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108a

i sleep with my eyes open  
because i spin and think  
about the red speck of boa fuzz  
i don't take down from over my bed -  
how sweet Kahlúa lips are on mine.

i guess everyone figured the butterfly tattoo  
you wore on your right shoulder was fake.  
i should have known,  
i put it on myself.  
sorry i told that girl it was real -  
sorry i pressed too hard and left a mark.

that night  
you kissed Europeans  
i passed out.

if you mix beer and dark rum  
my eyes close and you drip  
between my lips.  
i don't drink – merely hold  
taste on my tongue,  
swirl until you dissolve  
into me like virgin rain water  
from central American countries  
and i am lost against doors  
i always forget to lock.

yes, of course i checked  
no one lives there anymore, only  
interrogation chairs, puttied walls,  
and fluorescent light that feels hungover.  
you, naked with yellowed skin,  
allowed yourself to be held by it  
and flattered

if you mix all the liquor on your shelf  
-vodka tequila rum whiskey schnapps gin  
beer and a dram of vermouth for added flavor-  
it tastes like sprite.  
but do drink up,  
flavor that lingers on lips  
refuses to distill,  
and Advil doesn't seem to work  
even if you take five before bed.

by Terry Smith