

RASPING THE CLEAR

A biker bar in Western PA.



Aging biker rasping the clear
Drawing attention to ease the pain
Tolerated now - the end is near
A dying warrior lost in fear.

A face like rough-hewn wood
An expert chisel reduced to stock
All the marks of a street dogs mind
Worn like trophies to wars unkind.

Friends of old obliged to care
Pay their dues with funereal flair
Tells him that he looks 'real good'
Pathetic gestures like gas on wood.

Owner comes by - a heyday friend
Talk trash about the past, of jail time spent
Of Harley's and bitches and glories gone
Doesn't want him loud and strong.

Finally, asks him to lower his voice -
The customers might hear
Said he didn't mean to offend
The curses just flow like rivers of wind.

Bartender declares 'someone keeps calling to complain
We're serving a man with cirrhosis'
Threatens to come and make a scene
The biker denies the name revealed.

But soon, couldn't contain his anger
Said that she'd caused him refused before
When he got home, he'd smack her around
Teach her sense, beat her sound.

Roared off into the night
Six-pack secure on his steed of steel
Rasping the quiet for his demons to disappear
A warrior once more too loud to hear.
