
Sitting in the Beer Garden at Taaffe's
in Galway, Ireland

Mary Bremer

Across the street, pre-pubescent boys in tailored pants
and navy blue V-neck sweaters
pour out of Mario's, the best chipper
in town. The vinegar and grease
soak through the brown paper bags they're holding
and they wipe their hands
on their khaki pants. Their mothers will not be happy.

Cal comes back with two pints of Harp
and laughs at the Nigerian man
standing outside the flower shop
on his red milk crate,
telling people the dangers of pre-marital sex,
alcohol, smoking, and drugs.
It is lost on him that the only people listening
have a drink in front of them.