

Highway To Threadbare

Business is slow, the food good and Sarah
laughs and jokes

Room paid for, belly full as I reach for
my smokes

Bars in the back through the swinging doors

Early Times tasty and strong

Sarah the waitress will join me at nine
what was it that was wrong?

As the whiskey soothes, fireplace sets a mood
and I think of long blond hair

The black haired lady is three states away
on the highway to threadbare

As I check my watch, she checks the bar
knowingly we both grin

Two lonely hearts that won't pass in the
night, both needing a win

Terrence Michael Wall