PREGAME

It’s a quick shot that sparks my feet off the floor
the kitchen bottlenecks into silence
save for little droplets of laughter spilling from our lips

I scoop them up along with my keys and the lock stutters a crunch before the descent
four
three
two
one

the prayer circle commences under weeping streetlamps
darts and lights jump hand to hand to knuckles brushed, eyes locked, shoulders bumped
silent turns nestled between layers of chatter piling on itself
expanding to every inch of the avenue

sweet soju kisses stick fast like gum to a braced canine
run your tongue across my cheek and swallow
that red hot flare that tastes like love
if love tasted like something other than the sweat on your neck.

under moon or fluorescents we can’t be anything but children
who choke down Canadian tobacco
wrap our long arms around baskets made of bone
and hurl our bodies into each other
like a race to morning