

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.

