

Mike

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2:50

Don't I Remember You?

"Ten bucks say you don't remember my name,"
Says the blonde to Mike as the hostess walks by.
She stumbles on wingtips and spills a martini
Washing curry from silver, reflecting the sky.

Apologies and blue eyes, shirt stains and gin.
The host shakes a dustpan into the alley.
A silver coin tumbles and lands in the rain.
As Mike rolls his sleeve and says softly, "Sally."