

Again

by David James

Well, it's midnight and here I am drinking alone at the Stick It Inn, watching the clock because that cute, brunette waitress with the home wrecker tits, Julie, is working again, thank ya, Jesus, and she just came over and murmured she'd be off at one and come over and slide in my booth when she's done and we both know then, that after one more Shiner Bock, we'd go over to her place even though, at around four this afternoon, my better half, Janice, got pissed again and heaved all my shit out in the driveway, yelling I was lucky I didn't hear from her brother, Fred, the lawyer, who'd fix me right up and I asked for what and she didn't say, just turned around and stomped back in the trailer, but of course, she meant catching me with her sister—again—all of which means I'll be living out of my truck...for a while...again.

