

A tiny set of bones

beneath a misshapen mop
of highly combustible,
jet black
frizz.

Hunchbacked at the bar,
shirt half out.

A split soul,
flapping the heel.
A tired mouth
worn open.

Muttering into his froth.
Tonguing out his dentures.

And in a blink,
off his stool
and out the door,
as one of his ghosts
beckons him
to follow.