

Last Friday

after full glasses of
rum and laughing
out the back with
Jim and his
dirty little fuck box secrets
the balls of my feet
rolled down one
very long street,
in a very dark hour
and walked into the
doorway home of a group of strange men
playing open hand poker
and smoking strong hash

The oldest one
sporting an armful of army tattoos
met me at the door
with half eaten corn chips
in one hand
and scratching his arse with the other

I pulled out some attitude
like a woman double my age
about noise in my suburban street
and handed him a flash of my
skin from my upper arm
fell slightly up against
the old doors frame
grabbed the attention of
his mate sucking down
a clear bottle necked beer
and found myself
being asked inside
with his hand on my arse
trying to find the panty line
and the reason I was there

And they sat
in half light and absurd silence
starring at my ankles
above my red high heels
as I turned up a Beatles LP
and put my feet up
on the smokey coffee table

and smoking their smokes
and drinking their wine
and using their bathroom mirror

and falling to sleep
in a ball
with my head in the old man's lap
an hour out from sunrise

*And sometimes
on a Friday night
in my street*

*this is just
the way it is...*