

Wiping Up The Dance Floor in Alphabet City

Acoustic banging, chaotic din, envelops
flailing grinders. Hot itchy jitterbugging
keeps lovers mingled, naughty.
Overwrought prancing quaintly releases sweat.
Two unflinching voluptuous women exhale,
yell “Zydeco!”

Zip, yelp, explosion. Wild variations
undermine tunes. Sizzlers really quiver,
pushing orgasmic, narrowly missing
love. Kalimbas jump in, harmonicas
garble, flutes etch downbeat,
cool be-bop accentuates.

Aw, but can’t dancers’ engines, fluid
gyrating hips, ignite? Jiggy keisters
launch mambo—nearby, ogled
pelvises quake. Rumba, synth-pop,
tough undertow. Veering wobbler
exiled. You? Zero.