



BIS ANTHOLOGY 2019

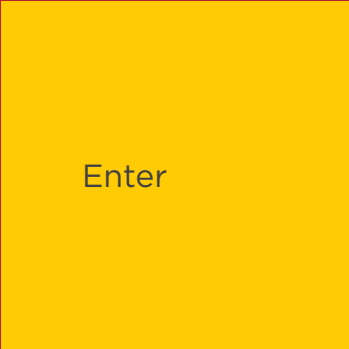
“You can’t use
up creativity.
The more you
use, the more
you have.”

Maya Angelou

“You cannot predict
the outcome of human
development. All you
can do is like a farmer
create the conditions
under which it will
begin to flourish.”

Sir Ken Robinson

TWENTY
NINTH
CENTURY



Enter

FOREWORD

At the start of the new year, LinkedIn* published an analysis of the most in-demand job skills for 2019. There are two key findings every student and professional should take note of. First, more employers value “soft” skills over “hard” skills than the other way around. Second, creativity has emerged as the number one most highly valued soft skill.

The value placed on soft skills is not surprising. By their very nature, hard skills are embedded in specific technologies and tasks, and those change; continually, quickly, and disruptively. Soft skills, on the other hand, are transcendant and transferable. They are embedded in people, not specific technologies and tasks. Hard skills are important, of course, in fact they are 100% necessary for us to effectively tackle today’s problems with today’s tools. But soft skills prepare us to face the uncertainty and change that tomorrow will bring. For the same reason, it’s not surprising that creativity tops the charts. Creativity - that willingness and ability to look at things from a different perspective, to reframe and reimagine the accepted reality - is at the very heart of innovation and problem solving.

Artistic expression is, of course, only one specific manifestation of creativity. But we recognise that by cultivating and celebrating artistic expression - whether visual, verbal, or musical, trained or untrained - we help build our creative muscles. It is for this reason that BIS produces its annual anthology, to encourage every member of our community to express themselves using whatever medium they choose to give life to their own unique feelings, values, and ideas.

Joseph Feller

*<https://learning.linkedin.com/blog/top-skills/the-skills-companies-need-most-in-2019--and-how-to-learn-them>

Click on each name >

CONTENTS

BIS 1

Andrea Lenihan	58
John Murphy	57
Ailish O’Halloran	14
Aoife O’Sullivan	37
Omar Sallam	25

BIS 2

Chloe Cooley	28
Liam Grainger	26
Robert Hastings	30
Eoin Hedman	48
Mark Kenny	60
Gearóid Lynch	43
Aleksandra Milek	44
Adam Murphy	8
Adam O’Ceallaigh	54
Niamh O’Mahony	34
Brian O’Sullivan	13
Olivia Roche	67
Colm Sheehan	36
Yi Xian Sun	70
Li Zhang	38

BIS 3

Emily Beecher	50
Sean Conlon	18
Alan Dineen	32
Clodagh Lynch	64
Ricky Ó Catháin	10
Timothy O’Keeffe	6
James O’Leary	62
Áine Ring	12

BIS 4

Kevin Keane	46
Eoghan Keniry	23
Clodagh O’Driscoll	68
Conor O’Leary	4
Cian O’Regan	40
Orla Reilly	16
Enda Sugrue	52
Isabella Storey-Cosgrave	66
Diana Widel	20

STAFF

Joseph Feller	22
Michael Gleeson	63
Sinéad Hackett	42
Stephanie Larkin	24
Simon Woodworth	56

Anonymous	17
-----------	----

Acknowledgements	72
------------------	----

PRIDE

I took this photo while I was in Cologne on a holiday. While I was out touring around the city I came across a Pride parade. This was before all the legalisation and I wanted to capture the moment that it was. That's when I spotted this gentleman standing looking out over the river holding the pride flag.

FROZEN KINGDOM

This was taken in Stockholm in late February while I was over visiting family. This was my first time being in Sweden and the two things that I will never forget about this trip was this city hall and the cold which I think this image sums up. I was lucky/unlucky enough to get to visit during a particularly cold spell in Sweden where all the rivers were still frozen over and all the paths had a thick coating of ice on them causing a lot of falls for me. But when I came across this view I forgot all of those. Seeing the frozen and snow covered river blend into the overcast sky was an amazing sight to see. It looked like this city hall was the gatehouse to a frozen kingdom.



FRAMED BY TIME

I took this photograph while visiting friends in Limerick last summer. Having always wanted to get involved in photography, I felt the BIS Anthology project provided me with a great opportunity. I bought a camera and looked for a suitable place with a really striking background that included some historic value. I was inspired to take this photo when I saw how much natural beauty this location presented and thought it would be a great picture to take. The location was an old historic church (Mungret cemetery) that had been abandoned for some time but had amazing scenery and character.





MONT BLANC, CHAMONIX, ITALY

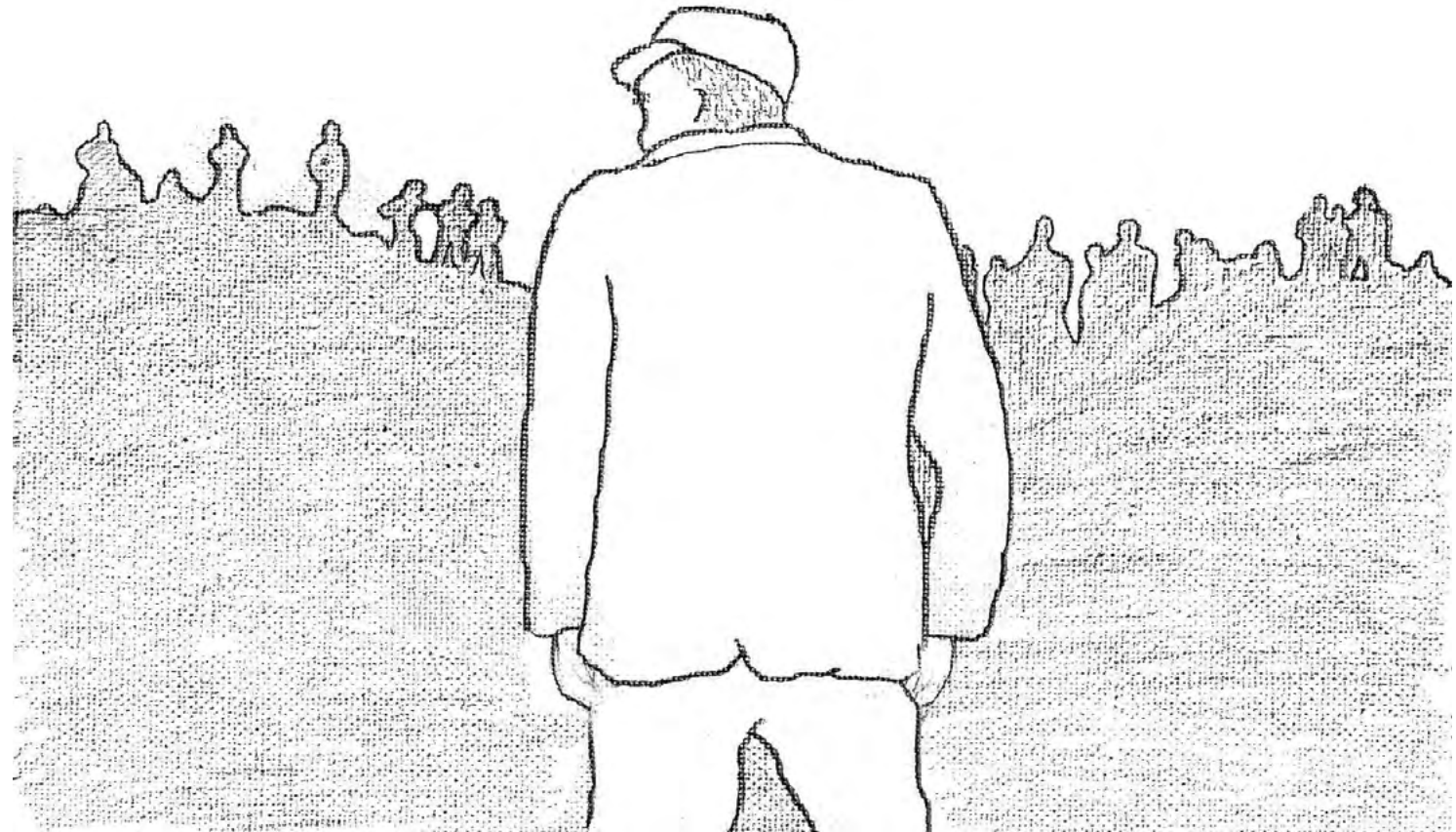
The theme behind this photo is ‘adventure’. Every year I like to travel somewhere different, and in 2016 I went to Mont Blanc. I chose this photo for the Anthology because I feel it captures nature and beauty at its best. What inspires me about this image is being able to capture a moment and share it with others. At the top of Mont Blanc the sight that lay before me was so exhilarating, and now since I’ve captured it, it’s a moment I will never forget.





RÉITEACH

The inspiration for this picture comes from a photograph I saw taken in Northern Ireland in the early 90's, portraying the division between the sides. The fact that this division is just as relevant today is quite alarming. I feel my drawing portrays the same uneasiness and discomfort associated with the conflict happening now and back then.





THE MATADOR



UNTITLED

The motivation behind this piece was mostly looking for an excuse to use a paint marker I treated myself to but didn't yet have an opportunity to use. I used myself as reference because I am a readily available model and relatively cheap. I didn't have a specific theme in mind other than wanting to practice drawing clothes. A pose popped into my head and I just went with it.





UNTITLED

I chose to do a drawing of one of the children I visited on the Hope Foundation trip to Kolkata I took a couple of years ago. I wanted to make sure to capture the joy he felt having visitors without losing the reality of being an orphan.





WANDERLUST

My love for travel and embracing different cultures inspired me to capture this moment. The docked boat in the foreground signifies our generation’s mobile nature. I chose to submit this piece as it encapsulates the all encompassing nature of cultures worldwide. This photo was taken on a trip to Holland with close lifelong friends to which I will cherish the memories.

OWN DESTRUCTION

I live in a town that is said to be thriving,
although many young people are barely surviving,

between feelings and dealings and emotional debates,
they are not the main problems just a few of my hates.

Social media the battle field
where sly digs are thrown,
but the effect on person remains unknown.

So bullies and drugies stop and think,
you’re effecting us all we’re reaching the brink.

We’re all fed up of your stupid behaviour,
give up the drugs and stop the bullying,
and do us all a favour.

The theme of this poem is based on what is happening in many towns and cities around Ireland today. As mental health has become a major problem these days, I think the poem highlights the effect of what certain people are experiencing within the normality of society.





SHARP SHADE

I snapped this photo when I was in Venice Beach in California for the summer. It reminds me of the beginnings of my working holiday in California where I had not yet begun my job and where I was enjoying time just exploring Los Angeles with my friends. It also reminds me of how much of a shock the California sun was to my pale Irish skin and how not just my skin, but how I as a 20-year-old living out of home for the first time was adjusting to life in California.



PERSPECTIVE IS A FRIEND

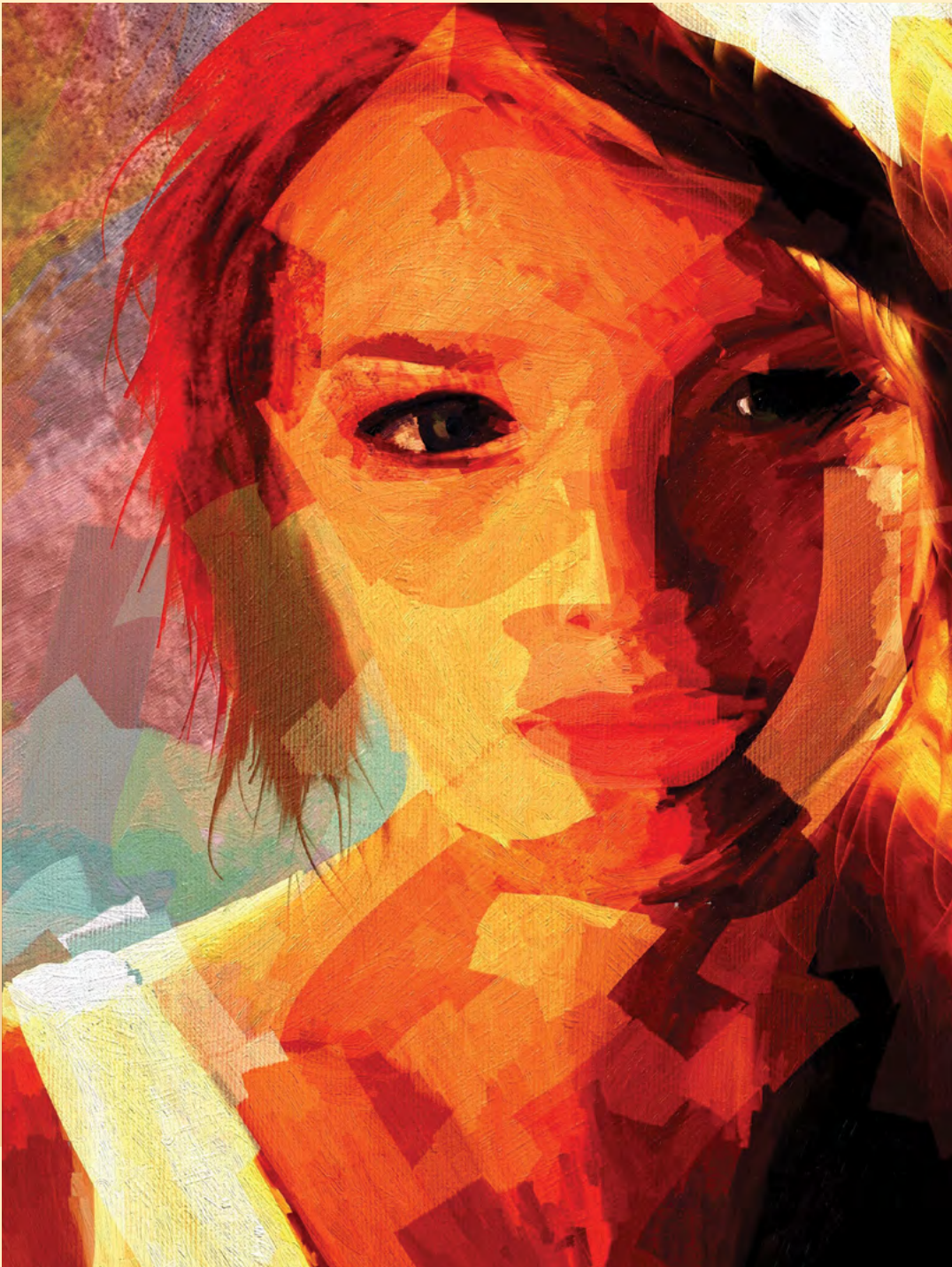
This photo was taken at Union Station in Los Angeles California. I was waiting on my poorly timed Amtrak train to Santa Barbara to see my best friend whom I had not seen for over a month and a half. This photo reminds me of that excitement to see him, how we had both travelled to California for the summer and that it was only a 2-hour train ride that stood between us. That weekend in Santa Barbara was unforgettable.



DUSK & DAWN

Dusk & Dawn, forever not able to decide which spectacle is more phenomenal. Bringing daily peace to one’s mind I decided to keep it as a memory and view these more often, regardless of the weather. Contradictions inspired me to come up with the theme, the sunset at sea level with sunrise at high altitudes, both equally show how nature grabs beauty by the hand.

“Don’t say, the world is ugly, because you forgot to clean your glasses”



GLASS, LEAD, AND LIGHT

Shallow.m4a

The song is called ‘Shallow’,
from the film ‘A Star Is Born’.

The reason I chose this song
is because the soundtrack to
the film is brilliant, and this
song sums up the characters’
struggles with their relationship
and their personal issues, like
mental health and addiction.



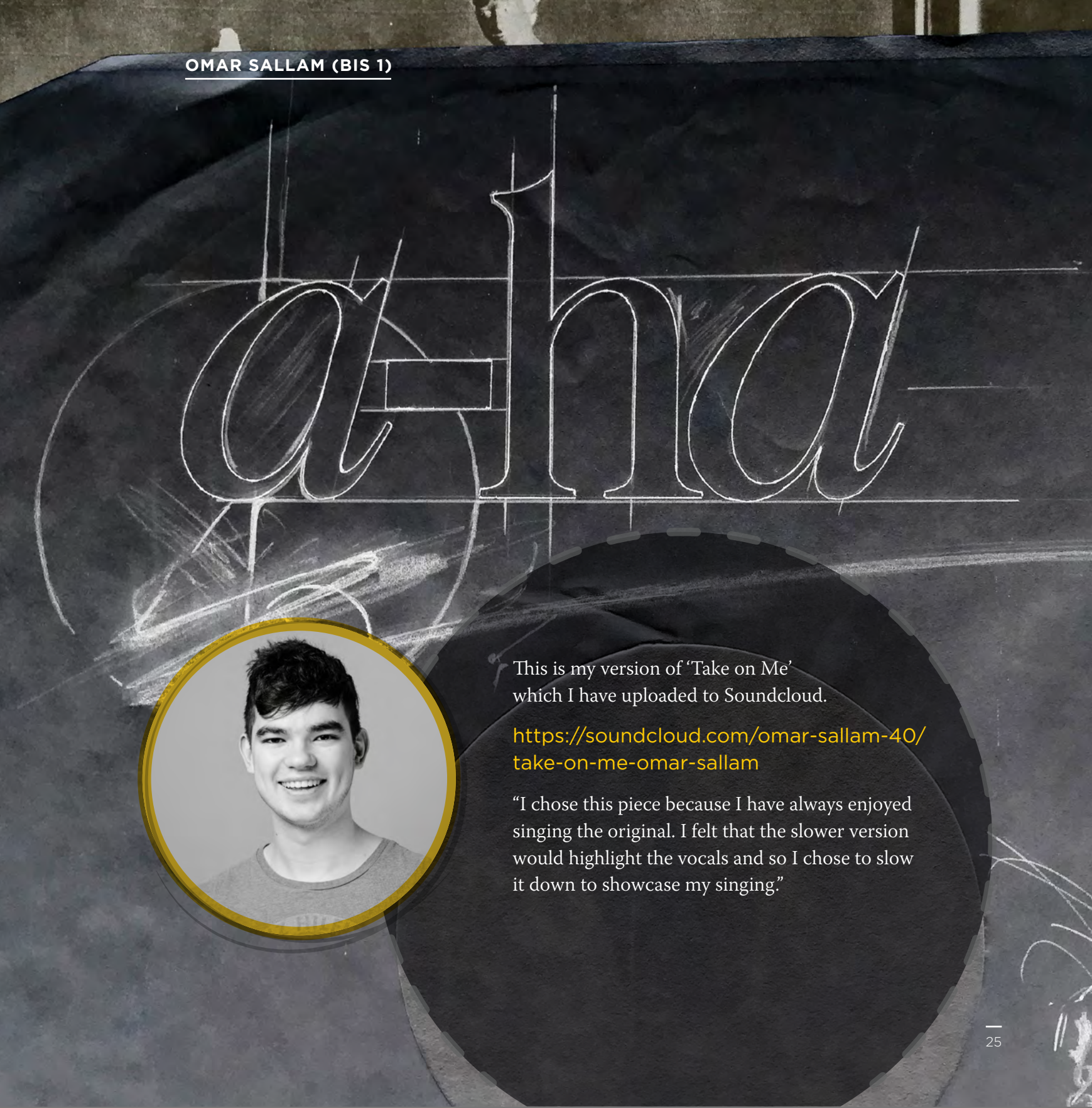
I’m off the deep end,
watch as I dive in
I’ll never meet the ground
Crash through the surface,
where they can’t hurt us
We’re far from the shallow now.



GAS LIGHT - AFTER EDWARD HOPPER

I did this drawing of a section of Edward Hopper’s Gas Light as part of the PG Cert for Teaching & Learning, UCC. Having a reflective teaching and learning practice are core to the teaching and learning framework taught in UCC. And how to improve your thinking disposition is central to this. Looking at and thinking about works of art in a structured way can help to train your mind to slow down and give your reflective intelligence the opportunity to guide your experiential intelligence for a better understanding of the subject under consideration. This is a theory and practice that really interests me.

Stephanie Larkin GAS LIGHT - after Edward Hopper



This is my version of ‘Take on Me’ which I have uploaded to Soundcloud.

<https://soundcloud.com/omar-sallam-40/take-on-me-omar-sallam>

“I chose this piece because I have always enjoyed singing the original. I felt that the slower version would highlight the vocals and so I chose to slow it down to showcase my singing.”



PEAK FORTITUDE

Meet Chidi, Jackson and Muidi. Between them they have summited Kilimanjaro over 450 times. They are walking examples of boldness, valour and grit. Their lot: six days of carrying 20kg or more balanced on their heads. Walking the same flinty paths as us, but with our rucksacks, picnic tables, tents, chemical toilets, padded sleeping mats and a week’s worth of food on their backs, heads and necks. Often in sub-standard climbing gear, death by exposure is common each year. The tragedy is that, by Tanzanian standards, they represent an elite: more than half the country gets by on less than a dollar a day. After I summited Kili last August, my spare college gear was the least I could give to show my gratitude. Expect to see the skull & crossbones going up the World’s tallest free-standing mountain for many years to come.





I took these photos while walking through two forests. ‘A Hidden Path’ was taken in Glenbower Woods in Killeagh. ‘Sunset in Guidel’ was taken in Base de Coatroual Guidel, a scout base hidden away in a forest in Guidel, France.



A HIDDEN PATH



SUNSET IN GUIDEL

It started as a sort of clumsiness, but he was always clumsy so I took no notice. That clumsiness eventually turned into a stagger and had him trip over his own feet or collapse entirely. The vet called it ‘canine degenerative myelopathy’ and eventually he’d have difficulty swallowing and even breathing. ‘Months, maybe a year’ and ‘quality of life’ were just words, it was all just articulate noise to me. All I could feel was a slow inescapable pull of gravity, ahead was an event horizon that didn’t bear thinking about. It was after all, so far away.

It’s so strange how we always run out of tomorrows, the inevitable seems so abstract when it seems so far away, but it’s a distance that’s closed faster than we truly ever expect. In what seemed like only the briefest of moments, tomorrow became today and my friend couldn’t find the strength to lift himself out of bed, he couldn’t walk without stumbling and he hadn’t even that small measure of control over his own bowels. He was robbed of his dignity and would look up at me in apology, wearing a look of shame. He had nothing to be ashamed of, it wasn’t his fault.

Tomorrow became today, the inevitable had caught up with us. It was no longer abstract, it was real and imminent. And yet it seemed like a terrible dream until I saw the vet again, it really wasn’t until that moment everything suddenly became real, I could feel the crushing gravity of what I was doing, of what was to come. What was months, was now just mere minutes and in

less time than it takes to boil a kettle, I’d still be here and he’d be gone. It’s just like falling asleep, but before that peace of a dreamless sleep, there’s confusion and pain. Why was the needle going into his leg, why would I hurt him? I held his head and told him lies, I told him that everything was going to be alright. The euthanasia agent quickly stops the heart, but for me, my heart was beating so hard I thought it might break my ribs. Through burning eyes I held his and saw that look of recognition and confusion drift away. No more fear, no more confusion, no more indignity, no anything at all. My friend was dead.

I remembered holding him in my arms when he was young, when he zapped his body off an electric fence and was too terrified to move, so I held an 80lb Doberman in my arms and comforted him, told him everything was going to be alright and then I was holding him again, this time to carry him to his grave.

Tomorrow became today and then it became yesterday. There’s a distance forming between us now, from here I can still see him and almost reach out and touch him, but every day he drifts that bit further away. In time, I suspect he’ll sink below the horizon and die a second death. I let him die once before, I won’t let it happen again.

This is a photograph I took of him, when he had his strength and pride. This is how I will remember him. This is how I’ll keep him alive.

His name was Jack.



JACK



IN YOUR EYES

I took this shot last summer of the Glucksman Gallery at UCC. I think its an incredible photo, framed with the lights and colours of the trees. It really is magnificent what the eye can see. I think the reason I chose this photo was for its representation of student life. The daunting feeling of new beginnings, the art, the colours of student life, the serenity and the endless opportunities that life brings. Everything the student sees. I think it represents the experience UCC brings to the student, through its very own concrete foundations.



WHAT'S OUT THERE?

This shot was captured on the famous Inchydoney beach this past summer. I'm a frequent visitor to West Cork, and every time I see a new scene worthy of being immortalised through my lens. I always try to return to Inchydoney when I can. It is consistently beautiful. I love this picture! The vibrant colours of the beach and the warmth it radiates. You could find yourself in the colds of winter but a glance at

this scene would warm your heart! It's complex, yet very simple. It also has perhaps a sense of the unknown. Like all of us in college we too stand on the cliffs of life, gazing into the vast ocean that is our future. Wondering where the tide will take us once we enter the world after education. Filled with hope, wonder and fear! I'm proud of this picture and what it represents to me.



**ONE LAST JUMP
BEFORE THE SUN SETS...**

Busy lives interrupted for a moment of natural beauty. My friends and I went out into Cork harbour to do a few water sports in June and the sky lit up so beautifully you just had to take a picture. Neither are edited in the slightest, just the natural sunset.





SOMEWHERE LIKE HOME

Standing on the pier looking out to shore
Where the waves crash against the rocks
And the tide rolls in and out
The sea breeze fills my lungs
While the salt sits in my hair.

To the right is the island;
Little boats go back and forth
Going about their business
As ships lie in wait at the harbour
Waiting for their next adventure.

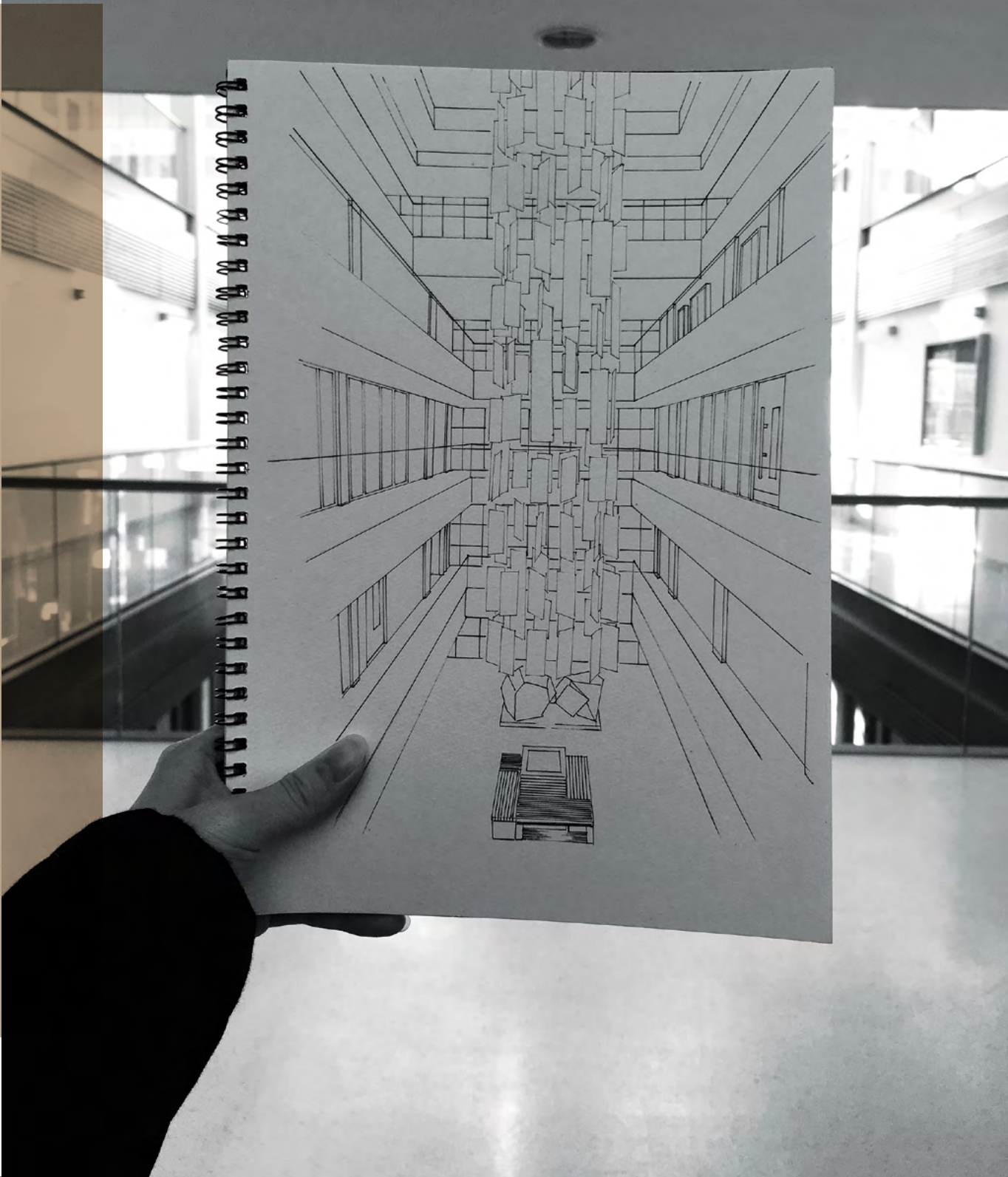
To left in the distance
Lies a hill, on it are buried
The bodies of all our dearly beloved
Always on the forefront of our minds
As we look out to shore.

One of my favourite places in the world is the pier in Bantry and over the years I’ve spent a lot of time there, it’s almost like a second home. My family has a strong connection as my grandfather spent a lot of time on ships coming in and out of Bantry Bay, and as he died a few years ago the pier holds a very special place in my heart. It is one of the most calming places in the world, as soon as I get down there, I forget everything that is going on and just focus on what is in front of me. Being down by the pier each time is like coming home.



WGB IN BLACK AND WHITE

I like drawing, so whenever I see any beautiful landscapes or buildings, I take some pictures to record them. This first photo was taken on 22nd October 2018, around 8pm, showing a particularly quiet and beautiful long hallway without the noise. I went to different floors to take photos and the one taken from the second floor was my favorite because it had the most beautiful structure. After I drew it, I took my drawing back to WGB to compare it to the building. Although the details are not completely accurate, I am still happy with it. So I really want to share this with other people.





STARMAN

I took this photo of myself gazing into the our home galaxy, the Milky Way, from Knockadoon, Co. Cork last June. Because it never gets completely dark during the summer months from northern latitudes, combined with the fact that we only experience about 60 totally clear nights a year here in Ireland, it takes great planning and an even greater deal of luck if you want to take a picture of our home galaxy. As a result, from the moment I first decided I wanted to take this photo until the moment I actually captured it was well over a year! This photo, titled ‘Starman’ after the David Bowie song, was taken just before 1am on June 17. The bright ‘star’ you can see to my right is in fact not a star, but planet Saturn!



NIGHT TRAIN

This photo was taken the night before the ‘Great American Eclipse’ in August 2017. Myself and two friends traveled to Oregon in the United States to observe this once in a lifetime event along with hundreds of thousands of people from all over the world. With Airbnbs selling out two years in advance and campsites charging \$150 to stay the night, we decided to drive just outside the town, rough it out, and sleep in our rental car next to a railway line. Shortly before falling asleep, I decided to take advantage of the extremely dark skies of central Oregon and snap this shot of the Milky Way over an old abandoned railway car. The title of the photo - ‘Night Train’ - came to my mind as I tried my best not to fall into a deep sleep, for fear of sleeping through the eclipse the next morning.



This photo was taken on a lovely summer’s day last July in ‘Jack’s Cottage,’ Aglish, Co. Waterford. A fisherman’s cottage on the banks of the river Blackwater (cut off from the world - a great break away from the hustle and bustle!)



PARIS





ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD

My passion for traveling inspired me to take these photos last summer while traveling in Asia. I love seeing new places and cultures and meeting new people. I hope to travel as much as I can in my future and see all the beautiful parts of the world.

The first photo I took last summer in Tokyo, Japan titled ‘On The Other Side Of The World.’ I chose this photo out of the many I took on that trip as it captures how beautifully modern and big Tokyo is. We passed this place every day walking to our hotel and each time I got inspired to take photos of it as I found this skyline just so beautiful and this particular photo at sunset was my favourite. The

tower in this photo is the tallest tower in the world and it allows you to see the whole Tokyo from the top of it as well as Mount Fuji which is Japan’s tallest peak.

I took the second photo last summer also on a boat trip in Phi Phi Islands, Thailand, titled ‘Let The Adventure Begin.’ I was inspired to capture this photo as I felt that this landscape perfectly captured the exotic beauty of Thailand. The Phi Phi Islands were the most beautiful place I have ever been to and this is why I decided to choose this photo. The water was the most beautiful shade of blue contrasting beautifully with the green rocks.



LET THE ADVENTURE BEGIN

I have two boys (Matthew 10 and Nathan 3) and two girls (Lydia 8 and Isabelle 5) and up until now my two eldest, Matthew and Lydia, shared a room while the two youngest shared the smaller room. With my two daughters starting to get older, we decided to put the girls into their own room and the boys into theirs.

Matthew initially wasn't so happy with changing to a smaller room but I said that I would paint it in his favourite soccer teams colours (Barcelona) and that I would do his bed to make it look like a Lego bed. I also said that I would set up a games area that he could use for his Xbox. That was one problem sorted, but then the girls wanted their own bed as well as having their room painted in pink! I did a bit of research on girls bunk beds and came across a Princess Castle bed with a play area underneath it. I was in two minds whether I could do it or not, but then they saw me looking at some pictures of it one night and that was it really. I had no choice but to do it then. Ha ha!

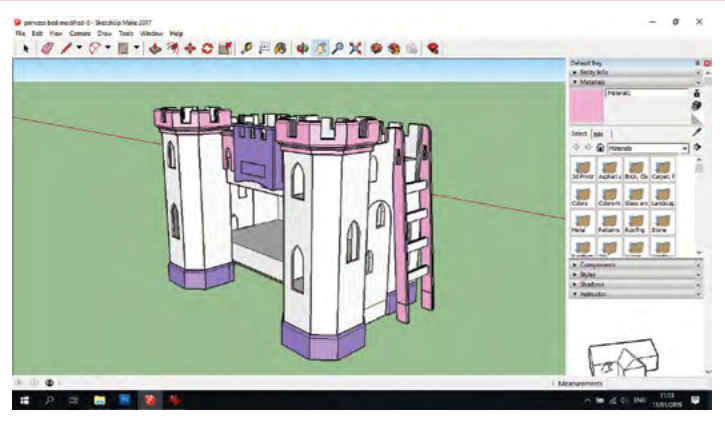
I got the plans, but had to spend about three weeks modifying it also, on Google Sketch-Up, to incorporate a bottom bunk, and I then spent the next few weeks making the pieces, spending a few hours a day on it. I started this project during the Summer of 2017 when the weather was good and I got a lot of it completed then, but a few small pieces still had to be sorted on the ladder to the top bed, and also the painting needed to be done. And then I started 3rd year of college and I put the bed on hold to concentrate on my studies.

Once 3rd year was finished, I started back on the bunk bed and got it finished after a few weeks. The room had to be painted which took about a week (going from a blue room

to a pink one isn't that easy!). I also ended up putting three coats of paint onto the wood just to make sure it was covered completely, and it had to dry properly. It also took about four days to put the bed together.

To finish the bunk bed off, I bought some stickers of my daughters favourite cartoon characters, Lydia got 'My Little Pony' stickers for her bed and Isabelle got 'Peppa Pig' stickers. While I wouldn't allow any of the kids to help me with making the pieces for the bed as the power tools are far too dangerous, they did help with painting the room, although I think they got more paint on themselves than on the bed! Now that the bed is finished, they are sleeping in it and absolutely love it, which is great to see and should do them for a good few years.

My decision to submit this particular project was based on the fact that when I did some research online to see what kind of beds were out there, I thought, well I could buy a normal one and put it together, which would have been far quicker, but where would the fun in that be!? And my daughters saw pictures of other similar beds while I was looking at them so that basically was the decision made for me.





To give some context about the photo I'll explain why and where I took it. From 2015-2017 I was living in Prague while working at a hotel. In January 2017 I had to move apartment which was in a completely different area to where I had been living previously. Before I moved into the new apartment I had to meet the owner to sign the contract and get the keys, we had to do this in the apartment itself. It was particularly cold that winter and there was a lot of snow and ice, so when I got to the apartment I had a call from the owner saying that she can't make it because of bad road conditions.

So I was standing outside freezing! It was around -16°C that day. I decided to go for a walk to explore the new neighbourhood. I walked around for a while until I found a cemetery. The name of the cemetery is Olšanské hřbitovy. I hadn't seen this before so I decided to go in and have a look. It was absolutely silent and the snow was up to my knees but I was determined to explore this place. As there was a lot of snow I started to panic because I couldn't see where I was going, snow blindness is very real! So I left in a hurry, followed my footprints in the snow, and I was finally out of there!

That summer my mom and my sister came to visit me in my new apartment, we explored Prague and did a few of the tourist things, which I had done hundreds of times at this point, but I still enjoy it :)

My mom wanted to explore the new area too and I suddenly remembered the cemetery, she was delighted with the idea so off we went to have a look. I cannot begin to describe the difference six months makes, the cemetery was a completely different place, the trees were full of green leaves, ivy was growing everywhere, the sound of bees and birds flying around, the smell of plants and flowers, it really came to life.

We hadn't realised how big this place was. There are over 65,000 graves across 150 acres of land. It took us three hours just to see half of it, there was many more sections to see. We instantly fell in love with it, the atmosphere in there is unlike anything I've ever experienced. The trees act as a canopy of life over what is essentially a place for the dead. Death is everywhere in this cemetery but not for one minute do you feel it. The trees and the graves become one and the unmanicured nature of Olšansky makes it feel so natural. This cemetery doesn't comply to the rules, it has a life of its own and you can most definitely feel it there.

It was hot the day we visited, around 35°C and we were getting tired. The trees gave us more than enough shelter from the sun but the air was hot and we needed a break after walking for three hours. We decided to walk back and go home to get something to eat. On the way out we

went off the path for some reason and we stumbled upon the lady in the picture. She caught our attention and we couldn't get enough. We gazed at her, examining everything about her. We even cleaned her up a bit as it looked like she hadn't been cared for in years.

The date on the gravestone is 1877 and the gravestones surrounding this one have similar dates. The date was the only thing legible on the grave so we don't know anything else about her. We couldn't believe that she had been standing there for over 140 years with the most sorrowful look on her face. The eyebrows, the mouth, the chin, the drooping of the eyes and her weak lean against the pillar, her sculptor had done the most fantastic job in showing the deepest sorrow we had ever seen, and all these years later this woman lives on with eternal sadness.



OLŠANSKÉ HŘBITOVY CEMETERY



OLD HEAD, KINSALE

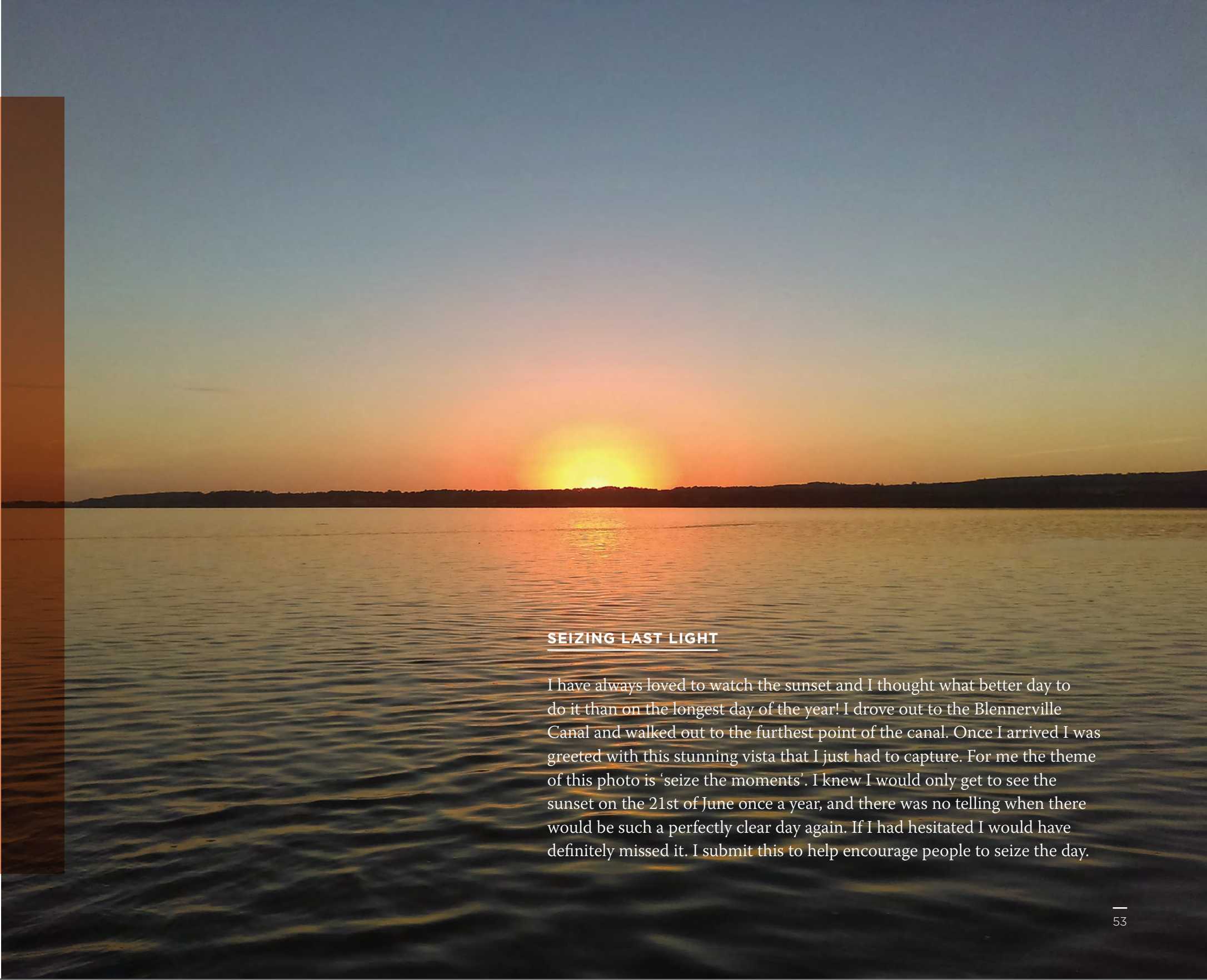


VINTGAR GORGE BLEĐ



RESILIENCE

It was during the middle of the winter snow last year, I looked down my garden and saw these little flowers still standing tall, regardless of the conditions. Despite the harsh wind, snow, rain and cold these flowers were still standing proud and wearing the snow like a hat, not letting it be a bother to its life. This I feel reflects so much of the world we live in today. We face such adversity that we require so much resilience, we must hold strong and not let this adversity get us down.



SEIZING LAST LIGHT

I have always loved to watch the sunset and I thought what better day to do it than on the longest day of the year! I drove out to the Blennerville Canal and walked out to the furthest point of the canal. Once I arrived I was greeted with this stunning vista that I just had to capture. For me the theme of this photo is ‘seize the moments’. I knew I would only get to see the sunset on the 21st of June once a year, and there was no telling when there would be such a perfectly clear day again. If I had hesitated I would have definitely missed it. I submit this to help encourage people to seize the day.

LADYBIRD



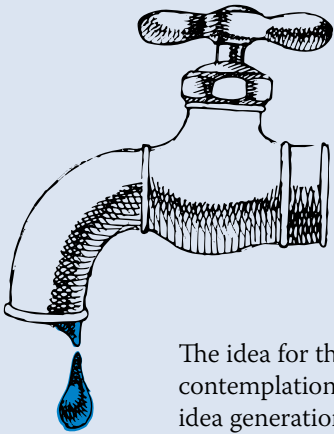
My Ally, my friend,
I see you on my window.
Yellow, black, red
colours never end.
All colours, all shades
Fascinating in their complexion,
Each tone tells a story,
And vivid memory that never fades.
All I see is a ladybird,
Ambling across the pane,
It’s colour, no significance
As our connection is all that’ll remain.
Our symbiosis,
Unspoken but present,
Sugar for garden pests,
You provide an example
Of life without badges or crests.
You fly freely in your millions,
Friendships are strong,
Ye Help each other,
That’s how ye get along.
Humans like me
Have a lot to learn
After all
Where would YE be,
If divisions kept YE from being YE?

The idea for this poem arose as a result of sheer coincidence when one day a ladybird landed on my bedroom window. I was intrigued by the colour of this ladybird and did a quick google search for ‘how many different types of ladybird there were?’ The answer is alot, so I posed myself a question, ‘How do they all get on, while we humans can’t?’ From this question the idea for the poem was created.

I chose this theme, this metaphor of a ladybird, to mimic humans and their divisions, and some of the actions and features surrounding it. Human divisions are everywhere in our world today, something that should be eliminated by now. Humans see each other as different because of their skin, appearance, behaviour and no doubt ladybirds do too. However, ladybirds don’t let their opinions on their differences seep into their behaviour towards one another, and they don’t let those differences define who they are and what they can and cannot do. They get on with life, helping each other along, and that’s really as it should be. This is why I thought it best to mirror the behaviours of people by describing the relationship between ladybirds, and how this relates to humans. When I saw this competition, I had a few poems already created, just sitting there on my desktop. I wanted to use them in some way, to show people another side to me; to embrace the idea of showcasing my creative, artistic side in this BIS Anthology, which I think is a wonderful idea. I was trying to decide between the two I submitted when I looked at the guidelines again and realised I could submit both. So that is what I did. No real reason for these two in particular, other than I feel these two are the best I have written.

I thought about the title for a while and ‘Ladybird’ just seemed to stick with me. It gives a clear indication of what the poem is about and offers the reader the opportunity to think about the image I witnessed when the ladybird first landed on my window and began this process with me.

TRICKLING WATER



My mind flows,
Streams of thoughts
Amble from the cerebellum,
Upon touching the source,
Eek out their course,
For what their distance travelled
Is never the answer,
The path, the journey,
The destination rides the open water
trickling sandstone in its wake,
what is the path your thoughts wish to take.
Be what may,
Salmon struggle die,
But the root, the source
Is not your only problem.
The tears, the actions,
The fears, the frights,
All they trickle is a waterfall
Waiting to happen
Brash questions,
Falling to their death,
Only to wash back up
20 years later as the tide runs it course
For the answer might BE in the
Submerged gut,
The feeling of anguish and pain,
But the brains
Course of action,
Will always quench your thirst.

The idea for this poem was generated from sheer contemplation around the subject of thoughts and idea generation/creation. Thoughts make up most of our daily lives (bad and good) but we always just deal with the actions and ordeals/emotions that the thought brings up but we never deal with the root of the problem - the thought. It flies right over our head, for example when someone is crying we hand them a tissue rather than deal with the underlying issue/ thought they may have that’s causing the tears. Upon writing this poem, I was very busy at the time and loads of thoughts were whizzing around my head and this also served as inspiration to this piece.

The theme and metaphor I chose to mimic the thoughts process was water and some of the actions surrounding it. Thoughts are dynamic, but the speed of them can be altered slowing them down or quickening them up. Thoughts also have a lot of similarities with water in that they both can be traced back to a root problem or a source in water’s case. Thoughts can be disturbing and threatening or they can be gentle and ambient. This is why I thought best to mirror the words people use to describe water and it’s processes as words to describe the thought process as well.

A BUSINESS TRIP TO YEMEN



As the elderly Boeing 727 took off from Abu Dhabi and banked around a huge thunderstorm, I realised I was heading somewhere different. In 1998, I was on my way to the port of Aden in Yemen. As the plane approached the airport there, the burned-out hulks of aircraft littered the airfield around the runway. The terminal building itself was gouged out with a huge bomb crater, the scars of a civil war that had ended 4 years previously. We had to enter the arrivals area via the men’s toilets.

I spent two weeks in blistering heat helping to commission a telephone exchange for Motorola. Aden was a bustling madhouse, with a good chunk of the city inside a volcanic crater. The base station for our new mobile system sat on top of a ridge at the edge of that crater, over razor sharp lava fields. It was so hot the 4x4 we used to get there had two air conditioning units. The sea was as warm as bathwater to swim in and we went for a dip one evening, right next to the huge desalination plants which supplied freshwater to the city.

The telephone exchange was in cooler surroundings but still very hot. A trip to the bathroom involved shooing the rats out from under the toilet. Outside the bathroom was a tented area at which the faithful prayed several times daily. The calls to prayer from the muezzins were piped over loudspeakers all over the city. It is a sound I will never forget.

After two weeks the installation was successfully completed. At short notice, I was asked to travel to Egypt to talk to customers in Cairo. I had to travel to Sana’a to catch the flight because of an airline strike in Aden. This involved a 400km journey in an aging Peugeot 305 with a qat-chewing taxi-driver.

The countryside was epic. It rose from dry wadis near the coast through rocky foothills and mountains to an elevation of over 2000m in Sana’a. We passed through dusty little villages of cube shaped houses as the air grew cooler and the countryside greener. There were frequent military checkpoints and,

unknown to me, a lot of the rural areas had local chieftains who had a habit of kidnapping foreigners.

I arrived in Sana’a unscathed. A misunderstanding about my hotel destination lead to a lively conversation between my driver and some locals. All were intent on me arriving safely and I did, just in time for dinner with a Ukrainian colleague before an early morning departure for Cairo.

The Yemenis were never less than friendly and gracious hosts. Petty crime was almost non-existent. Yemeni men habitually walked hand in hand down the street while the women wore black abayas with fashionable shoes peeping out from underneath. Travellers were always well treated.

I can only hope for a quick end to Yemen’s current troubles.





ALFRED THEODORE PADFOOT THE THIRD

I had just bought a new camera for my birthday and I was in the kitchen at home playing around with the features on it. My dog Alfie was getting really curious as to what I was doing and I decided he would be a great model for my photos, seeing as he loves being in the spotlight anyway! There wasn't any real thought put behind the theme in the first photo, which is why I chose to submit this one in particular. It is my favourite photo of Alfie and even though I have tried to recreate a photo like this many times, none of them have the same feel as this one.



ALFIE'S GREAT ADVENTURE

On bright days myself and my sister try to get outside to snap some photos because it's rare we have the time to do it. On this day in particular, Alfie (our little dog) followed us outside to see what all the fuss was about and it just seemed like the perfect opportunity to catch a photo of him looking his usual handsome self.

This photo although it looks staged, really wasn't. A lot of the time I find myself preferring the spontaneous photos. They tend to have more character because they naturally occur, no one instructed how it should look. This photo is a perfect example of that, which is why I chose to submit this one.



AN IRISH AURORA

This particular picture was taken at 6am in the morning on my way to work during the snowy period last year. I woke up that morning to find the stars and snow bridging the gap between darkness and light, seeing people’s footsteps, after charting the snowy landscapes unknown.



A HOUND AT SEA

This picture encapsulates the beauty of Inchydoney Beach at dusk. I find this picture interesting because of my dog Rocky. He looks on in the distance as the sea waves ripple, while the red sky casts a glimmer on the ocean.



RE:SOLUTIONS

This poem is about the idea of people taking on new year resolutions that focus on other people’s perception of you, rather than considering taking an introspective view of yourself. The poem finishes with a phrase I came across, ‘Plus est en vous’ – which means ‘more is in you’. I think this is a positive note on which to finish the poem. I like to think that the job of self-development and self-actualization is never done.

The rush for renewal,
At the Winter’s bleak Peak.
The heat of the liqueur
Still reddens the cheek.

Some pledges
may begin in the nature of pious,
Have now been infected by a vanity bias.

A new fad emerges,
Splashed on every mag.
As you’re disgusted - by the mirror
by skin: that reflects; sags;

To Hope is to realise.
Not to fall prey to public eyes,
But rather discount what is publicised.
Ponder how you will further enterprise.

As the year ends...
More refined you grew.
And despite the superficial
“Plus est en vous”



PERSEVERANCE IN THE FACE OF ADVERSITY

The picture was taken March 2018 on a walk through the Lee Fields, in the snow.



ONE OF THE MANY SUNSETS OF LA

This picture was taken mid-August in Los Angeles, California. It is the famous Griffith Observatory at sunset. It highlights the many tourists who visit here daily to see the sun set over the whole city. The observatory itself is a beautiful piece of architecture that highlights the beauty of the evening sky. While spending the summer in Los Angeles I came to appreciate picturesque sunsets like I never had before and watching the sunset became a frequent pastime. This was one of my favourite sunsets of the summer.



GOLDEN GATE

The days before and after this picture was taken the bridge was completely covered in fog and impossible to see the full length of it. However, this day that I visited the weather was uncharacteristically clear and bright. I think the colours of the sky and the sea really accentuate the distinct colour of this landmark and the perspective shows the magnitude of the bridge's length.



REFLECTIONS OF POOLBEG

I took this photo on one of my internship team-bonding events, on a boat trip around Dublin Bay. I just thought the evening light hitting Poolbeg Lighthouse and the reflection on the water was gorgeous. It will always remind me of the trip, which was both fun and relaxing. I decided to submit this piece because I find it a very calming and relaxing photo, and I think its important for everyone to take time to relax and reflect during our hectic lives.



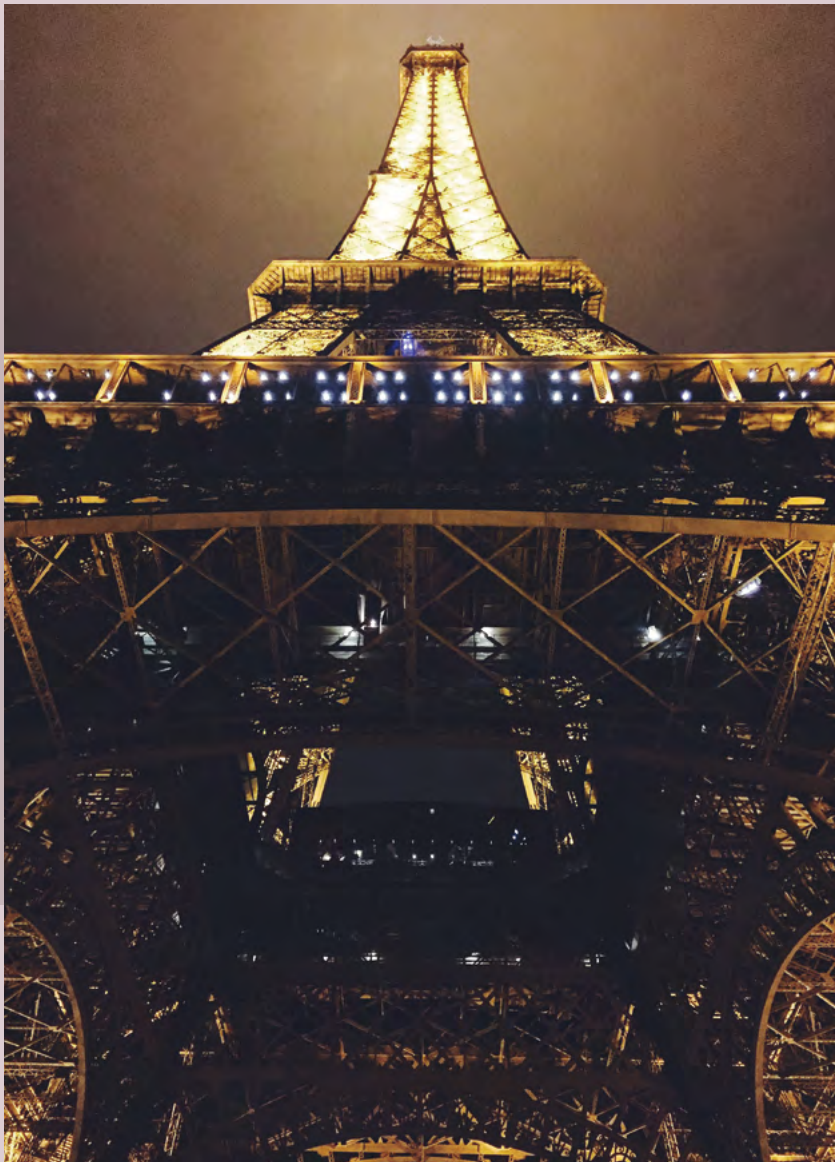
SEVENTH HEAVEN

On arrival to Nohoval Cove you are met with a meandering narrow road with thick green vegetation on either side, which eventually will lead you to the spectacular views and gentle sounds of the waves of the Atlantic ocean lapping the shoreline below you. This remote and rocky corner of Cork is a perfect example of one of Ireland’s hidden treasures. Even to locals it is one of Cork’s best kept secrets. To me, sitting on top of this ruggedly beautiful cliff can make you feel like you’re at the edge of the world and provide you with a means of escape that no where else in the world can.



PARIS, FROM WHERE I STAND

While visiting Paris in January of this year, I took this photo during the lights display at night. I decided to submit this photo because I felt it was an alternative way of looking at the Eiffel Tower.



EVOLUTION THROUGH THE AGES

While in Cambridge last September, I took this photo during a visit to the Museum of Zoology. I decided to submit this particular photo because I found it a very interesting display to view, it was fascinating to me to see how mankind has evolved through time.



WHAT'S AHEAD? NO ONE KNOWS.
WE'RE ALL MAKING IT UP AS WE GO.



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We wish to recognise and appreciate the exceptional support and encouragement that the BIS programme receives from our partners in industry and society. Their ongoing engagement with BIS - through our Industry Placement Programme, research collaborations, our Industry Advisory Board, and other activities - is absolutely central to the success of BIS.

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Joseph Feller



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