

Friday Night

by Laura McCollough Moss

Another hard week
tired but
make the effort
Hire a sitter
put off the electric bill
Pretty face
too much makeup
teeth not perfect
no money for that
Nothing to wear
borrow a top from a friend
shiny, cheap and tight
clings to the muffin top
over jeans from
before the baby
Old bridesmaid's heels
kill to walk in
the bar is full
the usual crowd
look for that guy
with the cute smile
not here tonight
married anyway
the rest are slim pickins
jeans low down
silver studded belts
hats on sideways
not a decent ass in the bunch
strong cologne
don't expect them to buy drinks
broke
not too bright

Available online at *<<http://fictionaut.com/stories/laura-mccollough-moss/friday-night>>*

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air-guitar their cue sticks
to the thrumming jukebox
hang around til closing
who will be lonely
desperate
enough to take them home.

