

## ON GETTING A BEER WITH THE OLD MAN

by Ben Nardolilli

An hour to kill, he has the idea  
Seeing that you are now a man,  
To go and visit the bar,  
Still smoking, its looks like an oven  
From the outside on a winter night.  
You sit and absorb the laughter,  
Try to collect some of it  
And sprinkle it through the talk you two make  
In a cloud of shamrock howls.  
Patches with city seals on them  
Affixed above the register,  
Make him think of his old man,  
What he must be doing right now,  
Christmas was hard for both of them,  
You nod and try to conquer your drink,  
It's only a pint, but across from your father  
You think you have to finish gallons.

The smile on his face after you say anything  
Lets you know he is gone,  
You can't tell how much he's had,  
The glass has been half full  
For half an hour, but the waitress has been friendly.  
It's like you're an infant once more  
And each complete sentence is something he admires.  
He made you, and now is struck by the echoes  
Of himself hidden inside his creation.  
In the street you are lost, it's Old Town  
And you have your excuse, it's not your car,  
But he has nothing and he wants to give up,  
To go back inside and warm up with the friction  
From the spinning air against him.  
You fight him for the keys and once he wins,  
He drops them to the ground,  
The silver in the road is yours.  
He's taken you as far as he can,  
Now it's your turn to go on.