

"Battle With the Beer"

By Robin B Lipinski

"Would you like a beer?" asked of I,
An innocent bystander.

Of course, "Yes," was the answer
Thirsty now, thinking of barley and hops.

"Is it a twist off?"
There was no answer as the bastard had already left.

Antiquity had reared its ugly head,
This could be a disaster.

Younger days, with a firm hold and pop,
It would fizz.

These older fingers could barely grasp
As it is.

Inside the sweating brown bottle,
The cold fluid hid.

"O bottle opener, where art thou,"
As if by magic, one would appear.

Thoughts of breakage as did a pirate,
Breaking its neck...
No, too much of a mess.

Fuming and panting on this hot day,
I surrendered to the bottle,
Leaving it to another day.

The End