

explorations



Explorations: A Journal of Language and Literature

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Short Song

I might go back to Dublin this weekend
on the sly. A cheapo flight. Two hours.
Not tell the folks. Slip through with special powers.
I wouldn't even call my oldest friend.

Step off the bus on Stephen's Green and walk
through Friday evening's fun. With any luck,
there'd be an empty snug where I could duck
the rising tide of laughter and loud talk.

I'll ask the bar man for two pints and wait.
Across the frosted glass, the shades will spread.
Now, you will take a breather from being dead.

The seat beside me slowly takes your weight.
You sip your pint and sigh, revived!
We'll have an hour before I get my flight.