

Glass on Tequila

Have a drink on me.
He said with a kiss.
Cold heart, cold bottle
warm liquid, warm tears
stream down
into her bleeding soul.

Have a drink
and die for me.

Fuzzy sight
bright headlights
piercing her blank mind.
Numbness never felt so good.
Wood splits
as glass shatters
upon her dead soul.
Numbness never felt so dead.

A bitter smile
during the painful tears.
Black on black
red on pale pink
silk, satin and wood.
Church bells sings their
death song.
He slithers by,
cooing like a dove.
Have a drink on me.

--Child of Autumn

Time Has Passed

And the days continue without you
Much to my surprise, and
Much to my relief

When you left me mentally, and
I left you physically, I felt
Both upset and relieved
Upset because you had left, but
Relieved that I had left.

You'd smile if you read this
I was always so analytical
You were always so analytical
We analyzed
Everything

We'd deduct and induct and
Generalize and strategize and
postulate and demonstrate and
resolve and refute and
speculate and then masturbate

our own egos into orgasm
because we had won by making each other
lose,
hurt, and
foreign.

--Michael Millington