

Icy Night Sestina

We were all gathered around, we were all
Sitting about talking bull round the fire—
Pit, laughing loudly, talking and drinking
Beer. Near us against trees leaned two guitars,
And as the night grew ripe and as rude smoke
Wafted somewhat upward, I reached down in ice

For another beer. Ah, in summertime ice
Serves well for beers, and these swell beers all
Were icy cold. I opened it and lit a smoke,
And sat awhile silently by the fire,
Until Jay and Travis grabbed their guitars
And started strumming—Not yet done drinking,

No, they drank between chords. Soon I sang,
drinking
Upon pauses. Between songs I flipped chipped ice
In the fire just for fun. Then, again guitars
Strummed, while I trance-like sang. It was all
Alright that night, the breeze agreed, and the fire
Blazed yet livelier, sending wisps of smoke

Wildly our way. Travis paused to roll some smoke
Into a fat joint. We were stoned, drinking,
We were all talking and laughing. The fire
Illumed our faces. Jill looked silly—I tossed ice
Right on her, then she at me, and soon all
Of us were wrestling, laughing, the guitars

Lay there waiting— but we lost our music, our guitars,
When Bill and Robin, coughing hard from smoke,
Fell hard on them. Sobered for a moment, all
Gazed down silent. We resumed deep drinking,
Quick now until no beers lie in our ice,
Jay and Jen went off for more as our fire

Blazed yet brighter with fresh logs. Watching that fire,
We waited for them to return. The guitars'
Sad shards blazed too. When sirens wailed I felt ice
Inside. We all shut-up and lit a smoke,
Always aware this could happen, drinking
Always—as wailing claimed the long lane, it was all

Over. Now I hear guitars and start drinking;
I smell smoke and again I see it all;
I feel fire inside while outside all is ice.