

OLIVIA SCOTT

Marriage Material

You sit down and have a steady conversation with god.

You haven't prayed since you were eight,

And the only pet you ever knew died.

But this isn't really praying,

And he's not much of a pet. But-

God, Hello.

Because you can taste the bourbon off his breath

And you want to marry him,

Because he's charming and lean,

And his eyes flash golden as they dance over yours.

You want to marry him because he bought the liquor.

At least, you want to lie,

And say that's true.

It isn't, and you spend another moment admiring his shoulders.

Thin, but strong

You drink a little more, because you can still walk,

Because he's perfect.

Dressed up in suits-

But lapels can't hide his pony tail, or barmy grins.

He's lewd, but only when he's smiling.

He's coarse, and you want to marry that

Cheeky bastard.

But only because he bought the liquor.

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I spent the night in the hospital-
Actually it was early morning,
Six hours.
But I wasn't there from the drink
Which had worn off long before.
I was there because of the laundry,
Spinning in the dryer where I left it,
Soaking, when I called the ambulance.
And that I am now thinking about
As my blood pressure is being taken
every five minutes by this machine.
And I'm hooked up to a drip bag.
I suppose that's also why I'm here.
as the coldness floods my veins.
The best way to relieve a hangover,
But, you can't get addicted to saline
solution, can you? I hope not. Or I guess.
I guess a lot of things, like maybe
It was the worry that sent me here.

But that's not wholly accurate-
It's not inaccurate either, It was
the drink. It was always the drink.
Whether it was because it was in my
room-Where it ought not to be-
or because I'd consumed it, or
because it merely existed. Vodka
didn't call 911 and sit on a bench
talking to sweet voiced paramedics.
He didn't stop me either. That bad
boyfriend of mine. Always providing
the fun, But never there when it stopped.

He didn't ride on the ambulance with me,
Or come to pick me up six hours later.
Vodka didn't travel with me, but he saw me
off. He let saline pick up the broken pieces.
And sweet voiced doctors. Who knew
enough to know I was here from the drink.
But that wasn't wholly accurate, either.