coulda, shoulda, woulda
By Neil Kelly

Could’ve been a legend in my day
Perhaps a mysterious magician
Disappearing year after year

Cock-eyed and crooked-eared
Barely able to hear the screaming

A standing still passer-by
Hollers out “What’s the time?”

Got no watch
Just a faint reminder
Captured by a fading tan line

Two-thirty in the a.m.
Could be overheard

The time that splits the skull
If one is unable to make
Last call

Absolutely no worries or cares
For I have one last
Bottle to share

Sulfuric acid-rain rushed down
On my promising future
And left me faceless in the past
While stupid and naked in the present