

# Relapse

*Elizabeth Terhorst*

I can't tell  
if it's wine  
or blood  
on my shirt,  
but I've missed you  
just the same.

Your silver edges  
drag up and down  
my arms and legs—  
    your sharp tongue  
    piercing  
    my reclaimed,  
    virgin flesh.

There are  
pink parts  
where past  
lovers left  
their mark  
on me.

My eyes flutter,  
and my chest heaves,  
but your pressure remains  
a sobering constant.  
    Kisses run down  
    my torso and neck,  
    but the warm crimson  
    left behind  
    stains like a  
    high school hickey.

I can't tell  
if it's wine  
or blood

on my shirt,  
but I've missed you  
just the same.

My only hope  
once I wake  
in the morning  
I'm left by  
my lonesome  
in my bed.

But, the morning light  
has a nasty way  
of illuminating  
my past regrets.