The Girl With the Dresden Blue Eyes

by Kyle Hemmings

Your girlfriend with the Dresden blue eyes with the sleek belly & gorgeous scars from ripping off Avenue A dealers has you on a leash of short-term amnesia. You can't recall the last time you got off from being trigger-happy inside her & you formed a post-Expressionist impression, of two barbed souls.

You could go crazy counting

the nights that slip into a winter numbness: a reindeer dying in a child's eyes, a hit & run on 7th ave. South. When she calls you don't say what the fuck, where you've been? Instead, something inside you trembles like a victim, and you ask where & when. You curse the rain.

At the university cafe, she shows you a new dragon tattoo from the place on St. Mark's open until 1 a.m. She then hits you up for some paper tongue because there's a new drug rumored to cure the virus called living by numbers. It's fatal but so is being born, she says with a smile that tangles up your peek-a-boo soul & leaves you misty-eyed for your father's polyester suits before he came down with a rare strand of

sleeping standing UP.

Tonight, after a frenzy
of unsafe sex, in a hotel owned by an ex-captain
of steely visions, your girlfriend with the Dresden
blue eyes sings you an old lullaby
the very one her grandmother once sang to her

when her eyes were too baby doll big for this world. And the two of you collapse into each other's jack box, the night taking no prisoners, only the half-shadows by the fireplace, only the soft flickering against the walls.