

Enda Carty

In the Old Barn

In the old barn
with the heavy creaking door
where the bikes rust with
punctured flat tires
and old machinery parts
are stacked under the bench
where the bags of meal
are stacked on a pallet
or open, some meal spilt
on the damp concrete floor
and buckets and scoop
and canvas bags
are thrown about
where junk from another age
ropes and harness
hang on the walls
and rot in the damp
where the small windows broken
are boarded and nailed
where in the old dresser
farm medicine and syringes
lie in rusty biscuit tins:

that's where I found him.
And I noticed the slightness of the rope
the rotten barn rafter
and I wondered how
how did it hold.

