

A Man is A Man is A Man

Sparks illuminate your three month beard
as your hand steers the cigarette to your lips.
The smoke curls around your head,
which is pounding from the poison
you've imbibed in so many forms.

I've stopped coming around.
Holding you up proved too heavy of a feat
to repeat every night each week.
If it's not the pills, it's the smokes,
and if it's not the smokes, it's the drink.

You take advantage of all in your path.
Even the sympathy dripping from our veins
becomes an abuse of power in your twisted mind.
You are turning black from the inside out,
but it's leaving me, drip by drip.

I've stopped coming, for you.
Your touch is cold, punishing, foreign.
The manliest part of the new you
is the fist you use to smash the things
that once meant so much to the both of us.

I've stopped coming around, yet-
I still think of you every day, worried,
wondering, when you've hurt us all
who will be left standing over you?
Him: the one you hate the most.