

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 Korsakoff¹ finds us

And soothes us

With stories of people

we never were

¹Korsakoff'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).