

# 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.

