
Friday Night Out

Clear, cold, ice cubes clinked against the sides of a thick glass
magnifying a lonely slice of green lime.
She pursed her scarlet lips and raised the glass so a thin
double-barreled straw slipped between them
and silently sucked in the potent liquid.
Two eyes, lined meticulously with black and brushed lashes
flashed a deep brown light with the prospect
or probability of trouble,
The ends of her wheat hair slightly split
and sprayed tousled about a face
that wore expressions as casually as an old sweater.
Waiting restless, but in full knowledge
it was just another Friday night
in a stale bar, like a snuffed out cigarette butt.

Renee Kristine Nicholson

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have you ever stood by a doorway a secret portal trying to decide
how to put your first foot forward wondering if you should
contemplating your life to come to an only decision of life you
missed me by a mile i missed you by a smile we caressed our
beings in the sensation of love only to find that it wasn't truly
there only a mirage of my thirsty soul longing for the taste of
your salty blood to run through my child's veins to see him
skipping holding your hand as i would have once to see you raise
his giggling body high above your head spinning around in
circles spinning spinning past me in the delusion that i created for
myself to make my soul feel more compassionate towards this
life i stand in your doorway waiting for my body to make its first
move to new life to new freedom, you missed me smile you
missed my last lonely mile

Jessica Harris