

Bloody Vodka

by Tim G. Young

Another lonely night
after mind fuck
of numbing long shift
Crashing into couch
one beer but prelude to
three olives disperse into
clear shot icy vodka rolling
controlling the moment
waited for unconscious from the
minute of awake
drowned in daytime
like alcohol in vodka

Dream like clarity dancing loud
heated to boiling
bubbles baked in a cake
only contraptions never named

deep inside the red pimento
buT then swearing such sight
convinced all of beating blood
creeping to soaked noise of napkin
like death metal
cruising underbelly
until you fall in fucking love

Broken glass attacks me
sliced like an egg
metal in my mouth
driving into the snake
numbness returns
no escape
time gnawing
my ear

