Sleep It Off

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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.