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The First Time I Met Danny

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THE
FIRST TIME
I MET
DANNY

**LIV
BAKER**

The boys and I are hanging a piñata
from the laundry room window
& drinking tequila straight from the bottle.
By nine-thirty we are drunk
& by ten-thirty, we start to swing.

Danny hands me a baseball bat
& watches me tear the pinata to shreds,
sending split-half tootsie rolls
flying across the lawn like confetti.
I am the piñata-hitting queen.

When I trip on the sidewalk,
grind two kneecaps like pink salt,
what Danny doesn't do is clean them
because Danny says blood is beautiful
& kisses them like he's applying lipstick.

The next morning we fuck, drink coffee,
clean tootsie roll carcasses
off of the sidewalks & fuck again
& when I hear from Danny next, he's living
in a basement in Colorado.

He writes me and says
his day-job sucks & he's tired
of renting skis to rich white women
who fuck him & slip him 100s, he says
he wants to buy me the moon.

The next time I hear about Danny
his friend says: you didn't know?—
Danny was shot in the heart
three weeks ago by two
Cuban banana farmers—

When I was red wine drunk in my bedroom
Danny was naked on a Guatemalan
rug heavy with his own blood
& I don't know if this
is what Danny meant by beautiful.