



#### ON HANDS & KNEES

When I was 17  
a friend & I downed  
a pint of Four Roses  
in the men's room  
of a park. When we  
ran out of matches  
for our cigarettes  
I crossed a highway  
to a little cafe.  
On my way back  
the whiskey hit me.  
I felt like I was  
living Red Skelton's  
drunk act. One step  
forward, three back.  
I couldn't get across  
the highway. Finally,  
eyes squeezed shut,  
I crawled across.