

Blitzed at the Ball
By Megan Mills

I was living in the moment, knowing
it was the last of its kind.

Dancing on our deathbed,
glimpses of what once was tearing
fresh in my mind.

Soaking up the last of drops of an elixir so intoxicating, it
could no longer camouflage as a cure,

Screaming every word to every song,
harmonizing hearts never less sure.

And as the music flatlined, mimicking ours, I
knew I loved that moment for all it was, just
one last act for the stars.

I knew that moment marked the limit of
all that would ever be,
an elixir, a little too sweet.