

asking my uncle why he drank so much  
even after the partial stroke confused his speech.

he looked at his bottle and said...  
it is the only language my demons understand.

well i cannot understand cheap scotch so tell me what they say.

mornings are good.  
nights are better.  
more when it rains.

they do not need coherent  
sentences from me.  
they understand.

they understand.  
wf.h.  
2024