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The Bar

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The Bar // Betty Holloway

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"