Haywire

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HAPPY HOUR

God created the world
and then vanished into heaven,
Slamming the door behind him.

My father created the world,
then went downtown
to the old Coronado Hotel
with a bottle of Jim Beam.

God still gets angry from time to time,
shaking things up, knocking things down,
drowning and burning anyone who gets in his way.
Then he’ll just disappear for a month or two.

My father would show up in the middle of the night,
smash everything in the kitchen, curse creation,
then head out on a three-day bender.

Drop by any church nowadays
and there’s not a trace of God inside.
Just an old man looking haunted.

That’s how St. Louis feels when I go back to visit.
Big empty streets Daddy used to drive.
The cauldron of our old house, a new family
bubbling up inside.

I can see my father and God
in the now defunct Tack Room at the Chase.
God hated my father. My father hated God.

Shit-faced, they sit there
smiling at each other. Running a tab.