

MAC HAMILTON

TOO MUCH

"Are we going to drink more wine?" you asked.
Permission granted, because right after that you said that
there weren't enough cigarettes in the world.

Blistered feet and lips. Too much Magic for one day,
Walking between Canada and France.
Dinner chickens and pork chops our fare.
Insatiable hunger not quenched by mere food or drink.
"There has to be more," you said.

Pilliwonkers and Picklejuice are silly words, ours.
Copulated adjectives, now reincarnate nouns.
When Billy Joel sang, "She'll carelessly cut you and laugh
while you're bleedin'."
You said "That's me." Who am I to dispute what you know?
Still, I stayed because right after that you said that
there weren't enough cigarettes in the world.

You knew we would have more Gran Marnier and another
espresso,
because we are in Italy, and the Tuscan sun is still playful.
And matches the color of our drinks.
It is Hot and Gold, the way you always liked it.

The Portuguese cantina in the midst of the bricks and
bridges of Luxembourg.
The sheets of dark, brown spots.
It was time to leave when the spots turned foul.
Odes turned odious, and it became Disney World,
for chrissakes!

"I'll try the *piegion*," you said in Villeray.
There will never be enough birds or flowers in this world to
sate you.
"O look! There's a cow," you said on the River Huise.
And because you were imbibing the Continent, I stayed,
with curious adore.

I allowed you to see and hear the Banshees
Because they are hard to find nowadays.
Van Gogh knew them, and so did Gauguin, and Cezanne.
The olive trees of Les Baux sang with them,
 poppies danced.
We, wine-soaked naked and you twirled in hot pink shoes.
Purple drew colors in our hair.

You should have stayed.
There are not enough of you in the world.

