

He Is the Pint Glass

By Iain Broome

A man sits alone against the old wooden bar.
He clutches his pint glass tightly to his chest.
It is his friend.
It is his companion.
He takes another sip of the liquid drug.
It still tastes the same.
It hasn't changed.
He glances around the dimly lit room.
He notices a young couple in the corner.
They are laughing and whispering sweet nothings to one another.
He turns to his pint glass.
The reflection of his downtrodden features stare hauntingly back at him.
He finishes his drink.
The glass is empty.
He is empty.