

FIVE FORTY FIVE AM.

By Rick R.

I've had my share of memories, of how life used to be
Before I found my answers, and a new sobriety
While driving down the boulevard, before the break of day
The outside air was cold enough, to take your breath away
In the doorway of a tavern, to stay out of the wind
Three ragtag men were shivering, just waiting to get in
I knew their desperation, for I'd been there before
Soon the keys would jingle, and open up the door
The barkeep wasn't new at this, he'd been around awhile
He'd greet us each with sympathy, an a patronizing smile
The craving at Five Forty Five, teeth chattering from the clime
The clock's not ticking fast enough, six am. Is serving time
Bartenders move so slow at dawn, you'd think they'd get a clue
That guys like me, in misery, have got to have that brew
He grabs a glass, draws a beer and puts it in my reach
And you would think I'd snatch it up, and guzzle like a leech
But something strange then happened, before I touched the glass
I'm already getting that relief, as I watched the minutes pass
After some five minutes more, I take two tiny sips
And re-collect my dignity as, I lower it from my lips.
See that! I say, I have control, there is no problem here.
Bartender please, when you get time, I'll have another beer.