

He one arm waves with bottle sherry tonight brought out
 as last spoils of Christmas
 one bare foot he snakes in air then slides up back of girl leg up into rude retaliation
 for her play pouting deep stare and sudden stealing of his shoe
 She shoeless anyway feet now pasted with slosh sherry and
 floor ash of disregard her body moving with erstaz despicable
 says offer you acts disgraceful to my mother but both dancers know
 this just some fag-end week-end drollery

She was just through door from kitchen when seized
 dragged singing into dancing
 now shows teeth in open mouth
 filled with laughing that she makes close to his face
 He shouting feral in excess of high spirits
 is dancing and dancing embracing her and pushing away
 spinning hopping foot to foot then slows it down all body rolling
 girl there's nothing wrong with a little dancing blind

He crouches at the bookshelf
 eyes flicking across pixel rows on laptop
 making for the speakers selections that he
 wants to dance to and wants others to dance to too

He is telling of about to go to sea (or something)
 but is not half as debonair as this might promise
 so having turned up alone by most tenuous link he is thinking only
 of can he kiss her and link to leave and couple

She backed into corner of this plain white new build room
 by plain conversation sleazy intention
 the price of begging a cigarette:
 drag - just about - big gulp - worth it

She sits on sofa in middle of room
 maintaining reasonable conversation with old friend
 leaning in sometimes to make words heard
 over bray of these people and blare of these songs

She sits on sofa listening old friend's tales
 picks glass off table of spills - sips - then briefly flickiers in her mind
 a sober vision of how disgusting to party is
 but eyes up around see new friend all joyful and yes will glad stay yet

He standing by the corner lamp
 the only counting up the hours
 will part alone as rest engross
 themselves in debt to future days

He all animation from sofa arm more outrageous slander spills
 not to be relied upon no but the fun is in
 She sits on arm of sofa but increasingly
 He is so happy to be with his friends even almost especially her mild
 in his lap her gin breath carrying confessions
 He over those about splays legs
 of disillusion pretty funny she now supposes
 self-indulgence now consoltations come easy though usual he prefers
 all faux repose and giggle
 and accusing wishes he hadn't gone away
 hard facing but giving squeeze of hand is nice and eyes meet and smile
 with this pile of people wondering
 and then all laughing uproar at rudeness of sofa neighbour
 why host has let us happen to his night