Night Ride

“Sandra Mardene, you’re as independent as a hog on ice. You want to be a snot all your life?” Yes, well maybe I do, maybe I want to sass back just to watch you jump, just to watch Lloyd roar with laughter and write later I drove the dinner party over to the edge of darkness and after deliberate and reckless endangerment, turned the darkness aside with a fast phrase, quick quip, red herring, sotto voce, bad girl, bad girl, whatcha going to do when they come to get’cha, bad girl, and I tell you, I still have that red dress, that yellow dancing shawl, that fast-talkin’ mouth with the ruby red lipstick, that hair so black you don’t have to ask what’s flying in the door, that dark Dzonokwa come to eat my children, or is that the Chief’s Wife ready to pour another long, narrow flute of Chandon blanc de noir, bubbles so fine they float through the evening air like crystal confetti, like foam on the flood, and you guess maybe you’ll get on board this candlelit table of friends like a Japanese paper ship set sail on the indigo water, lit from within by wild talk, the hostess in her red dress leading us again to an edge she must rescue us from; we’re along for the ride on the reinless red horse called Wild Words.