

Last Call

Waking up without you
Was just one more morning.

I filled it
By trying to stuff a bathtub sized hangover
Into the confines of the toilet.

It didn't fit
But at least you weren't cheering its victory
Or punctuating your screams
With gunshot slams of the closet door
Which now gapes
As empty of you as the rest of my day.

Actually,
I believed you the first time you said
I would drink you dry
Then call for another round.

I've never been able to leave a good time
Until they swept me out the door.

Dane Baylis

DANE FRANCIS BAYLIS was born in South Boston, Massachusetts in 1952. He has traveled extensively through North and Central America, Europe, the Near and Far East. His first published work appeared in the STONE SOUP ANTHOLOGY, published by Stone Soup Press, Boston, in 1975. He has since appeared in a number of anthologies and journals, most notably, TEN CALIFORNIA POETS, ARTLIFE, RIVERTALK, THE ARCADE POETRY PROJECT, PANGOLIN, VERVE, and THE DANCE OF THE IGUANA. He also served on the editorial committees of RIVERTALK and THE POULTER'S MEASURE. Dane brings a multi-faceted background in art, photography, music, and prose to bear in the production of his distinctly urban style of poetry. His Irish heritage informs his love of the poetic form and his uncompromising belief that everything tells a story creates a unique voice full of wry compassion and unbending artistry.

