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The Hang.over

John F. Robbins C.S.B.
St. John Fisher University

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The Hang.Over

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THE HANG.

O V E R

I've got this morning liquor's pinion, punish-
ment of last night's drinkin', dumb-drumb-
numb feeling, in my
walking

Of the rolling level underneath me steady side-walk, and striding
In my ecstasy! then off, off forth on swing,

As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the hurl and
gliding

Rebuffed by the big wind. My head in hiding
Stirred by the ache, — the mischief of, the misery of the thing!

Brute pain and weakness and stupid, oh, air, air, blow, here
Cool! AND the fire that breaks from me then, a billion
Times told hotter, more dangerous, O! my head hurts!

No wonder of it: manhattans, martinis — I had a score
Of them, and vodka-collins, too, ah my dear,
Fall, gall myself, and out to get some more!

JOHN F. ROBBINS