

John Mulrooney

## *Delfica on the N Train*

*False translation of Nerval*

*... for Mark Lamoureaux*

Do you know the old god on Astoria Boulevard  
beneath the N train  
and beside the Neptune Diner?  
It starts like this, but it's always only starting.

Do you know the temple of the self —  
at Tuck-Away, and U-Store-It  
and the bitter things we hide there?  
And the car crash overpass where  
the viper's pursed lips utter nothing?

Do you know why the Triborough is backed up?  
How we tried to span it and saw beyond  
to where Jersey and the Hudson blend like smoke —

They came to Queens to drown the gods  
and the earth trembled sighs of prophecy  
that all temples would grow as one.

