

Everybody's Girl

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Unlike smoke and heat, lust
does not rise. It stays close
to the ground, the same place
where ash falls, and spirits
turn to goop. This jazz club is no different
to a sticky back room,
or a nursery. You squint sideways
into dusty rose floodlights. Your body
in this black dress
is liquid. Viscous like honey. The same ruby
that smudges your saxophone
smudges over the cheeks of the black
and white men who gaze up, slurp down
your rippled existence. In this haze
everyone in the room is a hand
drawn caricature. All they see
is the fine line of your body. They draw
their own conclusions from your brass' wail.
In their wet minds, it is the syrupy gasp
of a rendezvous with their girl.

Inspired by "Buddy's Rendezvous" by Father John Misty & Lana Del Rey

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