

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.

