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Overdose

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Overdose

Close your eyes,

beautiful boy.

Mine weep while mind's eye imagines you.

When chartreuse was the color I used to describe your iris,

now,

it makes the doses go down

easier.

White oval scored into halves not quite deep enough

to break—

Vicodin.

Take the pain away.

Nine of the ten milligram pills is lethal—

I leave only seven in the translucent, caution orange, child-proof container.

You're welcome.

I love you. I love

you?

Should I call you by your first name or do I say:

Hi, Vicodin. I don't believe we've met, but

my lover is in love with

you.