

The King and His Queen

Every morning is when it all happens; day after day
I can see his veins spearing out in his arm just thriving for my thirst
He can't go too long without me in his system before going insane
I should know, I've seen him at his worst
He'll turn into a man not even he will recognize
With me or without me he'll be the most miserable he's ever been
I have him right where I want him; he's no longer in control of his own self

I take him on that magic carpet high, we can go anywhere we want
We're a team, but I'm his queen in charge
Day to day life can get rough; he consistently has zilch
I know I'm worth more than gold since I'm his necessity
"You're nothing more than a piece of shit junkie" people will say
He's tougher than most; ignores the words as if unspoken

His smell is something you'll never forget; rotten mixed with failure
He knows his life is limited, although everyone's is I suppose
He's as happy as he's ever been in his own little sad world
Being alone with him brings the comfort he needs; there's no pressure
Where would I be without him? That's the question I'll never find out
I mean everything to him, he will never go without his queen.

—*Kristen Orewiler*