

At Bull Point

They built a lighthouse here in 1917 (hardy men on a high rocky headland) to save ships from foundering and captains from floundering before sinking to meet plaice.

Its intermittent beam spots him clowning, fooling around with his missus on a sea stack.

His colourful bill is so full that she nearly swoons, even after all these years, each time his gift of sand eels is silvered by the fake moon.

John Kelly

7

Reading after dark

I domesticate the moon with a mirror when sister turns her drowsy cold shoulder.

A lid detached from an old jewellery box marshals shimmers from my crescent lamp.

Reproved by a sigh as she heaves the blankets, I steer slivers over text, like *McGyver*,

squint steadfast eyes, devour under cover, illuminate phrases in silver slants, foray

through tangents of *Pollyanna*, playful vampires, apprentice witches.

This glass, my transport to *Tír na nÓg*, talisman of my returning soul.

Emily Cullen

11

No Man's Land

A gnarled, sea bitten lump of a log lies beached behind the pier wall at Enniscrone.

On the far side, at the top of the slip, two boats sit on their trailers.

Saoirse is bright blue, with a white hull and Celtic lettering.

Girl Michelle with faded layers

of blood red paint above a dull grey hull.

Her name in block lettering.

15

{grave-tending}

Behind St. Mary's in Kilasarn we weed your parent's grave

then your sister my aunt who married Jesus 60 years ago says,

I don't want to go in here. But there is space, you say, your space.

I want whatever's easiest. Cremation. Nearest St. Louis' plot, no stone.

You say, but *sure we'll never find you. I want what's easiest.* We all eat lunch.

Watch Gibraltar tie the Republic, saddest game ever. Easier not to be found. No goals.

You tell me I need to get a colposcopy. *I'll make it my summer plan, I say* going

out the door to smoke knowing full well what claims half the family and I'm the last.

David Morgan O'Connor

19

My Friend

extract from a new story

He was the last to emerge from the changing room, a conscious choice, and he was presently deciding, stood as he was at the end of the tiled hall between the communal shower-trough and swimming pool, how best to disguise his horrific body. His belly, his saggy sandcastle tits. A trick he often used was to adjust his cap as he marched towards the water – fingers tentatively plucking the latex about his forehead. Another ruse was to spread wide his elbows and fiddle with the off-white strings on his togs, knotting and then unknotting like it was a right doozy of a puzzle. But considering today, this furtive meeting taped together by unseen texts and unverifiable facts and by the implicit impression that he would get the shift at some stage, John figured he could potentially garner that first easing laugh from them, from her, by racing, leaping, and bombing into the pool. A gigantic splash and there'd be hoots and cries at this spectacle rather than at the fleshy, doughy state of his body and the lumps which folded from him in preputial escape, like sacks hooked to an air balloon carriage. And John could snicker along too because he himself had determined to be the joke. He was twelve, almost thirteen, basically thirteen. Spotless, muscleless, but there was a scarce shadow above his toplip, a russet trail developing below his belly button.

John peered out now: a large oblong hall decorated by grey statues of topless women holding pots which unloaded further streams of water. Studzy and the two girls, Karen and Niamh, were bang in the middle of the pool. A pale ribbon of disturbance. Through the far floor-length glass, the sky was blue, and the sun was bright, and the rods of light that arrived through this facade were distorted in colour and weight, more strobish than firm. They hadn't seen him yet and he didn't want to stare, but he watched still.

John Patrick McHugh

8

If I Tell the Truth

I wasn't always honest. It was all about perspective, the silent space of muted tongue, a 'yes' to presumption. How one sees Rapunzel, protected, or snared?

I was like an old worn shoe, how it curves into the shape of feet, I into your desperation. I'd watched my father, learned his skill: natural rock, piled in layers, roughened slab, each piece unique, each answering to the master's eye, making stone walls a craft.

I didn't crochet like my mother, but knew how to catch your hook, thread deceptions into lace, stitch, mend, plait fabrications, seam my shawl.

Birds who fly must return to earth, in the garden, a wood pigeon, industrious, makes her nest. Tolerance knows, we all evolve, from some one family, and you were part of mine.

Attracta Fahy

12

Shrink-Wrap

The crab shrinks from inquisitive feelings. Winter slips my mind, pours down the cliffside. Ladybirds are squatting on all my leaves; it was dry, they came to eat the things that were eating the things we didn't want to die. I remember canaries, yellowhammers, hammerheads, head lice, not which is which. The horror of the wing. A creature sitting, just sitting, like any old thing, then transforming without warning, exploding out of its exterior clingfilm. There will be no surprises in my life. I tie myself to the trolley rail in front of the supermarket and wait. Browsing distant magazines, sticker collections that would never elapse. This isn't nostalgia because I don't want any of it back. Yet I weep at the word *complete*, at your ticked form, at a signed-off receipt – spent sellotape, untransparent, around wrapping paper we pretend we're saving. Crab sits under the rock there, pincers out, waiting for us to leave. I wake from my dreams when I think they're about to reveal. The smallest flounder I have ever seen. The most invisible haul. My discovery fell flat when the shrimp emerged, when the magnificent hermit crab. And mine, the tiniest detail. An arm held out before a nose and a sweet collapse. Why do the same senti(m)ents keep coming back?

Lydia Unsworth

16

Talking in Your Sleep

'He looks just like he's sleeping,' Mum said, gently guiding me into the room, the perfumed tang of lilies mingling with the clinical, hospital smell. It was a cloying aroma that belonged to those getting better, not those who had succumbed.

There he lay; the man who, once upon a time, knew everything. I often tested that knowledge with incessant, childish questions until the day he could answer no more.

Then he knew nothing. 'See?' she said, a look of faint hope on her tired face.

Of course, he didn't look like he was sleeping because an absence of movement is not the same as an absence of life. You could try to hold your lips as still as possible but they would never hang like that; heavy, thick. They were covered with an irregular smudge of tan that receded from the join like he had licked them when we weren't looking.

There was also something about the sag of the skin where his face met his neck that rippled my gut. Fresh dough, dropped carelessly onto bone, tugged at the edges by the pull of the Earth until it bunched and ruffled and froze.

Only a matter of days ago he passed the time with spindly-legged stories like cracks in ice, words muttered to the ether as he time-travelled in a piss soaked chair. I ignored his ramblings or, at best, answered them with mumbled banalities until his eyes closed.

Now he knows everything.

Family and friends slip in and out to pay their respects yet only I remain constant. I hoped to hear the answers that the Universe had whispered in his ear and, once everyone had been and gone, I listened and was enlightened.

Silence is an answer, after all.

Chris Wright

20

The Last Inhabited Building in Yor-Shur

'We are plants striving for the light that shines through a small hole cut in the cardboard. That is why we grow crooked,' Irina says. She stands before the balcony window of her apartment in a building that hulks on the land, dissolving like a massive block of dirty snow. I am momentarily confused by the word. I realise when she sighs that she doesn't mean physically. It is so dark here that the people seek out brightness in others and for that reason they are emotional explorers, slipping sideways like crabs through the cracks in one another's souls to bask in the light of closeness. Irina says that the government will soon cut off the electricity and she will go to live with her cousin in Vorkuta where they paint vivid murals on the apartment blocks to fight against the endless white of winter. Her cousin's father was an architect, incarcerated as a political prisoner in the gulag decades ago, who stayed behind after he was freed to help develop the city and made it his home. I wonder if I have met many of the descendants of those prisoners, people who grew so much from nothing. I wonder too if Irina is asking me to escape with her out of the darkness that is coming and hold her hand before a crumbling wall of painted suns.

Adam Trodd

9

Flying

Her bird hands fluttered all her feathery life of scarves and mohair dangling earrings flashing brown eyes red-smiling lips

She never flew free only home-nest to the final one at the end where the cage of doctors scraped her hollow bones to the mortuary for final defeathering and breaking

But this bird had sung danced, flitted the night away - salsa, waltz, fandango this wing-clipped woman of flightless 1950s Ireland

Isult Healy

13

Alba

The flat dregs of the morning finds me hanging around the entrances.

The year kick-started. I am pushing, leaning in and whispering promises to you.

In the windows, early-lighted, I think the lads doing chin-ups are hanging themselves.

Skips full of rubble and old children's toys, Christmas trees dragged, turkey-necked through the streets.

There are ways, Alba, to reverse your days and its slidings. Every night is an emptying, each morning a re-entering.

Never, just, live on your street. We can, with pressure, go from a gaggle to a skein.

And if they ask for gossip, criticism, idle speculation - turn back from

those who wish to constantly remind you that we are all suburban, clocked and grounded.

Eamon McGuinness

17

Undressing Yeats

after Billy Collins

His usual suit of grey herringbone tweed. Lapel with angled tip, slacks high on the waist, waistcoat flush over braces. Bow tie, button fly.

He was cocked and looking out the window towards the overgrown garden: tumbledown bridge, swanless water and the shadows of ancient trees.

He was talking about Troy when his shirt came off, about Ireland when his sock garters snapped. He was holding forth on magic when I loosened his thighs for two fistfuls of trouser.

When I came to his pince-nez and dislodged it with a tug he turned inward, blinking blind as Homer. It left a groove on the bridge of his nose.

That was when I drew back the cambric embroidered long ago by an acolyte hand (delinquent filaments now dimming the image) and he shuffled softly over to the bed.

I left the candle burning and the quill in its pot, assured him none would come to break his rest.

I patted his river-veined hand and I said in my blundersome way:

'I'm away now, old mole. You will hear me if you listen: hear me barrel down the narrow stair, beat through the bracken, clatter out of your zodiac and into the greening day.'

Jane Lavelle

21

The Game

I see my sister, no longer in her mid-thirties, playing hopsotch on the slanted driveway

of No. 5 Mountain View, she's twirling fingers in wire-spun hair, with smacks

of chewing gum bubbles bursting. When she throws a pebble it dances

off between the broken bricks of chalk and into the road. She follows

in that one-legged ritual, a wandering Persephone - oblivious to the danger:

of bore exhaust cars, beaten gamblers, unqualified butchers;

the punitive binge and purge of her bathroom-Hades

where she bathes for years in a mist-decay of anorexia.

When she brings back the stone to start again,

drizzle has fallen, the lines have blurred.

Clifton Redmond

10

Visitation

I will not question the tailored grey suit, a colour you never wore, and, just as I look up, you walk toward me as if mother has sent you.

Clean-shaven, sober, you reach out your hand and gladly I go with you, show you the bundle of notes someone has pressed on me, a roll of green dollars I've had no time to count.

When we lose each other, I return to the town square, look for the road to Elphin.

You're here again.

So well I know the shape of your head, your wary expression, your passport photograph, the grey jacket.

Peggie Gallagher

14

Sea of Tranquility

Dà Nāng, 1969

While those of others step on the moon and stand their own striped, starry flag in its earth, my own brother sleeps. Mine skipped home small and late from the seaside, schoolboy tie stained sugar; coconut; red, white and green bean chè. (If there must always be war, may there too always be playmates and mothers generous, even in war.) I fixed him dinner and fixed his homework, and the good child helped me clear the kitchen. Our father came home as the moon went up. Only once they both were in bed did I open my own books and bring out my own pens.

When the broadcast starts, I bring the radio to my brother's cot and crouch by his adolescence-spotted, fed face. Wake me up for it, chi, he'd said, and I'd promised, but he has exams tomorrow. They'll play it again tomorrow, I decide. For now, the rooms that others detonate up and down our coast are farther away than the moon. Landings, here and there. For now, as long as it's for me to say, em ngù, I decide, we'll listen only for the *there*.

Som-Mai Nguyen

18

Sweeney at Loch Dá Gé

Long years have passed since my mind was unbound from the burdens of sanity and sense. Leaping and flying to this earth's ends, away from the weight of my former crown.

I am cursed to be restless as the lark of the morning and the wind of the night. I tremble and flee now from strangers' sights, astray in the shade of the quiet dark.

Oh! This is a spot for a madman's rest! Both high and lofty; a hard bed of stone! The heather and moss are pillows of my throne, my feast is the leaves and the soft watercrress.

Here by her grave, I sit now with my pain and think of my friend, *Cailleach a Bhérra* and of when we dove as geese through the air into the brown lake below *Sliabh Dá Ean*.

The beat of my breath counts my mind's decay, ceaselessly worn by my wandering's throes. I long only for the twilight's repose until my heart whispers 'Flee! Fly away!'

Thomas Baynes

22

Bronze man stolen from Yeats grave tells own story

The Irish Times 22/12/18

I was doing no harm, people liked me here,
just crouched in a corner by the dry stone wall,
facing the old stone church and the great
stark cliffs of the mountain.

Under the dark cloth of night, my fingers run
over raised dots, bring the words to life, I smile.
I am reading his words in the silver light.
I am treading softly when they come -

there's an engine ticking over, hurried voices three or more.
They seize me by the arm, I am wrestled to the ground.
A dull thud, my skull resounds in the quiet of the car park.
Dragged, my bare feet cut by gravel.

The engine revs, the side door clatters shut.
In the cold, I hold my breath,
close my eyes and cast my mind on other days;
remember the warmth of the hands that made me.

Susie Fry

23

Mbotoro

An ancestor said to me:
A young Cabindan earth watered
Like an unfinished poem coos
Before an uncertain future.
My cut hands in a bowl of algae.

An ancestor said to me:
Until when must one suffer
To win one's Liberty?
Cabinda of the silence.

An ancestor said to me:
It is always in pain
That birth happens.

Ngondo Moyula said to me:
May you come to the world
And Liberty will be.

Cabinda standing up.

Landa wo

27

Yellow Punkins on the Oolenoy

"Pickens County was Cherokee Indian territory until the American Revolution"
– G. Anne Sheriff

The wind chimes are rusted, seven plumed bells.
Their stuck clappers hang in the back yard.
The black walnut tree is too stretched to seem gentle.
I pry one green fruit apart.
Its skin looks like a forest seen from a lighthouse.
My fingernails ring brown for weeks.
I sleep in a box at the top of the house.
The window overlooks the pet cemetery.
Its chipped glass rabbit guards the entrance.
I will not cross her.
Fire ants dance in outposts.
Fireflies clang their lights in flashes.
Tonight, there is blue fire in the eyes of coyotes at the treeline.
Raccoons are a rumpus glow, the red eyes of deer drift sideways.
I sent for the wild boar yesterday.
The stack of owls is getting higher.
I am lit by seven hundred fires and want more.

All along the Oolenoy, yellow punkins stand like they walked there.
They are monstrously large and bloomed with rust.
William Sutherland has been dead for two hundred years.
That settler's son took a clutch night and made it afternoon.
He did always know how to twist a day along.
When I dislocated my collar bone, the doctor said:
Strange, it is easier to break a bone than force it out of place.
It was a lunar achievement.
The pioneers called this place Pumpkintown.
They had no ritual for spiny turtles.
River names tell the real stories.
The streams were green with change.
In Fall, the Oolenoy carries smoke and skeletons through my yard.
It yanked my mum from its spoondrift bank.
She was studying the light across wolves in June. I say all this to help you.
When the rains stop, I will plunder every one of those dumb punkins.
I'll carve jacks like in their teeth I see the moon.

Dawn Watson

3

The Dead Boy's Room

The dead boy's room
is more perfect now
than when he slept here,
the duvet unreased,
the socks tucked one inside the other,
packed like eggs.

On the dust-free dresser
a fishing trophy
casts only a shadow

while the setting sun,
beyond a misted pane,
lays down its head.

Child Care

Weeks before he mentions it —
the stretch in the evenings,
boats out on the lake,
apple trees in blossom
and the soft steady strumming
of a new roof taking shape
a half mile up the road —

so weeks, and then only to declare
that the child he saw that morning
was warm still as he lifted her,
perfect as a child can be,
the freshly whitewashed farmhouse
in his rear-view mirror
ringed by an agony of trees.

Pat Boran

1

Eye Contact

Eye contact feels taboo
Uncomfortable as necromancy,
Shocking as cannibalism.
Brown eyes are voodoo doll keychains
In the two dollar shop—
The ones I skirt by,
Quick as a curse.
Blue? Bodies in space,
The colour of my childish nightmares
Or de-limb-ification,
Airlock defenestration,
Intergalactic mortification as your ice popped body
Floats splay-limbed and anti-grav
Past a high, broadcasting satellite.
Green give my name to the fae,
Force goblin fruits down my gullet
Offer me a kelpie's back as I lose myself in a forest.
Eyes light me home like a will'o'wisp
Cradle me like clouds
Fill me like a skewer to the gut.

Molly Crighton

24

A Journey to Scotland of One Whole Person

There are clear, green valleys with more character
than any night time rocket romantically shot to the moon.
Their weight of experience and being makes those living there
what they are. Proud. Natural. Pure. There is a thought that
if you stay here to soak in this world of ancestral blood and continual sorrow
you can save memories from past invaders, you can begin,
you can fail a well-made try and go beyond being dead.
There is a myth so delicate there, it can balance on a spider's web.

Look out at all you have here. Unworkable. Unmanageable.
Unmountable. You are beyond wildest riches dreamt,
seated at the darkest side of the pub corner where God is rare.
Why not try a hand or two to pray? There is too much drinking
to be done and enough darkness to do it in. Tell me again
of the stories stuck in a nostalgic haze. Tell me again
how you've nothing to gain from leaving your bed.
There is a truth so delicate there, it can balance on a spider's web.

Take a chance, and read the lines and do the job
that needs this time to do. All you have to do is have the right idea,
the right accent, and being in Scotland is half the work done.
But still, you are on new land and there is spinning to be spun,
letting go of the demons that wail noises with no right name,
who just repeat *two rights make one wrong again* and again,
whispers burnt into air, to be carried whatever way this wind will thread.
There is a life so delicate there, it can balance on a spider's web.

Paul McCarrick

28

Dog Bait

I remember my first sight of bare bone.
Zeus, formidable spawn of Rottweiler father and Dobermann mother,
snatched the skin from my brother's skull while I screamed
holymarymotherofgod and ran for my Granny.

Pull a dog's tail and he'll turn. I learned not to pull tails that day,
speeding towards casualty in the silver Fiesta, tea towels soaked in
blood across the backseat.

When I meet an old dog now, I make sure to show my belly. I like my
scarless scalp, thank-you-very-much.

They shot the dog and kept the child. That was stupid.
The child should have known better. The dog knew just enough.

Caragh Maxwell

Why?

Why is it so easy to steal ATMs in
a surveillance society?

While we still have time

There must be something else
we could be getting wrong
while we still have time.

Donal Conaty

4

Menagerie

Now that the cage is open, the wild animals are gone; now that the
wild animals are gone, the garden is silent; now that the garden is
silent, the trees take up their whisper; now that the trees take up
their whisper, the birds listen; now that the birds listen, the cat
moves away; now that the cat has moved away, the mouse is brazen;
now that the mouse is brazen, the girl is frightened; now that the
girl is frightened, she can't sleep alone; now that the girl can't sleep
alone, the parents are frustrated; now that the parents are frustrated,
the fights begin; now that the fights begin, the parents are wild; now
that the parents are wild, the girl sleeps in the cage. Now that the
girl sleeps in the cage, the cage is closed. Now that the cage is closed,
the wild animals return.

Nuala O'Connor

2

Off the Wall

I wanted to be off the wall
unwavering and fierce
to inspire
art nouveau on a chocolate tin

I washed up beside the painting
pinned to the wave
pagan womyn breastfeeding
bow and quiver behind her shoulder
tresses in the wind

I wanted her on the wall
look at the horizon, lady
ignore the bench of dirty plates jagged bricks underfoot
look to the horizon. The sun is
rising and I am
Wonder Woman of the fucking plains.

Miriana Gemmell

25

Prize Calf

You should not be here.
Who slurped, head-butted the udder to yield more,
spilled milk around your mouth,
slapped tail from side to side.
When you did not get up
to mother's low utterances only you could know,
nudging licking stood by you all night bawling.

No hope of summer show glory
shampooed and shining,
bouncing in your arena prance,
rossetted and talked of in the later winter months.
No one will brag how they saw,
bid and outbid and still got you 'worth the money'
to eagerly await next summer and your offspring.

When daffodils nodded
in car whoosh you curled up in the boot still and silent,
came to this home of metal cutters and scopes,
bruised concrete stained with clots and clumps of hairs,
To put answers on the how and why your season stalled.
Stopped.
Sting in the tail of the wet year.

Ann Marie Foley

29

A Change in Circumstance

Excerpted from the short story *Cock*

The rental house with its pastiche half door is far removed from everything
he'd known before. The one he lived in when married was very different.
That was before Anna announced that she was bisexual and had met
someone else. *You mean you're gay*, was his bald, stunned response. *No, I
mean I'm bisexual, Gerry. Bisexual? If you can take that on board.* That really
raised his hackles, apart from the shock of it. Splitting hairs, trying to have
it every way. She was leaving him for another woman, so how the fuck did
that make her bisexual? Was she leaving the door open, in case she changed
her mind and wanted to get back with him?

Their home had been modern. White walls everywhere and the odd
flash of a tangerine or turquoise cushion, 'jewel' colours from interiors
magazines. The usual kitchen island—that oversized lump of granite, a
prerequisite in every Irish kitchen when someone decided that food
preparation must be performed on a surface the size of Antigua.

He'd always wanted to move away from Leinster, from its aspiring
*garden-trimming-coordinated-fucking-furniture-leaving-cert-child-buggering-
dinner-party ambition*, have a larger house, live cheaply. But Anna wouldn't
budge from her commuter route. And then she met Henni, from Finland.

It wasn't like the old days when you put up with one another until the
man died and the wife entered a new phase: bridge, *hiking* (that made him
laugh, thinking of all the under-exercised flesh trailing up and down the
Sugar Loaf mountain), evening courses and weekend breaks to Kerry with
'the girls'. Even so, the stomach-sickening, pile-driving shock of discovering
that she loves—absolutely *loves*—a *woman*, took some digesting. He
developed irritable bowel syndrome, found himself skidding to the
bathroom to shit his guts out, all because of heartbreak. Now he was truly
emptied, and that heart was just beginning to grow numb, scab over. To
heal, in therapy-speak. Since taking up with Henni, and implicit in this,
while recovering from life with *him*, Anna has been having monthly
therapy, suggesting recently that he should try it too.

Mary O'Donnell

5

Corner-Boy's Apprentice

You recall pearls, brittle cold
glass rattle and the paint peel
of a splintered window frame.
Paper globe shades a single bulb
reflected in the darkening pane.
Streetlight halos, orange October fog
and you. You were in the image too.

The same in school, double maths,
history, watching trees dissolve
approaching sleep. That feeling,
back of the Citroën, towels and blankets
covering seats. Suitcases at your feet.
Stay on your side for the eight-hour drive
and rain like a chain-gun barrage.

A rule snaps. Chalk hurled above drowsy heads
to clatter against varnished brick. Fingers trace
the *wrong-us* that your biro etched. Idleness
was always the occupation of corner-boys.
Now it's, *Oh, the middle distance, that liminal state,
in development can be useful.* Fair enough, you say,
but the children, they already knew.

Colm Brennan

26

Backcarrier

Offer me a lift
and I'm yours.
Present me
with your tipping hips,
the ridge of your spine
as I'm wrapped round
your ribs,
face pressed
into the beat
of your lungs.

Push us both
down and up.
Pedal us
to anywhere,
rock me
so the city wind
waters my eyes
forcing them shut,
so that all I can feel
is the sway and roll
of your body
carrying mine
through the dark
on the back
of your bike.

Jessamine O'Connor

30

Tidelines

In memory of Dermot Healy 1947-2014

He spent a season out on the fishing boats
netting glistening shoals
trawling the deep sea shadows of memory
casting back trinket starfish

When the lines were clear
he was back on dryland
where poetry came in on the tide
ghostwritten on sand

He saw gulls flying off from Streedagh
their squall of song
breaking like rain over Inishmurray
no one out there to pick up the tune.

Cormac O'Leary

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