

## **Perhaps Another Time, Like Right Now**

The itch doesn't come back at the party in the crowded bathroom by a makeshift marble countertop bar letting potential begrudgingly pass by. It's not the way the head snaps back, waiting for the drip and borderline nausea interjected by a bump-up from a new entrant. We're crawling back down the snake pit, defanged, because somebody needs to piss. All those people, all those connections, dispersed, dislodging shoulder from shoulder. They're behind the horizon and our winds intercept different jet streams.

It's the days from putting words in a notebook with the worry that your well is dry as rocksteady comes from that dancehall below your apartment, waiting for you to have another forgetful dance, eavesdropping like enemies of the state under floorboards. Another bass spasm and your tied-off Jiminy, who needed his own program, whispers in your ear to go downstairs, One more time, man.

Just one more time. And getting used to this cycle has us see horizons through a bottleneck, covered with laminated highlight in disco ball glisten. But this feels right. This isn't so bad. Might as well. *Hffffff!* It's a curding commodity of perhaps another time, like right now.