Michigan Laughs at the Science of Cryogenics

Kevin Kinsella
Western Michigan University

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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,
frantic, 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

MICHIGAN LAUGHS
AT THE SCIENCE OF CRYOGENICS

Kevin Kinsella