



Black Dog

Oxford gin clouds my judgment, imposing itself on my thoughts.
Memories whisper the reasons.

Excuses.

I've been here before; this, a sequel to a former life tinged with
disappointment, loss.

A song impinges, resonates, Joan Baez.

'We all know what memories can bring, they bring diamonds and
rust...' It's coming from a trendy coffee shop. I may go in, read the
newspaper, peddle the lie that everything is fine.

Maybe it is.

Things can seem different post caffeine.

Someone is holding the door open for me. I step through as though it
was a portal to another world.