Stars

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cold handprints
lost in the floor
outlined in dust
ashes
of the stars in her eyes
folding stars
she saved
to wish on later

whiskey
tastes bitter
warm on the tongue
a snaking burn
from mouth to stomach
stomach to mouth
smoothly searing
so she can shock her mind
into complacency

where his fist slams her
bruising skin and soul
she finds constant
heartbreak is sore
and inevitable
like the way her stomach
flips and heaves
rebelling savagely as her voice
will not

love
she sees
like burning tears
evaporating too fast to hold
leaving her parched
thirsty
reaching
for cool comfort
smooth
wet glass
empty bottles she loves or hates
the chill wraps around her
like fingers
around a neck
she knows loneliness and whiskey beat vulnerable
women same as a lover
and she’d rather be insane
than in love

cold footprints
she takes a drink
takes a step
wipes his sweaty brow where he sleeps
whiskey and blood
flowing together
shattering, stabbing,
stealing stars

wishes falling too fast
folded too far