

Sinéad Garrigan-Mattar

[He's sound]

He's sound.
Sound as a pound.
Solid as oak from his scalp to the ground.
Fresh as the day although freckled and browned
And frowned.
With the royal standard let him be crowned.
He's the real thing. He's renowned.
He can run, he can swim—he'll never be drowned.
You strike him and deep crystal bass-notes resound.
He'll never lose time, he's carefully wound.
A finer example will never be found.
His talents astound:
Listen
to
His
Voice
Opening like the sky opens round
-ing a road as you reach a bay and the sought-for sea. His sound.