

Faith

by Kirsty Logan

the next one sidles up, her skirt showing legs straight
as a daisy stem. you spread your arms crucifixion-
style along the back of the booth, your face glittered
with piercings, your pint halfway, your pool cue
standing to attention. she displays her teeth and the soft
flesh under her clavicle. she tilts onto your lap, rests
her bangled arm across your shoulders. she says jukebox
mixers singular. you do not say. she presses out her lips,
eyes the cue. a better option winks past and she slips
off your lap and back into the fray. your leather jacket
zip has left a row of teethmarks on her arm. your gaze
flickers, then you look around for the next one and

