

The
Laughing
Dog
Strictly
Poetry

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Gin And Post Mortems

John Flynn

I watch movers wheel a cigarette machine out of a lounge
where I played Lazarus more than once.
By the way, I was bulldozed last week.
I'm soon to be a chicken franchise.

A pair of square-jawed snitches in double-breasted suits
use Zippos to light up filterless Pall Malls.
They blow smoke at two dames
decked out in glitter-ball gowns and heels.

I eat my blue-plate special served by fat Shirley.
I like them dames. They're consistent
like a morning-after headache, runny yolks
and a cigar that tastes like the Okefenokee.

One of them dames has Greer Garson's questing eyes,
The other sports gams as fine as Rita Hayworth's.
Neither one of them has Joan Crawford's balls.
Nobody ever will.

Yeah, it all goes away. Down the hatch
with my blue-plate shingle of liver,
caramelized onions and black coffee.
Man, I long for my once bold life.