

Loaded Mind

by Stuart Carruthers

Under a cold Autumn sky
along the East Wall
the middle one of three arose,
while outside it remained the same.

Gearoid strolled into Finnegan's snug
while Shelia did what Shelia does.
As the clock wound down
who was to know?

The young girl with wild red hair
still plays on my mind.
Mothers, you really only have one
despite your sins and mislaid years.

We lost it all when the cord was cut
Yet I dream you're alive.
In your garden of flowers
your secrets lie.