

Bill Gainer

Night Shift

I do the long hours,
no applause,
not even a morning
smile...

They used to save me
a stool
down at the Silver Dollar
Club.

Six in the morning
a guy could get
a little something
to warm him.

It's closed now,
reopened
as a Jazz
Lounge,
starts serving
after five – pm...
Sticky imports,
pricey micro brews.

They got a dress code...

I buy half pints
at the mini-mart,
sit in the truck
listen to Merle,
hope they don't
call me in
early...



AQC

Revolt of the Underdogs



The Saga of Him

The dope and booze
took him too far
again.

They had him
locked up
in the asylum –
the nut ward,
this time it was
the V.A. hospital
up in Reno.

One of the lights
in the hallway
was out,
gave it
a Gothic touch.

He made
mad-scientist sounds,
and like Igor,
dragged one foot
behind him –
He banged on the walls
for effect.

The ward nurse
told him
to standup straight,
to wipe the drool
from his face –
he pulled his shoulder
across his chin,
gave her the finger.

She suggested the doctor
increase his meds,
reassured us that he'd be
alright,
asks if we needed anything.

She called maintenance
to fix the light...