

## The Night M Sang at a Hipster Bar: A Haibun

It was a night fueled by whiskey, as all of my wondrous and horrific nights have seemed to commence. But this particular moment was set in my wonder years, before the drink caused an argument with those I love, before I became a cynic, before I was old. A typical Wednesday at the Downer, a seedy joint tucked under the brick of a busker's avenue.

\$1.50 PBR pint  
shot of ole McCormick's  
(x) 6 rounds

J, M, and I were well into what should've been our final round when we decided to go above ground. We passed our idols - the poor poets selling tourism, our fears - the once poets selling Golden Goat, and we made our stumbled way into Mountain Sun. Some band who I used to know the name of was playing and M wanted to sing. She was screwing the band's manager who was screwing her best friend who was screwing all of us because of his daylight profession. A publisher. We were ripe and young with fluid tongues and liquid pens.

M sang. She blew us all away until I blew her away. On that stage, with that waif posture and the egress of macabre, her vibe spoke to me. I found it beautiful. During a set break I told her that she reminded me of Joyce Carol Oates. She had no idea who the hell I was talking about and so J and I exited scene.

We're trying to find my car on Walnut or Pine or some side tree road with free parking and J tells me she wants to drive. I had known J two or three years at this point and never knew her to drive a car let alone hold a license. With whiskey veins I handed over the keys.

We snaked up Canyon Boulevard, she hit the curves and exhaled the straight-aways. Later when we spooned in the most platonic way I could muster because she was in love with me and I was not with her, I daydreamed of a lover navigating with the same precision. And after a three mile, thirty minute trek, we made it to the top of the world.

Tall grassed and rocky, we stumbled through the terrain to find the crag. The foundation of the foreground for the backdrop of Boulder. The whiskey we had hours before took effect on our now sobered bodies -

we float against the green screen  
of a bubble dubbed a city in the threshold  
of the Great Divide.