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Confessions of a Hungover Poem

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Confessions of a Hungover Poem

I confess, I'm a poem who loves
a party and late nights.
But... my tendencies are toward
having a few too many mixed metaphors,
like last night,
and boy do my lines hurt!
My similes bloodshot and glassy
ache, oh how they ache,
I can't open them without my
iambic pentameter spinning around
and around and around.
I can't stand alone without
my rhythmic feet getting tangled
and falling on my images.

Jayna Schmidt