

# After all

*by* Simon Kearns

The questions piled up so high I thought I'd never  
get through the  
door.

The ease of alcohol,  
the incline of submission.  
Guttural sounds and spittle.

Wipe down the morning after  
with a shower.  
Redress in last night's clothes.  
There's coffee if you want it.  
Sincerity too -  
no, thanks, I'm already late.

I've been late since last night.  
How naked some people become,  
they must have no shame.  
I've enough for both of us,  
I'll leave you some,  
no, really, I can afford it.

