

Pat Brien

GENETICALLY MODIFIED FOOD FOR THOUGHT
(Ode to Albert Flynn DeSilver)

No GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING in my grey field
with *defences* all torn down; still, Albert Flynn
DeSilver wanders round, flicking like a switch
to automatic love-affair in the underground;
illuminating my darkest rooms.

How long has it been?

No warning;
No lonely tilting sigh of a sign, like a
scarecrow shot by loneliness; no dead dog's
shaggy carpet rolled out against the earth
one last time. No yellow-bricked road. No
loss: When I was a child, I was stared at
by a clown who wouldn't smile.