

The Drink
By Chris Minton

He knew what I wanted but asked anyway.
“What’ll you have?”
Ah, what will I have?
I answered and he brought me something...
it was twelve thousand years old and fat with rain.

She knew what I’d done but asked anyway.
“What did you have?”
Ah, what did I have?
I answered and she showed me something...
she showed me with eyes that were fat with rain.

I saw the impending thunder and lightning...
they were reflected in those tired and frightened eyes,
those twelve thousand year-old eyes.
I understood and shared her fear,
for I was the storm, and I was fat with rain.