

This Bud's For You

You know how you get to heaven?

The stranger from about ten feet up the bar asks.

No.

I casually reply

You die

He says, as I hear the familiar Brooklyn sound of a blade switching open

Oh that part

I say, smashing my long neck Budweiser on the bar

I thought you were talking about prayin' or somethin'

which by the way you better start doin'

He smiles

undeterred by my bravado bluster

He is quick

But I have kicked a barstool at him

And his inexperience shows

when he looks down at it

It is always

the amount of blood

that comes from a facial wound

that scares those who have never seen it up close

And although he

most assuredly

had the upper hand

he heads running for the door