

David Musgrove

Crystal Meth

She was short
with straight black hair.
They told me she had been on everything
at one time or another.
In and out of rehab.
She was pretty
but had a washed-out look,
an empty look.
She wasn't the type of girl
I usually went for,
for anything besides
the fumlings and moanings
of a single night.
But it seemed a logical progression
for me,
a heavy drinker,
suddenly alone
and often enough
caught in a madness
that was far beyond
any tab of paper
or line of powder.
The first night I saw her
they were in the laundry room
of that house
with their short clipped straws.
She had on a short dress
and was hunched over the washer
sniffing up a line
of crystal meth
off the white metal surface
that was covered with a film of dust and detergent.
Like all things, I gave it a try
but nothing ever seemed to affect me
like the warm, old embrace
of whisky.

Drugs were like women,
expensive disappointments
and I guess it's hard for either to compete
with a six dollar pint
of Evan Williams
and mostly now
I don't let them try.
But I usually give things a chance
and I gave her one
or maybe she was trying me out,
I don't know
but after a few weeks
the newness wore off
like it does with most things.
She was staying at my place
every night.
I began to be cruel,
say things
and even refuse that one obsession,
feigning sleep,
too much whiskey,
something.
Eventually she moved on
to one of my friends
and I moved on too
but to what
I'm not exactly sure.