

Dancing in the Foothills

Clouded judgement and a dance -
that came so easily
but the memory eluded me

Lips dripping ripe with wine
which stained my teeth and unleashed
a slew of sweet nothings
Whispered, into ears of strangers
who strangled me with their tongues
and blew smoke into my lungs
and twisted me around the dance floor
twirling twirling twirling

Like ring around the rosie,
until everyone's toes bleed,
and they all fall down.
-Theresa O'Hare