Friday night another faux-Irish pub another
covocation of the hopeful, the hopeless,
and the undecided.
We watch the covers band struggle with feedback
as the TVs screen a soundless montage
of great mishaps in motorsport.
We talk shit like it matters.
Strident debate over Best Celebrity Names:
we argue Netanyahu vs Megawati,
Marlee Matlin vs Telly Savalas.
Pop-culture savants,
we toss out Unbelievable Facts like trading cards:
an upturned frisbee holds a litre of beer.
Ninety percent of household dust is shed skin cells.
Elite archers shoot between heartbeats.
At this, we quiet,
try to imagine small acts of precision.
The band plays ‘Come on Eileen’
and we form a raucous chorus
of toora loo rye, toora loo rye ayes.

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