COMPULSIVE TRUTHS

By: Melanie Becic

One curl

pricked up,

her voice

violated them.

A snarl

like syrup,

a noise

condemned.

Her words

once pink,

turned red

in time.

The lord

of drink:

He said

she’s divine.

Sloppy slurs

once truth

were known

as farce.

The burns,

her youth,

all shown

as marked.

A girl

once lovely,

all laughs

and play.

They hurl

at her company

their backs

to the plague.