

## A Teriyaki Night

So we're in this sports-type bar for a few drinks  
And to watch whatever game might be playing  
And I feel good because I had my friends and my  
teriyaki wings. So I go for the brew of choice-  
cheap, big, and keep 'em' comin'  
A pitcher'll do, a special on some Milwaukee macrobrew  
that tastes like piss but that's okay I say  
Because we got the teriyaki wings for taste  
And a good brew would just confuse the day.  
Besides at these costs, we can be drinkin'  
All night- and who's gonna stop us.  
I light a smoke and bum three to friends who don't  
and we sit here in a thick cloud of Marlboro  
With our big as buckets beers and then a bunch of  
girls we all know come over to us and we get  
real loud and I bum three more to these girls  
who don't smoke and our cloud of Marlboro gets thicker.  
Now we're all real happy and the beers keep coming and  
Going and Pete starts talking about masturbation,  
But that's okay because Pete can get like that  
and the girls are drunk anyway so they  
Just laughed. I keep eating my teriyaki wings and someone says,  
"Shit Phil, how many them you gonna eat?"  
But I don't answer because I am eating and  
it's rude to talk with your mouth open.  
But I do say later that I love this sauce  
That the teriyaki tastes so good  
I could lay in it, rolling around with  
My lover covered in teriyaki.  
Through the smoke, everyone looks  
At me as if I've lost my mind, although  
I'm not sure where it could have gone.  
and then one friend says,  
"Shit Phil, that sure is funny."

-Philip Dawalt