

Alcoholic Thirst

(By a Dry World)

By Robin B Lipinski

Sloppy grin watching.

Tonic dribbling, gin splashing, gushing, thinking of rye.

Ah, salute the world, raise the glass high.

Sloppy grin solving the world's problems, solving his need, unable to cry.

"More, more," chant the crowds cheering. "You can do it Joe, give it a try."

It started as a child, which is where he still resides, the child he retains inside his mind.

Sloppy grin frozen, no longer the child. Why?

Because his heart became frozen, his fingers open, his glass fell with his stride.

Broken glass, broken dreams, melting ice greeted the dead mans eyes.

We talk about him, but what about her, sitting there grinning, drinking her wine.

Sitting there watching him die.

She too, is broken, slaking her thirst waiting her turn to die.

Thirst of the world, fermented, demented, or pure, why?

Worldly thoughts are not just of the world, no, there is more than meets the eye.

Death too is thirsty, sloppy grin on its face, death too is thirsty, and so too, am I.

The End