

3 short poems

by Neil McCarthy

In the Garden of the Asylum

I have watched from my window the foliage
wither then leisurely fall from these trees,
often sat beneath gazing up through
their emaciated limbs imagining God had
thrown me a ladder.

In the garden of the asylum, leaves are
left to decay, growing stiff with dreams of
being swept away; only the watchful remain,
cursing the wind, pleading for stillness.

Black Water

Say the word and I shall become
a photograph;

phosphorescence in the black water
of your memory,
glimmering,
then gone.

Café Hummel, Vienna

She insists on paying separately,
although she has just dined alone;

the unoccupied seat across from her
poker-faced to her verbal onslaught.

He regards me with my computer,
mutters something disapprovingly in

Wienerisch. I try to explain that it's
because I can't read the newspapers.

He explains he doesn't understand.
Perhaps better off talking to a chair.

