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## Green-Front Spirits

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# Green-Front Spirits

*Regina Maag*

He labored by day  
And returned home at night,  
With a detour along the way.

He enters the store,  
One amongst many.  
His step is purposeful, his voice strong.

He spares no glance  
For the myriad of products,  
But asks for the usual.

I reach for the bottles  
That contain his poison of choice.  
This happens each day.

The months fly by, transient.  
His hands begin to tremble.  
His eyes have a glaze.

He points to his usual,  
And when I speak,  
He mutters in response.

Still more time passes,  
The deterioration continues.  
His eyes look, but do not see.

He shuffles my way.  
His lips part to convey words,  
But he can no longer speak.

The seasons roll by. *The Promethean*, Vol. 21 [2013], Iss. 1, Art. 6  
The bottles remain on the shelf.  
I see him no more.

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