

Liquored Love

Casey Freeman

Soldier on, your healing heart.
Hang your cuts out to dry.
Join us and march, together and all,
because when we battle, we cry.

We, the unloved.
We, the uncaring.
We, the bitter and brusque.
We go out together, to our battlefield pubs.
Leaving our “ladylike” in the dust.

She, though, saddles the seat
of the cherrywood bar
as we watch her cover the black of her eyes.
We frown as she grins and walks out to the floor,
as he dips her low and she smiles.

We count the drinks tacked on our dimes,
though they never clear our addled minds.
She’ll be his Desdemona until he
suffocates her dry,
and we sip and slur and trip
until we die.

Coated in bruises,
but with blood in our veins
Maybe we’ll learn to love again.