

Padraig Regan *Gatherings*

Written in response to
Niamh O'Malley
Gather

Padraig Regan's debut collection *Some Integrity* was published by Carcanet in 2022 and was awarded the Clarissa Luard Award and shortlisted for the Forward Prize for Best First Collection. They are the author of two poetry pamphlets: *Delicious* (Lifeboat, 2016) and *Who Seemed Alive & Altogether Real* (Emma Press, 2017). In 2015, they were a recipient of an Eric Gregory Award, and in 2020 they were awarded the Ireland Chair of Poetry Bursary.

They hold a PhD on creative-critical and hybridised writing practices in medieval texts and the work of Anne Carson from the Seamus Heaney Centre, Queen's University Belfast, where they were a Ciaran Carson Writing and the City Fellow in 2021. They are currently Fellow Commoner in Creative Arts at Trinity College Cambridge.

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 2023, TBG+S has commissioned Padraig Regan to make a piece of writing inspired by each of the exhibitions in the gallery programme.

Previous TBG+S 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).

The texts are available to download from www.templebargallery.com and printed copies are available in the gallery.

Temple Bar Gallery + Studios is supported by:



Gatherings

Limestone: An Elegy

A graveyard, of sorts: some thousands
of small, sessile lives inscribing
their illegible biographies
into the dark compacted aggregate

of their ground-up ancestors, like white ink
dropped on a puddle of crude,
like smoke's lithe stenography
in which each word is just a synonym for fire.

Wood: A Praise Song

For how you hold us up,
your vertical slats

& just-off-true diagonals
like improvised pins

against the atmosphere.
For the atmosphere.

For your various browns
(&, yes, reds, silvers,

purples, blacks, & shades
we've yet to name)

& the moiré-cursive grains
interrupting them.

For when you roll & cast about
in salt water for a while

& come out bleached,
contorted, craggy, buckled,

& stunned with pure shape
as though you thought to imitate

the polyp'd, flesh-frilled creatures
that make their lives down there.

For the startling grammar
lightning makes in your tissues.

For your fraternity
with sound; for the many smells

of your breath, each
distinctive as a skull.

For allowing yourself
to be cut, planed, hollowed, smoothed.

For telling us, by dint
of your hardness, flex,

density & weight,
what use to put you to.