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LIMERICK TRILOGY

A CHOREOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL BLEN
 NATIONAL DANCE COMPANY
 LIMERICK, IRELAND



LIMERICK TRILOGY



LIMERICK TRILOGY MUD

From *Ida* ... the building of a temple for the self, its interconnectedness with the past ... a vessel for temporarily stable oceans of memory, thought and perception. *'Mud'* is a realm of effortless existence, embracing a life unknown ... rich in opaque workings and paradoxes ... a softening of distinctions ... a rare instance of dedicated spacetime ... a patient substance ... a place to roam the territory of some newfound reality.



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In the heat of the contest on the board,
 Spear and sword discarded their Limerick
 For the thriving tide to make the river
 Chalked. Hence the name Limerick.

As children we saw the rags of war –
 Clowns cling to sticks outside our reach,
 Trudgers and wren to thrust by history's
 Feathered looms in the neck of war.

I was a boy delving the mechanical digger
 That bulled the bare earth for housing
 On long Saturdays, my world of spunk
 And unquenchable made my heart's splurge.

With the writer's awe of a one syllabled
 Word – a child's earthy boy – cannon balls
 Dying in the sun, a blacksmith's lance
 For pecking fun at the enemy's anvil.

I grew up with larks near the collywabs,
 Cucklers guarding the cattle gates, slingers
 And dandelion, the landlady of March
 Bound for freedom and the open sea –

A kale dash. The spanglers of it all.
 But I can still feel the presence of this
 In the progenitor's whimsy by the river,
 Salute the return to origins in penance.

JOHN COFFY

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