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How Lucy the Harlot Stole My Friend

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How Lucy The Harlot Stole My Friend

Steven Ramos

He was a disco ball
living off cheap gas station hot dogs,
perpetrating his hazy fog.
Our feelings tasted like wine for him.

Mr. Redacted Redacted Redacted of White Avenue
claimed he ate, and drank
properly.
There was no fog, just his vibes.

I watch him drop the mickey in his mouth
"No I'm telling you, They hate me because I'm ...
cool now, because I'm thin now, because I know what they
don't." This, the Relaxed Mind of Insanity

In his eyes,
the sun never looked so dim
and acid sapped from trees.
Eventually he flew away.

Far away ...

"Stevo never understood, He
didn't let him in.
I just wanted to touch his soul
And make him dance."
So he will drive his car for miles,
A soured friend.
Filled with LSD, I'm sure
Ay, dios mio ...

Wherever he lands the trees will greet him
Dripping their sap into his mouth
Forever and
Ever ...

Disco Ball One
Disco Ball Two

Nicole Bellin

