

## Bar Scene: Lament for Youth

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*David W. Ullrich*

Young men lean into smoke, 4/4 time, and alcohol  
so unnervingly clean and polished.  
I think of Hannibal's army before the Alps,  
the thrill and despair of snow  
melting in soft, astonished mouths.

And when they dance,  
when lithesome young women  
wrap themselves like lace around earnest awkward men,  
I feel myself falling in love  
with the infinite, skidding night,  
her warm, insistent kisses,  
my clothes at the lip of a pond.

Glorious, sexy youth,  
come back to me, slowly,  
like smoke rising from beneath the floorboards;  
haunt this rumpled plug of flesh  
until the moon's smokey music shoulders me gently,  
and dangerous rhythms blaze in my snow-packed heart,  
and I spin out onto the musical floor, dizzy and alive.