

After the Poison

by Collin Kelley

I've measured out our time together
sealed it in airtight bottles
the one labeled 1998 kept close
like smelling salts

One whiff a camphor waking me
making me high on the idea of us
putting blinders on your infidelities
double vodkas and damaging words

And when that isn't enough
I open a vein and plunge in
mainlining good memories
to blot out your monstrosity

I eke you out in little doses
slipstreaming to before the bad
when your hand resting
on the small of my back was enough

It's the way I keep from overdosing
the way I keep you human

