



TELECOM MUMMY

Lucas Marshall

Light up a cigarette.
Finish a chipped glass of whiskey,
Play a last game of keno.
Stumbling in woodlands camo.
Three cigarettes, home sweet home.
Unlock double dead bolts,
Door creaks, flip on a switch.

Light up a cigarette.
Pop two microwave dinners,
Pour a glass of warm whiskey.
Undo worn belt, unbutton pants.
Light up a cigarette.
Imprinted, cracked, vinyl recliner.
Fuzzy television, spits out noise.

Light up a cigarette.
Dinner over, steel-toed boots removed.
Throw away plastic plates, lights off.
Faded plaid shirt, tossed to floor,
Light up a cigarette.
Scars revealed from life and war.
One last drag, tossed into toilet.

Light up a cigarette,
Brushing teeth, the sink corroded.
Avoid mirror's eye contact.
Spit out today's existence.
Light up a cigarette.
Warped wood panels line the shower.
Mouth rinsed with whiskey.

Light up a cigarette,
Lie in bed, a sheetless mattress.
Surplus mummy bag – the only warmth.
Yesterday's paper lays open.
Light up a cigarette,
Ash on the floor.
A Last mouthful of whiskey.

Light up a cigarette,
Done with classifieds.
Shadows stretch into cracked corners.
Removing bifocals, lights off.
Cigarette butt smolders on nightstand.
Staring at water stained ceiling,
Nothing looks back.

One last breath,
eyes
fall
black.