

CHRISTOPHER WARD



*Man
Poems*

FROM BEERS AND GEARS TO GRILLS AND GIRLS

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CHRISTOPHER WARD

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Dad

I think of him any time
I see highlights of Colts
football games. He loved
(and respected) the shoe; back
when they were Baltimore's team.

I think of him any time
I drink a Miller Lite and only
a Miller Lite. I never saw
him drink anything better
than that.

I think of him while
I drive. My window rolled
down and the tip of my elbow
poking out the side just
like he did.

I think of him when I hear
oldies music. He piled
stacks of 45's in the basement
even after he no longer
owned a way to play them.

I think of him often,
sometimes when
I don't even notice what it is I
am doing. Often.
Often and always.

Man Poems

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For my dad,
My father, my friend, my hero.

Man Poems

FROM BEERS AND GEARS TO GRILLS AND GIRLS

Beers and Gears



The Man Poem Credo

There are enough poems
about trees, rivers, lakes and mountains.

Give the people what they want—
beers and gears; grills and girls.

It's time to make
the excessive accessible!

Through lines to our love,
We give voice to our vice!

Beer Mug

For your clarity

For your transparency

For your unambiguous demeanor as you patiently wait for me

For your fragility

For your durability

For your smooth exterior and impeccable shape

For your firm lines

For your rounded beauty

For your elegant contours which match those of my hand

For your unending depth

For your refreshing dependency

For your cool (to the touch) and the warmth you deliver

For your intoxicating character

For your occasional frosty behavior

For your generosity and every ounce of yourself we've shared together

For your never denying my pressing lips

For your everlasting yield to my caress

For even in your emptiness you hold a promise of all that could
be,
should be and is to come

For my friend and late night companion—beer mug

How to Prepare a Proper Mojito

Lazily, I drift into a
happily distorted realm
of mind-buzzed consciousness,
bound within the unseen
walls of the setting summer
sun; its fevered glow
paints the clouds above
in brilliant gradients of
crimson, orange and gold.
The droning repetition
of scattered insects, flying and
grounded, beckons me to do
little more than
nothing and more
nothing.

In the distance, I discern
the wailing of my name.
Considering the variables in
its presentation—the tone, the
volume, the voice—I choose to
ignore it. Instead, what is
left of my good mind, silently
calls out to the besotted
spirit of a grinning Cuban
barkeep: Señor! Saturate these
peaceful clouds above me
with sweet guarapo and lime.
Let a mixable rum rain down
from the skies. Fill my
mind with sprigs of mint, and

then—and only then—we
shall muddle them
together until the earth spins
dark and I fall into a
comfortable sleep.

Kegstand

There was a call.
The anthemic chant of the masses:
"Do it. Do it. Do it."

And now it's me against the world or
Perhaps me against me.
Better judgment left around ten P.M.

With icy handles in my grip,
Intoxication prevents me from the otherwise annoying
sensation
Of my fingers buzzing numb.

A set of hands on each leg,
I look up into the eyes of an absolute stranger—
One hand on the pump, the other jamming a nozzle in my mouth.

For a brief second
I am lost somewhere between the euphoria of the moment
And how I am going to feel about this in the morning.

In sixty seconds
I could be the hero, basking in the admiration of at least
twenty—or thirty—people,
Or I could be one of among the thousands who will lose it all
around the world this Saturday night.

With several camera phones aimed in my direction,
I feel my legs rising from the floor.
The challenge is on.