

Poetic Results

“Individual poets, whatever their interpretations may be, are driven all their lives by that inner companion of the conscience which is, after all, the genius of poetry in their hearts and minds. I speak of a companion of the conscience because to every faithful poet, the faithful poem is an act of conscience”
(Stevens, 1951, p. 253).

What I set out to accomplish through this project, was to assess the understanding of, and willingness, on the part of interdisciplinary strategists, to incorporate dance/movement therapy techniques as part of *IRELAND'S REACH OUT: NATIONAL STRATEGY ON SUICIDE PREVENTION* action plan. My original research question follows: How would the key development contacts (my interviewees) of *IRELAND'S REACH OUT: NATIONAL STRATEGY FOR SUICIDE PREVENTION* and myself, implement culturally relevant aspects of the *MAKING CONNECTIONS WORKSHOP* as part of their grassroots action plan?

So was the goal of this project achieved and the research proposition answered? I was able to assess Irish interest and willingness to incorporate dance/movement therapy techniques as part of the *REACH OUT* program's suicide prevention action plan. Most participants were on board with the goal of implementing dance/movement therapy generally as an accepted psychotherapeutic modality in Ireland.

However, the question of actually implementing culturally relevant aspects of the *MAKING CONNECTIONS WORKSHOP* as part of their grassroots action plan became a point of contention. The responses given by participating interviewees revealed fundamental issues, which I felt must be addressed prior to considering program implementation. Hence, the journey of revealing the answer to this initial question

became an inquest of inter-subjectivity between interview data and myself, leading to a considerable shift in the focus and method for reporting the results of this thesis project.

This shift in focus was borne out of the nature of emergent themes based upon my interview experiences, and my response to these themes. These themes include: (1) issues of shame surrounding (a) expression of emotion, (b) fear of failure in a highly successful economy, and (c) mental illness, (2) the need for long-term support post-workshop, (3) evidence-based (gov't approach) and endorsement by local, social orgs. and the media (grassroots, local approach), (4) the need for greater attention focused upon young women, (5) the variance of connection through movement based upon gender (sports and martial arts in relation to 'dance'). (6) Consideration of context, i.e. schools, community centers, rehabilitation centers, psychiatric residential treatment facilities, prisons, nursing homes, etc., (7) a frustrating, yet realistic misunderstanding of DMT, (8) a decided lack of funding (9) the issue of representation, which substantiated the pivotal shift of thesis project focus from program implementation, to consideration of suicide prevention as fundamentally soul cultivation for the life preservation of Irish youth. This finding was informed by (10) the cultural paradigm shift experienced in Irish society over the last ten to fifteen years.

This issue of cultural paradigm shift and representation, coupled with reflection upon my interview experiences, led me to seek a method for reporting my results that would authentically reflect the research process. This method evolved as poetic representation. Poems based upon individual interviews, informed by the aforementioned themes and my personal sensations attributed to each experience, complete this chapter.

Inspired by my conversation with Dr. Justin Brophy, leading psychiatrist of suicidology in Ireland, at Newcastle Psychiatric Hospital, NewtownMountKennedy, Co. Wicklow, 12/20/06

Damhsaimis Le Chéile In Éineacht
(Let's Dance Together... Mindfully)

His words, they played brightly
Warm glowing embers atop a crackling fire.
His spirit it soared, trailing
High above the Wicklow landscape
His devotion to this insidious epidemic
Running richly, deeply seeping
Into, beyond the garden valley of Éire
Ireland's suicidal;
They are men and they are women—precious metal,
The ore of Éire's paradigm shift,
From communal hearth to consumerist mirth,
These fir and mná,
They are lonely and afraid.
Releasing this matter
Taps the heart of this core,
Out she pours,
The blood of Ireland's mentally ill,
She wants to speak,
She wants to fight,
Yet Hibernia's toll reigns
Over her still,
Within her flows another water of life,
Silent veins scream with the poison's refrain
Uisce beatha cures all!
Its just tradition to burn through her pain...
Please instead
Heal the wounds, and guide them to move, in éineacht
Let them hang no more
From the roofs of their sheds
Their lives torn asunder
From the pressure éifeacht a dhéanamh le rud
But to love and
Be loved herein lies
The hopes and the dreams
Of proving my worth.
If a matter of heart indeed it be,
Will the mind and soul follow automatically?
Yet this is the problem, which Éire faces,
The double-edged sword of her pride in expression
The love of her beauty in the midst of birth,

Creativity with girth—
In and unto itself,
Now what be that dearth?
To embody her history,
Truly be in her motion
A thousand reflections of sad eyes in oceans,
They crowd out the buses and trains, and new cars
My shell stands before you, my soul's in the land,
The silence is deafening, tSeanloch it cries,
For a nation's heart pounding too quickly...
How may we live if it can't stop, and dies?
My shell still stands before you, my soul still in the land
Now give me your heart and I'll give you my hand.

Contextual References

In reference to the title... *Damhsaimis Le Chéile In Éineacht* [dow-suh-mish le khay-leh in ay-nukht] (*Let's Dance Together... Mindfully*) the intention is that of moving mindfully through the world

In reference to line 4... *Wicklow*-The county surrounding the location of my interview with Dr. Brophy, considered to be the 'garden of Ireland.'

In reference to line 7... *Éire* [air-eh]. Irish for Ireland.

In reference to line 12... *Fir* [fih] and *mná* [mnaw-the mn combination is pronounced]. Irish for men and women, respectively

In reference to line 20... *Hibernia* [Ancient Roman term for Ireland]. This term originates from when the Romans invaded Ireland, as the Irish peoples' response was to retreat into caves, or 'hibernate.'

In reference to line 24... *Uisce beatha* [ish-keh ba-hah] Irish for whiskey, literally translated as 'water of life'

In reference to line 27... *In éineacht* [in ay-nukht] Irish for mindful togetherness.

In reference to line 31... *éifeacht a dhéanamh le rud* [ay-fukht a yay-nuv leh rud] Irish for 'to be a success at'

In reference to line 49... *tSeanloch* (pronounced chan-lokh) known as the sound of silence, does not officially exist in written Irish. "It is a dialectical term used in remote parts of Connemara in the West of Ireland to represent the sound that the elements make when they touch the surface of a lake on a very still day. This translation is described as being both a musical term and a meaning for awareness" (O' Donohue, 2003, p. 140).

Inspired by my interview with Mr. Geoff Day, Head of the National Office for Suicide Prevention (NOSP) at the Health Board Executive Office, Steeven's Hospital, Dublin 8, 12/19/06

Twenty-Six Counties
(Sé Chontae is Fiche)

I see what you're speaking
I hear your fire
I taste your passion
I smell your desire

How many euros?
Just over half!
Frenzied artists fighting
For the chance to fix
But there's only so much
Green in this mix
To keep forty percent of those
Under my age thirty five
in Baile Átha Cliath...Oh,
And Corcaigh alive

But in Mayo and Meath
Kind sir
Has been borne the burden
Of too many a roof

Do you
Know my
Love, Government
And the
Lust for
Proof?

What I long for kind Sir
Is for the proof
To be heard—understood
It's the creaking of weighted rope moving wood

It feels so
Positive,
I understand the
Engagement—but without the right evidence
How is movement the
Truth?

Tell me—How will you measure resilience?
Tell *me*—How far can young hearts stretch?

You said it Sister
Bring on that connection

Don't knock it right Sir?
That alternative medicine
Mossy pagan alchemy—the stuff of our matriarchial past
Banshees calling your name, and naming your pain
Samhain's raggy beginnings to myth's burning flame,

Now, now my dear, let's not engage in
This regressed restoration
Of Éire's persona

But let's do invite the beauty of ancestral knowledge
Take off our shoes
And climb Patrick's Reek
Listen the pounding of a thousand bared soles
Hear the answer it lays underfoot as we speak

Hot burning peat
Is our energy stored
Each death shoves fresh turf on the fire
Of our imagination
It lays dormant,
The infinite rapture and wantonness
Of Jung's newfound religion,
Let's bring our hymn of love
To more than Freudian fruition

Speaking of your devotion
To Evidence,
and
Love of Big Picture
Seems a proclivity toward inactivity
Beyond Heuston station

But do things really go on outside of Dubh Linn?

Twenty-six counties in all I have counted
On this our fair land
Funny, your count appears
To comprise of one hand

While in all of these twenty-six parcels of Éire
People are dying, they're taking their lives
Forty percent of those
Are under my age thirty five
They are the sons and the daughters of
Life's longing for itself
Please don't ignore numbers you say
Are Rising
Like 1798 and 1916
The long-term support that 'will be'
Cannot wait. On-going means now
Going on
What is happening currently just isn't working
What more do you need to convince self and other?
You call it Reach Out—
I call it Please Dig Into New Ground
They didn't lay down
In those Risings
Wolfe Tone and Pat Pearse
Don't betray your forebearers
So steadfast, so fierce
Tar and feather my idea,
Hang and quarter my plan
Just please don't expect me
To buy it
When you inform the anamacha
na mac agus na n-iníonacha
You need more hard facts
Which part of you speaks
When you're out of this house of Oireachtas?
Your married shadow to Ms. HSE?
Or that racy persona that wishes he would
Give his heart to my purpose
Show his knuckles bare-manned
Recall the need you revealed
Push your sleeves up my friend
It's not pretty to sit
In the shite of the not-so-grand
There are twenty-six counties with people
My friend
Who need you
To say,
If you can forgive me as I stand on your land
Please
Give me your heart; and
I'll give you my hand.

Contextual References

In reference to the title... *Sé Chontae is Fiche* [Shay Khon-tay iss Fi-kheh]

line 13...*Baile Átha Cliath* [vwä-leh aw-huh klee-yah]- Irish for County Dublin

In reference to line 14...*Corcaigh* [Cork-ai] spelled and pronounced Cork in English. County in the south of Ireland, known to play ‘Second City’ to Dublin. Traditional hotbed of republican rebellion, and progressive stance towards societal issues, including mental illness.

In reference to line 15...*Mayo*-County in the West of Ireland, traditionally the poorest, hardest hit during the Great Hunger (*An Gort Mor*), what many non-Irish know as the Great Famine of 1845-1849, possesses one of the highest youth suicide rates in the country. *Meath* [Meathe-rhymes with breathe]-County just north of Dublin, with one of the highest suicide rates in the country, lacking many of the resources found in Dublin in such close proximity.

In reference to line 42...*Banshees*-a female spirit usually seen as an omen of death in Irish mythology, a banshee wails around a house if someone in the house is about to die.

In reference to line 43...*Samhain*-[pronounced Sow-un]-Irish for Halloween. Legend tells that Samhain began in pagan Ireland when poor families had no choice but to go begging but were too ashamed to show their faces, so they went house to house with masks and different clothes to disguise themselves.

In reference to line 46...*Regressive restoration of...persona* originates from Jung’s description of man’s unsatisfactory attempt to remove himself from the collective psyche, a rejection of freedom and yearning for a simple life. Since one’s earlier state of naive consciousness cannot be recovered, the person who chooses this road often leads a life of isolated resignation, self-embitterment and chronic neurotic sickliness. From *Two Essays on Analytical Psychology (Collected Works of C.G. Jung Vol.7) The relations between the ego and the unconscious. Part 1. The effects of the unconscious upon consciousness. IV. Negative attempts to free the individuality from the collective psyche* (Jung, C.G., 1928).

In reference to line 47...*Éire*’s-[Air-eh’s]. Irish for Ireland.

In reference to line 50...*Patrick’s Reek*- Colloquial term for Croagh [Crow] Patrick, located in County Mayo, known as Ireland’s Holy Mountain. It is the site on which St. Patrick is said to have climbed and drove out the snakes to bless Ireland as a Christian land. A great pilgrimage site traditionally climbed barefoot, I climbed it New Year’s Eve 2003 and shared a spiritual experience of prayer and meditation at the top.

In reference to line 57-61...“*Of Jung’s newfound religion, Let’s bring our hymn of love, To more than Freudian fruition*” refers to a letter psychoanalyst Carl Jung wrote to colleague Sigmund Freud in 1910 regarding the lack of soul he felt from religion. The original line was “What infinite rapture and wantonness lie dormant in our religion. We must bring to fruition its hymn of love” From *Memories, Dreams Reflections* (Jung, 1963, p.136).

In reference to line 67...*Heuston Station*-The main rail station serving the west side of Dublin, which stands directly opposite the office of the Health Board Executive, which houses the National Office for Suicide Prevention (NOSP), where I held the interview with Mr. Geoff Day, who is Head of the NOSP.

In reference to line 68...*Dubh Linn* [Duv leen] original Irish name for Dublin, which means Black Pool; and incidentally, was the original name of the thick black stout that became known as Guinness

In reference to line 77-78...“*They are the sons and the daughters of Life’s longing for itself*” a line taken from Kahlil Gibran’s “On Children” from his masterpiece, *The Prophet*. (Gibran, 1923, p. 17).

In reference to line 80-81...(*Rising...1798 & 1916*)-The Irish Rebellion of 1798 and the Easter Rising of 1916 represent the Republic’s two major uprisings in the Irish struggle for independence

In reference to line 91...*Wolfe Tone* (1763-1798)-listed as the father of Irish republicanism, Theobald Wolfe Tone was one of the leaders of the Irish Rebellion of 1798, organizing the Society for United Irishmen in the first major struggle for independence from England. *Pat Pearse* (1879-1916)-known as the First President of Ireland, Patrick Pearse took over the Easter Rising of 1916, leading the rebels in the capturing of the General Post Office, where he read Ireland’s declaration of independence, *Poblacht na h-Eireann* [Poblakht na Air-ehn] (*To the People Of Ireland*)

In reference to line 98-99... *anamacha na mac agus na n-iníonacha* -[ah-num-akh-uh nuh mahk ah-guss nuh nih-neen-ukh-uh]; Irish for “the souls of the sons and daughters”

In reference to line 101...*The Oireachtas* [or-ukh-tuss] is the national parliament or legislature of the Republic of Ireland, sometimes referred to as *Oireachtas Éireann*. The Oireachtas consists of the president and two houses; the two houses are the *Houses of the Oireachtas* and are *Dáil Éireann* and *Seanad Éireann*.

In reference to line 102...*HSE*-Health Board Executive (*Feidhmeannacht na Serbhise Sláinte* in Irish-pronounced [Fay-menakht na Serviss Slancha]-The governing body responsible for the provision of healthcare with public funds in Ireland

In reference to line 109...*shite*-Irish for rubbish; trash.

Inspired by my interview with Ms. Sheila Gorman, Head of the National Office for Suicide Prevention (NOSP) at the Health Board Executive Office, Steeven's Hospital, Dublin 4, 12/18/06

Ag Dul Isteach sa Ríocht ar Díom agus Díse I
(Entering the Realm of Her and I)

or

Gathering as we go
(Ag Bailiú sa Siúl Dúinn)

I had stars in my eyes,
The world was my oyster,
And she was my first.
We retreat to a cavernous comforting snug,
Feel the pounding of a thousand hearts above ground
And souls underfoot by the scores.
I am pleased.
She is open
We dance this familiar artsy connection
Suddenly Intention rings in my ears,
Who am I and what do I want?
I glean naïve satisfaction and validation of my artistic bent,
But heaven knows it don't mean nothin'
If you can't pay the rent
Her love and her tone,
It is soft,
It means well...
Sweetly swathes my soul
Unknowingly, she informs my body
Lightly but surely
Steadily, firmly—I enter into a truth.
Must stop here with self-swindling con,
For those hills and those oceans
For another time gone
While the plains and concrete
On which I now stand
Sends my consciousness screaming;
On whose soil do I sow?
One whose ground do I stand?
Is it slow shifting sand
Or quick moving land?
Let the truth of your story of pain be revealed
Let the shadow of grace move from darkness
To help us all understand
Ireland,
Give me your heart and I'll give you my hand

Contextual Reference

In reference to the title(s)...*Ag Dul Isteach sa Ríocht ar Díom agus Díse I* [äk dull ish-täkhh suh reekht air jeem ah-guss jee-she ee]. *Ag Bailiú sa Siúl Dúinn* [äk bäl-oo suh shool doon]

72

72 Shirt Collars
Hung in a room
Who were they?
72 Shirt Collars
Moving gently in the wind
1 open window
Let their souls fly free

Contextual Reference

In reference to the title...72. Ms. Gorman told me about a dissertation project on suicide done by an Arts/Textile student PhD focusing on the 72 young men who committed suicide in Ireland between the ages of 16-24 in 2005. He cut out 72 shirt collars and hung them in a room with a slow moving breeze constantly moving throughout...

21 grams

21 grams is the weight of the soul they say,
21 grams is the weight of one's consciousness?
Love's body is outside of one's self—
It is
All.
21 grams,
I don't get it.
The weight of the strain of one's last breath taken?

Contextual Reference

In reference to the title...*21 grams* is mythically the weight of the soul—Ms. Gorman proclaimed that according to certain doctors and alchemists, after death one weighs exactly 21 grams lighter than in life...

Inspired by my interview with Dr. John Connolly & Josephine Scott at the Irish Association of Suicidology, Castlebar, Co. Mayo, 1/10/2007.

I Had to Laugh, So I Could Cry
(BhA Orm Gaire Le Go mbAóinn In Ann Caoineadh)

Stop
Start.
Suggestion.
So.
There we are now.
I just have to laugh.
All that work,
All that planning
Can't understand
Not a word!
Static and grumbling
Mumbling
Louder than Pain's cry for itself.
All that work,
All the planning.
All the information
Sent.
And
What is it you want?
Conversations with chins,
Wheels in constant motion
Talk about momentum!
If you stop you may drown...

Submission follows confusion,
Rising out of suspicion,
What do you know of our town?
Dublin hanging around me like day old meat,
Stinking up the place
Still,
The Yank had asked nicely,
But gave too much information,
Clogging up the drain of conversation

I am curious young lady,
Can you savor the scent of a heart
Soaked in peat?
Do your hands know the damp of soft rain in the field?
We quietly move in our Westerly Way
We aren't looking for when our joy will burst forth

We love
We work
We enjoy what's so new
The prickle of progress
It burns through our clothes,
Every time we say
Jesus
Mary
& Jo.
We hear of another hanging
Build our shrines
They are whispering,
The true meaning
It lies at the crossroads
Hearse of lonely souls
We watch slowly as
God
Accepts one more back into the fold,
These bruises are colorblind
Peer into empty irises
Battered and torn
May he rest in peace Lord
May she suffer no more
No, it wasn't the cancer,
No, she wasn't a loon,
Just another confused, lonely, scared boy and girl
I accept you
Come in and
Take shelter
Conas tá tú?
Tá mise reidh.
Go raibh maith agat,
Meiriceanach
You were patient with me
So
Although
It took
Time
In a strange drain of sand
As much as I could
As much as I can
You gave me your heart
So I'll give you my hand

Contextual Reference

In reference to the title... *BhA Orm Gaire Le Go mbAóinn In Ann Caoineadh* [vee or-um gaw-reh leh guh mayn in awn keen-uh]

In reference to line 30... *Yank*-Many Irish people call all Americans Yanks

In reference to line 38... *Westerly Way*-Referring to people of the regional West of Ireland. People are generally softer in nature, welcoming, and internally curious.

In reference to lines 69-72... *Conas tá tú? Tá mise reidh. Go raibh maith agat Meiriceanach.* [Konas ta too? Taw mih sheh ray. Gu ruh mah-ah-gut, Mer-ih-kawn-ukh]. Irish for How are you? I am ready. Thank you, American.

*Inspired by my interview with Dr. Kevin Lalor, Head of Department of Social Sciences
for the Dublin Institute of Technology, Dublin Institute of Technology, 40-45 Mountjoy
Square, Dublin 1, 1/12/06*

Sometimes What Isn't Is All There Is...

(Amanna `Sé an Rud Nach bhFuil Ann an t-Aon Rud Atá Ann...)

Sometimes what isn't
Is all that there
Is.
A shadow report
What's behind these claims?
Sometimes what's
Needed
Is there all along
It's not a question of
Why?
But of How?

Shall we dance?
We are animals
We are built for movement.
But we don't engage in enough of it.
"To dance is to give away part of your Self"
Here, "To drink when that self cannot speak, pulls
The trigger"
"We are mythologized by our alcoholism"
There is a faith
"Movement physically can mean the making of a safe place"
Is Ireland moving?
Is Ireland's soul safe?
"Any type of initiative aimed at the lonely and isolated is doomed to failure in the Irish
context..."
Is that safety?
Is that faith?
The positive peer pressure in sport to stay healthy is the answer for boys and men
Energy and information is flowing
Along with the blood and genetics of oppression
Dance is movement
Movement.
Let's take it,
Let's end the pain
You are worth it.
I have faith.
I will try.
The claim that you make,

The places of youth have no duty to call
On the care of the child whose
Mind's ill at ease
I cannot abide
We are interlaced fingers
Of ancestor and babe
Our responsibility lay
For their path to clear way
This may just be
The Answer.
May be all that we seek
An opening of dialogue
Between breath, psyche and bone
A clearing of their air
Let them grieve
Understand
For a life that once was
Now a soulkeeper be
Connect them to the now, dean teagmhail leis an talamh
How do you measure
The import
Of this?
The valuing of connection as goal
Cannot be counted on finger or toe,
To impart the need for it as a start
We can locate great heights
If you give me your heart
Ireland, if you join me,
If you take this leap
I give you my hand
For this promise to keep

Contextual Reference

In reference to the title... *Amanna `Se an Rud Nach bhFuil Ann an t-Aon Rud Atá Ann...*[awm-un-uh shay un rud nakh will awn un tayn rud taw awn]

In reference to line 18...(K. Lalor, personal communication, 1/11/2007).

In reference to line 19...(Cox, 2006)

In reference to line 21...(K. Lalor, personal communication, 1/11/2007).

In reference to line 25...(K. Lalor, personal communication, 1/11/2007).

In reference to line 59... *déan teagmháil leis an talamh* [jajn chäg-wall lesh un tahl-uv]
Irish for go to the earth, get in touch with the earth.

Inspired by my journey into this process...

It Starts With Me

It had to start with me.
What do I bring
In this relationship
Of ending the pain,
Not the life.
Who am I?
Who is
Anyone
To tamper with the
Fate of
Another?
The fate of
Oneself?
Is it a crime
To want to die?
Is it my place
To stop someone from
Ending their pain?
Pain has a
Place.
It's pure and it's
Real.
I close my eyes
And realize
My yearn for connection
My struggle with isolation
To shatter this reality
I must make it whole
And grant only before imagined depths
License to
Roam free in my heart
Soul outside of myself—
Collective
Unconsciousness
How can we become
Aware
Its what I see
Its what I've always wanted
For them—finally now it's for me
Finally it starts with me
I move out of myself
I stop,

Turn around
Slowly, very slowly
I motion toward a future
Gorgeous in its emptiness
So full of
Nothing
I have room for a conversation
With
That part of myself—Faith
And I know
That when I am open to soul
It matters not what is planned
I make my truth known
Manifest a request
Give me your heart
And I'll give you my hand

Tabhair dhom do chroí
Agus tabharfaidh mé dhuit mo lámh

Contextual Reference

In reference to lines 59-61... *Tabhair dhom do chroí agus tabharfaidh mé dhuit mo lámh*
[tur-um duh khree ah-guss tur-hih may ghich muh lawv]