



MERCY

Michael Moran

SHE WAS MY CONSTANT. Shiny and bright at the beginning of the evening, darker later on. Hell, more than seven years later, I still think about her each day. How she filled me with confidence, how she took my hand and pulled me away from all of the pain of the past. How she became the lover that seduced me and held me tight. Even before the first taste of the day, when I held her, I started to salivate. My heart raced and my chest tightened. As her cold liquid poured down my throat, I felt the tight coil inside of me start to loosen. It felt so good. Each day, for 25 years, I felt that.

Alcohol. God, I loved her.

My great-grandparents on my father's side were drunks. They were the type of drunk you would find in an alley or a shelter. The story goes that they gave up my grandmother as an orphan to the convent until her