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## Michigan Laughs at the Science of Cryogenics

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## **MICHIGAN LAUGHS AT THE SCIENCE OF CRYOGENICS**

Kevin Kinsella

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Fill it up bartender, fill it up good  
and don't you dare stop until I can see  
the deep brown guts of Jack toppling  
from my glass and onto the bar.  
And even then don't you dare stop because I know you  
see  
me under the table, staring at the underside  
of a mahogany bar vulnerably sprawled  
on my back, belly up in anticipation for those frenzied,  
frenetic, fantastically over poured beads of liquor  
to run from the bottle and into my mouth  
overflowing my cheeks and drowning  
my teeth until my lips, my nose, my face  
my entire body is covered  
head to toe  
with a blanket of whiskey closer to my skin  
than a scar or a tattoo.  
And when your bottle is empty  
just open another and fill me a glass with your finest.  
Bourbon or Baileys? I'd prefer both  
but you could pour me a pitcher of roses and I'd still  
drink up.  
In fact fill my cup to the top with roses  
and don't you dare stop to pull off the thorns  
because they tickle my throat, do the two-step in my  
stomach  
and tear up my eyes. But just watch me keep on  
swallowing  
until my tears have watered a garden of roses  
that are growing and growing  
and in one sudden  
Blink  
they have climbed to the ceiling, consumed  
all the walls and enraptured me in a garden