

Red Sky at Night

by Amanda Proscia

She says the turntables made

her cold;
and she feels
as invincible as Adwa.

Hiding
behind her Wayfarers, but you can tell
she likes attention from the color of her nails.
Morals disappearing
more with each movement of the second hand.
A cigarette always burning
but she never inhales.

Her independence is
off-putting, but she is
just jaded and insecure;
She feels
the force of gravity while standing still.
Don't hug her cold body, no.

Beats fill
her head with dramatic prose;
she only writes them down to avoid her reality.
The caffeine hides
her weakness; but when she crashes,
she crashes hard.

She stands
in a broken mirror, counting
her ribs.
But the marks on her arms are
just bruises.
She traded

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in her handbag and heels for
a pack of reds and a fifth of bourbon;
floating
in liquor only to drown the next morning.

Because sailor's delight isn't
as enchanting as it used
to be.

