

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.



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

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