Your words.

by Adam Sifre

Your words are Ambien.

In the early rounds, they landed like gauntlet punches; put me on my knees.

Drama by a thousand cuts Hot tears before each curtain call.

Black alchemy from your strawberry lips, worked and wore me away from the inside.

Soon I was gone, replaced by empty armor.

With nothing left to protect they bounce off like pebbles.

my cauliflowered ears hardly hear.

Your words are ambien. I close my eyes and breathe.