

# Irish Drunk

*by* Tabatha Stirling

Green runs in your blood  
Your tongue is silver-touched  
Your heart is heavy with history,  
Liquor infusions  
And blood from the past.

Swimming with mad-eyed minnows  
A sumptuous fallen God.

Your honour  
stinks of failed fishing trips  
to Galway.

A rich blue sweater stiff with  
salt and sewn up tight with  
bladderwrack.

Yet, there are times when you  
list the things  
you love about me  
without slurring.

And you draw me into a  
dancing grace  
Not a stumble, roaring drunk  
But a tiny exquisite memory of  
my man

before the drink took your looks  
and teeth and hope.

And the lead bells of St Paddy's  
toll unity as I hold your  
tremored hand  
and feel love that is  
whiskey fierce  
and hangover fragile.

This gutter is our kingdom.  
And you, my bamboozled Fisher Prince.

