

NO HARD FEELINGS

ZACHARY RILEY

I saw you last night and you looked good.
You told me you were happy,
admitted that it had taken you a while,
but, you thought you had finally made it.
Our bottles connected and we shared a familiar smile.

You were steady now, with someone new, you said.
All I could say in response was that I couldn't believe
I was even in the same room as you.

I started to say something else but you quickly cut me off:
no hard feelings, you said, and, in that moment
those words released me
as though they were some mystic incantation.

I woke up, dry mouthed, in sweat soaked sheets.
It had been only a few hours,
but four years of guilt had poured right out of me.
Beside me, on the bedside table, there still remained
a little bit left in my bottle.