

2014

Messy Drunk

Kazim Ali

Follow this and additional works at: <http://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Ali, Kazim. "Messy Drunk." *The Iowa Review* 44.3 (2014): 151-152. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.7542>

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact lib-ir@uiowa.edu.

KAZIM ALI

Messy Drunk

Dizzy he lifts himself unhitched from this shape hovering at the bar
Streams outside into the alley sparkling with green glass and hyacinth

Mixed in an ocean he of blue paint spreads himself thin on every surface
His body opens itself decanting on the asphalt

Inside again he is a ubiquitous charmer tricking the DJ into buying his
next round

He is a hobo on a mission to see the crack of the sun filter through the
dark wall

Day could peel the scab of the night away
He's regurgitated to emptiness but still dry heaves in shudders

He is spun then in a dozen different directions at once
Wakes up on the other side of town, on the roof of a building he doesn't
know

Keys to my place forgotten on some table do you know who I am what
my name is

From three in the morning I woke myself south driving for the bridge

The wheel spinning under my hands at the second light I go left I
haven't eaten

Crescendo down the season marked by the water level and new moon
I slowly

Lap at all night the groaning of sea lions or a minor seventh chord
stretching south

From the lake my dissonant life I drive south in the thick mid-autumn

My senselessness a lucky bell ringing when the doctor gave me the pills
Said it was in my skin and not my brain the blue light pooling in the
doorway

And all my unsaid prayers condensing in my mouth

This morning at five I started across the bridge on foot I forgot where
I parked

Will I find the lost key, left somewhere between the club and the roof
In my mind I was holding it but now I think I never had it, that it's still
at home

Good because it's not lost bad because I'm locked out
I don't want to be lost anymore to pray only for the dead

Return me to the kingdom where I learned to traffic in brains and lust
I do not want the key to my being to be this long trudge home wonder-
ing

Who am I where is my home who will be there to let me in