

Jangling Note

by Joani Reese

The Art of Boozing

The art of boozing isn't just for bastards,
though Dylan Thomas may have argued so;
their art survives though artists court disaster.

Some practice drinking faster to get plastered,
a quart of scotch, Bukowski's liver glowed.
The art of boozing can't redeem a bastard.

Ernest sought out the bottle only after
he left a thought behind each day he wrote.
Their art survives though artists court disaster.

Did Berryman, that grizzled poem master,
gulp gin to steel his nerves before he leapt?
Bradstreet survives (though soused, John was a bastard).

Perhaps they drink to squelch a burning anger
that rankles in their guts, cut loose, afloat.
Their art survives though artists court disaster.

We often dream that writers live much faster,
their cocktail'd rants strangle each jangling note.
The art of boozing isn't just for bastards.
Their art survives though artists court disaster.

03/11/20

