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## And from this slumber you too shall wake

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And from this slumber you too shall wake  
Malina Infante

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Your prince-of-sorts promised  
to be sober enough to spend the night, but now drops  
to one knee

before the toilet. Two  
feet away, you sit. You should lift him up,  
out of that hunchback —

a lurch. Too late.  
Instead, your fingers waltz  
the suede of his coat,

some potion of Irish whiskey and English cider —  
*i need a* — you forget  
the rag, whip your bath towel

from its hook. His lips, chapped and cracking,  
once rose-red but now so pale  
they near purple, you dab them

with the towel's edge. Together, you stand and,  
his lids too heavy, you wonder  
if he's deep asleep before he even meets

the sheets, voice slurring — *c'mere*  
*baby* — face down in the memory foam. Tuck  
his drunk-wandering arms beneath the blanket,

pull it up to his shoulders, and mind  
his head, on the pillow,  
now. You want to blame some witch,

some sorority siren who slipped a drop  
of something into his drink.  
Yes, one sip of that poisoned cider

and he'd fall cursed. That cigarette  
stench lingers in his hair.  
Stay dressed, lie down beside him and snuff

out the lamp. Low breath, he falls  
into a sleep like death, lips parted just so. Leave  
them untouched.