

Enigma Grafton Street by Helen Goodman

Ah! Grafton Street!
Stroll North to South Or Up and Down,
Electric in its Style,
Magic in its Air;
No Bus Connects Here!

Bemoan the Mc Donald's, Tech Invasions, and Disney Store,
Marks and Sparks, Top Hats at BT's;
Replace the Bespoke Tailors.
Street stalls a flurry of colour;
Language, pleasantly puzzling!

A hidden gem, quiet oasis of prayer,
Spare a thought for those with less,
Cold doorways, that became the NORM;

Wooden benches on sunny sidewalks,
Shop, Brunch, or idly watching;
People, immersed in glowing screens,
Tourists swell the intimate crowds;
Soak up the Carpe Diem shenanigans!

Facades spattered with graffiti,
Part charm and part utility and functional rears
Stained glass, Mahogany and Oriental Café -Theatre;
Rub shoulders with Jen or Lady Mary,
Bump into old friends, make new ones.

Worshippers of the beat on the street;
Pop, Classic, Hard or Punk...they Rock;
Tuck into Galleries and Wine bars;
A Bloody Mary in bustling Bruxelles;
Philo hanging out;

Hands etched into pavements,
Gaiety, Laughter and Chatter a flow,
Grab the Luas, a Cab or enjoy a Horse drawn Carriage.
Visit the Green escape named after a Saint.

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