

Sex And Alcohol

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a poetic and yet satirical description of the effects of alcohol in our daily lives.

Published on
Booksie

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I shall drink...
Until mine demands are met...

Oh come to mine lips beloved sour sap
More mead to quench mine thirst
Food, shelter, transport and savings funds;
I shall spend all!
Until mine mead tenders to mine demands...

I shall lay with this whore
For mine mead commands
I shall heed to mine loins' senses,
To mine health's demise
And consequences I shall know none
Until mine loins' tenders to mine demands...

Regrets I shall know plenty on the morrow
Now that I hath nothing,
Mine demands not met
And the cycle goes round more folds
Until mine demands are met...

All hail to thee, brew master
Provider to us alcoholics
Thy brew art with me
Blessed art thou amongst brewers
Blessed is the fruit of thy profit.
Holy brewer, parent to alcoholics
Lead us not into soberness
But taketh our sorrows... Temporarily
Now and at the moment of our death

For until our demands are met...
We shall drink...

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Generated: 2014-03-09 09:35:40