

Thread Bare

Awww, God... what happened... blink.

Blink, blink, licking dry lips, try to swallow...
Wipe my mouth of the drool and feel the thread bare,
Scratch of carpet on my face, my head feels hollow
Parched, dry throat, stumble to the sink,
Can't really think, running my fingers through my hair.

Splash, focus... no. Splash, focus... better.
Splash, focus... okay... I can see, but...
Don't want to look in the mirror.
Empty feeling in my gut, face is cut.

How'd that happen?

Oh, God... my head aches... pounding.
Pounding, pounding, its all so confounding,
Hold my head, lie down in bed, sanity is thread bare
Try to remember what was said,
Feeling like I've joined the living dead and don't care.

Hair of the dog must be the cure,
I'm sure, but its pure madness.
It was the Absinthe that was the lure,
Causing me to consider the sadness,
And difference between scars and callous.

Do you know?

Please God... my heart aches... beating.

Beating, beating, listening to the repeating,
Speeding of my pulse with emotions thread bare,
As my stomach begins to convulse,
I swear, I swear... never again, never again,

My hesitancy will only be momentary,
Awaiting the return of the sanguinary
Struggle to lay it all thread bare.