Loose Lips of Liquor

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features into something unrecognizable. In the same sentence she had given Charlie everything he had hoped for the past three years and tore his world to pieces. She had reached out and filled the hole in his heart by slipping in a knife. Trembling he stood, shaking his head as though trying to clear it, his eyes clamping shut and re-opening again unfocused. “You…” he reeled and caught himself on the table. A metallic zip sounded as she reached for his hand across the table, dragging handcuffs across plastic. His head snapped up and his eyes focused on hers. Slowly he withdrew from her, his eyes chasing her breath from her body. And she knew in that moment that there was no longer any love for her in his heart. Then the man she loved turned and walked away from her.

JAMES BUCKLEY

Loose Lips of Liquor

The loose lips of liquor hold tongue for no one, and the inspiration for all drunken babeling, is truth.
Virtuous is the drunken poet, and what a virtue she wields, for nothing can sting quite like truth ringing free.
Explain it away as the voice of the vice but the conclusion I find is the bottom of the bottle is the portal through which one breaks all binding social confines.
May God smile down upon this Mick of a muse, for in her voice virtue sings; May God console the sober who this virtue scars and stings.