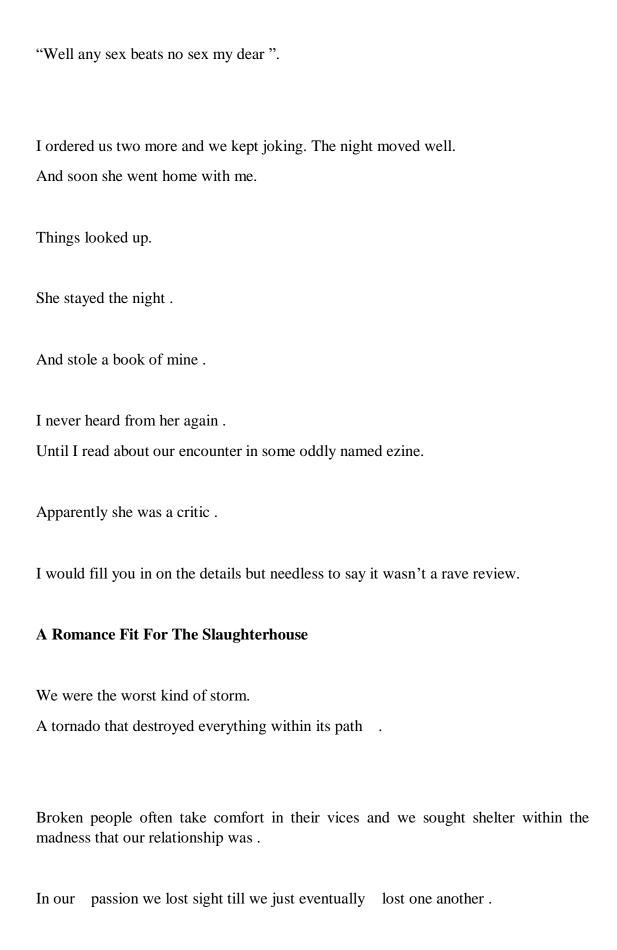
Luck Of The Draw

I believe I had won this battle for now.

| The man at the liquor store looked at me as I placed four half gallon jugs upon the counter . "You know whiskey is a expensive habit". |
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| He said to me looking over his glasses in his usual snarky tone. |
| "So are women and least this one kills you honestly my friend". |
| I replied. |
| He didn't say a thing he knew I was beyond the simple conversation . |
| And besides if I wanted to hear a assholes opinion I would fart. |
| The man that worked the liquor store had been sober five years. |
| Went home to four empty walls just as I. |
| except I would have a reason for being so damn miserable when the following day I awoke . |
| I will never understand the sober man's point of view . And he can never grasp mine . |
| The only difference between us is he was on the other side of the coin . |
| I got a buzz and he just watched reruns till he passed out to face another day. |

| Cheers. |
|---|
| People Are Different Writers Are Worse |
| We sat at the bar and the conversation just fell into place. |
| We spoke about our jobs all the normal kill the time and hopefully catch a buzz bullshit. |
| "Has your writing ever got you laid"? |
| I didn't bat an eye with my reply. |
| "Three times, the first lasted nine years, the last was eight". |
| "What about the one in the middle". |
| I lit a smoke handed my friend of the moment one as well and lit it for her . |
| "Well the third was a editor". |
| She looked at me puzzled. |
| "So I give, What does that mean"? |
| "Well she took months to except me, Fucked me once then just as soon forgot me". |

"Was it any good"?



Skip forward and now we exist without what once we claimed we could never live without .

It's funny the lies we allow ourselves to believe.

With time being the marker and a sunset's watercolor portrait.

It seems we burnt out long before our dreams could find legs.

Nothing stands forever.

Let alone the brilliance that was our chaos.

And this is but another life's chapters close.

Whatever it was is certainly dead now.

John Patrick Robbins is the editor of The Rye Whiskey Review and the author of A Cold Beer Beats A Warm Heart published by Alien Buddha Press. His work has appeared in Angry Old Man Magazine, Horror Sleaze Trash, Red Fez, Blue Pepper and In between Hangovers namely. His work is always unfiltered.

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