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Drinking Song

Chris McMonigle

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DRINKING SONG

Here's a flying kitten with a broken mouth:
lips torn like a rose;
it frisks while waiting for a dish of food
bleeding a little from the nose.

Martin's chicken lived for months with its head cut off
and was still a good laying hen,
and the river rolls like syrup down its sticky throat
swallowing the same old rain again.

Who's angry?
All that can be done is being done.
The angels of mercy smile across their plates of pills
where the wounded are relaxing in the sun.

The leg-singer squats in the underbrush
scraping out his usual bit.
He only knows one song,
but everybody likes it.