

The Price of Relief

She drinks to take the pain away.
Her thoughts becoming louder,
as she sits at the bar with a drink.
To fill the void and numb the pain she takes
another sip of the ice-cold beer. The
beer isn't enough some days as she
contemplates a stronger choice, shot
tonight perhaps? Tequila, Vodka any
kind of drink will do, anything that
works to decrease these thoughts she
continues to have, she works to stop
what she hears in her mind, but the
beer, the people, the thoughts fight for
her to stay. So, she continues to drink, she will
continue to stay, she thinks the
alcohol is helping her mind, but
in reality, it's a lair, a hoax, a
hidden depressant disguised as
a friend, but instead the devil is
hidden in every cup, in every sip taken.