

Collected Poems

Getting slightly drunk on the Danube

It's the waves that do it  
And the fact that we're in the lock  
Locked in, and of course the beer,  
Zwack Unicum too, Heineken and all the foreigners  
Like me, surprised by the rising waters  
The waves and the Strange Situation.  
Amn't I attached to my glasses? The lenses  
through which I contact myself and my soul.

Is there a finer way to travel than by hydrofoil?  
Is there a better way to arrive than drunk?  
Water is the foil to air travel, I believe,  
though I am glad I do not fear to fly,  
I am surprised by the slight breeze lapping at my feet.

Fifty-eight kilometres she can do  
- I know not what in knots  
Nineteen hundred florints for a beer and a shot  
Otherwise seven euros  
She is lithe, and polite  
Ergo the starboard rainbow.