

Bourbon Street

Harrison Potts

Once they empty their drinks and stumble home,
finding their footing in dazed confusion,
they close their eyes and exit Earth alone.

Along some half-abandoned street they roam,
taking an ignorant look at the sky,
once they empty their drinks and stumble home.

Underneath thirteen million stars unknown
and a billion more never seen before,
they close their eyes and exit Earth alone.

There they stand, at the edge of the sea foam:
their sloppy footprints will be washed away,
once they empty their drinks and stumble home.

Each of their barstools are their kingdom's throne
and when they lose the strength to defend it,
they close their eyes and exit Earth alone.

With tumors of loneliness fully grown,
amber liquid is their only medicine.
Once they empty their drinks and stumble home,
they close their eyes and exit Earth alone.