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Old Friend

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Old Friend

There, on the side of the road—
an old friend
stands. Pull over. Stop
the car. He smiles faintly, saunters up,
always knew you were weak.
Just past the back doors, his hand is reaching
out. Punch the gas. Swerve
back into traffic.

Wipe the sweat off your face.

There, in the bar—
an old friend
leaps out of a hand.
Burns a cigarette, joint,
back of the spoon. Flames
dance across the scarred, black
bartop.

Set yourself on fire.

There, the backyard—
the green car, cruising down your street
an old friend
waits. Lock the doors, yank the blinds.

Call your momma
even though she doesn't ever answer.

You mean it this time.

There, on the sofa—
an old friend
kicks his dirty sneakers up.
You clutch a Colt .45, remember
the call to Suicide Hotline.

Don't let them win.

There, in little white baggies—
an old friend. A spoonful strong enough
to start an avalanche.