

STROBE

by Adam Sifre

Tequila flavored dancers

touch my life from time to time,

the sweetness of seduction mixed with salt and lime.

and the bars are closing early and my nights are getting blurry

as we sweat the righteous sweat of good clean sin.

and we're howling in the night as we hold

each other tight,

longing and desperation

touched with gin.

the lights are poppin' brightly

and the music's unforgiving.

let the devil wait his turn

and let's get on with living,

as we revel in each other's chance to burn.

