***Another Day, Another Darkness***though I had sworn in Sweeney's bar
that I'd find you in my bitter whiskey
I kept losing you at the bottom of my glass

(thanks to ole Mack the bartender
I kept finding you again
atop each amber shot)

what was it I told him that night
as each muscle of my mind melted
did I remember to mark-off the list
of betrayals and breaches of promise?

did I cover all in general outline
or convey in the clarity of footnotes
the height, the weight, the color of their heads,
the socks they left behind,
the weekly tokens forgotten from Holiday Inn trysts?

did I deliver the indictment with rising passion
or did ole Mack ask the stenographer to repeat
my last stammering phrase?

they leave their shadows on my pillows!
I echoed into my empty glass
—ole Mack poured another shot—
I bellowed the Litany of the Offended
with gesticulations, incantations and assorted
masturbations
of a soul too long in solitary confinement

somewhere along the stools
a sympathetic clairvoyant grasped the vision
of my liquid dissertation
extended to me the numbing phial of her perfume

as I lie here next to her
face still shrouded by the dawn's late darkness
I feel the freedom of betrayal
snicker at the hot leaded pain of my tears

I can hardly wait to hear

what ole Mack has to say