

Partytime

By Robin Robertson

You were quite the vision last night
I remember, before my vision went.

And I was left,
instead,
with this
falling corridor of edges,
the greased slipway
and its black drop: that
glint of fracture
in the faces, in the disco-ball's
pellets of light,
in the long whiskies I threw back
short and hard.
Streeling I was, and streeling I went
through some heavy gate
I came across –
and left the world on the other side, the dark
slowly calving over me
on the white slope,
on the sledge of night.

You liked my sensitive hands, you said,
but my hands are empty.
I will give you everything
but have nothing to give.

And now: now
I'll fall back
on instinct, compass,
the ghost in the sleeve,
find my way home to a place
so small I can barely stand.
The city has flooded, emptied,
flooded again.
I don't know where I am.
Your door is near, someone laughed,
just around that corner.
Pulling my jacket tight, I went on.
The frightened boy
climbed out of me and ran.

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