

City of Glass

I line the bottles up like skyscrapers, a nightmare dressed up in a skyline.

Thin little windows of gold winking out as the water leaks ruin perfectly good homes.

I am a king, all knowing with my wondrous wet brain, birthing brilliance like Aphrodite from the sea foam.

My smile is so brilliant, like the sun, my joy turns the glass molten. The streets burn, and I am elated.

Reality refracts through the falling shards birthing a spectrum of falsehoods. I swaddle myself in the different colorful lies, masquerading as the rainbow God sent, pretending it wasn't my drink that drowned the world.

Truth only exists in the mirror showing me that I'm not laughing, I'm crying. My crown is nothing more than bottle caps scalping away the soggy memories. My head is as empty as the bottles my palace is built from.

I don't recognize the man staring back at me, or I hoped I'd never meet him. The guilt is a small child crying to be held. He threw a tantrum begging to be loved, and I tried to drown him in the bathtub. I can't see myself through the tears, only the light glinting silver off the mirror. I break my reflection.

The dust settles into a desert of desolation, a glittering mass grave of dying stars. For the first time I am dry, and I begin to crack kneeling in front of the last whole piece of glass.

The bottle spins and spins and spins and I spin and spin and spin and when the spinning stops the bottle lands on no one.

No one's here anymore.