

**Ashes and Gin**

Ward Watson

A spring night,  
thoughts trampling twilight,  
and there's a corpse in the bath,  
which I don't remember putting down that way

Eyes wormy, jaw still working  
as it reads Hegel's Encyclopedia,  
and whispers epistemological truths  
in a voice that tastes like ashes,  
betrayal and gin

I am not dreaming anymore, it mutters  
I am awake  
It turns its head--  
Heartless breaks  
Tongueless stutters  
Fearless breathes flashes of dread--  
And then

It

Smiles.