

Linda King

happy hour

the most you can do

is try to inhabit

the moment you are in

let fate become

the tumbling dice

walk the rough sidewalks

make happy hour small talk

while the lonely man

at the microphone

sings his sad hungry love songs

and the poet in the corner

writes enough poetry

to start a revolution

every word needs another word

no more than this

a meltdown fiesta wobble adjust

wobble adjust bail is not immanent

for want of some magical element

or a transcendental moment

you go back to the beginning

of everything and nothing

you ask for answers

but every word needs another word

and this morning the mountains

won't hold you and the tiny siskins

in the cedars are engaged

in their own torrent

of squabbles