

Invisible

Bass pounded out of the speakers broad and hard.
The melody was sweet like the whiskey I wish I'd had on my lips...

I'm sure I knew the song.

Steam from the night's languid heat crept in through cracks on Locust and Lee.
It held us there, our feet lazy from the night's indulgence.
A burning blunt and stale nostalgia of every extinguished cigarette
mixed with the musk of their bodies as they grooved
in the thickest part of the night.

Through the doorway, I saw him.

His lean was sexy.
His body stretched against the wall with quiet confidence that drew my eye to his middle,
the sweetest part of a man.
Instantly, I wanted to know if the skin he hid under his shirt
glistened the same beautiful brown of his naked biceps.

He didn't see me.
I'm invisible in the sea of rigid beats splashing against
the curve of her hips and the slope of her breasts.