

Evening on Grafton Street. Dublin

I enjoy the window-shopping crowds
Most of the buskers have gone home
and I miss the man who played Irish melodies
with great precision on the hammer dulcimer
but I don't mind the cracked notes
of "Stardust" on the saxophone
I can even endure the guitarist
who sits on his amplifier playing
"The House of the Rising Sun" all night

We hear a young man chanting
"Born-Again poetry Make poetry
your personal savior Born-Again poetry"
We buy his book *Sheets to the Wind:*
Poems of Canada and Newfoundland
The Tinkers Press blurb says he's a graduate
of the Holy Family School for Slow Learners
We're mostly slow learners Patrick Tierney

If we need supper we can stroll
along the cobbled street to the autobank
and send a beam through the stardust to Canada
A minute later the dispenser
will churn out twenty-pound notes
with portraits of William Butler Yeats

BERT ALMON