

## **Mister Finally Gives in and Rolls the Bottoms of His Trouser Legs**

*When six packs turn into a keg, Mister  
thinks, the world somersaults dusk to night,  
night to dawn, naked as the day the Big  
Bang banged and the cow jumped over the moon,*

*just a sliver dangling in the sky. Yeah,  
the world once so naked that it couldn't speak  
jabbers now until the chitchat dizzies  
Mister, and he orders a third—a third!—*

martini (super dry) to anchor him  
to his stool, which tonight is what he calls  
“reality.” He could say, “Hey, haven't  
we met before? Someplace Spanish? Someplace

years ago? Someplace when my flesh could do  
what my libido dictated, its tricks  
simple but satisfying?” But would the bar  
tender answer or only smile his smile

then yell, “Last call!” flicking the joint's light switch,  
although Mister's watch declares it's just  
10:00? Mister knows his place. This ain't  
it. Invisibility has coiled

around him light as a feather boa, but no  
matter. The juke box is friendly, only  
charges a quarter a song, and the list  
chock-full of disco. That's a bargain when you've

melted into the wall, when your history's six  
packs mimic a keg and a slaughterhouse  
door brags a welcome mat for sluggish cows,  
their days jumping over moons long over.