Hotel Bar Part 7

Poem – No Accompaniment - By John T. Wurzer

Hotel bar, black granite, cold and harder

Wonder where you’ve gone, my muse in scarlet

Wonder if the sky has lost a star

Wonder if the night has lost a harlot

I remember a cold and damp October night

Begging for a chance to finally speak

Soaking in a hot tub or a fountain

A memory once sealed tight begins to leak

Leaking from a faucet in my conscience

Squeaky wet and subtle as it flows

Broken like a dirty warehouse window

Dying while the poison ivy grows

Once upon a time dark frozen nightmares

Whispered that true love had fallen apart

Demons skulked through shadows in the alleys

Of a worn out crippled weak and dying heart

Hotel bar is itching at my ankles

Like a pair of gray wool winter socks

Seems the night is over, house lights shining

Something’s ticking, sounds like a wind up clock

Corks inside the bottles, wine half finished

Wondering when next it will be poured

I’m standing on the dock, but my ship has sailed now

And I never even heard the “all aboard”

Hotel bar is where it all once started

Many years ago when I was young

Cold and dark black granite in the moonlight

Years once wound so tight, are now undone.