

Westport Writing Warriors
Session in Westport 20th February 2023

**"Told from the Perspective of a Piece of
Clothing"**

Sequined Pink Top

Catriona Murphy



Your wan wore me on again.

Dizzy nightclub was her new spot.

'It was hoppin!' She'd say. 'Pulled about three lads - all rugby players!'

She'd brag to her mates, which I didn't mind, but I had the unfortunate title of being her favourite top.

I'm pink with sequins and my shiny discs seem to attract compliments from other club goers which fuels my owner's struggling confidence. They tell her 'it looks fab' and has gotten her a few scores.

For my part, I've always wanted to be a turtleneck, or a woolly jumper. Something cosy that could provide warmth and comfort while my wearer drank hot cocoa.

And all this clubbing meant I had everything spilt on me - Long Island Iced Teas, Fat Frogs, Bacardi Breezers, Strawberry Daiquiris, Corona (both the beer and the illness), and the odd pint of water whenever she decided to 'sober up'.

That usually happened after she'd have a long cry in the toilets, with whatever randos she'd encounter there.

Her life was a crash course with me at the helm.

And I was terrified.

If I had to endure one more streak of puke, I was going to use my arms to walk right out of there.

There I'd be, discarded after a night out, left on the floor and tossed aside and covered in shame.

I have dreams y'know. I want to be Cameron Diaz's top.

I saw her in *The Sweetest Thing*, and I think I could show her curves and compliment her upper half a lot better than those Lululemon numbers she wears.

Or, I could be re-stitched and re-made, y'know, that could be a real do-over for me.

Be a volunteer's top while they hand out packages to those in need, in the farthest reaches of Africa.

I want to travel as well.

To feel the sun's heat on my fibres, to know what mosquitos feel like when they land and they fish for skin. To be brushed up against foreign walls, to be immersed in smells from spice markets in Istanbul, or even the ocean spray along the French Riviera.

Oh the wonders!

But if I had to endure another feckin' Persil 40 degree wash (which never got the stains out), I was going to wrap my arms around her neck and squeeze.

Maybe I'll shrink the next time I grace the washing machine, that's what I'll do. Then she'll pull one of her stupid faces, wrinkle her nose and toss me into an Amnesty International charity shop.

Maybe a Cameron Diaz lookalike will pick me up. Then my true journey will begin.

Black Leather Jacket

Sandra McCowen



I'm a black leather jacket with silver buttons and two breast pockets. Made out of Gazelle skin, I began life in Africa and was shipped to Lanzarote where my owner had bought me several years ago. My owner has worn me to at parties and on outings. These days, I'm taken out of a wardrobe once a week. My owner puts a big heavy coat over me and walks across town to her friends in an old building in a square of similar edifices.

On one particular day, my owner got very warm after her long walk and she not just took off her big heavy coat, she took me and her shirt off. She left us all wrapped around the back off a chair like the layers of an onion. On completing her writing and reading exercises, she put us all back on and went to her usual cafe. My owner was just finishing her tea when there were a horrendous bang and the sound of shattering glass.

I worried about being ruined but knew that my owner's big coat would protect me. My owner turned around while several of her friends got frightened. All the windows in the

cafe have been smashed. A bomb had gone off in the square. My owner and a few of her friends stepped outside the cafe. They ran back inside when gunfire broke out throughout the square.

Everyone in the cafe, hurried down some stairs, along an underground corridor and through a backdoor into a series of back lanes. My owner and her friends left the lanes and gathered in a circle on a street corner. They all took out their phones to find out what the hell happened and discuss what to do next.

It transpired that an extreme right group had mounted a bomb and gun attack on protesters gathering to protest in support of refugees coming to Ireland, my owner's country. On the phones, there was chatter about people supporting refugees never having to live beside them. One theory propagated by the far right claimed that Trump, Biden and Putin had instigated the war in Ukraine to get more workers into the West.

"They also arranged climate change to get even more workers into West." My owner said in a sarcastic tone. Some of my owner's friends left to go home because they were shaken and upset by the attack. Six including my owner made their way to a new pub for their Saturday afternoon drink. No paramilitary group was going to spoil their day. Besides, there was a match to watch. They enjoyed the match even though their team did not win.

As nightfall approached, the six decided to go home earlier than usual because tension was high in the city. My owner sat in her crowded bus listening to her podcasts as if it was just another Saturday night. She walked home and let herself back into her flat. As always, she hangs her big coat and me

back in the same wardrobe. Hanging in the quiet darkness, I realise that the world had changed.

Blue Socks

Harry Browne



“Hah” said the left hand blue sock wriggling his heel into the most comfortable position on the foot presented to him
“That tie is getting on my wick. So we went to Eton and the bloody tie is emblazoned with the school colours, so what.

I distinctly remember he who must be obeyed used to use that neck rag as a duster to clean off the blackboard when the teacher wasn’t looking”

The right hand blue sock was in flying form and high dudgeon at the same time “And where do you leave the stupid stripy blazer. I mean anyone can buy a jacket and stitch the school crest onto it but does it do anything for foot comfort? Does it me arse. There’s an old saying that goes ‘When your feet hurt, you hurt all over’ So a comfortable pair of socks are an essential part of anyone’s apparel!” He crowed.

The offended blazer, shrugging his elegant shoulders said “I take insults as compliments from them as know no better. What do a pair of smelly socks know about anything, never

mind sartorial elegance, stuck in the dark in the shoes all day”

Hey, Hey, cried the Victorian waistcoat “You cant be talking about other items of clothing like that. Its not exactly racist, or even sexist but I’m very sure that there’s an ist word for it. Can’t we all calm down and celebrate each individual item as part of an overall ensemble”

The Charvet shirt secure in his position at the top of the list in terms of sartorial elegance, smiled his signature supercilious smile and murmured to himself “Hah, this miscellaneous ragbag of ‘Clothing’ wouldn’t know sartorial elegance if it bit them on the arse. I wont waste my sweetness on the desert air by contributing to this conversation. The epitome of such a semi divine state is unquestionable, just refer to our revered former Taoiseach Mr Charles J. Haughey”

The long black overcoat, hanging in the wardrobe and only displayed on ceremonial occasions, quietly smiled a self satisfied smile and ruminated to itself. “There’s something to be said for the overall ensemble notion but the relics of auld decency beats them all when push comes to shove”

The underclothes remained mute and silent throughout the whole conversation.