

#53 Cut Up

by sean m. poole

I loved her when she first came calling in the sodden dawn of spring.

She was a strange and dangerous flower. Together we drank up all the money. The days staggered away like drunks lurching down a flophouse hall. We were strangers in a strange land searching for something we couldn't name. Waking in the sundrenched morning spitting up sick taste of puke and snot and blood. Stench of burning sulfur match sparks day's first smoke before feet hit floor. Bodies slick with sweat still sleeping stiff from inactivity. We drank away the nights. Money gone. She was a flower. Deadly night blooming petals folded fading in the pearly light of dawn. A dream evaporating in the cold rays of the sun. Drank the night away we did. Lost our way in a strange land. No cash. No shoes. No service on that side of town at that hour. Waking sick. Spitting up shards of shattered hopes in the sundrenched dawn. Pull the boots on. Walk down the hall.

Phone ringing early morning quiet smashed slivers of reality clanging to the floor. Hung over. Again. Together. Again. We drank the nights away. Lurching drunkenly down flophouse halls. A deadly flower she was blooming with dangerous passions exuding lust and sweat sweet funky reek of well used flesh damp against stained cotton sheets. Waking in the sundrenched morning spitting up sick detritus of debauchery stench of sulfur match sparks day's first smoke before feet hit floor body stiff still sleeping. We pissed away the nights. Money gone. Junk and booze and crack gone. Bottles. Mirrors. Pipes. Empty. Sweating fetid reek of blood stained sheets tear stained cheeks lost in a strange land broken dreams evaporating in the dawn's pearly light.

She was a flower dangerous and strange night blooming petals closed fading in the harsh light of day. A tenuous dream dissipating in cold morning sun. Drank the night away we did. Smoked and laughed and fucked. Had our way with strangers in a strange land no strings no cash no shoes no service on this side of town at this

hour. Waking sick spitting up shards of shattered reality in
sundrenched dawn no warmth in the light. Pulled on boots and
walked the hall reeking sweat of sweet wet dreams on well worn
cotton sheets stiff with blood and booze and the tears of a clown.
I left her when the leaves were falling in the dying light of autumn.
She was a strange dangerous flower. I pulled my boots on and
lurched down the flophouse hall into the cold bright light of day.
There was no warmth in the sun.

