

## I WRITE IN BARS

I write in bars listening to assholes loudly explain  
The meaning of life, the meaning of the weak dollar, the meaning of Derek  
Jeter

I write in bars with obnoxious crowds and empty stools  
With friendly bartenders and slinging dicks and boob-popping bimbos whom  
I'm not sure can write at all

I write in bars with lovely Joes and desperate Sallys  
With conniving Pauls and the silent Sammys.  
A band of brothers we, a hapless collection they  
To only be outdone by me

I write in bars wasting pages chasing dreams  
Filling hours with dire accounts of bar-drained lives  
Sad and sour, tragic and prideful, quotidian and ephemeral  
They are results, they are ends, they are mournful in their ignored  
graciousness

I write in bars and anger many so  
Ignoring discussions and interest requests  
Evading stares and craned necks, dismissing wise-ass cracks and must read  
suggestions, all to my loss I am sure they know

I write in bars smoking cigars, eating left-over meals  
Drinking beer and bourbon and vodka and wine  
First sips, ahhh first sips, they do outdo last drops  
But last drops I do too  
Because the way home is long and cold and lonely

I write in bars because bars have written on me  
Their laments and their loves, their struggles and their hopes, their pasts and  
their futures  
Fulfilled, derailed, waylaid, stunted, curtailed, absorbed and superceded

I write in bars  
And god I will miss this life when the day come when I no longer can.