

Sparkler [Trashcan Flash]

by Anthony Van Hart

We walk in and out of bars every night.

We walk out of and into bars every night.

Every night we walk in and out of bars.

Every night we walk out of and into bars.

And every one of those nights-

you fail to realize how amazing those walks -

the ones where we'd walk in and out of bars,
is.

The glow.

The stale smoke that no longer lingers.

The promise of laughs / broken.

Fizzled.

