Colm

Lauren Lawler

On the hottest Sunday
of the dullest year,
my dad in his dressing gown –
the filament of his life in steps
from couch to balcony
above a courtyard penitentiary.

Colm is a looper. Cowboy hat,
wiry body and red shorts.
A Lady on the Rock reclines
on his windowsill.
He blares his Bluetooth,
acid jazz or techno.
Look at that eejit, my dad says
through the crack of the Venetians.

Colm gets louder if a young woman
suns on the cobbles
or a man is out walking his dog.
He spits a sound,
flicks a cigarette off the railings.
Sometimes he dances,
stabs the air to the beat,
flexes his skinny chest.

My dad mimics him,
keeping behind blinds.
They dance together, my dad
in his heavy tartan pyjamas.
Look at that fucking eejit.

Lauren Lawler

Lauren Lawler is a poet from Co. Dublin. Her poems have appeared in *Poetry Ireland Review*, *Howl New Irish Writing*, *The Stinging Fly*, *Banshee* and others. Her pamphlet *Physical Education* was published in 2022 by Green Bottle Press. She received a bursary from An Chomhairle Ealaíon (The Arts Council) in 2026.

A recording of this piece can be found at writersmosaic.org.uk

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