

Joy Martin

India Pale Ale

I'm finally having that beer
that's been cooling in the fridge, waiting
...the Harpoon IPA that I've been saving
to share with you.

I wish I could say I'm enjoying it
but I must have waited too long.
It's leaving a bitter taste in my mouth
...not Hoppy Floral Crisp...just brewed.

Twelve fluid ounces, one at a time.
Slow to go down but with determination
I will make my way through
these brooding, liquid thoughts of you.

Southern-born, **Joy Martin** makes her home in the Boston area. She is a participant in the Newton Poetry Group and a Life Member in the Poetry Society of Virginia. Her poems explore the many facets of life, including her and broader humanity's place and challenges within it.