

She Floats

She prays
tonight to not awake
to empty eyes and burning wrists
pinned beneath
his weight.

She sinks now
each swallow blurs his face,
bottles deep in memories
drowning
to be erased.

She cries
because she cannot hide
from the infection
she knows
he leaves inside,

But hums
as she prepares to flee,
injecting her body
with vials of Blithe
and self-induced relief.

He comes
without knocking,
lets himself in.

He comes,
but she is floating.