

The First One's Always Free

an
old
writer

sat across the
table

and looked
at
me

from
the
top of his glass

and said,

“you ‘ll,
never
make it,
kid

your stuff
is too
sentimental

you’ve
got to
let
go

just
let go
of all that
pain

stop crying
into
your beer

and
catch
the
first
t
r
a
i
n

home

and be
come
whatever
your old man

wants you
to be '

and I
looked
at
h i m

then
got up
to leave

and as
I
w a l k e d
out

he said,
"I
just saved
your life"

for
he knew
I understood

but would
never
listen.