**A summer.**

Satin shorts twisted up in the centers of us, summer wet, folds of skin lapping, debased by liquor tonight, this black blinding night. Splayed out we are splayed out over grass in folding chairs in wooden chairs. A wading pool with the bobbing bottle of cava, excess pouring. And grass stuck on our elbows, hose water pooling around a statue in the dirt. Do you understand? We’re almost fucking but we’re not. We’re all tongue. We’re all tongue down the glass, mouth open and taking. No, we’re not. We’re wasted on memory tonight. We’re fucking memories. I don’t come easily to the night, but when I do, I am the night. Me and some girls, we command it, the high priestesses of one another and our revenge kill. We slaughter happily the language of the past, oh, that’s the night we’re fucking with the slick oily dark dick of goodbye, and the wicked wheel turning inside of us, away, toward the somewhere that isn’t here. Do you taste that? That’s the salt of us turning away from the prescription.