

i heard from a friend that you're  
sober now. or at least that's what  
you're telling people. essential oils,  
incense, candles, teacups with tea in them  
instead of red wine mixed with stoli  
or some other just-as-highbrow cocktail.  
you were the one who told me that vodka was  
*my* color, and the best accessories were black  
skirts and bad company. you swallowed my rent  
in a shot glass. but now, i hear, you're

sober. a bartender who told me to build  
up my liver, pound 'em back  
like a god damn adult. "i'm not  
an alcoholic, and neither are you. have a glass  
of smirnoff every morning; it only counts if you feel  
sick without it." you never got sick. not once.  
you pushed me into a silver

car with a hungry wolf and told me  
i should not have been such a  
fucking deer. pour me deep eddy, pour  
me three olives, pour me into the glass  
cannon of a strip club and tell me that going along with  
these boys is fine, pour me grey goose, ask me if i want  
another free drink if i stay blackout and drooling with  
you where we find ourselves in the back of a taxi where we  
wake up on the balcony where i blink and you're trading  
me for an old fashioned where  
were you sober when i needed you