

# Afterburn

By Nile Coy

Lost in a cool spring breeze, I told myself  
“Stop. Breathe.” And I did,  
captured at my moment of distraction,  
there I was, held tightly with no desire of departure.  
This is the path I dreamed with my riddled brain,  
serotonin burned out in bright flashes ,  
brilliant Technicolor LSD afternoons,  
now so melancholy,  
dry, unused receptors  
once sparked and crackled hard,  
like a Tesla coil, keeping that  
glaze over my eyes,  
that funny sideways smile on my face,  
as I wandered aimlessly  
into the void  
that he left when he died.