

James Naughton

**I drank**

Can you speak plainly?  
Plainly about times  
When concrete swirled beneath your feet  
High and giddy, the lowest feeling  
You ever felt

Was it sinking into?  
Intoxication and bitter herbs  
Syrup  
Calms nerves

Bliss or exodus?  
Train cars rattling above  
Hiding behind dumpsters  
Rumbling your body

A-light from the train  
A light in the bar?  
The body ajar  
Lights spinning above, afar