

## Slammed Drunk

by Andrea DeAngelis

In the end it turned out to be a slammed drunk she chose a man who upstaged his own hand with tarot card tenacity, he selected the fortune most likely and decided to die right into it he followed Bukowski but none of his poetry

She made dolls out of withered newspaper they were so old the ink had gone bad they chewed smiles that could cripple you

And her roommate and his hordes did coke on the kitchen table while she was mindlessly asleep in her wonderglass room thinking nothing was wrong with her life when the corners were squared tight

Cockroaches swarmed the idle stovetop the restaurant below always threw their refuse out back piling stench, their mail strewn on the stairs when paying bills was unimportant he made sure to take the money he needed from her open purse and stammering face

But everything was wrong especially when he crossed people off her guest list and said her boyfriend could only come by if he kept his mouth shuttered

He didn't and left she drank so much steamed milk she curdled her own breath until she became a ghost until he threw her out the window along with her obsessions

She broke on Saturday while everyone was watching.



