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PETE ROSE AND A BOTTLE OF CHEAP MERLOT

gary lundy

last night i drank
a bottle of cheap merlot
the kind of wine connoisseurs
would never touch
would shudder and blush
the kind of wine
a guy like me should drink
would drink
which is fine
because i'd never be able
to afford their wine
never mind popping
the cork on that bottle
of expensive red wine
then sticking lips and tongue
on the glass to drink it
good wine like good money
in my hands
are soon partying so why
go all that way even

last night i drank
a bottle of cheap merlot
the wine thing started
because i love a woman
who loves a man
who wants to hurt me
so he says
because i love a woman
who loves him
give her things
so i lift the glass
and drink this bottle
of cheap merlot
sorting through brain cells

determining guilt
or innocence and in that way
sending those guilty
bastards to the guillotine
i mean no sense
killing the good fucking brain cells
when there are always those
criminal cells just loaded enough
to honestly answer yes or no
and i feel pretty damn good
closing in on this bottle
of cheap merlot
my arms and legs and lips
weak with pin needles
it's all cool

then i'll be damned
but steven seagal pounds
on the door
and i'm here to tell you
when steven seagal pounds
on your door
you better not ignore it
i mean i've seen
enough of his movies
to know he can damn well
kick a door off
its hinges i mean kick
a door in real easy like
so him pounding and me
stumbling up off the red sofa
not wine red
but bright bloody nose red
stumbling off the red sofa
i knock the damn bottle
of cheap merlot
over and my dog
the one i dance with
all the time

beats my tongue to the floor
and begins lapping
the wine up so
i settle the bottle upright
and kick him under the chin
which makes him
grin and whine like
the best dog he is

and i realize something
truly amazing is taking place
i mean something
miraculous like water
into wine is happening
i'm steven seagal
and i'm right this minute
daring a gaggle of guys
to attack knowing
i can slap them silly
i mean slap the shit
out of each one
on my knees
my left hand behind my back
i'm steven seagal
and the last guy
left standing has a knife
he has a fucking sharp knife
but it's all good
as they now say
because i'm cool and
steven seagal is cool
and i clean up my living room
with remnants of guys
derelict catholics
or mormons or something
given to the dark side
ralph nader

HARPUR PALATE

no one finally gets hurt
but i feel better
i mean i feel good
about the night and the
cheap merlot
and even cheap wine glass
the one of two we bought
the day before you
walked out of my life
the glass we bought
at pier one imports
the one that's now
peeling paint off red
and orange
but the glass still
holds the cheap merlot
without complaint
so it's good
meg ryan it's good
you walked out on me
but left those two
memento wine glasses
reminder of what i had
and lost because i couldn't
stop obsessing about you
and this older guy
who fell in love with you
the wild old fuck
thinking he could keep up
with me with you meg
and of course he could
and of course he does
because he's me in
that other film
we thought about making
about valentines and the mascara
running down your eyes

i don't know from squat
about any of this
except you keep calling him
when you're having trouble
or just want to feel good
and when he hears your voice
steve meg and i all smile
nod our heads
and sing harmony parts
to an old carole king song
about calling out names
friend and all that shit
and even though
i'll likely get the shit
kicked out of me
for saying this
because steven seagal
just left
even though i'll likely
get the shit kicked out of me
for saying this
what the fuck it makes
me look informed
and why not act
like a lady
act like the lady i am
under this set of sweats
not cursing or smoking
none of that for me
nope not for me
i'm a lady
and pete rose
has been elected
to baseball's hall of fame
and that's in my poem
not yours and it's
about fucking time