

Malts

Bret Lundstrom

I had a malt one time
Malt liquor another
The treats we reward ourselves
The pains we cause ourselves
From ice to cream
With ice to dream
Dreams of summer
Days of warmth
Brightly stressing
Our daily displeasures
Honestly regretting
Lying to the past
Remembering days of malts
Through the glass bottles
In the hazy green glass
Of malt liquor

