

Vodka Butterfly

Ghost Bath

Another drink of poison to burn alive the butterflies
I want to watch them
A dozen empty bottles cast rainbow prisms on my bedroom wall
I want to watch their colors
Move with the setting sun

My heart stopped beating years ago
While the world continued to sway
One ice-like decision pierced my fresh chest
The weapon now melted away

Cut my own wrists to escape the boredom
Drinking burns alive the bats in my chest
A dozen empty bottles cast rainbow prisms on my bedroom wall

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