

FRIDAY NIGHT

David Anthony Fill

Dark and joyless the bar broadens.
The mournful beat lecturing young ears.
Stumbling, mercifully oblivion nears.

Lacoste caps on hunched shoulders stare.
The vodka burns deep, eyes sting
The Town 'Eads gather, an ominous ring.

Stripy jumpers, like Tigers stalk their prey.
The smell of blood, the start of a fight.
Girls scream, bottles smash, just another Friday Night.

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