

## Gustav Parker Hibbett

*“Let us be fully present in body and mind on the set...”*

Written in response to **Dragana Jurišić**, *The Last Balkan Cowboy*

**Gustav Parker Hibbett** is a Black poet, essayist, and MFA dropout. They grew up in New Mexico and are currently pursuing a PhD in Literary Practice at Trinity College Dublin, where they are an Early Career Research Fellow at the Long Room Hub. They were a 2024 Djanikian Scholars Finalist and a 2023 Obsidian Foundation Fellow, and their debut poetry collection, *High Jump as Icarus Story* (Banshee Press), was shortlisted for the 2024 T.S. Eliot Prize.

The **Temple Bar Gallery + Studios Writing Commission** aims to expand ideas around writing about art by inviting Irish authors to create a series of pieces inspired by the exhibitions at Temple Bar Gallery + Studios. In 2024, TBG+S has commissioned Gustav Parker Hibbett to make a piece of writing inspired by each of the exhibitions in the gallery programme.

Over the last eleven years Temple Bar Gallery + Studios has commissioned ground-breaking Irish writers to write on the gallery programme. Previous writers include Sara Baume (2015), Claire-Louise Bennett (2016), Gavin Corbett (2017), Doireann Ní Ghríofa (2018), Annemarie Ní Churreáin (2019), and Ian Maleney (2020), Nicole Flattery (2021), Thomas Morris (2022), Pádraig Regan (2023), Nidhi Zak/Aria Eipe (2024).

The texts are available to download from [www.templebargallery.com](http://www.templebargallery.com) and printed copies are available in the gallery.

Temple Bar Gallery + Studios is supported by:



**“Let us be fully present in body and mind on the set...”**  
*after Hari Džekson*

Some soul has fled  
and resides here,  
dispersed and glittering  
like dew: on the shrubs  
and grasses, the camera  
equipment, the manes  
of horses. In the shimmer,  
there is sky enough  
for every cowboy,  
glory by the handful  
for the righteous  
and the dispossessed.

We shoot showdowns, lace;  
shoot beeches, handguns;  
battles and the life between  
and after – searching  
not for sunlight but instead  
the way it warms the water.

No such thing as heroes  
and yet here we are:  
golden on the riverbank,  
the horizon's hat brim  
singing hope.