

In the news the other day I heard of a cave-in of a "drift" in Galena KS. What is sad about it was that it was near the rear of an old drinking establishment – The Green Parrot.

ODE TO THE GREEN PARROT

Draw near my friends for I have some sad news,
about a place, across the border that some of us knew.

In the town that was named
for the mother-lode, long since gone,
where the rich history was written
on the walls of brick and stone.

Where the cars parked on angles
and the curb could be deep.
Where some of all generations, took many a pee.

This timeless old building on that old dead Main Street,
did succumb to the collapse, of a mine in retreat.

Many of you, I know, passed through that bar's door.
I recall it had two big mirrors, and a long hard wood floor.

There were two pool tables in back, the booths, there were
many,
even one in the front corner, shaped like a snipped penny.

The cheap walnut paneling covered the walls, and for
adornment there were signs of brands known by all.

Two more things come to mind, as I reminisce, the parakeets
and the old cash register, and its sound I still miss!

They served Bud, Schlitz, Carling, Coors, Pabst, maybe more,
the pitchers were eight-bits, and the draws, they were four.

There are many stories of old aunt Nina and her blackjack,
where she kept it was not a mystery, between her breasts it
was packed.

Her demeanor was unpredictable, plus she had a short fuse
She was tactless and fearless, YOU must never abuse!

Oh those poor souls... the ones... oh shame...
who ran their mouths, to show off to the lasses.

In an instant, POW! from out of nowhere it came,
a blow from her equalizer should they act like asses

That place, it was busy, the 3.2 beer flowed 10 to midnite,
after which those teens toward home would take flight.

Cautiously you would travel east on old 7th street,
past the city limits, hoping officer Odie not to meet.

So, to her and for all of this I wish to make a toast.

Please, take a moment and raise your glasses toward GALENA!

THE TOAST

All hail, hail, to the old Green Parrot
A filthy place without much merit
Where foam and froth settled above our lips
and around those brown bottles we wrapped our finger tips.
So to Aunt Nina Green we raise our glasses
Thank you for the experience.
May ye rest in peace.

James D. Scott
2006