The lady makes a phone call.

by Nicholas Stabile

Promises.

We've all made them. Some you regret. Later down the road, the things that made the promise have changed. 'I promise, if you need a friend I will be here,' Spoken out of love that was still kindling as the fuel turned to soot. But that was months ago, before she found someone else, before time let her drip from your veins.

"Of course" in the dark.

"Are you sure?" drunk and through tight breathing.

"I promised I would always be here."

"I know, but.."

"You called, that's not easy. I understand."

"I don't like these people."

Of course it's because she's been drinking. Will she regret this? I don't understand it but maybe it is something she has thought about for some time. I think I have. Who knows how bad it is until we see what's left of the mess.

Get out of bed. You need some bourbon.. and ice.

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