

## 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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