***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