

## **sorrel sorrow**

**by Maisie Gervais**

there he sits  
on a breathless Friday night  
and will continue to stay perched  
for the many more to come

swirling  
a lugubrious liquid  
he watches it lick  
the sharp edge  
that rims his glass

upon a grasp  
it's well on its way past his  
lips

it now glistens on  
his tongue until  
it slips

down  
into the crevice of  
glum  
nostalgia he nurses  
with rum  
after rum  
until it's done

and then  
until morning come  
he'll ask for another  
and another and  
another one