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The Bar

Betty Holloway

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Wedded to my chair outside the old college bar. Not a bar tender, just an I.D. checker. Not a bouncer, just an I.D. checker. Just a kid.

Another kid eating duck wings. Flapping his tongue, licking his fingers, face covered in barbeque sauce. Me with a book full of poems. A book like a song. Me, a musician whose songs are played in the background of a Pepsi commercial.

In the old college bar, bar crawlers complaining about having to show not one, but two I.D.s. Me, scribbling words. An I.D. checker making minimum wage. Me, just trying to get by. Hoping my book will someday be worth a million dollars.

An I.D. checker, pulling eight hour shifts, Making eight dollars an hour. Me, holding the book, I won’t sell when it is worth a million dollars. My book I will give to my own daughter, a kid, a musician, I will tell “Your feelings are worth something”