THE CLOSED LYRIC

by Kevin O’Connor

The poster claps
'A thousand items of cash-and-carry
Watches, clocks, jewellery and clothes
At the cheapest prices you can afford'
To carry away...

to tinsel time. For time was tinselled here
To dancing moths in a slanted beam
Swooning above the wrinkled screen
Of prairies, canyons and brooklyn sets
Bowery boys and old costelloed gets
Bore you down into your seat
A bucket well of velvet deep,
The poster flaps...

the clapered past. When light was here
Covered you safe in the lurking dark

Safe from outside world, stark
Laureld hardy and mickey mouse
Sight and sound and senses trounced
Life was here...

in time-gone time. Now a curled-end poster cries
The flop of Superman's last glide
Founders the columns of Graeco Art
And peels the shabby stucco part
Surrender the city...

to those who pass. But soft, imagine
A moonbeam faintly flickers still
There on the wall above the hill
Hear the husky Doris, syrabic
Cooing away within the Lyric.