

Warfare On Repeat

Resting on her laurels
sipping brandy out the bottle by the bay
she never did grow weary
of day-drinking, catching buzzes
throughout the day

Does she fear that she will change
if she empties all the booze down the drain?
Or maybe that's me thinking
and projecting my own fears
along the way

**I could swear that I have peace
on and off whenever I please
but honestly I can see
it's warfare on repeat**

Can't recall an evening
when I didn't end up drowning at a bar
The loneliness is crippling
and memory is frankly just too hard

Do I fear that I will change
if I empty all the booze down the drain?
pretty sure I'm thinking
and protecting my routine
along the way

© 2016 Matthew Mayfield