

5-1-2010

Addictions

Molly Boyce

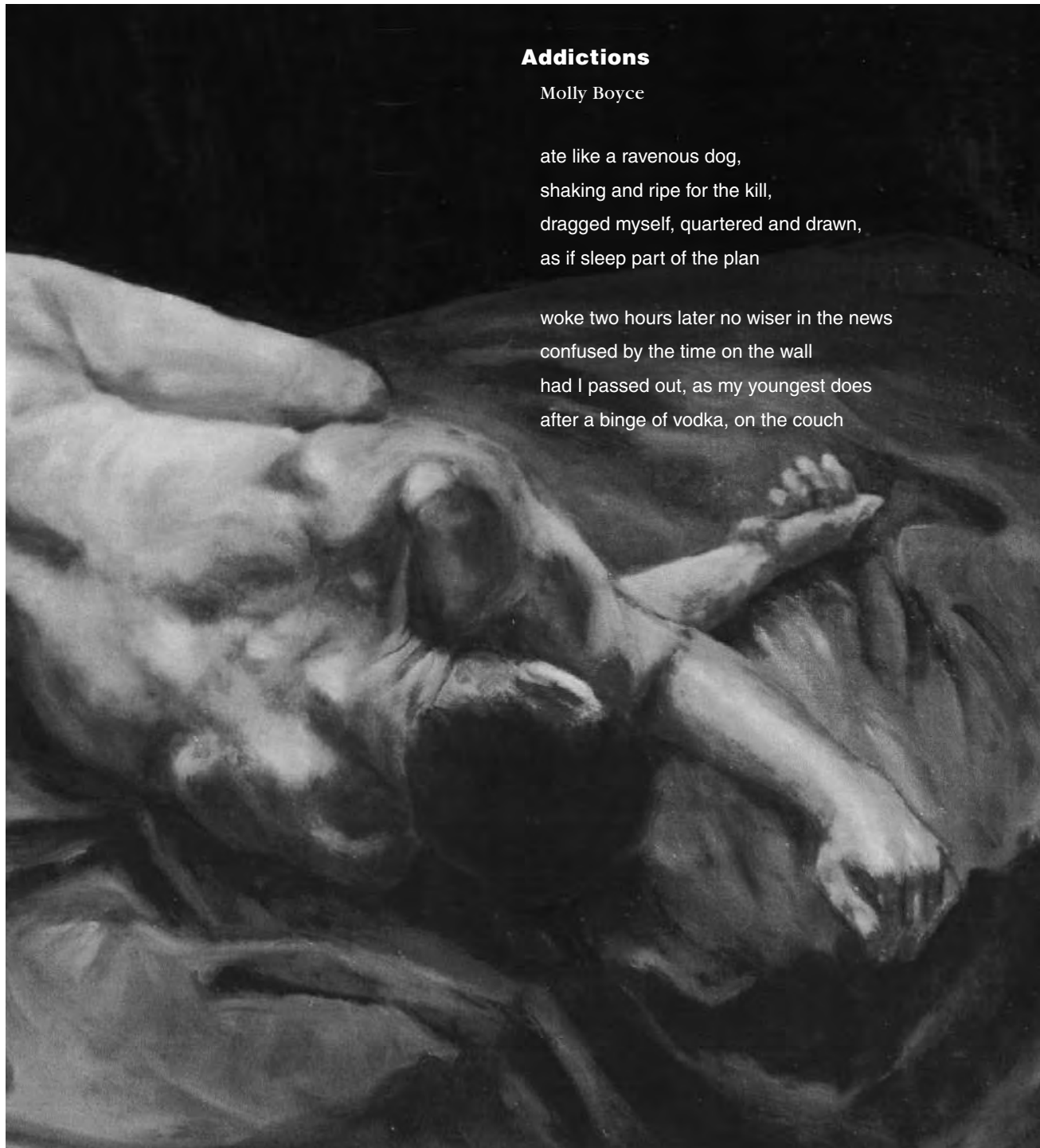
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Addictions

Molly Boyce

ate like a ravenous dog,
shaking and ripe for the kill,
dragged myself, quartered and drawn,
as if sleep part of the plan

woke two hours later no wiser in the news
confused by the time on the wall
had I passed out, as my youngest does
after a binge of vodka, on the couch

Drafted

Molly Boyce

I, like others,
stood in lines
signing up
under duress,
calculated
commitment

eminently
shaped by
present dangers
for services
rendered
abroad

required,
cold silent
signatures
scrawled across
bloody
wounded
scars



Bereaved Soldier Michele Cave