Bloody Vodka

by Tim G. Young

Another	lonely	niaht
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after mind fuck

of numbing long shift

Crashing into couch

one beer but prelude to

three olives disperse into

clear shot icy vodka rolling

controlling the moment

waited for unconscious from the

minute of awake

drowned in daytime

like alcohol in vodka

Dream like clarity dancing loud

heated to boiling

bubbles baked in a cake

only contraptions never named

deep inside the red pimento
buT then swearing such sight
convinced all of beating blood
creeping to soaked noise of napkin
like death metal
cruising underbelly
until you fall in fucking love

Broken glass attacks me
sliced like an egg
metal in my mouth
driving into the snake
numbness returns
no escape
time gnawing
my ear