1966

The Hangover

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Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: Volume 11, Number 2, Spring 1966.

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1966/iss2/17
I've got this morning liquor's pinion, punishment of last night's drinkin', dumb-drumb-numb feeling, in my walking
Of the rolling level underacath me steady side-walk, and striding
In my ecstasy! then off, off forth on swing,
As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the hurl and gliding
Rebuffed by the big wind. My head in hiding
Stirred by the ache, — the mischief of, the misery of the thing!

Brute pain and weakness and stupid, oh, air, air, blow, here
Cool! AND the fire that breaks from me then, a billion
Times told hotter, more dangerous, O! my head hurts!

No wonder of it: manhattans, martinis — I had a score
Of them, and vodka-collins, too, ah my dear,
Fall, gall myself, and out to get some more!

John F. Robbins