900 seconds of...

by Zack Malloy

an evening.
Not of the ordinary genre
Noise pollution accompanied by screams
of ecstasy across the street
And psychopathic minds walking their dogs
Brass tunes dripping elegantly
from the proverbial rooftop of neighbor-like
socialism sprouting from alcohol-based
human behavior
A clouded yet clear mind flowing
from head
to neck
to shoulder
to arm
to wrist
to hand
to fingers
to pen
then paper.
Touching down in a motion
not too unfamiliar minus the
Marlboro smoke
Formulating the familiar pattern of
emotion plus melody
multiplied by alcohol
equals simple words on simple paper
Enough to flow…
…and become smooth.