

Guinness

I'm throttling a Camel with
My tight-lipped sulk.

An alarm blares from
A window of Madison.

I think about my own clock,
But I never took a nap.

I imagine you called,
Like the past four nights.

The air shivers,
Like a Saharan afternoon.

Puddles aspirate as
I stumble towards them,

Sometimes there're mirages
In the moonlight.

© Rick Snee, 2005