

perfectly...fine...

by Joey Delgado

You left for the glittery wild of West Hollywood. I guess L.A.'s off-limits now.

My heart goes fucking tachy when I drive over Kellogg Hill past Forest Lawn and see the skyline glowing through the rainbow haze of sunset. You're out there, out in the sprawl, and you're perfectly maddeningly...fine. I picture you standing on a rooftop sipping margaritas and some guy wipes salt off the rim of his glass with his finger and offers it to you. How could you resist?

You stole the city. I miss the cluttered markets in Chinatown where they sell plastic wrapped ancestral offerings in bulk and dried taro leaves. You never knew this, but I always wished I'd find stashes of opium hidden in the inventory. Coming up with scenarios leading to an easy fix was an addiction holdover. I kept it from you, some of my past. Stupid.

You left anyway.

I'll go back, get a coffee at the Grand Central Market. I like being tucked in among the skyscrapers.

Maybe I'll catch a drag show on Santa Monica Boulevard and watch for you in the crowd, sitting next to whoever, laughing. By then I'll be done wishing it were me.

