

The Back Alley Casino

THE HORNS ARE THE SYMPHONY OF THE STREET,
BUT NO SIGNS OF A PARADE ARE APPARENT.
ARE THESE THE SOUNDS THAT DRAW ME CLOSER?
MOVING MY FEET TO THE MELODY,
THE SOMBER HUES COMPLEMENT THE DREARY ALLEYS.
BACK AGAIN I KEEP COMING,
JUST TO SHAKE THINGS UP.
EVER SO VIGILANT OF MY SURROUNDINGS,
ALONGSIDE MEN AND WOMEN WITH SIMILAR INTENTIONS.
INTENSELY GAZING AT THE CONCRETE,
WISHING FOR A BETTER FUTURE.
WILL I ARRIVE AT A PARALLEL CONCLUSION?
I'D LIKE TO THINK NOT,
HOWEVER I'M NOT THE ONE TO COMPLAIN.
IT'S THE THIRD TIME I'VE FORFEITED,
ABOUT FIVE IN THE MORNING
AND I'VE STILL GOT AROUND SIXTY TO SPARE.
PERHAPS I'LL LOSE IT ALL BEFORE I LOSE MYSELF,
OR IS THAT WHAT WE ALL LIKE TO SAY?
THE MORE I REPLAY EACH SCENARIO,
THE CLEARER THE LINES BECOME
BETWEEN THE WINNERS AND LOSERS,
DEALERS AND SHOOTERS.
IT MAY AS WELL BE CRYSTAL.
EVEN IF I WERE TRIUMPHANT,
WE BOTH KNOW I'LL RETURN ONCE MORE.
JUST FOR THE THRILL.
JUST FOR THE FIX.

by C.A.