

Four in the Morning

The bars I frequent can be considered seedy.
Yet I am not sure what I mean by this.
There it always seems to be winter. Cold, Dark.
Four in the morning cold.
Four in the morning dark.
The clientele is relatively the same day after day.
You can eat; bar snacks that corrode your stomach.
They make you want another drink;
Another scotch or bourbon.
No one drinks wine in these bars.
Failures huddled together.
Joy isn't a memory or a possibility.
The loneliness of being together.
Nothing changes that.