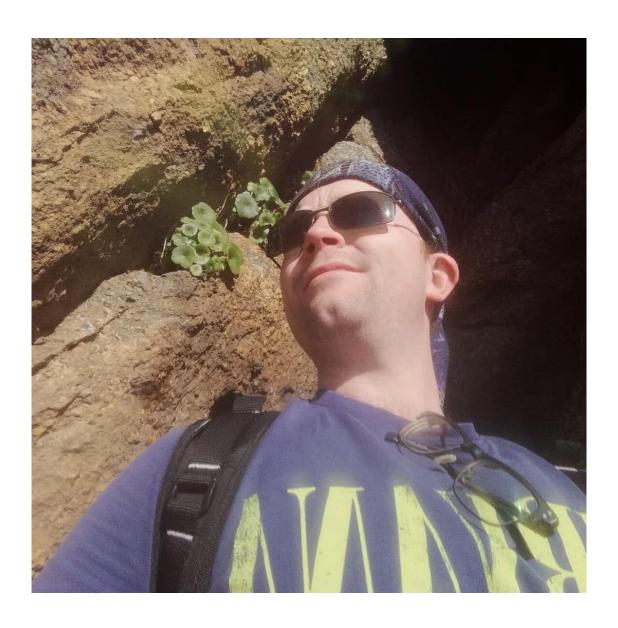
## <u>Callum J. McCready - The Galway Review</u>

#### **Cover Letter/Bio**

Callum J. McCready is an Irish artist temporarily based out of Fisterra, Spain, as well as travelling across Galicia. When not working by day in retail at night he moonlights as a writer.

Over fifty poems of his work has been published in numerous journals including *A New Ulster*, *Bindweed Magazine* and *The Galway Review*. He has a number of projects in the works and an intention to cross over into other disciplines.

When not bound by the ball-and-chain he enjoys gardening, exercising, reading, listening to music, watching movies and spending time with family and friends.



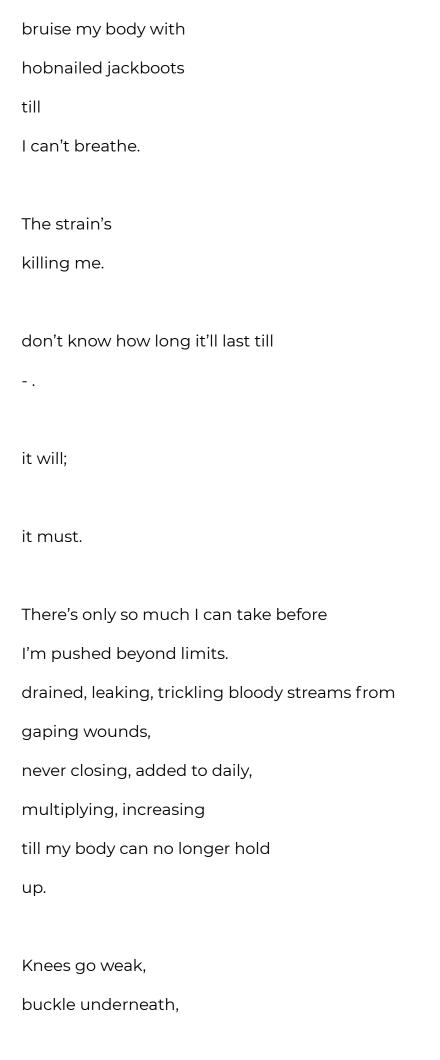
# Another five pieces from an unpublished novel

# the hardest part

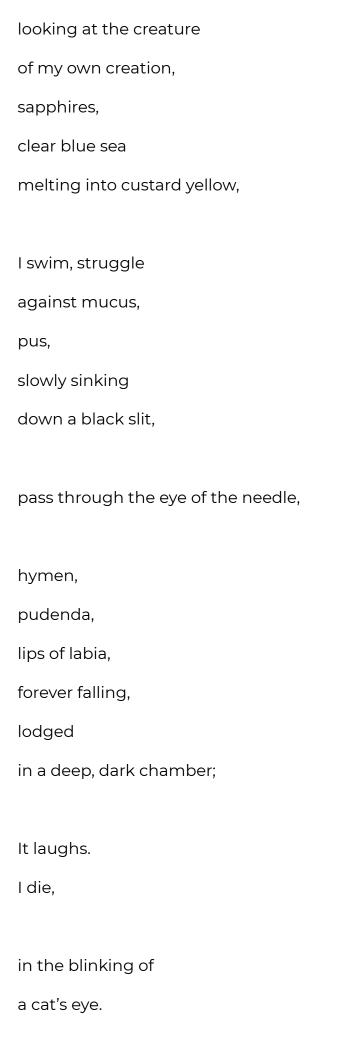
what scares me
most
is
knowing
the hardest part
is
yet to come.
it's
pulling closer,
sucks,
drains,
consumes
sustenance.
standing on a cliff,
precipice,
looking over at the waves as they
crash against the rocks below,
broken, twisted,
draped across jagged points.

```
upholstery hanging off,
waiting for an embrace,
taking a seat,
assuming throne,
Rodin's Thinker upon a stone pedestal,
living on the edge
to make me
feel
closer to life.
I sleep, and don't.
I wake, unawake.
I walk, not on two feet, but glide, above and beyond
gravity.
I speak words without emotion.
I do, not without thought or motion, but
lacking guide or purpose.
She's become
something else,
more;
cavorting, torturing, smothering, punishing,
cutting, flaying.
```

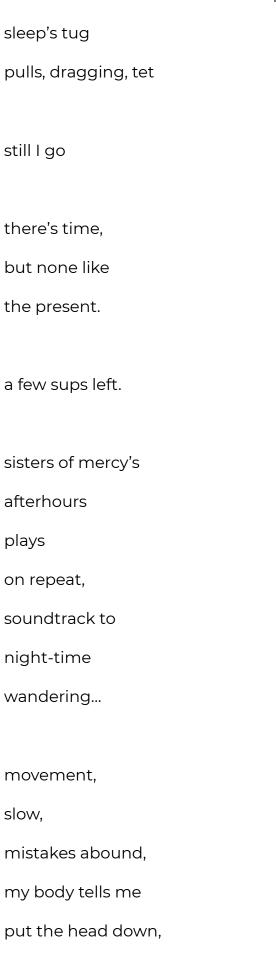
Lashes from whips



threaten to break from pressure above. Will they snap dramatically, or collapse uneventfully? Thinking how we attained beauty, simplicity, fitfully, brings no joy. The sadness of nostalgic longing, what used to be, playing old scenarios over; each works out differently, never matching how it turned out. If it was possible to go back, would you change the past, or accept fate?

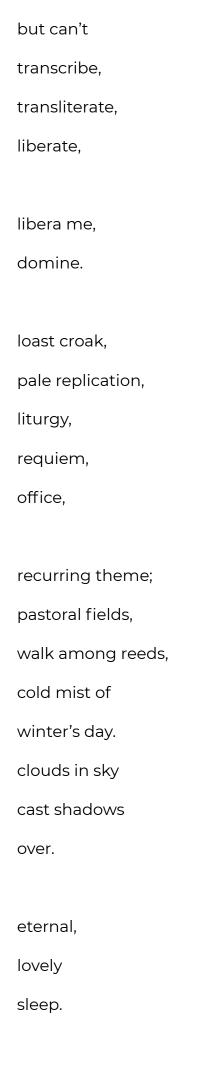


## <u>still I go</u>



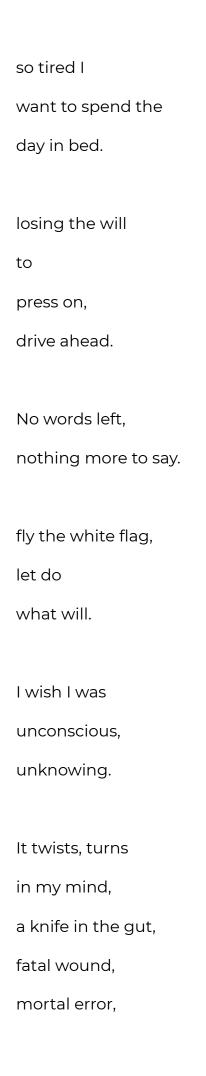
```
sitting upright,
head tilts back
on neck,
eyes close,
mouth open,
dribbling,
I smack lips,
but
still i go
on, on
i go.
dum-dum-dum,
dum-dum-dum,
dum-dum-dum...
phonetically translate,
looped, repeated hook.
i hear it
```

but still i go.



welcome me.
embrace,
lovingly,
comfortingly,
howls of nothing.
throw your
black hooded veil
over.
permit me to
rest
at ease.

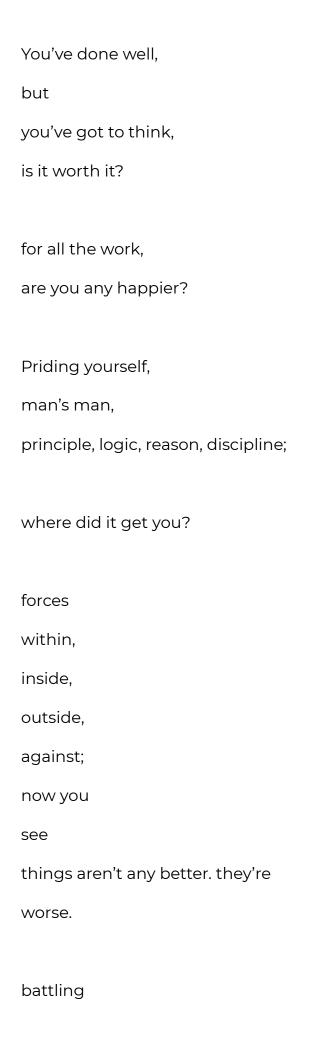
## **Killing Passion**

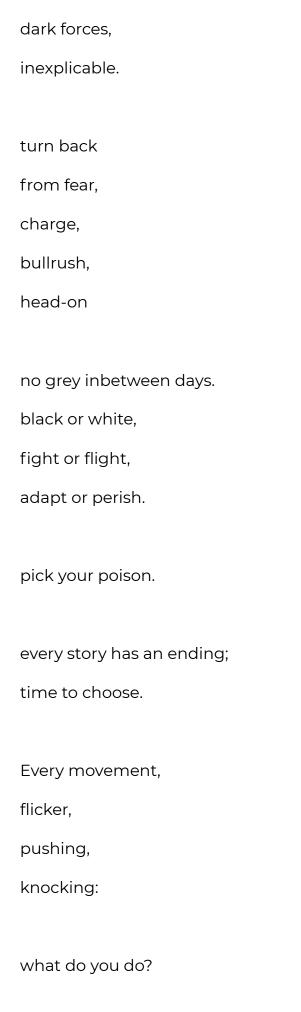


```
you're losing grip.
Throbbing drumbeat,
pulsing,
pounding,
bashing, battering walls,
the bones holding together.
Voices distorted,
echoing chamber,
empty
in absence.
I no longer care if
I'm part of this world,
withdrawing within,
shrouded cloak of seclusion,
paranoid self-delusion,
obsessive degrees, routine,
ways to convince.
I thought the day I lost it would be the day I lost awareness.
coming not from ignorance, but enlightenment, self-possession, maintaining,
justifying the reasons,
```

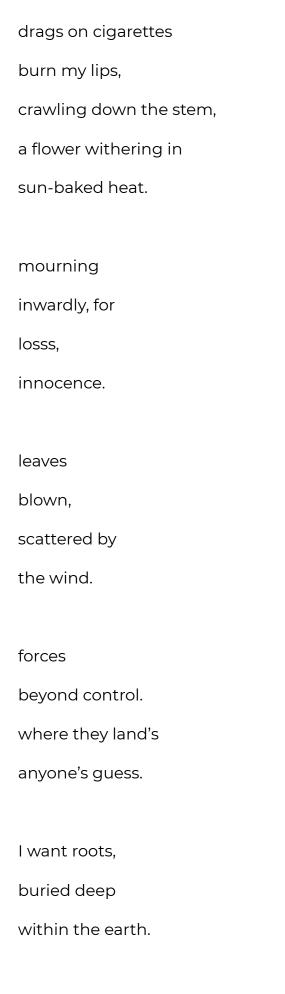
aware

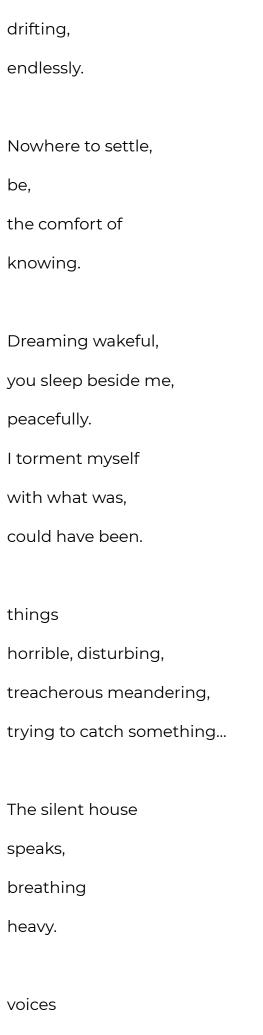
```
hours
rambling,
trying to figure out
what's going on?
Does it make sense?
Am I closer
to learning the truth,
building this monument,
effigy?
figure
it's part and parcel.
Other times I say
everything's relevant.
it's therapy,
satisfying urges,
conduits for energy,
doing something,
a reason to keep going.
But
what are they?
```





## Losss (to B.)





```
engage in
vociferous debate, regarding
fate.
Decisions made in the
absence of decisiveness.
It's all I can do to keep from
tipping.
Walking streets,
expression of painful intent,
scowling at anyone
looking sideways.
surrounded by emblems,
aspects,
trinkets,
telling myself
there's so much to me.
droning, chanting,
rotating cycle,
bland, vacuous,
Advertisements
```

catered to me,
supposedly.
roles assigned, designated.
What do they know?
Predictive text, spell-check,
technology guiding
interaction.
expectations
to meet.
If you don't,
you're abject,
deviant.
I used to be
a rebel.
all I want
is to be,
Alive,
existing.

```
as you turn over,
face away,
I know
it's not to be.
This thing's
come between us,
driven a wedge.
I torture myself,
hoping, wishing.
You use
my past
against me,
drink from
the well of guilt.
did my best
for you.
something's made
you go
the other way,
betray
```

I lay in bed, jolt at the slightest sound,

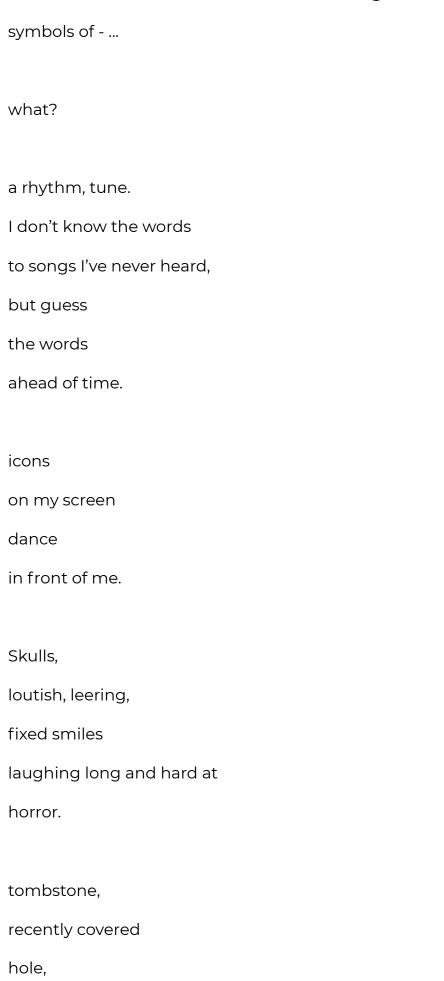
faintest movement.

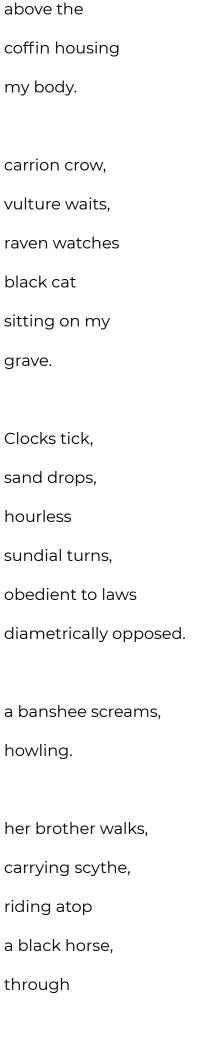
what I could be.

When last order's called, and the nails are driven in,

will you be there?

### **Blood and Oranges**





covered in drapery, laurel wreath on my head. listening to the lyre, I watch the trees falling. a room at the end of a corridor. Enter, present garb, lacking character, relative blankness. Torches hang upside down off walls, dead dog on floor beside broken chains and severed knots. At the centre's a vacant, empty chair. thinking of symmetry,

columns, towers, pillars.

painter's framing;
everything's
facing the wrong way.
The door
slams shut behind.
1
bash, punch, kick, batter
against,
but
it doesn't budge.