

# BARRY O'DONOHUE

## SCAFFOLD

Can you see the men who've moved past  
the scaffold monkeying men conjuring  
a foothold in space their movement having  
its consequence and its place? Here we go  
to the wall. Here we work the girder  
into its shell. Someone drank too much alcohol  
in the agony of its birth looked into  
suicide a pale window losing its balance  
and its borders. Its dry chasm denied him.  
It is a new art form which enchants us  
steel under every surface at the meeting place  
of all doors a gallery in open air:  
cables boxing concrete everything  
in its own form. There are wretched among us  
(in their thousands asking questions like  
what's that ungainly thing? Is there wisdom  
in this destiny this engineering cities  
rising up all at once with debt?)  
not seeking friendship not compassion.  
Who's the man who dreamed an achievement  
the architect who placed his plans before others  
who've not the ability to vision them?  
Who's the sad man standing in deep shadow  
looking at the string pull things together

the scaffold there above the skyline  
pointing its way wondering who'll  
see the empire turning around? It's through  
the tunnel we see things in this city  
of narrow horizons the steady growth  
is clear. It's pop art after all you see  
the resemblance monkeying men articulate it  
own it. The building is real of course  
its torso reaches out undeserving men  
its sinew.

## PAUL HETHERINGTON

### SEEDS

He sits in his car in a busy parking lot  
listening to a radio programme.

An ant crawls on the steering wheel,  
two more he squashes on his shoes.

It's hot and he sweats.

Birds settle on the bonnet.

After a while trees stretch over him,  
grass covers the car floor  
where wind blew seeds. His feet  
are bulbs, his ear lobes green with moss.

He laughs at a joke on the radio,  
bees hover near his eyes.