

Billy Moran Stands in His Back Yard, Saying His Prayers Over One Last Glass of Bourbon

MICHAEL SCOTT CAIN

Our Father, thank you for the bourbon,
for the ice cubes, for the way the color
of the booze lightens as they melt,
for the fragrance that prods the senses.

Thank you for the kick in the pipes
when I knock back a good jolt.

Did I forget to offer thanks
for the ladies? Thank you
for the ones that made me cry out
to you in the dark on a thrashing bed,
when for a moment I felt connected
and your presence filled the dark
till the room no longer held
just me and some woman
that looked good back in the bar.

Lord, let me thank you
one more time for this fine bourbon
and for not listening all the nights
I stood screaming in the yard for you
to have the balls to show yourself
and take me right Goddamn now.
I didn't mean it, God. I was drunk.

This is fine stuff, God. Thanks again.
I'm a man that knows how to take a gift
and God knows you know how to give one.