

## Sonnet

### Clubbing

Dressing up, all glitz and glam. Expensive  
fun, pills and coke, we snort the lines. Stressing  
tensions altered, our senses are pensive.  
Queuing up, V.I.P, all best dressing.

Rising heavy beat, filling the hot spot.  
Twisting bodies jiving to the platter.  
Controlling, repressed ,fools all much besot  
with narcotic furor. Does it matter

to whom we chatter? No recollection  
of name or visage ,or our repartee  
of fleeting thoughts or deepest connection.  
Entwined rhythm, body, minds in ecstasy.

With the final tune we throng, pinnacle  
reached we retreat home. Conscience clinical