

Rise And Shine!

She could have told me: “Cut the chitchat”, or “Stop chatting and fly—disappear”!

She could have added: “The cheaper the guy, the faster he goes! the quicker he'll offer himself.”

But she didn't.

“Well...” Ahem! “Now you're talking, darling”, I would have said her back.
(*Or would I have said it, like an answering machine?*)

At the end of the bar, the lonely one is not much of a good drinker.
— *Her name is Sally.* (Sally is lost.)

Sally'll probably be drunk with the first three sips.
— *She weeps silently*, in deep, dark, and secret sobs.

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With her head tilted to the side and her chin slightly raised, she mumbled. (*She muttered.*) “I know how I feel I just want to be near you.” She picked up her glass (*her glass*), a parabolic glass.

“*To your health!*”, she declared to the mirror facing her.

She mumbled. (*She muttered.*)

“I know how I feel I just want to be near you.” She picked up her glass (*her glass*), a parabolic glass.

“*To your health!*”, she declared to the mirror facing her. Humor is the last rose to bloom on the bush of despair.

She blinked, her gaze piercing. For now, Sally think, boring doesn't sound so bad.
(*Boredom doesn't seem so terrible to me either.*)

I'm an accurate drinker, so I shot. (*A fake shot. A blank one.*) “*Cheers,*” I told her. My smile was broad, *hers was bitter.*

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Haha!

Haha!, You're the dumbest guy I've ever met, but I like your circling motion, she replied.

“*Was I good enough at your taste*”, I insisted. “*Did I live up to your expectations?*”
“Oh Yeah!” ... “You outlid yourself, dude...”

And she left, I never saw her again. In the blink of an eye, just long enough to restock my olives and peanuts, *she was gone.* I never saw her again. *Never.*

(The prelude was brief, the preliminary vanished into vanity, *my own.*)

Tonight, I'll go back to my shack, like a real bastard.
(*A smooth bastard.*)

Ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!!

Ooh!! Ooh!!

(*A smooth bastard.*)