

The Bar

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The stench of desperation filled the air. I began to ponder things unusual.

"Would you like something to drink?" She asked me.

"No... well not really but okay then."

My response lit up her eyes.

"So... do you like being an artist?"

"I don't know. I suppose it has its moments. But they are far and wide."

The bartender handed me a brown bottle of some kind of ale. I took a brief but enjoyable sip.

"Oh? Well I have always been fascinated by artists and well all art in general. Painters, writers, musicians, actors. I consider them all to be artists. Don't you?"

She paused then took a big gulp of her martini. She pulled the olive off its toothpick and popped it into her mouth.

"Yes. I suppose I do. It makes sense. I have tried my hand at each of those arts."

"Really? So in addition to being a fabulous painter you're also a writer, musician, actor?"

"Uh... yes I suppose I am. I'm not very prosperous in either field but that has never mattered much to me."

My brow twitched uncontrollably for some odd reason.

"That's good! No artist should ever have to concern themselves with wealth or fame. It takes too much away from their creative flow."

It took me five seconds to reply... I was beginning to feel slightly off kilter.

"Yes, indeed. I agree wholeheartedly. The path of the artist is no walk in the park but its rewards are plenty."

With that we both chugged our drinks and walked out of the odious bar. She tried to kiss me and I tried to kiss her. Instead we shook hands and went our separate ways.