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Bottoms Up

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Bottoms Up

Michael Morse

Bottoms up
The whiskey flows
Down
And warms the belly
And numbs the mind

Bottles broken on the ground
People broken all around
Just one more sip
Just one last shot
After tonight promise to stop

But the morning comes
And with it fade the faces
The sounds, the night's charades

The belly empty demands its due
The head pounds slowly
Words are few

A little nip, a little sip
What could happen
Bite your lip

And the whiskey flows back down again,
As it did before and will always again
There is no promise that can keep
Close your eyes and drift to sleep.