

## The Poet Drinks

Sal Cetrano

Properly warmed, my inner eye searches  
Lovely accidents, curiosities of texture,  
The second sight which impairment purchases  
Of vanished faces in swift, blurred mixtures.

There is use, no doubt, for sober eyes to find  
In the noose's coil, design instead of death.  
Yet, in my power I leave even St. George behind,  
Stopping dragons with the hard edge of my breath.