

## Bar Fly

I see a meretricious gang, loudly guffawing, drinks in hand around the purlieu of a well knit brewery.

Waitresses weave their way through the boisterous crowd as trivial queries are thrown to the loose lips of the faithful.

Sonorous answers are tossed about in reply, on the lively sea of faces whose names lay hidden beneath their eyes.

Names, nestled close to somnolent secrets holding them in quite servitude to a pattern unknown, unseen, to all but one.

She who sees, watching at the door, ushering newcomers to their tables, listens and waits.

Until a crash pulls the attention of every person in the room to shattered glass, frothy brew bubbles and a waitress pulling herself from the floor on the hands of one young entrepreneur.

Assuring the room she is okay, the waitress slips back toward the kitchen and the game resumes. But, she who watches has seen what she was waiting for.

Reaching behind her station she grabs broom and pan. Holding the long handle as if it were a sword she marches between the tables as the human sea parts before her determined step.

The entrepreneur backs away, his face flush, as she approaches.

Lifting the broom behind her head she quickly swings it at the chivalrous young man.

Whack!

He falls to his knees cradling a cracked skull. Warm blood seeps through his fingers.

The crowd has fallen silent, again.

"Hand it over." She says.

He looks up.

Her eyes are cool blue embers burning through every word he attempts to form in reply. All he is left with is a bit of spittle that forms and drools into his neatly trimmed beard.

"Hand it over." She repeats with resolve.

Her eyes hold his, willing his hand into his back pocket, from which he pulls a wad of cash and extends it toward her.

"It's not mine", she says looking to the waitress next to her who has returned from the kitchen to take in the scene.

He turns to the waitress, hand trembling. The waitress accepts it incredulously, while She who watches takes broom in hand, pushes the broken fragments of the mug into the pan, carries it back to her station, disposes of the waists, and resumes her position.

Gradually the shell shocked crowd comes to its senses. The entrepreneur slinks out the back and I follow, zipping through the closing door into the cool night air.

The End