

listening so well to this glass of scotch, messages  
in the midst of the smoke, the smell in itself  
a wonder to behold, sights of the senses  
being what they must be, assaulted, let loose,  
smiling at the lip of the goblet.  
is it this I have found in the cups of tea,  
the shortbread and the butterscotch,  
all of a quality uncompar'd? it is,  
I think, and I like it. just sitting here,  
me and this cool glass with its ice,  
the music on the stereo, worlds apart  
from the world, a world in itself, alone,  
though never lonely; it is this scotch,  
these lips of mine, that do justice  
to the listlessness I find in the world  
outside. certainly the finest, unblended,  
distilled in the highlands of the highlands,  
letter to the palate, implacable pleaser  
of the senses as they sense, singer  
of the song I hold in my hands.  
singular in every respect, waxing stronger  
in my blood and I feel stronger, feel  
like lasting longer for the length  
of this life, a life of good things,  
quality, the tongue quite the master  
in its midst, matriculant to colleges  
of calamitous, meticulous, masterful feelings  
that it feels. listening closely  
to this glass of scotch and I see  
this best whisky's got the better of me.

10-28-82