

# 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

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.

