

## Poems by Andrew J McLean

### I Am

You use me to remove  
The stains from your clothes  
And the sins from your soul.  
To quench your thirst  
And inspire you.  
I move mountains as easily  
As people move upon me.  
I am holy water  
I am *Ma Ganga*.  
Yet, I suffer and  
Am saddened.  
Like a mother whose litter  
Has drained her milk  
Out of unbridled want  
You have ravished me.  
Infants do not know better.  
You, my children do.  
In my mind I am eternal.  
In reality, I am endangered;  
From my origins, flowing as  
Briskly as the *cheeta*,  
To later meanderings  
Of a slow-paced rhinoceros  
(Both beings now extinct)  
I too am soon departed  
If you do not heed my soft cry.

Open your minds,  
Open your hearts.  
Most importantly, act!  
You must find a way.  
I love you and will miss you.

### **George Was My Favourite Beatle**

I'm not sure why  
George was my favourite Beatle.  
He seemed somewhat shy  
And nice. And talented.  
He didn't appear to put on airs.  
(On the Abbey Road cover  
He is wearing his Canadian Tuxedo.)  
His spirituality felt unpretentious,  
And he conveyed contentment with life.  
Yes, that was it.  
One thing, though  
I never liked  
His big fat guitar.



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**Andrew J McLean** is an American psychiatrist and published poet of both traditional and medical poetry.

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