

"Duality"
(By Split Personality)
By Robin B Lipinski

Dimensions seen, felt, smelt swimming odor sensed as wave smashed your unconsciousness away.

Boat riding the muddy bay bottom, ridden down by your drunken haze.

"One more beer here," spoken by the other, your other, you partake.

Storm rising, pressure falling, bow splitting a sailors watery grave.

"Frank! Watch out!" Last words from last love, she too, drowned amongst your memories.

"One more beer here," words louder than hers.

Fingers, always rely on fingers to bring you relief.

Raise the glass high while winds howl high above the mizzen.

Screaming banshee. Screaming wind. Screaming love. Screaming into history.

Fingers, always the devil's fingers, crawling among crab, sand, and ocean debris.

Fingers crawling, pulling the other body away from the sea.

Fingers cold, clammy, numbing sense.

"Oh God, I'm sorry," you heard the other you say.

"What have I done!" your exclamations become boring, trying to overpower the waves.

Calmness enters the fingers, extracting the other pathetic you away.

Crawling away like a crab from deathly remains, you smile, you have control, you know.

Nothing, not even "I'm sorry," can keep you away from your drink.

The End