

*BINGE

Barbara Hughes poetry

Pick your poison, you will find
The unknown and unthought, but always real.
I have never lived in the realms of gold.

You say my fragile mind is sold.
Faceless, I am lost in the reflection of glass.
Pick your poison, you will find

Sweet nectar, a delicate delight down my throat,
Uninvited addiction demands my whole being.
I have never lived in the realms of gold.

The touch of the bottle chills my body.
Dead hearts dancing under broken twinkling lights.
Pick your poison, you will find

An iridescent light in a land of dreams is kind.
One more drink and I will be picking moon petals.
(I have never lived in the realms of gold.)

I am in the company of intoxicating shadows,
Praying away the drunk spirits of the night before.
Pick your poison, you will find
I have never lived in the realms of gold...

**Content Warning: Implied addiction*