

# tweaker

*by* Lore Prior

my molars are dancing, tekka-tekking to the strung-out paint can groove of my heart. neck stiff as frozen. every time I look in the mirror I'm sweatier. pills taste sweet, but not like candy. the kind of sweet I think baby vomit is. someone cut me open, poured cement under my skin, and it's just starting to harden. 4 am's the same as noon. I somehow missed the moon. now I've turned yellow, mellow and greasy as popcorn butter. by the smell I might be decomposing... three showers later the stink's still there.

