

We Girls

We sit at the bar, legs pantyhosed,
all crossed. Martini stains on our lined
glossed lips. The men standing insist,

they'll make our drinks sweet for free.
They want to slip a love potion within,
somewhere between the kiss of vodka

and gin. We flip our curls over the left
shoulder, adjust the spine doll-straight,
lean in and giggle the giggle of a thousand

girls desperate to grow up chased out of bars
for a beauty nobody can grasp, though their
sweaty calloused hands continue trying,

swatting air as easy as pretend-catching
a swarm of playful prima donna flies.
We swallow the black spiraled fog, dizzy,

stumbling from alleyways high as stinging
honey bees off kisses half-sweet, fingers
curled into question marks inside of us.