

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.

