

## FEILE LUIMNIGH 2024



Solo Verse U13 Girls and Solo Verse U13Boys  
-----Born 2011

**ONLY ONE POEM TO BE PERFORMED**

### **The Door**

By Miroslav Holub

Go and open the door.  
maybe outside there's a tree, or a wood,  
a garden,  
or a magic city.

Go and open the door.  
Maybe a dog's rummaging  
Maybe you'll see a face,  
or an eye,  
or a picture  
of a picture.

Go and open the door.  
Even if there's only  
the darkness ticking,  
even if there's only  
the hollow wind.  
even if  
nothing  
is there

Go and open the door.  
at least  
there'll be  
a draught.

### **In Flanders Fields**

By Major John McCrae

In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie,  
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.

## FEILE LUIMNIGH 2024



**Solo Verse U14 Girls and Solo Verse U14Boys**  
-----Born 2010

### **ONLY ONE POEM TO BE PERFORMED**

#### **All of Us**

By Kit Wright

All of us are afraid  
More often than we tell.

There are times we cling like mussels to the  
sea wall,  
And pray that the pounding waves  
Won't smash our shell.

Times we hear nothing but the sound  
Of our loneliness, like a cracked bell  
From fields far away where the trees are in  
icy shade.

O many a time in the night-time and in the  
day,  
More often than we say,  
We are afraid.

If people say they are never frightened,  
I don't believe them.  
If people say they are frightened,  
I want to retrieve them.  
From that dark shivering haunt  
Where they don't want to be,  
Nor I.  
Let's make of ourselves, therefore, an  
enormous sky  
Over whatever  
We hold most dear.

And we'll comfort each other,  
Comfort each other's  
Fear

#### **Miller's End**

by Charles Causley

When we moved to Miller's End,  
Every afternoon at four  
A thin shadow of a shade  
Quavered through the garden-door.

Dressed in black from top to toe  
And a veil about her head  
To us all it seemed as though  
She came walking from the dead.

With a basket on her arm  
Through the hedge-gap she would pass,  
Never a mark that we could spy  
On the flagstones or the grass.

When we told the garden-boy  
How we saw the phantom glide,  
With a grin his face was bright  
As the pool he stood beside.

'That's no ghost-walk,' Billy said,  
'Nor a ghost you fear to stop –  
Only old Miss Wickerby  
On a short cut to the shop.'

So next day we lay in wait,  
Passed a civil time of day,  
Said how pleased we were she came  
Daily down our garden-way.

Suddenly her cheek it paled,  
Turned, as quick, from ice to flame.  
'Tell me,' said Miss Wickerby  
'Who spoke of me, and my name?'

'Bill the garden-boy,' She sighed,  
Said, 'Of course, you could not know  
How he drowned — that very pool –  
A frozen winter — long ago.'

## FEILE LUIMNIGH 2024



**Solo Verse U15 -----Born 2009**

**ONLY ONE POEM TO BE PERFORMED**

### **What Has Happened To Lulu?**

*By Charles Causley*

What has happened to Lulu, mother?  
What has happened to Lu?  
There's nothing in her bed but an old rag-doll  
And by its side a shoe.

Why is her window wide, mother,  
The curtain flapping free,  
And only a circle on the dusty shelf  
Where her money-box used to be?

Why do you turn your head, mother,  
And why do tear drops fall?  
And why do you crumple that note on the fire  
And say it is nothing at all?

I woke to voices late last night,  
I heard an engine roar.  
Why do you tell me the things I heard  
Were a dream and nothing more?

I heard somebody cry, mother,  
In anger or in pain,  
But now I ask you why, mother,  
You say it was a gust of rain.

Why do you wander about as though  
You don't know what to do?  
What has happened to Lulu, mother?  
What has happened to Lu?

### **The Second Coming**

*By William Butler Yeats*

Turning and turning in the widening gyre  
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;  
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;  
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,  
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and  
everywhere

The ceremony of innocence is drowned;  
The best lack all conviction, while the worst  
Are full of passionate intensity.

Surely some revelation is at hand;  
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.  
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words  
out

When a vast image out of *Spiritus Mundi*  
Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the  
desert

A shape with lion body and the head of a man,  
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,  
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it  
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.  
The darkness drops again; but now I know  
That twenty centuries of stony sleep  
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,  
And what rough beast, its hour come round at  
last,

Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

## FEILE LUIMNIGH 2024



**Solo Verse U16 -----Born 2008**

**ONLY ONE POEM TO BE PERFORMED**

### **To The Snake**

By Denise Levertov

Green Snake, when I hung you round my neck  
and stroked your cold, pulsing throat  
as you hissed to me, glinting  
arrowy gold scales, and I felt  
the weight of you on my shoulders,  
and the whispering silver of your dryness  
sounded close at my ears —

Green Snake — I swore to my companions  
that certainly  
you were harmless! But truly  
I had no certainty, and no hope, only desiring  
to hold you, for that joy,  
which left  
a long wake of pleasure, as the leaves moved  
and you faded into the pattern  
of grass and shadows, and I returned  
smiling and haunted, to a dark morning.

### **The Weavers**

By James Stephens

Many a time your father gave me aid  
When I was down, and now I'm down again:  
You mustn't take it bad or be dismayed  
Because I say, young folk should help old  
men  
And 'tis their duty to do that: Amen!

I have no cows, no sheep, no cloak, no hat,  
For those who used to give me things are  
dead  
And my luck died with them: because of that  
I won't pay you a farthing, but, instead,  
I'll owe you till the dead rise from the dead.

A farthing! that's not much, but, all the same,  
I haven't half a farthing, for that grand  
Big idiot called Fortune rigged the game  
And gave me nothing, while she filled the  
hand  
Of every stingy devil in the land.

You weave good shirts, and I weave for my  
bread,  
My careful verse, but you get paid at times!  
The only rap I get is on my head:  
But should it come again that men like  
rhymes  
-And pay for them- I'll pay you for your  
shirt.

## FEILE LUIMNIGH 2024



**Solo Verse U18 -----Born 2007 & 2006**

### **ONLY ONE POEM TO BE PERFORMED**

#### **The Execution**

By Alden Nowlan

On the night of the execution  
a man at the door  
mistook me for the coroner.  
"Press," I said.

But he didn't understand. He led me  
into the wrong room  
where the sheriff greeted me:  
"You're late, Padre."

"You're wrong," I told him. "I'm Press."  
"Yes, of course, Reverend Press."  
We went down a stairway.

"Ah, Mr. Ellis," said the Deputy.  
"Press!" I shouted. But he shoved me  
through a black curtain.  
The lights were so bright  
I couldn't see the faces  
of the men sitting  
opposite. But, thank God, I thought  
they can see me!

"Look!" I cried. "Look at my face!  
Doesn't anybody know me?"

Then a hood covered my head.  
"Don't make it harder for us," the hangman  
whispered.

#### **Caged Bird**

By Maya Angelou

A free bird leaps  
on the back of the wind  
and floats downstream  
till the current ends  
and dips his wing  
in the orange sun rays  
and dares to claim the sky.

But a bird that stalks  
down his narrow cage  
can seldom see through  
his bars of rage  
his wings are clipped and  
his feet are tied  
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings  
with a fearful trill  
of things unknown  
but longed for still  
and his tune is heard  
on the distant hill  
for the caged bird  
sings of freedom.

The free bird thinks of another breeze  
and the trade winds soft through the sighing  
trees  
and the fat worms waiting on a dawn bright lawn  
and he names the sky his own.

But a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams  
his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream  
his wings are clipped and his feet are tied  
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings  
with a fearful trill  
of things unknown  
but longed for still  
and his tune is heard  
on the distant hill  
for the caged bird  
sings of freedom.