

### 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