

Smiley

Smiley's been
leaning
against the wall
too long
holin' up the worl'
he says
but all he really holds
is his palm-warmed Bud
in a brown paper sack,
the sum of his interminable
days and nights
imbued with the memory of the ghost
he drowned in a tumbler
and the rattling genie in the bottle
who threatened him once with a blade
before that spinning reflection
of his face got trapped
in the smeared chrome hubcap
of a passing Cadillac.

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