

*Superpresent*  
Spring 2026

THE BARTENDER

He watches one couple  
walk through the door fighting,  
behind them, a woman totters  
on red stilettos, yanking  
at her mini skirt.

She sits beside  
a suited businessman at the bar,  
there to unwind.

Others ache with stories nobody  
wants to hear. It's hard  
to imagine all the damage  
that's been done to those  
who cannot refrain from drinking.

Dim lights and widened ears,  
live music blasting.  
The bartender leans closer to listen—  
secrets, demons, and dreams.

Each person yearns to empty their  
ice-filled glass and have the bartender's ear  
who, without professional training,  
has learned how to listen  
and not tell or judge.

Those bartenders.  
Those companions.