PROSTHETIC ADDICTION

By: Lyndsie Conklin

Mumbles burst from staggered

reassurings. He spits them out

and they carry fragments

of the swallowed demon

possessing his veins.

His face and soul

flush red but blue

paints his nose, signing

away his addiction.

The carrier tin

sits in his callused palm

as a prosthetic piece

of his identity. Demon

carriers and vile tricks

attached to him forever.

He doesn’t yell or fight

just swallows and drowns

away the unknown hardships

floating and gasping

for death within his brain.

Before long, he snores

his own lullabies, weighed

with his poison, soaked

on his lips and reddening

eyes. A moment of peace

from the sins within

pushed through with attempts

to forget his prosthetic addiction.