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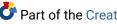
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Nightstandoff

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Nightstandoff

Clock, nail-clasped to the sterile wall ahead that blood coffee nightstand, it ticks

away. We sink bourbon down, clattering rocks, slapping the metronome night.

Bottomless breaths, unwinding hands without rhythm, we want silence, but we hear ticks.

We know the black hole inside the nightstand. Shove it up the back of our skull.

Our left temple.

The roof of our mouth.
Under the chin.

Pooooow.

See shards and time slowly fall over the nightstand, over ticks.