

The bottle sat across on a table
There was nothing else to see
And so he began to quench his thirst
Though drink after drink and
Bottle after bottle could not satisfy
“Tonight I drown, and no harm will come”
He said whilst finishing one off
I have nothing better to do tonight
Everyone else is so far away
I have no money to go with them
Or to travel farther out than that
Here I sit with the bottle
My sea of comforting emptiness
Several hours and several bottles
Had passed and gathered round
As he sat and drank his sorrows
Too many things to count on
Too many people far away
“This whiskey, here, will cheer me up”
He said as he picked up the far bottle
“Nothing better to do”
“No one better to be with tonight”
He drank his night gone
And when the sun did come around
And shown in on the man and his companion
He did not rise to anyone
For he had no desire
A friend had come by to wake him
Knowing how he’d spend his night
The man only stirred
Looked at the bottle
And continued
With the one preferred
Friend

“Whiskey”
January 31, 2004
~CRV~