

BARROOM MADONNA

**She is a quiet figure sitting in the corner all alone.
Sipping her drink; remembering the better times she's known.
She knows every song the juke box plays,
Mouthing the words so no one can hear, her eyes agaze.
From across the dark barroom into the quiet of yesterdays past,
her eyes .full with tears, her lonely heart breaking,
reliving those thoughts that last.
A man in the night; she won't ask his name,
She never sees their faces, to her they are all the same.
The Madonna of the barroom is a quiet, lonely dame.
The Madonna of the barroom whose only friend is pain.
She is there for us to see of what once was, and what still could be.
"You see," she said, "my world has died---there's no one left but me."
She's quiet ... as a shadow ---fading with the morning light.
Not to be seen again until the guilt of night.
This Madonna of the barroom,
A story of a woman---out of grace and out of glory.
Feels this Madonna of the barroom, not remorse not pity, just sorry.**

By W. J. Duke Mader

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