



Nothing Weaker Than Wine

I blacked out just before the breaking dawn,
My glass was rung with flaking blood,
And falling from my grasp in sleeping song,
It rolled across the floor through dirt and crud.

The breathless air around me suffocated
A candle burning for a longing high,
For lost acquaintances, and mirth allotted,
A fickle, flick'ring flame extinguished nigh,

But as the crooked hands turned counter-wise,
Their chortling gasp of lunacy struck birds
Sung hymns in bells that scared away the flies
And plunged me in a vat of wine and words;

And glaring gargoyles vomited up light,
Illuminating acrobatic fools
In rigid, toe-to-heel, neurotic sight
For all to see, exposed by other's rules.

A toxic cloud clung round the pointed brow
Where tented sultans laughed and worshipped drink,
And argued what was weaker, blood or water;
They glance my way and ask me what I think:

Friends! I cry, Romans! I shout, Countrymen!
There's nothing weaker than water, says I
Before I'm rushed away by flooding rain
Into a tumbler neat with whiskey rye,

Wherein this cove they purposefully drown
Their resolute and senseless quarrels
In bright, white rooms enclosed and paved with down
And decorated well in grapes and laurels.

The wine was thick as blood and twice as strong;
It hooked me like a suicidal carp
And freely reeled me in its conquered throng,
My senses dulled but conscious scheming sharp.

I told the bartender that I was fine
And pleaded for my sorry chalice' want.
It poured so dark that I could see no crime
In wantonly mistaking cell for haunt.

And as I robbed the bar and clutched its neck,
The ceiling crumbled and the bottle cracked,
And armchair lawyers gathered to collect
A tab composed of ev'rything I lacked.

I backed up to the shaking, caving entrance,
I ran without a worthy plan my own;
They loudly burst out immolating chants
Of terms for my surrender set in stone;

The fire it raged as bills caught flame and leapt
back out in flutt'ring embers glowing bright
That danced as falling ashen rain and crept
into the howling wind on kindled flight.

I threw the contents of my pockets out
To sate the starved advancing, torrid flood
But, as it lunged, I tried to put it out
And dropped and rolled in vain through dirt and crud.

Scott A. Nicholson

Scott A. Nicholson was born on the outskirts of Ventura County but was later annexed into Los Angeles where he explores the greater area out of a cluttered outpost in the San Fernando Valley. Inspired somewhere between the sonnets of William Shakespeare and the gritty lyrics of Nick Cave, he's found a hobby and delirious comfort in marrying the classic styles of meter & rhyme with the contemporary voices of blank verse while pursuing his true passion of collecting and carpeting the floors with literary agent form rejection letters. Unpublished but willing to try new things. Unemployed and loving it. He is survived by a Parker click-retractable pen.