

Wednesday Night Drinkball

Bomb the Music Industry!

There's nothing less cool
than feeling exhausted from hours of not doing
a damn thing at all.
Not thrilling to chill,
steal bandwidth and cable, give shouts to employers
and wait for the call. There's a light
shining out from the windowsill
not content to project all day long.
Maybe I could walk a little to the library.
Closed.
Maybe I could do this right for once.

Get my ducks in a row and just

stop talking trash or whatever they say.
Make the bed, sweep the floor, shake the carpet and spray.
Put my shit in a pile, on the top slap a post-it,
"Don't worry, someday your skill set will be wanted."

But today everybody is a little tired,
it's Wednesday.
So at 10:00 I'm walking down a chilly Boerum to Broadway.

And it's you and me
and a tallboy of Colt 45 or Bud Light.
What's the cheapest one?
Get through one more night.
I drink fast, I don't savor.
Each way takes an hour
and at twelve, I'll be gone.