

In Celebration

When I remember Fuck-Me-Friday,
friends pour margaritas down my throat
while I drunkenly warble *The best*

part of waking upppp is Folgers
in your cupppp! to the Russian guy
down the hall. No hesitations, just

tumbling down stairs, my Marlboros in tow.
We'll smoke cigarettes for every overdraft,
research paper, doctor appointment while

unemployment looms, one loan per shot.
I focus on nothing except pals lounging on
couches, someone throwing a bottle and

one frozen moment where I realize
this is now, this is now....
I will never let it go.