A Midwinter Night’s Sleep

It’s Christmas again,
and the party’s dying down.

Drunk and red-faced,
the bank manager dozes
on the diving board,

bending it with his rotundity so
the tip dips into the cool pool,

until someone nudges him
and he awakes at the bottom
of the deep end drinking

chlorinated water from
a beer can.

Tomorrow he’ll service
your home loan.