

"UNSTEADY" by [Ross White](#)

Hope staggers in like a drunk
to the last bar open. Lays down a five
and groans *However much can this get me.*
Reeks of cigarettes and bleach.
God, he is uneven and shaky
but his eyes are steely jade,
his pulse throbs sweetly
above his eyelid. The crowd
thins quick when the news
comes on, but I'm swooning
by the jukebox as another country
crooner belts out woes. Hope
flicks a Zippo, can't get it to light.
He keeps trying. I like that about him.