

# Antediluvian

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He hid gallons in the garage,  
Fifths in the basement,  
Pints in toilet tanks,  
Airline bottles were on his person at all times.

But he wasn't drinking.  
Why would he?  
He'd bought the cure at an expensive Center  
That taught him Yoga  
And acupuncture away his brokenness.

The cure worked, too.  
Now he could drink,  
    in peace.

Red and blue lights reflected off the bottle.  
He'd seen them before,  
    on other lonely nights,  
    while driving nowhere,  
    drinking from bottles  
    he kept in the car.

She left him jailed.  
Thirty days of jumpsuit therapy  
Would do him good,  
She thought  
And cried herself to sleep.

He shared jail toilets  
And thought about his lover  
Hidden in the garage  
    and toilet tanks

of his life.

