Volcano

Lance Nizami

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Volcano

by Lance Nizami

The alcohol had helped achieve what smoking had before: reduce the boredom
The alcohol reduced the weight of time, the weight of moments

Whiskey, wine, or applejack; tequila, rum, or vodka
You tick more smoothly when the world’s oblique

And so you drink, but drinking cannot quench the heat within
Drinking cannot quench the growing violence

Frustration simmers; long hot summers sap your precious strength
Emotions stir within you, like the pressures in the mountain up above you, “dormant”—

Slowly, pressure builds; in weeks, or months at most, the rock must yield—
For you, the booze no longer simply numbs; you now know bitterness, despair

You dull your senses, then you dull your sensibility
You leave reality, and then you’re left with memories—

The silent tremors shake your fragile consciousness, reminders of your loss
And silent tremors shake the magma chamber far below you

Soon, something gives—