A Shot at Pool

by Tim G. Young

Looking at Periscope
at my local
beautiful blonde bends down for
a shot at pool
old friend digs my tapping on the bar
on Periscope smoking stuff
blows smoke rings
through my mind

New waitress/bartender
draws my attention to
bare ankles and red hair
the guitar player
is fishing in the dark
and teasing with
stairway to you know

Seems like such a long trip
to tomorrow and the Dead
ain't coming even close
but it's all right
blue mood seeps in
like chilled whiskey

If I'm looking over my shoulder
the mist of yesterday
hangs across the boards
like Tom Dooley
lifting my spirits when the blonde
orders another IPA
so I sip mine

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/tim-g-young/a-shot-at-pool»*
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If still I smoked cigarettes
I would set fire to
three or four
my lungs singing
for more like Robert Plant
inside my brain sings like holy scriptures
in the sky

If I could only remember what
happened next surely another
song would quickly melt
on my lips
while my guts spilled more quickly
then rain on the floor

Leaving my tip on my tab
dreaming of such a long goodnight
the darker it becomes
the more I end up
thinking about the light