

## BOTTLED UP

*C.B. Anderson*

You tell me that the thought of leaving me  
Grows more appealing each disputed day  
And that our vows to spend eternity  
Together—moot. I don't know what to say.

You've made it clear you strongly disapprove  
Of Friday nights, when I'm so busy "tyin'  
One on" that you're convinced I'm one remove  
From making drunkenness my private Zion.

We're past the point of useless argument—  
The counselors we hired made sure of that—  
But still you wonder where the money went.  
Let's say it went to bury Arafat.

How very thoughtful when you show you care  
For me by foisting programs which involve  
Twelve steps. If ever once you'd been all there  
For me, there'd be no problem now to solve.

So darling, lift your heart and keep on thinking,  
And I will do my part: the heavy drinking.

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