

Criticism of the Dead

by Neil McCarthy

The wind has no voice
and yet we listen,
perhaps imagining the ramblings
of a mad man;
the only one to take an outside
table and tea, biro-sketching
the trees and
the letting go of leaves.

Autumn is in a canter,
head held high — it being
the greatest alchemist —
zig zagging the 7th & 8th Districts,
brushing both the dead and
the dying with a whisper:

*Winter may well be your judge
but do not leave quietly.*

Through windows we time
the moon rising, from nothing
to a quarter crescent,
from pitch to pallor;
a bite taken from the Host:
a criticism of the dead to forfeit,
for what is memory
if not a ghost?

- for Irene Szankowsky

