

1992

Odd Binge

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Odd Binge

It must have been a full moon that night.
I guess I wasn't looking though,
there was too much around me.
OXFORD UNIVERSITY.
a room over High Street, THE room.
The epitome -for me- of a dream, Oxford.

Three Young Americans
trespassers
in this room
with wood paneling,
high ceiling.
Comfort yet class.
What scholars shared this space?

We couldn't move, we wouldn't because
we had to soak in all
the atmosphere.
We lived this room
years passed in an evening.

We shared wine
and Raymond Carver
We bonded in the honor of our mutual friend
Owen Meany.

We went to Ohio without
leaving the room
to go to Meijer
to get more wine
because it would be open
at 1 a.m.
Reality
Oxford England.

It was raining and
the streets were wet as
taxis sped by
Naive, determined, young Americans
on a quest.

Nothing was open
except one bottle
that touched the lips
of a man on the street.

Five quid for an open bottle
minus one swig.
Returning to the room, we
passed the bottle around and
regretted passing the opportunity of
purchasing from an open store
a closed bottle
for less probably
and a more comforting taste.
4 a.m. we left the room
and dreamt
of a liquor store.

—C. N. Polumbus '93

Holly Aikens '93

