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On the Rocks

Katie Keller
Denison University

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On the Rocks

Rocketman sits

hunched over and folded
like an old, weather-beat lawn chair.

Skinny, for he's been whittled
to the bone
by the consistent chipping
on his vodka chisel.

At first,

he's the lonely drunk in the corner
stepping over even *his* limits—
his eyes waltzing
his speech slurred.

But then

something...becomes clear.
Even through the smoky haze,
in the air
and, in the brain
through a richness of articulation
an amazing captivation—
The drunk is brilliant.

He rocks

back and forth on his now U-shaped spine,
to the hythm
of the stories he tells.
Seven hits of acid
washed down by a paper cup
half full of concentrated orange juice.

Breakfast in Vietnam.

Sucking vodka

of the nipples of Vietnamese women
as a lame child screams
from the next room over.

Dinner is finished
and he begins to come down.

