

# Drunk Sonnet (for Meg Tuite)

*by* Bill Yarrow

drunk with sweat crumpled into my lack  
slick with sickness crumbled into my drunk  
into my sweating with crumpled drunkness  
into my slackness with drunken bumping  
drunken crumpled dazzling chaos  
fleeting as a sweating witness  
feeling like a crumpled suitcase  
faster than a crinkled winking  
dappled as a sweat-stained wimple  
simple as a crusted pimple  
injured like a misted blueprint  
perjured like a fickle impulse  
tortured by a feather toothbrush  
lapsing humbled brandished cracking.

