

## Bucky Sinister

### WHEN THE WALL CAME DOWN

The reality was  
we would drink  
for any reason  
or no reason,  
but that night  
we said it was because  
the Berlin Wall came down.  
It felt like we were winning,  
all of us in there,

me,

the dreadlocked girl  
I was trying to hear over the noise,

and the guy  
with the Red Hot Chili Pepper shirt  
doing Jaeger shots,

all of us  
were winning.

Bush was there  
but Reagan was gone  
and there was no way  
the coming decade would have  
anything to do with the Republicans.  
We drank to the end  
of five years of Soviet Nuclear Fear

that began for us as teenagers  
while watching The Day After  
and ended with a telecast of the bricks falling.

One guy in the bar  
wasn't having any fun.  
In front of him was a beer and a shot.  
He didn't touch the beer,  
but did one shot after another.  
Some dude who was with the Chili Peppers guy  
wanted him to join the party.  
"Dude, drink up, bra,  
the arms race is fucking over."

That got a laugh out of the guy.

Arms race?  
What the fuck do you know about arms?

"Chill out dude, let's do a shot."

Chill out?  
It was arms day  
at the morgue today.  
You fuckers have no idea.  
Every time they amputate some junky's arm,  
they're supposed to keep it up to 30 days to be claimed,  
so you can have it buried if you want.  
But the junkies never claim them.  
They literally pile up in there every month  
until they're cremated.  
Well the fucker who had the job before me  
hadn't kept up with it.  
So for eight hours today  
I did nothing  
but throw arms into the furnace,

but that's still not enough.  
Guess what I get to do at work tomorrow?

I pulled the dreadlocked girl outside with me.  
She was Dutch  
or Swedish  
or something,  
I couldn't tell,  
couldn't remember,  
didn't care.  
She wanted me to light her cigarette  
but we were both  
so drunk and weaving  
that it wasn't going to work,  
so I handed her my lighter.  
I told her I would walk her home.  
Right then this guy showed up.  
He had tribal tats running  
from under his short sleeves  
down to his wrists.

Where the fuck did you go? He yelled.

I'm right here, asshole, she said back.

You better have my jacket, he warned.

She threw my Zippo at him,  
yelled something in another language  
and ran back in the bar.  
He followed after.

I looked for that lighter  
but somehow,  
it was gone.