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Bill In Hell

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Abstract

A humorous look at the truth of relationships between varying roles of people and the supremacy love holds.

Keywords

creative writing, poetry, laughter, happiness, love

Disciplines

Creative Writing | Poetry

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Professor Meyer
Poetry
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Bill In Hell

I swear I could laugh at almost anything.
A joke, a pun, or someone's semi-sharpened wit,
But laughter's a cheap high to which you can't cling.

Yes, it is infectious, and most think it a quick wing
to happiness, but that requires something stronger, a more clever fit.
I think I could laugh at almost anything.

Sweet whiskey's heat works a while, but pales when tempering
the heart's rime, although, it helps a bit.
Laughter's a cheap high to which you can't cling, mustn't cling.

The Blues soothes me some when I hear the pain others sing.
But their pain isn't my pain, and Stevie Ray and I both know it.
I wish I could laugh at anything.

Friends are nice for a time, while they remain in your ring.
But they can't do what she can do, finally reality hits.
Laughter's a cheap high that never lessens the sting.

My last shot is love, that earthly reckoning,
which demands all that I have, my full heart's full forfeit.
I refuse to laugh at anything.
Because I know what laughter costs, and to it I can't cling.