



DANIEL MACDONALD (1821–1853)/CRAWFORD MUNICIPAL ART GALLERY, CORK, IRELAND

AFTER VIEWING
THE BOWLING MATCH AT CASTLEMARY, CLOYNE
(1847)

I promised to show you the bowlers
out the Blarney Road after Sunday mass,
you were so taken with that painting
of the snazzy, top-hatted peasant class
all agog at the bowler in full swing,
down to his open shirt, in trousers
as indecently tight as a baseballer's.

You would relish each fling's span
along blackberry boreens and delight
in a *dinger* of a curve throw
as the bowl hurls out of sight,

not to mention the earthy lingo
& antics of gambling fans,
giving players thumbs-up or *down the banks*.

It's not just to witness such shenanigans
for themselves, but to be relieved
from whatever lurks in our day's background,
just as the picture's crowd is freed
of famine & exile darkening the land,
waiting to see where the bowl spins
off, a planet out of orbit, and who wins.

—GREG DELANTY

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