



A LITTLE
BOOK
OF
POETRY

The following poems were created as part of the Compassionate Culture Network project in Mallow in the summer of 2023. Supported by artists Tess Leak, Maria Jönsson Kent and Ai Wise the group created artwork and 'haiku'-inspired poems often about loss, grief and the natural world. The Compassionate Culture Network is run by the Irish Hospice Foundation.

The artists wish to offer their heartfelt thanks to all of the participants included in this book and those who attended the sessions in The Mercy Centre: Thank you for bringing your courage, openness, creativity and kindness towards each other to this invaluable project.

'I found it extremely restful, welcoming, engaging. In a time of sorrow, it offered a respite from grieving. Once I got into the haiku's I found that the three lines can bring things out in a concise way. The sessions offered a quiet friendship and was a calming, loving, enriching experience.'

Mai Rafferty, participant

Grey clouds in the sky
Carry my dreams silently by
Floating with memories

Passing of years
Unbroken connection
Precious memories

Circle of life
You are ever present
Spiralling new love

Grief like a circle
Never promises cessation,
Maybe an easing!

Dolores Brophy

sharp stones are worn smooth
as constant waves roll around
all our unsaid words

carrying seaweed
from the shore to your garden
memory compost

no gravestone for you
instead a sapling-oak, birch?
with swallows above

Tess Leak

Letting go
walking in rhythm
thoughts abound
climb on the wind
drift away

Walking near a tree
I went for a walk
and hugged a tree
When I turned
around
It hugged me

For the tree
The tree stands it's ground
It waves to all
Recalling the seasons
Bearing flowers, fruits
and berries
For that simply is
ITS REASON

Moss for her pillow
the orchard apple scents
saffron remembered skies

Diana Rae Morris

Empty twilight sky,
Swallows appear from nowhere,
Effortless circle.

Ever evolving,
Clouds like mercurial friends,
Changing with the wind.

Beautiful grey cloud,
Rising, unfurling upwards,
A halo of light.

Child's voice light and free,
Echoes on a summer breeze,
'Enso' memory.

Ai Wise

Grief is the shadow behind the sun
Hiding its smile
On a face of sorrow

Time is minute by minute
on the clock
of life
Bringing joy and care, hope, despair
But its life

From bare, to bud, to dancing leaf
The streets love affair with nature

Clouds
hiding the sun for a
Moment of rest
Like a blanket of calm
For the grieving soul

Mai Rafferty

Rings ripple outwards
Cold and shaky in the wind
The stone feels nothing

Shadow imprints black and white
A feather is a story
of a bird in flight

With old bones and stones
He created a temple
An unseeing fox

Hold me in your clouds
Keep me ever near
My dear
I dream of you, yes
It is always you

Maria Jönsson Kent

Accept imperfections
Nobody is perfect
Enjoy the way things are
Serene
Balanced

Gerda Ryan

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