

Erasmus
Brouwer

Eating Broccoli

Put on my sheets, it's six o'clock,
the glass windowpane, hope the rain stops.
Alone at night, eating broccoli.
Wooden floorboards creek, the chicken-colored cabinet cries out in vain.

Wake up the next morning, bottle next to my head,
The Irish mist whips on my face.
The clouds outside whip through the wooden door,
And peeks of sun annoy my scaled eyeballs

Make my way down to the saloon,
the female barback has her face up to a tele,
oh how she laughs.
Couldn't believe my eyes, three revolutionaries, smoking by the fire.

I wore a tattered top hat, and a pipe in my mouth.
Left the bar, a tight knot fought against my spine.

My ankles felt swollen, not the good type after farm work, sippin' an Irish whiskey.
I tried to focus on the low boulders, towards the blackish sea.

My mother used to tell me about the Olliphéist,
she slowly crept towards my shaven head,
And she lowered her fat elbow to my gentle stomach,
"It's a large red dragon!" Her eyes widened, and her punctured lips put me to bed.

Walked from the saloon,
Looked over at the Shakerson's lot,
they had a warm kettle with potatoes and onions,
my dark wooden cabin pulled me back in,
down in a hole, time for broccoli.