

Booze Thirsty

By Benjamin Herrington

“I’m booze thirsty,” he said, “thirsty for booze.”

Water would not do and neither would juice.

Booze, the only liquid capable of satiating his palette.

Evidence of this undying thirst was present in yellow eyes that had seen a few too many a few too many times.

Red leathery skin contrasted with canary eyes, the victim of this never-ending thirst.

“I haven’t had a drink in well over an hour.”

Perhaps he would have done well to wait another hour.

“I’ll die if I don’t get some booze, I’m booze thirsty.”

There was no guarantee that another drink wouldn’t kill him. There was also no guarantee that his prognosis wasn’t accurate.

“Here,” I hand him two dollars, “quench your thirst.”

I save his life momentarily by granting him the means to a slow death.

“Thank you kindly.” he says.