

Tonight's Scenes from the Local

Ya, another somewhat drunken, unedited Track Wreckard.

It is raining hard tonight and I should drive to my local fav in my car, but I must keep with tradition and travel by foot. Besides, who wants to drink and drive when it's not 100% necessary? Ohhh, I can hear Mothers Against Drunk Driving...Hell yes, I think I'll do the dot dot dot (...) thing tonight...I start my trek using an umbrella to shield my ever so handsome face from the dropping droplets of water...I do not like using an umbrella, but it's plainly raining too hard even for this short eight minutes walk...As I approach the pub, I ditch the umbrella in a bush because I really do not feel like carrying the bah'sterd around with me...I walk along the front of the pub and can tell it's packed. There are no empty parking spots on the street and the lot looks full. And, even worse, the front porch is full of people. Damn, I wanted to porch it tonight too...Inside, the place is purdy well jammed. Not an empty seat to be found...I weasel my way up the bar and get my arse a pint of Smithwick's. I take a few gulps and pour the rest in a plastic cup, which you must do in order to drink on the porch. I sneak down the narrow path between pointing knees and plant it in a seat at the end of the porch. Well, not really the end, but the end of the porch along the front of the pub, before it turns and runs along the side of the place... And I sit...And I drink my pint...Watching only the passing traffic... Nothing happened. Nothing happened so much, the only thing I noted was the noise being made by a presumably close by insect. This thing was making it's noise so loud, it could be heard over the passing traffic and music blasting through the pub's open door...I return into the pub to fetch another pint and overhear just about everyone in the place discussing how a town employee rolled, as in flipped, a steamroller. I heard about this story the day before and wonder just how does one roll a steamroller? But, the guy did it and it is the talk of the town like nothing else in the world happened...I return to my beloved seat and sit and watch traffic drive by...I notice three girls crossing the street in front of my, but not because they're girls. Rather because of their hair: all three girls have their hairs formed into cones, like SNL's The Coneheads. It looks kind of freaky. When I walked past the high school on the way to the pub, I noticed the parking lot full of cars, so something was going on at the school. Perhaps these girls, who appeared to be of high school age, were there and the hair is a school spirit deal. The girls reach the sidewalk and stop right in front of me. The porch railing run just beneath the girls chins. They stop and look at me as if either waiting for me to comment on the hair, or drumming up the courage to ask me to buy them beer. We lock looks. They all giggle and disappear into the rain...I've me the porch all to myself for a while, until a guy turns the corner and stand right next to me. Dude! The entire porch and you just have to stop right next to me. The guy is wearing a cowboy hat and a large belt buckle. He finally walks by me and I see on the back of his shirt the flag of Brazil. He walks into the pub and maybe three minutes later, walks out and leaves. He's wearing way too much cologne...Inside the pub, the band has taken a break from their typical classic bar rock to sing happy birthday to one of the pub's owners...Across the street I see a war memorial and because today is Sept 11, the flag is flying half mast. Between Sept 11 and the death of Ted Kennedy, flags in Massachusetts have been flying low more than not lately. I never and will never understand this silly tradition of flying the flag half mast when someone of note dies. If I were to ever reach such a position of my death warranting the half mast flag, I would not want that. Let that American flag fly, baby...A car drives by with a giant dog sticking his head out the window. The dog looks like a cow... Two older gentleman leave the pub with leftovers and both are swearing up a blue streak as they walk past me. The swears offer nothing to their conversation. Just extra words...Two women exit the pub and sit near me. One is older, maybe 50, and the other is younger, mid 20s I'd guess. They sit and light up. The older one says to me, "hey, you were sitting there when we went in." I simply smile and shake my head yes. The younger girl, who looks very familiar to me, exchanges pleasant-

ries with me. A few minutes later, the band start a new song and the girl says, "hey, this is my wedding song! I'm getting married to this song." I do not know the song, but it sounds like it belongs in a Disney movie...The two women leave and another older woman plants next to me. She's around 60 and is one chatty woman. We talk for about 15 minutes. Who knew I could be social...I return to the bar for another pint. While waiting, I notice a guy who I see a lot here though I've never spoken a word to the guy. He looks different and that's because he has no moustache. His upper lip looks oddly huge...Back on the porch, I see a woman drive by who I kind of know. From a distance, the woman is smoking hot. However, upon closer inspection, she's not as hot as the distance led you to think. I've seen this woman probably once a day for the past six years and just really talked to her about two weeks ago. I had run into her at another bar and she was dressed to kill, as if in 1989. She wore shortie shorts with dangling threads and cowgirl boots. She looked fresh out of a Bon Jovi video, circa "You Give Love a Bad Name." Still she seems very nice...While sitting here tonight, I've learned that everyone is annoying and either has a giant fat ass or no ass at all...A bunch of people exit the bar to smoke and do so right next to me. Every wisp of smoke finds its way right into my eyes. I get up and move down along the side of the porch, right near the kitchen door. While waiting for the smokers to leave, one of the pub's cooks comes out for a break and we talk for ten or so minutes...I return to my seat out front and watch a guy, who is either a painter or plasterer, walk up to his room above the pub...Yowza, here comes the rain. Yes, The Cult rules...Out of nowhere, I am reminded how earlier in the day I boiled a few eggs and stuck them in a bottle of pepperoncini vinegar. I can not wait until they be ready...Down the other end of the bar, the band and others are smoking. There are some fans of the band fawning over them. Give me a fucking break. They're only a cover bar band. God! Yes, they have more musical talent than me, but still...A few Track Wreckards ago, I wrote of an older gentleman with a very distinguished sounding voice. Well, he is now sitting next to me talking with the pub's owner (not the birthday one). He has obviously enjoyed a few too many and that distinguished voice is no more. The two are having a deep talk...Feeling uncomfortable being able to hear the talk, I go inside and sit at the bar. The band has abandoned the classic rock and now play alternative music. I am guessing they made this change due to the older folk leaving while younger folk arrived. Have to give them credit for changing. At the moment, the band is playing that "Woohoo" song by Blur and there's an old guy up there dancing like a madman, and doing a pretty good job...I hear a lady talk crap with the barkeep about a drink being disgusting because it wasn't chilled. I have no idea what drink she is referring too, but she's just flying off the handle. The barkeep keeps his cool, but finally tells the woman to fuck off. Good for him...I order one last pint of Smithwicks, but the barkeep returns with that pint and a pint of Guinness and tells me the Guinness is on the house...I double fist it out to the porch...A few minutes later, a group of women sit near me and talk about men. It's an interesting conversation and a perfect way to end my visit... While walking home, I realize I should not have downed those two last pints so quickly. I am feeling it...I walk home and make several stops to tack copies of a poem I wrote to telephone poles. I wonder if I am too old to be doing this...

Ok, here is some empty space that shall remain empty. Thank you, Smithwicks.