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# 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.

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