

St. Patrick's Day 2004 Open Mike Writing Contest Results

Here, at last, are the results the world has been waiting for!

Participants were divided more-or-less randomly into teams of five or six. Each team was to collaborate in composing, within a brief measured time interval, a poem or other short work incorporating five words: emerald, saint, luck, island, Guinness. [Note: since no record exists of the names of the team members, anyone wishing to claim authorship is welcome to do so – but if conflicting claims arise, the dispute will be settled in the best Irish traditions of conflict resolution.]

You have a propensity for being emerald, snake.
Were you always so, or were you pale and ashy?
Did luck bring you to a spilled green Guinness
On the island of that Patrick Saint...
In drinking did you assume that hue
Your ilk are clad in to this day?

Guinness, Patron Saint of the Emerald Island was down on his luck. He dreaded March 17th because it didn't seem to matter how good his beer was, it was always St. Patrick's, St. Patrick's, St. Patrick's. Green beer, green faces – big deal! The best beer is the black beer of the emerald gods.

Though the isle was green – emerald green – the hearts of Guinness' people were black – blacker than the blackest kettle/pot calling black. But “Guinness is good for you,” it's a meal in a cup, so creamy and smooth, yet it can almost be chewed.

So let Pat have his day with the leprechaun lager, St. Guinness will prevail the whole year through.

Patrick was sent to get rid of the snakes; he reluctantly took up the challenge, cursing his luck. Usually he spent Fridays in pious worship – Saint Guinness absolves all sins/sense too. He set out to sea. Soon he eyed land. What could it be – the island of women. Thank God for his emerald eyes.

Luckless Island Saint

Emerald Guinness...then he died. This was not the Luckless Saint's best day. He'd been sent to bring God Guinness for St. Patrick's Day and he'd done it. But God had neglected to tell him he'd meant a specific kind of Guinness and a 6-foot, 4-inch drag queen named Emerald Guinness of the island of Divas was not what he wanted to wet his whistle. She was smitten. God smote her and it was good.

Ursula's Charm

Saint Ursula – wow, what is your charm?

Is it charm, or is it luck?

 What is luck?

 Is it tough, bad, or some sort of draw?

 Is it amazing, good – or maybe Irish?

Emerald Island in the mist,

One more Guinness and we'll all be pissed.