

Bar Speak

By Robin B Lipinski

Partnership in troubled times, the two sat side-by-side,
At first acknowledging only the beer before them.
Blaring sound from a voice on the wall, announcing troubles of the day,
Pierced the soul of the young one,
Turning towards age,
He said,
"Damn it, I have no job, no pay, my wife left me, nobody cares...Hey! Are you listening to me?"

He turned in his chair with obvious pain in his face,
Yet, nothing did he voice,
Only with a tired, sad, smile,
And then he turned away.

So many situations spoil a mood,
So many conflicts everyday,
What the young man did not know, was the old one was not only dying from cancer,
But he too, had no job, no pay, and his wife had passed only a few months ago from this day.

Aggressive in his drinking,
Young and full of piss,
He sought relief from his rage in the men's toilet,
Oh, if only he could flush it all away.

Returning to his stool,
He noticed the other man had gone,
But it did not matter,
As that man was old and much too quiet, when there was so much to say.

Finishing his beer, and ready to leave,
He asked the bar tender, "How much?"

A tear formed in his eye when he heard the man say,
"No charge young man," looking at the closing door,
"It's already been paid."

The End