

COME ON FOLKS IT'S TIME

*What are ye having, will ye have a pint?
Yes, I'll have a pint with you sir
And if one of ya's doesn't order soon
We'll be thrown out of the boozer.*

There are 800.
Over, in fact.
How do you go from one side of Dublin
to the other without passing a pub?
a man once asked.
Go into every one of them.

Turn left at McTurkle's
right at Kennedy's
past the Bank of Ireland
past Halifax Bank
until you see The Foggy Dew.
Then pop into Davy Byrns for
gorgonzola and burgundy.

There you might meet
a drinker with a writing problem
writing a drinker a problem
with writing with drinking. No
I'm not the one with problems
Did you forget
It's a good thing not to be an alcoholic
It's not an alcoholic thing to be good
It's a good alcoholic not to be

Anyway, being hungover
is a state of existence

Where there are no street signs
just pubs and the banks of River Liffey
and banks in historical buildings
that had no money
had money
have no money.

Bankrupt of money and goldsun
and the golden son whose name
molested schoolboys and broke
loose women's pelvises.

Full of pints and senses
of humour, humour me –
surprised to find
I'm funny in Ireland
I'm full of Guinness, goodbye goodness
brimming with hops
and bacteria
and culture.
Map of the village:

Tombstones in strange places
and vomit in the streets.

Panopticon jail, I see all
“sentiment of an invisible omniscience.”

Snaking canals
River Liffey bleeding
from Rivers Dodder, Poddle and Camac.

Pubs circumambulating
twirling in skirts and out.

5000 year old spirals and diamonds –
Spirals the sun and the cosmos?
Gyres of history?
Rings the rain? Diamonds the fields?

Where you find the old sow the goat the swan the boars head the turks head the brazen
head the stags head the white horse the bleeding horse the porterhouse the halfway house
the long stone the cobblestone the beach the ha'penny bridge the gate the village the
mercantile the purty kitchen the temple the palace the castle the globe the cuckoo's nest
the bottle the underground beggar's bush
The auld Dubliner

Murphy's Kennedy's McSorley's McCauley's McTurkle's McCarthy's Mahaffy's
Finnigan's Fallon's Fitzgerald's Fitzsimon's O'Connell's O'Kelly's O'Brien's O'Neil's
O'Doyles Brogan's Grogan's Hogan's Whelan's
Shebeen Sin e Anseo
The Emerald Black and Amber

The Emerald Isle:
One long argument with itself.
Singular in its lack of
singularity. Instability the only stable

in which to house
chaos and flux the conditions of life.
Townfolk proclaim with
tinwhistle and electric guitar:
“Ireland has been
for nearly a thousand years
in a state of disorder.”

How was the gig last night?
Deadly, I think. I don't remember.

Sing drink drink song

*Here's a nice piece of advice
I got from an aul' fishmonger:
When food is scarce and you've seen the hearse
You'll know you've died of hunger*