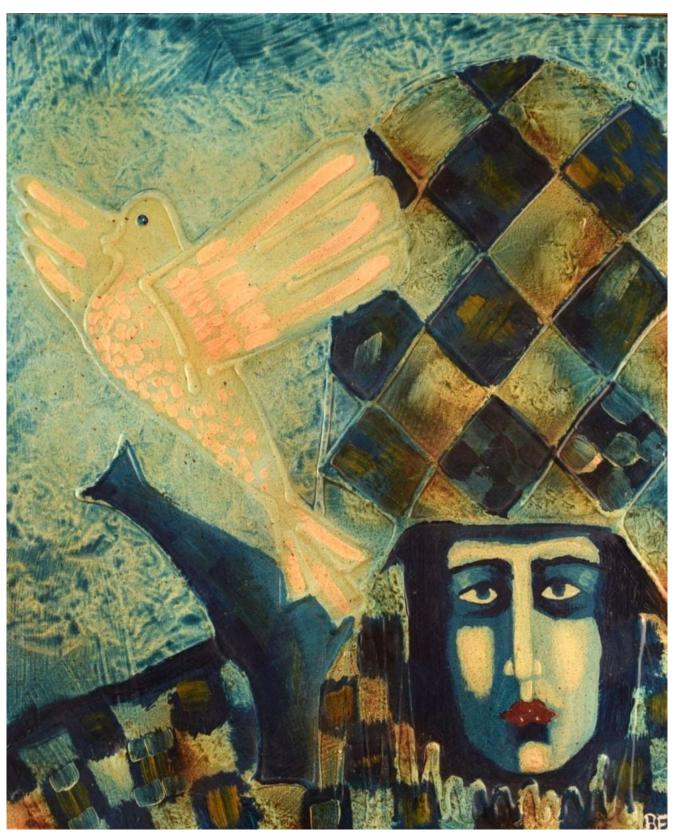
Motley

by <u>Letitia Cary</u> (February 2024)



Arlequin, Bernard Fouilloux, 1973

"Motley is the only wear," said Shakespeare, Of you it's especially true; With your patches of different personas— Twelfth century troubadour, Victorian gentleman, New Malden schoolboy-Sewn together like diamonds, red, green and blue. Sometimes pronunciation received, Others with cockney crass; But neither dialect nor demeanour-Maternal Hampshire slang, Pagan prejudice, Radical Protestant genius-Ever feel like just an act. "Motley is the only wear," said Shakespeare, Because personality is always bricolage; Only yours more eclectic than most— Remnants of bygone centuries, Disparate regions, Rural folk songs-Bound by a golden thread. To them you are the heretic; Brusque, mad, with caustic wit, To me you are the lover; Gentle, every word poetic, But always the artful seamster, Lucius: Forever will I marvel at your costume In all its harlequin colours.

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Letitia Cary is the pseudonym of a writer from Oxfordshire,

England. She takes her name from the 17th century noblewoman who hosted The Great Tew Circle, a group of theologians and poets who discussed controversial ideas with her husband Lucius, the 2nd Viscount Falkland.

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