

You Don't Have To Put On Your Red Light

by Erin Zulkoski

She was driving in rush hour traffic. Okay, not really "driving," per se...more like sitting behind the wheel of her German car, staring at the back of the head of the person in the car in front of her. The radio was blaring some song she didn't care for, but she didn't change the station, knowing that it would mean listening to another song she didn't like. She sighed and looked around the inside of the car, the dark grey leather interior, the soft red glow of the instrument panel illuminating the inside. Red was not a color choice she would have gone with. It reminded her of Amsterdam's Red Light District. And the Police song, "Roxanne," to which she began singing in a falsetto voice, just like Sting. She made a mental note to put that song in to sing at karaoke next time. She reached down to the center console for the large can of energy drink, and took a long swig. Instead of putting it back in the cupholder, she rested it between her legs. The can was ice cold, and the chill spread up the inside of her thighs, like the hands of an invisible lover. She leaned her head back against the head rest and relished the feeling, closing her eyes to the sensation as it crept higher up. A slow, crooked smile appeared on her lips. Maybe the traffic wasn't so bad, after all.

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