

Changing is the moon

Walking along a stony path,
I look at the night sky and wonder
why other things don't change as easily as the moon.
Full. Three quarter. Half. Quarter. New.
The pattern of drinking continues until
the waitress walks toward me,
doubled by my happiness.
Give her a fifty and she gives back
a drink, and two twenties,
but keeps the rest of the change.
losing interest in my drink, I begin
to look at the green leaves in my hand.
Green means go, but the cabbie
won't step on the gas, I tell him
'here's the money', and show him the bills,
but nothing can make the cab move.
Except, maybe, the car coming behind us.
Crashing, is all I want to do,
find a place to lay my head and fall asleep.
Or maybe I should take a hot bath.
My body is sore, and could use the comfort
of something warm.
Drip drop, drip drop.
My nose can't stop bleeding.
Didn't notice the pole.
Saw the girl in the purple skirt, but not the pole.
What do I do? Pinch my nose,
tilt my head back and count to five.
One, two, three, four,
finally someone gives me a napkin,
and picks me off the bar floor.
A bouncer suggests that I should go.
I take the advice, and make my way
through the bar, pass the racing game 'crazy cab',
pass a girl in purple skirt yelling at a tall skinny guy who
has his hand in a bucket of ice.
Step through the doorway,
and begin to walk,
not really sure where I'm going.
Just walking along a stony path, where
I look up at the night sky and wonder
why other things don't change as easily as the moon.

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