

IN MEMORIAM JACK HARVEY

M.L. McCarthy

(15th September 1942-17th March 2006)

Harvey is dead, and Flora decks the year
With all her usual treasures, bluebells now,
Soon roses. Harvey's gone, despite this cheer
That lifts the heart, in field and bush and bough.
Harvey is gone, his wit, his nervy smiles,
His varied muse, his lively thespian skill.
His brilliant, crowded garden yet beguiles
Our eyes: he's gone, who made it; never will
Handle the trowel nor wake piano-keys,
Nor chat, laying out the treasure of his mind,
Nor contradict, sometimes, one's confident ease.
Our thoughts race after him, and always find
A long, bare beach not printed by his feet,
An endless Arctic absence—the will's defeat.

*line 13: cf. Jack Harvey's sonnet beginning
"My poems at best are footprints in the sand"*

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