

Portrait Of Junky Summer

by sean m. poole

Old scars at night burn hot and bright
Deep in her heart in Texas
She rides around with the ragtop down
Driving her brand new Lexus

The junk she mains
Into her veins
Stops the rhyme.
Stops it cold.

Freezing frigid Antarctic junk burn
Crystallizing blood & bone & brain
No rhyme exists in junk
Time stands still
Or flies past at light speed

Difficult for a junky to make these fine distinctions.

Fist clenching she loosens the tie
Junk surges through her veins
Millions of razor hot icy sharp blades
Frozen sparks of opiate fire
Rolling under over sideways down between
The layers of her being

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus
See him through the looking glass
Kissing Lucy in the sky
Go ask Alice
I think she'll know

There's mariachi static on the radio

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She's safe in the car in the dark
Gripping the wheel like a needle
The way a killer holds a gun
She's looking for her Lord as
She cruises Hermann Park

The needle brings salvation
She is the damage done
The archetypal soccer mom
Strung out on drugstore smack
Speeding down the freeway
On her way to Hell
And back.

