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drunk on halloween

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LAUREN WILLIAMS

drunk on halloween

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nowhere to go but home
took a right turn for the wrong reasons
and left my dignity in the dust

expensed gas and common sense
for a short-lived sojourn into the past
i wonder if the light glowing
in the window is still yours

it's not my place to know anymore,
but i'm outside your door,
soliciting an end
to my tortuously torturous ignorance

apple pie moonshine told my eye
to find you,
sold a bourbon-lacquered lie
that you are still the bullseye
to which my steadfast heart will fly

when the saccharine whiskey finish diminishes
in its cloying toying with my frozen-amber
ambiguous logic,
i turn the car around,
swallow the burn of yearning in my throat
and return to the regularly-scheduled brain sound
of my abyssal wallowing (so profound
is my grief that it reaches down
to subaqueous levels of effete fealty)

the obligation to remember that you exist
is the worst hangover there is