

77 Words About Nothing

[5-01-12]

by Anthony Van Hart

Cold and gray

out,

Warm and boozy

in.

Conversations jumped as you incessantly played 'Dear Prudence'
and sneered at the steam rising from my cup.

You looked innocent and

I

was the epitome of just that ...

Behind the door, jokers gathered with ears pressed and heads
full.

Someone bought the wrong whiskey —

and now we had no choice but empty it and wait until morning
would wash everything away.

The window stuck open-
did that wonderfully.

~Unpublished

