward.
You remain static dare not to make a move.
Your situation can't improve.
Don't ask why it all turned to rubble.
Face your demons, your darkest trouble.
No hesitation, No time to question,
No time to waste,
Nothing to lose. Nothing to lose.
The days are long
But life is short...
...life is short
Offload the thoughts that hold you back ignore the naysayers,
there will be many.
Don't listen to the negativity that falls from their mouth.
Because now you know what life is really about.
No hesitation, No time to question,
No time to waste,
Nothing to lose. Nothing to lose.
The days are long
But life is short...
...life is short
Find your calling, unlock your potential
Unleash the person you were born to be.
Follow your passion, go against the grain
Rip up the rule book.

Give it all you have, blood.....sweat.....
Keep fighting for.....years.

No hesitation, No time to question,
No time to waste,
Nothing to lose. Nothing to lose.
The days are long
But life is short...
...life is short

Doubt must die.
Positivity will thrive.
Nurture your gift.
And you will know what it is to be alive...

Limitless

In the blink of an eye it took hold.
Instantly immersed.
As my mind races, ambition grows higher.
Fearless genius.
Could I be... could I be the next messiah.
Limitless
Everything now at my fingertips
From mundane to insane.
Life, it seems.. limitless
Everything now , Everything now, Everything now
Everything now is Limitless.
No sleep not a minutes rest.
I won't settle for second best
Nothing will stop me.
Nothing will see me fail.
On this journey to greatness nothing can de-rail.
Limitless
Everything now at my fingertips
From mundane to insane.
Life it seems, limitless
Everything now, Everything now, Everything now
Everything now is Limitless
WAKE UP!
Wake up to the heavy hand of reality slapping my face.
The dream is over.
The inevitable hangover.
Paralysed with regret, can't hide my disgrace.

Thomas Carty

Lettera D'Amore

Cara mia, ti voglio bene — My darling, I love you....
The words to her I wanted to say
But I never did, and so I regret that
And I will, until my dying day....

Come sei bella — How beautiful you are....
I think by my look that she knew
But she got those looks from so many men
That I never said so, I forever will rue....

Tu sei una stella - You are a star....
Were the unspoken words of my heart
Once, one dance shared together
And now, an eternity apart....

Mi manchi — I miss you....
Unspoken words now leave my lips
And a tear threatens my dry eyes
A single one on my cheek drips....

Voglio vederti stasera — I want to see you tonight....
That it is my heart's desire, as I sleep
Such things they are not to be
So a hard jaw to the world I'll keep....

Ti penso sempre — I always think of you...
Though life that brought us together brought us apart
We must walk the paths of our destiny
And you'll always be in my heart.

Culture from a Cigarette Packet

Words I read of Afton's waters
Green braes and other lines of Burns the bard,
On a packet of cigarettes
What funny places culture throws her card!

And from there more of Burns I read,
The more of his writings to read I desired,
For I am a poet, though not as good as he
I was and am by him inspired.

Culture from a cigarette packet...
Crazy the idea some will call,
But I say its better be crazy
Than to get no culture at all!.

KEN HUME.....

A founding member of the Tullamore Rhymers' Club, Tullamore native Ken Hume has published one collection of his work to date, ' Snowstorm of Doubt and Grace ', a collaborative effort with his mum, Triona, in 2011.

This led to Ken being invited to act as a judge for the Offaly section final of the Midlands Poetry For Pleasure competition for secondary schools in 2012, which in turn, led to Ken being among those involved in the competition who were invited to meet with President Higgins in the Aras.

As well as working on his second collection of poetry, which has the working title of ' What Happened Next ', Ken is also currently working on his first play.

SEAMUS KIRWAN.....

A poet of great energy and imaginative flair, Seamus combines a knack for humorous verse, lines remembering deeply personal moments and a sharp, uncompromising view on current affairs, all crafted into rhyme in a style which has become distinctly his own.

Seamus published his first collection, ' Ravings Of A Mad Irishman ', in late 2012, and is already working away on his first novel and an unending list of inventions.

JAMES DELANEY.....

The youngest member of the Rhymers' Club, James belies his twenty-something years with verse which is both powerful in its direct approach to its subject matter and at the same time, totally honest in its rawness.

Unflinching in laying bare the truth of his own battles and demons, James is equally forthright in expressing his thoughts on the wider world.

CORMAC LALLY.....

In Cormac, the Rhymers' Club are very proud to have a member whose gift for seemingly effortless humour is matched by an ability to capture in verse other emotions sometimes lacking in those whose eye is sharpest when fixed on the funny side of things.

But not so with Cormac. His writing can display tenderness, passion, sadness and, as with the man himself in every aspect of his day-to-day life, a sense of genuine rage at injustice and a will to stand up and be counted when it matters most..

DAVID MALLAGHAN.....

One of the Club's newest Rhymers', David has quickly established himself as a poet whose wit on the inside is a volcanic and irrepressible as his outward demeanour is calm and collected.

A writer who is as authentic at heart as are his chosen words when reflecting the many faces of, and masks worn in, everyday life, David's highly original takes on life as he knows it are very much looked forward to over the years to come.

CAMILLUS BOLAND.....

Already a poet, singer and songwriter of some renown, and known to many no doubt, Camillus has just recently joined the ranks of the Rhymers' Club.

A man of many talents, his creative output clearly demonstrates this as Camillus reflects in verse on topics that range from nature, his beloved G.A.A. , or those whose hearts have touched his own in some special way during his life.

Camillus has published one collection of his poetry so far, ' Reflections On Life. '

WILLIE RIMES

Man of mystery, lets his words do the talking...

THOMAS CARTY.....

Thomas is the main musketeer of the Club's trio of founding members and holds the distinction of being the member whose work has been published furthest afield, his verse making it all the way to China, no less!

Not only is Thomas a poet himself, he's also a publisher and as such, a great supporter of other poets.

He has brought to life many editions of ' Carty's Poetry Journal ', both in hard-copy and online versions.

Thomas has also been a regular contributor to the Native American culture and history webzine, ' Whisper 'n' Thunder. '

He is currently working on his first major collection, to be titled, ' Exodus ', which will combine pieces from his earlier and limited edition collections, ' Writings In Rhyme ' and ' Passing By Our Planet ', as well as new writing.

ANTHONY SULLIVAN.....

The third founding member of the Rhymers' Club, Lusmagh man Anthony has published two collections of his work so far, ' Under Star And Under Sun ' in 2004 and ' Pilgrim In The Heartland ' in 2009.

Anthony is currently working on his third collection, ' The Light Of Hope's Ascent. '

Like his friend and fellow scribe Thomas, Anthony has also been a regular contributor to Native American culture and history webzine, ' Whisper 'n' Thunder. '

Heavily influenced by American country music and its style of songwriting, Anthony lists Guy Clark, Kris Kristofferson and Hank Williams as among those he most admires and looks up to. Anthony has co-written with Eurovision winner Charlie McGettigan and Irish bluegrass legend, Niall Toner.

He also writes the ' On The Right Trax ' music column in the Tullamore and Midland Tribunes every week.

Willie Rimes

A few Limericks

Ben Humersome Writer

There was a young writer called Ben
Turned into a whore among men
Playin round left and right
Up to no good last night
And tomorrow he'll be at it again!

Marty Mac Tam

There was a young fellow called Marty
Whose options were suddenly hearty
His love life erupted
With two young ones corrupted
Now Martys in Silvios party!

O' Hare and a Biffo

There was a Biffo and a lad called O Hare
Who tried to get into the House on the Square
But they though it absurd
When they didn't know some word
As they knew half who were already there!

The Facebook Profile Poser

There was a lad called Sweeney
Who liked to pose in his Mankini
But Facebook admins said "Here!"
We can see too much too clear
Dont Shame us, cover up with a Beanie!

The Doghouse With No Dog!

There was a lad called Tim
Who adapted a stray on a whim
Brought it home to his wife
Who said "Not on your life"
The one now in the doghouse is him!

Thank You to all...

Tullamore Rhymers' Club would like to express their gratitude to the following for their co-operation and support in making ' Under The Fading Lamp ' possible.

Firstly, to artist Chris Tyrrell, for his stunning visual representation of our ' Under The Fading Lamp ' title.....

To Diarmaid and all in Tullamore Library, for their kindness in facilitating our launch evening....

To Ger Scully of the Tullamore Tribune, for his continued recognition of the importance of featuring local writers....

And of course, to Alan and Francoise in Chocolate Brown, for their generosity in affording our ' Under The Fading Lamp ' words a spotlight and a ' stage ' on which they may perform!

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No actual human beings were hurt in the process of putting this chapbook project together. Some of the featured poets may well have been, but as is usually the case, it would have been their own feckin' fault!
