Jack and Jill [Till Korsakoff Finds Us]

Marina Tsougrianis | Poetry

You be Jack
And I’ll be Jill
Bring your pail
And we’ll fill it with ale
At the bar on top of the hill

We’ll laugh and get drunk
And get roaringly ill
Then I’ll slip with a thunk
And we’ll roll down the hill

With your hand in mine
We’ll be perfectly fine
Then we’ll sleep in the hay
Till the noon of next day

And start over once more
And end up on the floor

Start over once more
Fall asleep on the shore

Again
And again
Till we’re no longer friends
And the empty pail bends
And our lust becomes rust
And our livers expire
And we sink in the mire
And Korsakoff\(^1\) finds us

And soothes us

With stories of people
we never were

\(^1\)Korsakoff’s syndrome - A chronic memory disorder commonly caused by alcohol abuse; main symptoms include anterograde amnesia, retrograde amnesia, and confabulation (production of fabricated or distorted memories about oneself or the world without the conscious intention to deceive).