

WHISKEY DRIVEN

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Hell-bound
and whiskey driven;
his disease was dark
and unforgiving . . .
unforgiving
were those who used to care.
He chose this road,
not scared where
it took him . . .
dared
to race the devil himself.

Dreams were
shattered glasses,
smashed,
like the man,
bottle-bent . . . binged.
Flush the decay,
vomit and stench,
another day . . .
spent.
A vessel unhinged,
tossed and rolled,
being sucked
through the vortex to hell.

Miles of nowhere
to run and hide . . .
from demons locked
deep inside.
Down here?
We reap what we sow.
No backward glances,
no second
chances,
given . . .
to save someone who's
hell-bound
and whiskey driven.

* DENISE R. PETZ is currently completing her final year at Rivier College, pursuing a Bachelor of Arts degree in Modern Language Education (with a minor in English). She makes her home here in Nashua, NH, with her husband, Matt, and their four children. Denise enjoys spending time with her family here and up north, at their home in Campton, NH, where there's time for reading, writing, painting, four-wheeling, and good old-fashioned, front-porch sitting.