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.

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/bill-yarrow/drunk-sonnet-for-meg-tuite»*
Copyright © 2013 Bill Yarrow. All rights reserved.