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Sleep It Off

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Sleep It Off

Shelby Workman

You stumble to the door,
two breaths, three restless knocks
Almost immediately I recognize your flare with excuses
Who waltzed me into this?!

Hands stained with grease and oil,
clothing soiled by scattered cigarette ashes,
eyes the shade of charcoal, blurred over
Do you remember my name?
Or you should just put the car keys back?

You sit inhaling jazz melodies and incense
familiarities that keep reality at bay
Lids growing heavy as the music dies down
the fresh Italian roast from the shop across the street
has just seeped under the wooden door,
surrounded you, and me.

We could work this out together
but we're getting nowhere tonight
I can't even tell if it's raining anymore
and your silence is scaring me to death

Once upon a time, we were friends,
recognizing each other in a place like this
The night has no compassion for you
you sold your soul for another pack of cigarettes
only to return, scarred, wanting to be saved

The temptation to refuse you is growing
but I'm incapable of losing my brother again
Now sleep.
I promise it will all seem better in the morning.