

Friday is such a deadly day

Wednesday is the new Thursday.
Thursday is the new Friday.
Friday is the new Saturday.
Saturday is the old Saturday.
Sunday is another Saturday.

The Suits,
jackets slung over their seatbacks,
rounded their beer like it was going out of fashion.

Outside,
in a dead doorway,
Suit 66 presses his personality up against Dress 14,
cig in hand,
a knee moving in,
a bony tentacle
helping to part her legs a little.

He tastes of two-minute-old tobacco.
She tastes a little of mint.
(That cuts through the vodka.
A scalpel across thin ice)

Tongues slug-fucking,
their conjoined mouths
mixed a thick saliva cocktail.

Sans tiny paper umbrellas.

Over her shoulder,
he checks his watch.

Later,
he'll tell his wife
that someone threw themselves under his train.

'Again?'

she'll say.