

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.

