

end of summer - alexis williams

i used to think about god and being so low that on the days where i might've believed it- all of it, i got so empty. for god, too, is hollow. i've spent the past three months on the euphoria of sparkling wine, plants that make you see yourself from the outside, and grass that doesn't balk at the thought of 97 degrees. so when the cold breeze comes, and im low again, i won't think of god. i know, now, how to fill myself back up.