

Liquid Perspective

Zachary Riley

In the dim lights
of a dive bar
you find the old sages
with their silent leathered faces
fused to rickety wooden stools
questions stirring inside muddied heads
answers swirling inside dirty glasses
is the glass half empty or half full?

A dumpy waitress
pours a whiskey neat
and the empty glass
of an old sage
is now half full
another takes a swig of beer
and his froth-lined glass
is now half empty.

Neither of these men
are ever stuck
on such triviality
they both know
to be grateful
to have a glass
to fill during the happy hours
to empty
as those last drinks are called.