

Two Pints
Mary Gavin

He sits by the window
With always two pints
He dreams, he remembers
His days with one pint.

How bright were those days
Just simple connection
A brother to laugh with
His warmth, his protection.

He sits there still now
Staring out in the distance
He aches for those moments
Of human connection.

They teetered for years but
The words went unsaid
The right time came not
The match scores were read.

And now it's too late
The grief etches his face
So he sits with two pints
And he stares and he breaks

And he BREAKS.