



Colin Dodds

Blue Zeus in the Bar

Babe Ruth's eyes
are always sad in the photographs
in the old-man bar.

On tv, the coiffed and slender weather man
warns of a dead father
concealed in the storm.

The bar is what's left of Olympus,
now that she's off
having epiphanies with other men.

A grandfather is the warden of the bar.
He intercedes between the prisoners
and the hotter hell they desire.

The bar is dim, dirty, obscure,
well-hidden from the heavens.
Who could long endure a god in a bar?

The truth is, we aren't even looking for the creator,
All our prayers require
is someone stronger and wiser, who understands.

When we can no longer find
someone like that,
we must become them.



But in the bar,
we just order more drinks,
and watch from broad faces:

The elevation of the whore
The passage
through Hermaphroditos in reverse,

And grunt our assent
to ten thousand years
of matriarchy.

Wanderlust in the Bar

The lie
is that you'd be happier at another bar.
I too came here looking for something.
But I was looking for less.

The truth
is that being drunk
isn't very different from being sober.

But going is always better than staying.
Going shines like a neon sign
on a woodpaneled wall.

Soon, despite knowing better,
I will leave again, to go from bar to bar,
in and out of cars, not quite nobody
and not quite anybody

Lost in the skirts of the daughters,
scurrying from one pleasure to another,
with whiskey, with beer, with water.



And the buyback, the upside-down shotglass,
comes just when I'm ready to leave.
Where is freedom, where desire so roars?

Desire so roars
as it did to the dinosaurs.
It roars through everything
we are vain enough imagine.

Wandering Gamete in the Mutiny

For him, the women change after long enough.

The blind eyes of the nipples,
nipples like acorns, stare off into the distance,
while the false head jabbars on.

Personal eugenics projects
play out in the conversations
that perfume the air.

Even for the city, it's late.
A horny pigeon
chases midnight's last sparrow.

"Hey Ladies! I mean, come on,
I'm not getting any less impotent over here,"
the Gamete cries out,

He is love's great fool, its great drunk.
He can't tell the bottle from the wine.



Bar Poem One Quadrillion

No one's coming for you
so stop looking at the door.
You have your seat at the bar.
You said you wouldn't ask for more.

And you are always far too near—
sitting between the empty stool
and the guy who was drunk
before he got here.

The cigarette smoke rises.
It's the only thing that does,
as all the fuzzy feelings
dissolve into a fuzz.

The music tells the story
of our ambiguous pain.
The drums beat down on us
while the guitars entertain.

Now there's almost nothing
that you can get wrong.
The bourbon is sweet
and the bourbon is strong.

Don't hit on the bartendrix,
no matter how pretty.
It's easier to get a free drink,
than an ounce of pity.

Perfection or sex, you move
unceasingly toward what you lose.
But you return again to your old default,
where the pretense of sainthood always halts.



You know the man who wrote
a love letter to this bar.
You call him on the payphone
and tell him you're not far.

Paying the Moon

They pay us in rope—
just enough
to hang ourselves with.

The men work all week
to earn the money to buy the beer
they piss into the urinal.

And I know the liquor
is a bumper car that never
gets off the wall.

But the moon doesn't need
much more from me
than this.

Though the jukebox warns,
that someday
it will require far more.