



love falls  
as water



Feeling of comfort

feet above water  
calm, contemplating next step  
still waters run deep

Annette





bringing in the may  
my mother did it and hers  
that's how i learnt it

Annette



the money was scarce  
but with my child in my arms  
i was beyond rich

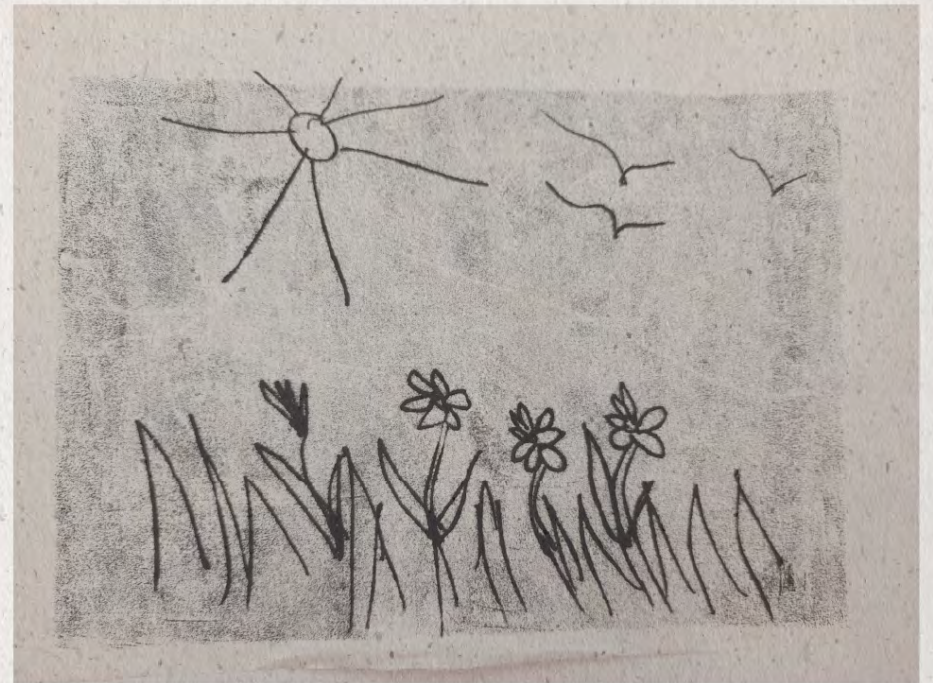
bhí an t-airgead gann  
ach le mo leanbh thaobh liom  
bhí mé an saibhir

Anne



drifting in and out  
'go through there' he points upwards  
I cannot follow

Gloria



daylight, walking by the water  
to be happy and live life  
finding my way on a new journey

Majella



walking the ropewalk  
oh, the sweet smell of wild rose  
where nancy once lived

Lynda



we lit fires for you  
beacons in your memory  
still very, very missed

Annette



moss, wool, hair, twigs, ivy  
weaving, intertwining, shape  
new build, time to lay

Barry



love falls as water  
tsunami of emotions  
my tears mixed with love

Lynda



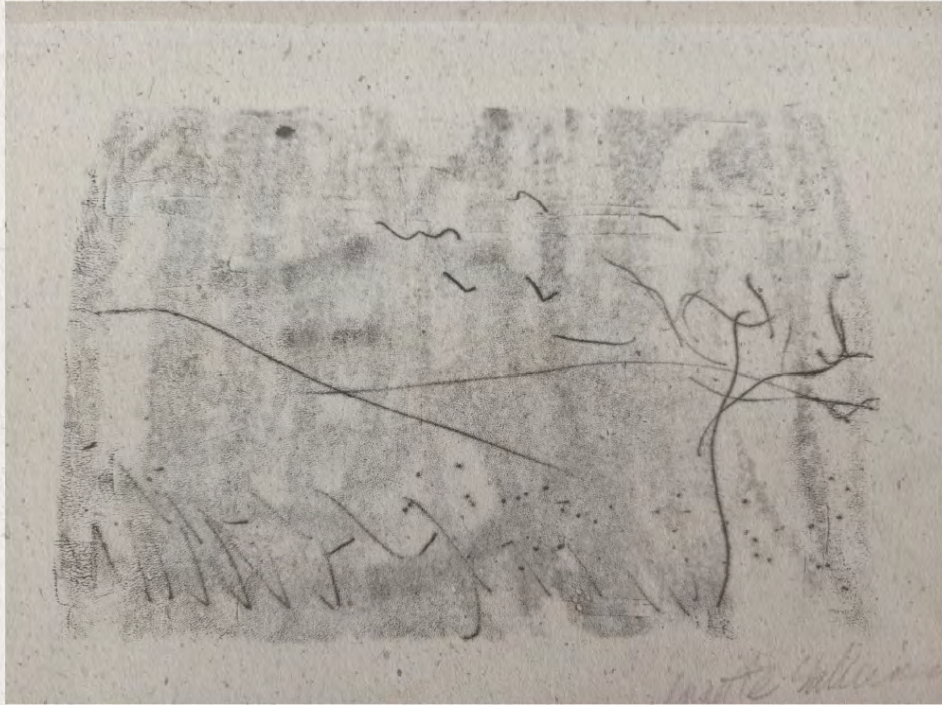
what good my love for you  
son who threw stars to my night sky  
and dimmed them to blackness

Joan



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

Tess



the hedgerows are my haven,  
when heavy summer rains come,  
temporary, but safe, secure

Dolores

I am your nesting rest  
warm, safe in strands of life  
bask under my wings

Joan







brown bread, marked with a cross  
butter, jam, jugs fresh milk  
ware from foreign places, blessed

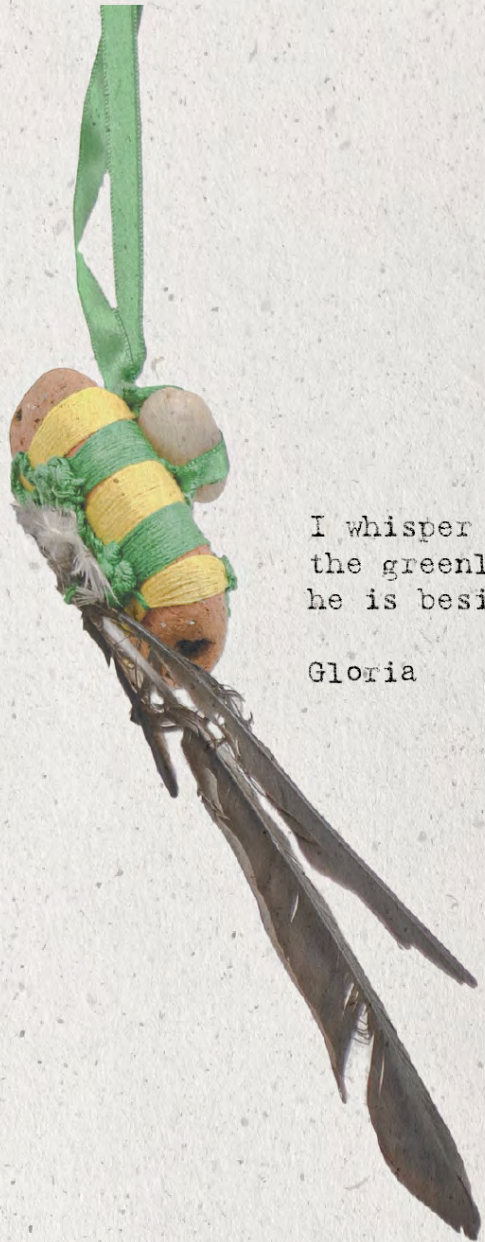
Dolores



almost heard her say  
that's very necessary  
loved to see me work

Annette





I whisper goodnight  
the greenlight flashes, I know  
he is beside me

Gloria



twisted branches brown  
tiny leaves with fuchsia dancers  
wild beauty, bee's feast

Lynda

white socks, streams to cross  
mud and dirt will wash away  
memories last forever

Lynda



near the bluebell woods  
he silently lays in peace  
flowers all around

Gloria



I see you in butterflies  
on bright hot clear sunny days  
you perch on my hand  
(and i carry you along)

Barry

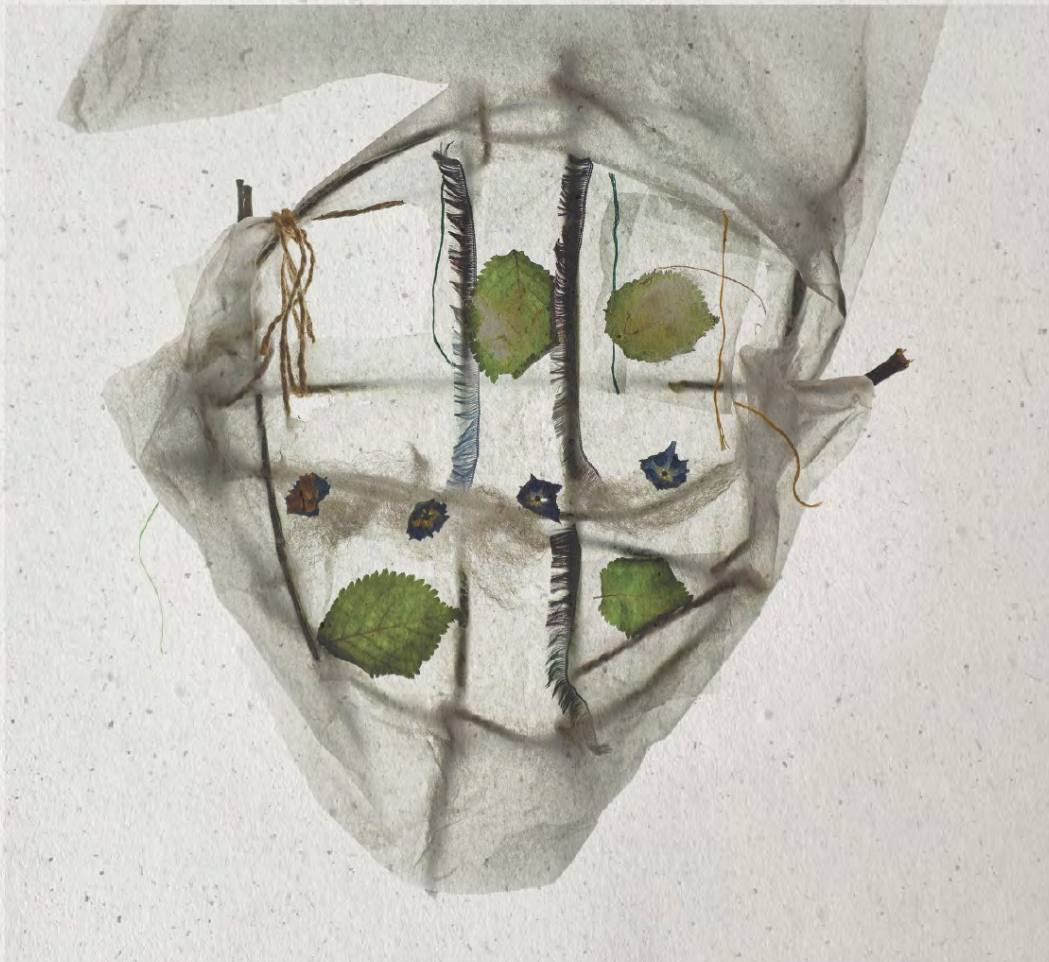


childhood memories of a big brother  
I can see you as if it was only today  
protecting me and keeping me safe in  
your arms

Majella

your madness infects  
loves the man who could have been  
prance into hell

Joan



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

Tess



when butterflies softly land  
on sweet, scented flowers to feed  
my baby Niamh is near

Barry



this hour i stand still  
and listen to joyful noise,  
nature's very own radio

dolores

daughter in ballet school  
graceful lines, pink shoes  
beautiful memories, love

Gloria



when time is still, and  
day stretches long into dusk  
the breeze whispers you

Becky





I remember the day  
you were born before christmas  
the very best gift

is cuimhin liom an lá  
a rugadh thú roimh an nollag  
an féirín is fearr

Anne

pea cans used to boil eggs  
laid by farm hens,  
a perfect white and gold

Dolores







you are in my dreams  
in a crowded hall you smile  
but i can't reach you

Anne



precious memories of a younger brother  
loved exploring, creating and designing  
a heart kind and true

Majella



antennas on your head  
used for filtering what is said  
switch off going to bed

Barry



beautiful May morning,  
birds singing happily  
brightness and freshness

Majella



killed at Jarama  
my uncle Mossie did die  
fighting the fascists

Anne




shore, let me wash you  
and wrap you in cotton thread  
so you may be safe

Becky



life and death given  
frames moon's reflective masterpiece  
floating newborn cry

Joan



Trust. How worthwhile and soothing it is to  
listen to others and their experiences in a  
non-judgemental manner.

Touched and moved-Friday has been an  
important stand out day in my week

Knowing that I am not alone and  
feel accepted and loved.

love falls as water is a collection of  
haiku poetry and collaborative nature  
based artworks, created by Bantry  
Compassionate Culture Network participants;  
Annette, Lynda, Gloria, Dolores, Anne,  
Majella, Barry and Joan in 2023.

This 12 week project, led by artists Tess  
Leak and Becky Hatchett, explored how  
creativity can establish a safe space to  
share experiences of grief and loss.

The Compassionate Culture Network is part  
of the Irish Hospice Foundation.

Mutual respect and kindness among  
artists and participants was the glue

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Photographs by Kevin O'Farrel.



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Clár Fíre Iddánach  
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Programme

