Hot Dog Bun

By John T. Wurzer

(Key of C)

February in Midtown Manhattan, I ordered a hot dog on a bun

Ice cold beer, crowded bar, and but still life has lost its fun

Winding back through foggy trails of cobwebs in my mind

Another attic of confusion looking for an exit sign

Piece of work, soda jerk, right brain, left my dreams

Shadows of where the past becomes the way the future seems

Roast beef to the left of me, pickle on my right

Grilled cheese there across the bar, incandescent light

Noisy and amusing, all this motion makes me down

Snow outside, sidewalks slide, while I’m trying to slow down

Juniors, seniors, in-between-ers, lined up in a row

Everyone is eating in, because it’s much too cold to go

Outside where snow is melting on a sidewalk cold and dead

Still keeps falling trying to collect in a city that’s lost its head

Everything is “on” here and I cannot turn it off

I walked in without a cellphone and I could hear my conscience cough

February in Midtown Manhattan and I’ve finished my first beer

I miss you more than ten minutes ago and still my hot dog isn’t here.