

You didn't care it was a sonnet of sorts

that my legs would even function
was a stand-up miracle in itself
I had been gulping backwashed air
between long deep breaths of scotch
wondering out-loud to the walls of the bar
whether you dare show your handsome
weapons to your so-judgemental-God

your response was not as reasoned as mine
the lower third of your palm thrust upwards
towards the nose you'd rather I'd left behind
and with one buttock precariously balanced
on the edge of an already unstable table
I looked you up and down seeking your eyes
and cried *foul* for one stretched second as I fell

Coffee with a friend

when the water is too hot
the coffee's tang is liquorice
and the aftertaste of impatience
can linger for whole afternoons

when the water is too cold
tepid as an alleyway piss
or the wet kiss on grandma's cheek
it's gritty as the sand in your shoes

I don't know how it tastes
when the temperature's just right
when the mythical beast you claim
sends perfect patterns to the air