

# Because Last Night Was Friday Night

*Holly Welker*

Because last night was Friday night  
I had to search to find a quiet place  
and when I found it I wanted to leave it  
though I wasn't even working off a mean gin drunk.

I wasn't even wondering what I could do  
with a letter opener shaped like a dagger  
but not sharp. And still without permission  
my hands would cover my face.

Two of my sisters cut their hair.  
Perhaps this means I'm next.  
Two of my sisters are in California  
and the third turns twenty-two soon.

My brother and I dance to thrashy music,  
the lyrics could be: *books, guns, burn,*  
the subject matter cheeses, imported-shoes.  
My brother dances with me only if I don't speak.

This is what I would like to tell him:  
in two days I lost two men.  
This is how I lost them:  
love lust hate.