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A Recipe For Empty

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Equal parts lonely and sad,
A quarter teaspoon tired,
An eighth of a teaspoon unloved by men.
One freshly squeezed tear from your soulless eyes,
Hold the pulp.
Rock on the edge of the bed, swill lightly inside your overactive
mind until just combined,
Just enough,
Or, maybe, too much.
Precision matters very little in the art of human husks.
Take it like a shot – too much to swallow.
Wipe the dribbling line of sorrow from your chin with the palm of
your left hand and make another.
Take another,
Until you fall face first, slack jaw mouth open wide,
Taste the feast of trodden feet in the fiber of your shag carpet life.
Go to bed so you can wake up again,
Disappointed by men disappointed in you,
A perfect cocktail made for two
You drink alone.
I drink alone.