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{ New Years Eve 1980 }

Down 'em quick,
Gotta get tight.
“Oops too fast.”
“Don't feel right.”
Better lay down,
Away from it all.
“___ ___ ___, Oh shit!”
“Not on the wall!”
Hurry up stagger,
Into the john.
There's the white telephone,
Fall to kneel down.
Stick in my head,
Talk then to God.
“___ ___ ___, Oh Mercy!”
“Upon this poor sob.”
“What colors, what smell!”
“___ ___ ___, Uhk! Oh, Again?”
“Please God I'll quit!”
“You know you're my friend!”
It's finally over!
Gasping gagging shakes.
Pull up on the sink,
“Oh my guts ache!”
Wash... Feel better,
I almost feel, ME.
Open door to announce.
“HEY! That's Good whiskey!”

As inspired by
Al the dogstone LaFake
In my motel room.

___ ___ ___ * Being any noise
Made in the violent expulsion
Of alcohol from the system.