

Andy Connolly

rehabilitation

It is 8:11 in my bathroom a Thursday
I am a naked Hamlet shaving in the mirror
Clearing the gravel in my throat pulling
The wire from within taught
I'll hide behind my Wyatt today who knew
Existing on hot coals blisters the feet
Just when I found them again
In the meat-market, wearing each step forward
Into last night's night I cut
Myself with familiar awkwardness
Of searching eyes and violent kisses
To adjust myself, realise
That Life's not all drinks deals and drunken romances.