

The Consistent Overdoser

By Ryan Ratajski

I digested your lips before the alcohol bit.
Before I threw you up, we savored it.
[the making of this artist and the alcoholic]

The bartender has fucked up the call:
the proportions are proven problematic.
I'm taking back the tip.
Am I addicted to you or the liquor on your lips?

Love is for the chemically dependant
(the consistent overdoser)

You caressed my hips after the alcohol bit.
After you sobered up, you hated it.
[the making of the liar and this schizophrenic]

The psychiatrist has fucked up them all:
the patients have proven problematic.
My note's off the clip.
Am I addicted to the pills or your percocet lips?

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