

Gibiní/Curls

Martin Lally stands there, napping flannel,
as artful as Bernard Sumner on the keyboards.
So physical – the soaking, kicking, syruping
& carding of that curly cloth which Shakespeare
could have had in mind when he has Caliban
creeping under his *gabardine*. Even Spenser couldn't
wring out the drops of admiration glittering
through his rage at the savage Irish mantle,
*When it raineth it is his penthowse, when it bloweth
it is his tente; when it freezeth it is his tabernacle.*

Martina Evans