



Destitute

My special offers are long ended,
prices laughable
in out of date currency.
I'm leaf-scattered, weather-peeled
my inner mechanism is exposed,
rusting, seized, useless.

They'll wait until my roof sags,
panes shatter, prices are favourable,
before they remove what was
once bright and beautiful,
dump me in the usual place
on the outskirts of town.

My replacement, a spick and span
fast food joint, will prove popular
and only now and then someone,
seeing my photograph on the wall
near the cutlery station, will remark
"I remember when . . ."
and someone else will answer
"Yes, so do I."

Michael Farry Meath Ireland