

# Another Drink

*Sophia Centurion*

I need another drink. Please stay with me, at least until I pass out in a pile of my own remorse. I do not get to choose who I hurt and who makes everything make sense. All my wishes are beyond the genie's ability. Who's dead anyway? Everyone I need is here taking her 4th or 5th shot. Please no pictures of whatever it is I miss. Do you remember last December, or was that not even you? Who do I address for the hate, I left it around here somewhere. God has held the sun in place but has never turned back time, I don't think time even exists. I think it has been at least a couple dozen millennia since pieces of me were blown up and scattered across this valley. Please trust me, the year is crawling together, they are trying to become whole again.