

The Dahlia That Withered Away

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the sable ragged curtains hang
onto the stained metal grommets
obscuring the clear windowpane
that breathes life
into this somber room.

slouched over
on the crooked oak table
like a dahlia shriveling
as it weeps for water.
his chin meets his breast
as his cold eyes stare
into the dark glass of liquor.

with his callous hands
tightly wrapped around,
he taps the glass with his
chewed and chipped fingernails.
he straightens his bowed back
and takes another swig and gulp
until there is no more left
of him.

just like the dahlia
that withered away
as it wept for help
so did he.