

## AFTER THE PARTY

*Richard Moore*

He'd sworn off drink,  
was on a diet.  
What do you think?  
Hard going. Try it.  
Up stairs he huffed,  
drunk and stuffed.

Found the wrong room  
up the wrong stairs.  
Let him entomb  
his pains and cares.  
Good man. Most days he  
don't act crazy.

With all that swilling,  
you say, so prim,  
he's only killing—  
I know. Ask *him*.  
Lots of, he'd sigh,  
ways to die.