

Glassful of Prayer

ANTHONY CEBALLOS

There's nothing there, all
the relics have disappeared,
no overflowed shot across the counter,
no forgotten bottle, half emptied,
under the bed, no rusted ax to split
my head, every guilt drenched morning,
whiskey soaked week,
wine blotted year, losing my breath
 beneath the unwater, I inhale.
 Oh, holy libation.
 Oh, blood the color of grapes & cherries.
 Oh, father of vodka perspiration.
Oh my father, who stained the spiked edge of glass,
one fall, one night, the bottom of the stairs,
how death tied the blindfold,
how morning refused to greet you.

See, morning found a son instead,
seeped through mangled, dusty blinds
with a light too bright, so bright
I swore I was floating
above a Minneapolis on fire until I dropped,
 pulled through a makeshift sky,
 clouds of ash and dust,
 wreckage of once was,
 back to land with a hazy crash,
 body on sweat caked sheets.
Swore I saw you, my father,

on the way down,
but it was just my reflection,
in the window, next to the bed,
some branches, a warm summer breeze,
clock that says it's 2:00 pm and me
telling myself *shhhh, it's nothing*,
or was it you telling me *it's something*,
just close your eyes & count to three
one two three

*it will all get better
if you fall
back to drink.*

