

Chad Abushanab

On the Dred Ranch Road Just off 283

Stars are fired up like scattershot.
The howls of wolves who saunter near extinction
carry across the plains until they're not.
All of them are headed one direction.

My father was a drinker. So am I—
an echo of a tune in drunken time.
The bottle is an instrument, and rye
the amber music spilling over. I'm

thinking about the rhythm of decline:
he measured his in knuckles, hookers, drinks.
I start to wonder how I'll measure mine,
the ballad of the triple-whisky jinx,

but the wind begins to sigh, a tired thing.
I pull the bottle from the bag. It sings.