

the drunk

1037 - the moon is overhead
i'm still going strong
inspite of all that's trying to rape me
this new chapter is like
graduation
life is stubborn

today i began a new book
today i played music at a bar
i smiled on behalf of sadness
i smiled on behalf of love

& the drunk in the audience
swears he's been in my shoes
wants to buy me an earl grey
tells me " don't mention it "
he wants to tell me about my talent
and his divorce
and how similar we are...
he wants to tell me a lot of things

he holds his beer like he once held the hand of his lover
but even with a grip like his
so tenacious
the spirit must slip
the glass must shatter

the eyes of the drunk stare at me with the confidence of a wounded dog
they kneel upon God's setting spotlight
from the confines of destiny's pillory
they sing folk songs of fear
loss and despair

the divorce left a bomb in his belly
that is still

ticking-

like that of a tempo

tapping along to my final encore