Why I Don't Drink

by XXXX

He ordered some strange drink and had to explain to the waitress how it was made.

He had that kind of connection with his cocktails, intimate sort of like a boy and his dog.

Cocktails have in any case saved him from the bottom of many dark wells.

He said over the sound of the band: "There comes a time when men must learn how to drink."

I said: "I know how to drink. You slide the fluid down your throat and you're good.

If you mean alcohol, I've done it but some people would drink coolant if they could."

He said: "Learning how to drink means learning how to enjoy it. I bet you're so fun when you're drunk."

What, really, would I do when drunk? Call many boys to tell them I have always loved them, probably. Masturbate in the car during a traffic jam with open windows.

Tell my father has has wronged me, has messed me up forever.

Drive far away from the city and hope I wake up in a rice field without any idea how to get back.

I'll stick to soda, water, and juice. They have served me well. I am not keen on getting new masters,

do not intend to summon that which I keep wrapped tightly within the margins of my skin.