

Routine

He tips the top toward his lips.
A sigh drifts out, and the booze slips in.
He gulps his regrets,
sips his pain.

He rocks in his throne,
chopped, carved and chiseled beneath his sweat,
praised, preserved, and polished by her touch.

He inhales the barren air,
as if to make a wish.
A grin emerges, memories soar.

He reaches out
to cradle her hand.
Her space is vacant.
He tips the top towards his lips.