

THREE WAYS

i never liked the notion of one night stands
he would drink and i would drink
 more southern comfort till i was comfortably drunk:
until i couldn't see the shot glass anymore

i'd lie on my back
 pour it in my mouth
until he emptied the bottle
 which he'd make a bong out of later:

we'd fuck while mary jane watched
 ride that high
until i fell off and hit my head
 i never liked that one nightstand of his

and then i'd black out:::::::::::::
 wake up in a sprint:
 stagger to bruised knees

after that i'd part the haze of mary's breath
exhaling air laced bile i almost felt reborn

i couldn't see but i could feel
 he's still in bed, same position

i crawled over his dark form
wanting everything wanting nothing
 needing separation

he gave it all to me

against all attempts at absence
 i'm here

i'm always here:
 alert alive alone