

# The Ritz

by Tim G. Young

After oh so many hours  
the eyes could only close  
only to view a Ritz cracker  
marching on a nose

The cracker was full of fire  
it flashed its flames so hgh  
the crumbs fell on the carpet  
its olives burned the sky

A murky old solution  
filled the party glass  
and only offered confusion  
as to how much time had passed

the hours long as seconds  
the days as short as years  
the months so hard to remember  
the minutes turned to tears

yet there is no temptation  
sneaking as they do  
to caress another moment  
with that Ritz cracker still in view

For in this cocktail heaven  
where swizzle sticks parade  
the band plays hallelujah  
while mixers strip and play

Then the shakers end up dancing  
skating on thin ice

pouring dreams in to tomorrow  
throwing loaded dice

The odds of a fortune dangle  
like wind chimes in the wind  
and live like Ritz crackers crumbling  
into the tonic and the gin

