

Paul Murphy

FRAUD OF VIENNA

Aus Wien aus Osterreich, phallic symbols recede
To the horizon this LSD day
Mit Fraud of Vienna in the Café Horizontal
In old Wien *mit mein madchen*
In uniform, *natürlich*, "Are you on *Urlaub*
Or here to stay in the city
Of the Founding Fathers of psychoanalysis,
You leper, my friend, my brother," she said
Mit Steffi, Vergissmeinnicht
Staying in the Hotel Mozart, in the stiff armchair.
"I am an Umlautophobe
Germanophile and minor poet:
Hölderlin with a chamber pot
Barking mad with syphilis
Or third-rate manic-depression:
Disguised as a minor European aristocrat,"
Said she to me —
With reference to his
Constant changing of underclothes —
"I am a schizophrenic," my dear
I said, to the American
Heiress, Chicago, Semite,
Viennese, "and Dr Completefraud
Has agreed to treat me
With the brush handle method
Corrected and tested
In this city, possible ECT
And genital grip,"
Imploding with laughter
The sun exploded in a shiver
Mit Tina und Steffi.
Reclining in the Café Horizontal:
Shards of the afternoon.