

## Liquor's Got a Grip

Liquor's got a grip on 'im,  
a friend used to say.  
No doubt about it,  
liquor's got a grip on 'im!

And Tom Pitcher was an alkie,  
with a depressing wretched odor  
of barely metabolized alcohol.  
Beer, whiskey, at the end, white wine.

In winter blasted Stockholm  
plaques of ice spin in the channels,  
stack in scales at the city's shores.  
Snow clings to the very edges of buildings.

Heavily coated fishermen on stone steps  
cast fantastic flies above determined salmon.  
One boy has ancient bamboo rod, backcast unfurls.  
I haven't thought of Tom for years, why here?

The Vasa ship, sunken Kingly Swedish folly,  
glycol soaked red oak timbers  
reek while bus loads of tourists  
ponder faint traces of ancient paint.

Green busses are fueled with ethanol,  
some of it from cheap Spanish red wine.  
I stand in the odd fumes of departure,  
thinking, that bus is just the wrong color.

Poor dead cynical Tom would have loved this:  
A boat so loaded with vanity that it sank,  
riches of red wine squandered on busses.  
Stockholm, Stockholm. What magnificent waste!