

That Drinking Feeling

by Graeme Thomson

You wake to the sound
of the needle surfing the run-out groove.
Brump-brump,
a Velcro rip.
The moted dawn thrumming with the song it has outrun.

Wake heavy with the muscle memory
that once these were all of your days:
The wallpaper-paste taste
Laid wasting on your tongue;
A murderous confessional
sealed tight behind the eyes;
the dread plunge in bowel and brain.
The drinking feeling, taking its dues.
All mornings were the morning after.
All debts left to accrue.

You rise,
Spotlit in a cone of glisk,
and lift the needle from its stays.
That song is over.
Those bills are paid.

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Favourite poem: A Call – Seamus Heaney