

Do the Shogun Moon

by Kyle Hemmings

At *The Jumping Jackaroni*

they do a variant
of the Electric Slide. Nobody
touches ground. I invent
my own rhythm sticks
& fling my wet cloth of despair.
Here, you're either a renegade or
an amnesiac under acid flashback strobe.
If you die on the dance floor,
they bury you with your taps on.
Heel to toe, our bunions
are our ingrown medals.
I still have trouble putting
one foot in front of the other,
my two-step is as clumsy
as bumper cars. By the time,
the barmaid with the stitched lip
announces last call, I'll be spinning
without a partner. I'll be lighter
than fizz, foam, or bubble.
By 5 a.m., I'll be heavier than death.
The outside world is an almost-corpse
that twitches with an old frog's heart.
It only had two left feet.
Sometimes the lead foot
stuck in its drooling mouth.

