

A Drink and a Thought

Bret Lundstrom

A gratifying grasp filled the hand
Satisfying the intent to reach for
With purpose and dignity
It had a sense of both
Knowing exactly what was wanted
Grieving and celebrating
Thinking and amusing
Growing with time
And dying with time
We're all in understanding
A simple grasp of a glass
Grains of sand finely fired
For a purpose of destination
To get to a place of peace
Trying to convince us
We're not just dust
A few sips of sedation
With intent and moderation
Acknowledging how perverse
Slipping overboard can drown
A celestial canvas of clarity
The basic principles of thought
Though numbing and filtering
Simply saving the everlasting flow
Of the drying nature of thinking
Dumping grain after grain of sand
Into a wavering ocean of ambiguity
Until it is a desert
Of seeming certainty
Fear firing the landscape
With heat and contempt
Just a bit of fluid
Can cradle the questions
Of barren beliefs
Bring a bit of bliss
To the otherwise hopeless



Fear of addiction in sight
Just not the intention
A bit of glee
With a touch of free
Making a wayward walk
With a faint forceful gulp
Brisk endings
And just a touch of gin

