



2:50 A.M.

by TOM CASTIGLIONE

Sinking into the couch
Holding a cigarette and a phone in hand
Cans on the floor
Bottles on the table
Ashes in a cup besides a deck of cards
The music has changed
No more Girl Talk, 3-6 or AC/DC
The mood has different, mellowed
No more upbeat tempos and dance parties
Something a bit on the ambient side?
How about some Jesu?
I'd rather hear some Rod Stewart right now
Throwing playing cards at each other
Talking about the line we waited in
That girl with the tramp stamp
And the stretch marks on the butterfly wings
Finding out who thinks who is pretty
Arguing about which movie series is better
Chewbacca, Mad Max and who would win in a boxing match
Late night phone calls to girls
Friends in other schools and at home
Finding out what happened to the others
Our professors with ties too long and dresses too short
That time he forgot to erase his internet history
As the cigarette burns down to the filter
Throwing the butt into the cup
Cracking open another beer
Asking if anyone else has a lighter
Bumming another smoke
Waiting for breakfast to start being offered
Only to forget what time it is once again.

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