

2:45 A.M

The entire place smells
like an overripe, fat
man, snoring and reclining
with a domestic
beer. The antique mahogany
carvings on the wall are scratched
and chipped from careless
chairs.

Wooden priests
rubbed smooth
smile from the wall
panels. A saint
has *I love penis*
carved into his forehead,
what a misogynist. On the floor
is broken glass, dirty
toilet paper, and a red

misplaced shoe. Dried
vomit peeks
out from underneath
several tables along with a couple
of puddles you pray are spilled
beer. The sticky bar top
is loaded with hundreds
of pint glasses
full of cigarette butts, spit

warm beer, dignity, and self-respect,
each murkier than the last.