And from this slumber you too shall wake

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And from this slumber you too shall wake
Malina Infante

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.