

# Neactains, Quay St.

*by* Neil McCarthy

*for Nick and JT*

Rarely is Quay Street so clean,  
Monday in rain,  
Neactain's ticking over with  
Slow jazz and crosswords,  
Stout and steaming anoraks.

Here is our summer, our July,  
Without which there would  
Be no casual banter, no  
Sympathetic glances exchanged  
At the door,

No umbrellas shared and shaken,  
No conversations from nothing  
With a stranger shielding a  
Cigarette from the Atlantic,  
No mist to wrap a beauty  
Safe in the shawl of morning  
As we sit and watch the  
Sky from a Spanish window  
Waiting for the cracks.

