

77 Words About Nothing (Half and Half)

by Anthony Van Hart

I dropped \$7 on caffeine
and wiped some snot on the veneer on my way out.
Being forced to spend blood money on libations isn't stoic.
It's shitty.
And besides,
my conscience allows me peace of mind.
I figure -
I pay \$3.50 to wake up and the other half of that
goes to upkeep.
That includes sanitization of overpriced fixtures and an occasional
LA-Z-BOY
wipe down.
Gosh, I hope they've wiped it down since my last visit.

