

The Public House Rumbles

By Alexandra Ewing

We hear it before we arrive
At the door you hold open like a beating heart
Voices upon chinks and clinks and sloshes and swills and bawling,
singing sounds
Conducted by you
A rumble

Through the floorboards, within the walls, we feel your industry
The weaving of art and intuition with which you
Serve
Welcome
Embrace a world-sized room
With a rumble

Patience is poured
And joy rolled, tapped, lightly on the tongue fizzing with Coca-Cola
from the gun and
So many stories, memory eddying in the air
Lifted in the rumble

Glinting against glasses you carry in shatter-less towers
Fuelled by barrels of generosity and curiosity
It smells like beer and smoke and cheese and cheer
And crinkles the way packets of crisps
Are shared between staff and strangers when the movement shifts
This rumble

Brave as whiskey
Bold as brass
A laugh like a bell

And a warmth unmatched, built hearth upon hearth
Your house rumbles

A hum, steady and strong
Brewed, stoppered, popped with applause
That heart open with song
Worn on your sleeve next to a hand all can grasp
Beating in rhythm to your rumble.

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