

Friction

nightclubs, nightstalkers
fast women, fast talkers
loose lips, loose limbs
the lovely loveless
sunset to sunrise
black dresses, black eyes
tangles of tangos
hot hands, hot thighs

why can I never get you?
theres a sea of bodies between us.
I recall the first time i saw you -
not a dance hall - but a crowded bus.
pressed against the scent of stale sweat -
friction!

vampires and witches
steal bloody red kisses
in go-go boots, itailin suits;
they always dress to kill.
they spin their umbrellas,
they dance a tarantella..
but im not here for them
I only come here to watch you.
I want to make your acquaintance,
to escort - to be a gentleman.
I want to rub up against you..
like those scoundrels -
like those wolves do.
they run in packs -
in saabs and SUVs.

oh, these pounding dance clubs.
this friction between us.
how you throw your body,
its so moving..
but never toward me.

still, I always seem to read
between the beat.