

When the Red Wings Take a First Round Exit

I finish my beer. I shake the barkeep's dry hand.
I tear my jersey off my back. I sully a reputation
with a reneged bet. I order a new beer, pay off
the damn bet. I let the jukebox swallow another
dollar. I turn on a Bowie record. I tell a lady
she looks stunning. I am told *nice try*. I thank
Lidstrom with a round for strangers pooled near
the television, grieving with their own wicked songs.
I let my cell phone die. I call a cab with my hand,
waving. I wake up the next day, scrape off the night,
start my angry car. I go back to work, the engine,
a revved metal titan beneath me, growling.