

Wilderness House Literary Review 5/3

Michael J. Sullivan

Sullys

Dad and brothers opened Sullys bar
Neighbors stumbled there not by car
Tin doorbell tinkles
Oh hello, welcomed echo
Ready for chat three men behind bar
Work stinks life's blah, is about par
They share stories with customers
Factory ilk, painters or plumbers
Go in sad someone buys cheer
Go out sad. Hey you had a few beers
Alcohol wipes worries so good so far
Hard-boiled eggs snow white in glass jar
Mahogany armrest comfortable
Burgers ate on round maple tables
Doldrums days require drink
If alone taverns serve as link
Mel's voice fairly calls plays
Baseball brings lager crowds most say
View serials on black-white TV
Prized programs plus company
Some danced to deep platter box sound
Some never quite unwound
People slide toward final milepost
Mirror full of bottles and cheeriness
Now reflects bare eerie emptiness
No metal puck clicks playing shuffleboard
No sawdust footsteps across oak floorboards
No slow moving towel to clean up mars
My blended whiskey mind misses
Sullys bar