

Dig That Girl!

by Kyle Hemmings

Leave your dog and your dog-eared lovers at the door. I smile at the bouncer, pay my ticket, and wink at a slasher chick. She gets pumped on heavy metal gods and Kwaito. Here, anything goes at Z-Katz, a throb and a thump of strobe mirages. And Ricci's doing all flavors of moon-walk, torso-twisting or hip-wriggling. She spins past the motorcycle queens crammed in SRO like mayonnaise jars on an overpriced shelf. And those Soho art tarts, so high on their manicures and mouth-washed speech, just drool, but pretend they're so fucking indifferent. In this joint, I'm a cross-town fly.

I wonder. How do I signal that I want her, body and soul, or even just body, without turning myself into a stand-up comedy routine? Okay. Just wait. Waiting to dance in Ricci's shadow, anoint myself with her sweat. If I could shrink to the size of that fly, I'd sit on her ass [in those skin-tight jeans] that are two Siamese-joined heads, twitching. I'm twitching.

Bitch-goddess.

Hydrogen heroin queen.

I'm a freak with Stratocaster memory.

Can you drown in the fellatio of joy and despair?

The night sky and stars are tangled in pyramid schemes.

I know. I know. It's the liquor that's doin' the thinking. But I think happiness dies as fast as a chemical reaction. It adheres to quarks

and particles, the shelf-life of eternity. When the bartender yells out last call, I'll get the balls to ask Ricci to crash at my loft off Ave. A. Maybe stretch out a love that would otherwise last a whole five minutes. In the sun-stricken morning, after a dream of her vanishing through crepuscular cracks in walls, we'll sleep like two Ecstasy overdoses. I think of people, like mummies, rising from their sleep and returning to their cubicles in the Land of the Dead. I think of men, who can fold and pack me in their briefcases, their eyes, the heads of hard sunken nails. My Egyptian Mau is at the window, her belly humming that she hasn't been fed.

