

Prophecies by Tatiana Novak

Pinot Grigio bottles littered the floor,  
the faces on their labels became saints  
in a sinner's stained glass.

A requiem of souls played out  
the soulless lament across pill  
bottles, emptied in desperation.

Three steps from hell is too far  
gone to ask for forgiveness,  
Dante nor Vergil can help one's plight.

The bottle of alcoholic sleep aid,  
thick, purple and pure disgust,  
will not hasten the desirable.

The man, in the kitchen, with knives  
penetrating his ceramic body, was made  
for the job, skin and blood cannot perform.