

KIRSTEN ABEL

Late Night in Dublin

You kick a plastic soda bottle down the sidewalk
on your way back from a pub on Dorset.

The bottle spins and clatters
against a curb and a shallow brick wall.

Its sound grows softer or louder depending which hits first:
the blue cap or the clear body.

You veer off onto a narrow cobblestone street.
You're alone. The bottle's sound changes.

Its companionship dulls a little of the sadness drawn
out by the dark and the gin.

You pass a copy and print shop on the next block, still open.
Inside the one employee is copying travel brochures.

Someone else is awake, you tell yourself.
Someone is working late, keeping watch over his machines.

On the familiar street beside the canal, the house lamps
turn the hostel's railing into a string of moons.

You give the bottle one last punt and wait for it to settle.
Some things do help.

Kirsten Abel is a writer from Steilacoom, Washington. She holds an MFA from Columbia University and currently lives in Seattle. Her work appears or is forthcoming in *H.O.W. Journal*, *Barely South Review*, *Two Peach*, *Leveler Poetry* and elsewhere.

VANESSA MARSH

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