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drink if // midas touch

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Drink If

drink if you've fucked someone in the room
you counted the pennies in the wishing well, hoping it'd end up being a sign
you took the wrong exit on purpose because lately you've been knowing where you are far too often
you choke every time you see his name written in sharpie on the back of your hand

you stumble down the stairs, always try to keep up
you try to catch your breath when he calls to tell you his mom won't come home
you never go home
you blame the stars, stare at the constellations just to believe there's something bigger
something to steal your breath when you wonder where he is
the piano chords feel a little too much like that stairwell by the vending machines
where you cried because he wouldn't come back

time is suffocating like a bag of sand tied to your throat
like a lipstick stained mug of release and promises
like the way you beg for thirty seconds of euphoria just to claim him as the same damn casualty
it's something on the low, behind bars and shovels and caskets and all the times it could've been
it's all the cracked mirrors and shards of glass, all of the bleeding out you had to do
just to remember life.

KAT JOHNSON

midas touch

far beneath the patter of rain on empty glass
are the sounds of a million voices, some who resemble my father more than others, i tell them:
i could have loved you but you left me before i had the chance.
i sometimes think i still love you when you choke me out and never hold my hand.
i loved the way you felt on my body but i never wanted to say the word.
i loved you from so many thousands of miles away but it felt cursed.

sometimes in my sleep i visit with the faces
of ghosts who taught me to love:
in our old haunts, messages in familiar fonts
like hands intertwined hidden behind bleachers
or the warmth of an overpriced latte and clean white sneakers
or cliché stanzas in composition notebooks
with promises to never actually read the words,
just grade for completion &

sometimes i remember the way liberation looked
when it was in someone who never gave me the time of day;
someone who always seems to remain just a face and a name
or a letter to a dead girl and a game by her grave.

we kept our secrets beneath our teeth,
each dance with the devil a different shade of greed
eyes gashed [by the daggers of our lost sleep]
and sometimes when i wake up tangled in my own sheets, can't even
breathe

i am reminded of the way his breath felt warm on my shoulder
the nights he forgot himself and lay next to me.

cheeks flushed a different color when i tried something new
like i broke through a lock or some sort of cocoon
(she turned the music off so her lips on my body were the only sound in the room.)
but it took countless drinks at a bar i'd never been to: we broke promises
to ourselves and forgot ours to one another / she threw up on my floor while i slept
under the covers.