Having a Drink With Jack Kerouac by Brett Burhenn

Lonely table for two--

One hollowed ice cube

Filled with soon-to-be regret.

Then another. SLAM. Another

Ear drum offended

by snare drum beat.

Not like in my day, he’d say, beat.

The audacity of those six strings

to euthanize the Bird,

blowing but ultimately asphyxiating—

But was it mercy?

So much tender pain

in the pious soul, prayers unanswered.

Contempo tempo

rife with the bitter lack of

Honking personality.