

Weidinger

by Neil McCarthy

for Valerie Melichar

Green cloths clear of billiard balls, sterile
as morgue tables at night —

we could be those rogue agents breaking
in to perform the secret second autopsy
to find out the true cause of death.

This café died in the seventies, its
ghosts keeping watch to ensure no changes;
their favoured tables safeguarded
with a *Reserviert* card
to ward off the living.

The dieners with their silver trays announce
coffee and *krügels* to the gumshoes amongst us;
we do little more than nod — keep
our words to a minimum,
so as not to blow our cover.

