

The Dance

by Tim G. Young

All night long it was Pop music with huge killer choruses and long break down endings. All night long. Morning had taken to hiding itself somewhere deep behind the mixing console and made threats to never show again.

The dance floor pulsed, flushed with a gossamer sweat beading, dripping and blending into gyrating humans woven into a carpet of excruciating colors. The pain persisted.

Allison's long hair flew in desperation within its own mind as she maneuvered closer to the outside then closer to the center of the throng. She touched her face and felt the muscles in her thighs flex and stretch. The bass parts thumped and vibrated in the intimacies of her heart forcing the blood to dangerous new heights.

Angelo stood to the side and lit a cigarette. The taste of the smoke mixed with the tangy tequila drops still on his lips. Allison caught his eye. Angelo was a drinker not a dancer. Allison, the other way.

A minute ago in the men's room Angelo stuck the tip of his key to his Mercedes into his bag of cocaine and lifted out a hefty snort. Then once more. He knew morning would crawl out from behind the mixing console at some point and he wanted all of it at once. He knew Allison would join him. He knew what she would say to him. Thinking of her words he went back to the bar.

Allison watched her feet slide, lift and twirl. She remembered the long summer nights beneath the festooned awnings of Angelo's backyard parties. She loved how his eyes undressed her. She bit her lip and tasted a drop of blood. She imagined dancing across a raging red river, the moon shining like a beacon reflecting in her eyes.

Angelo emptied the double shot of Patron, slipping down his throat like silver. Abruptly Allison left the dance floor hungry for his touch. As their eyes met the DJ busted into his closing theme. The strobe lights put it all into slomo as Allison's fingers wrapped around those belonging to Angelo.

