

## Waiting for Marty

Kelly Joe Phelps

bourbon soda over ice, in the basement shade  
got it made, no one here, just the beer man's dog  
howling at the moon heat gnawing on a bone  
waiting for marty to get home.

marty's in the bath house yanking out the gray  
getting older ain't a party it's a good damn play  
no wonder dogs howl. they can see the rider coming  
waiting for marty to get home.

used to be a girl then a woman then nothing  
the quilt is in the corner by the oak console  
the phone rings once a day just like a daughter  
waiting for marty to get home.

blend in with the city and the watering hole  
doesn't talk he wants to think but he can't anymore  
the basement game is over. there's food left in the fridge  
waiting for marty to get home.

the milk man doesn't stop here and the bone is chewed to bits  
stack of mail and old newspapers in the overgown yard  
the light bulb on the back porch takes it's last breath  
waiting for marty to get home.