

Luck Of The Draw

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 ”.

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.

I believe I had won this battle for now.

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 ”?

“Well any sex beats no sex my dear ”.

I ordered us two more and we kept joking. The night moved well.
And soon she went home with me.

Things looked up.

She stayed the night .

And stole a book of mine .

I never heard from her again .

Until I read about our encounter in some oddly named ezine.

Apparently she was a critic .

I would fill you in on the details but needless to say it wasn't a rave review.

A Romance Fit For The Slaughterhouse

We were the worst kind of storm.

A tornado that destroyed everything within its path .

Broken people often take comfort in their vices and we sought shelter within the madness that our relationship was .

In our passion we lost sight till we just eventually lost one another .

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.

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