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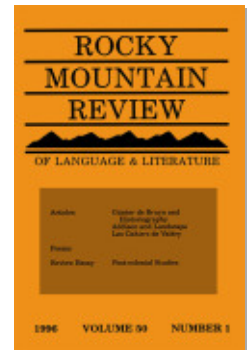
Photographs of a Party

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Photographs of a Party

I.

His pants cast a trail that reminded me of wine and days when I walked with the footsteps of God to gather in a crooked circle set upon the floor by travelling five card hands. Unique ashtrays scatter us around the table to throw our cards into the fire and enjoy the silver sights. I smile at a provocative glance and drink wine having flashbacks of dreams present and past that torment these hallways and no one has a better hand.

II.

I believe that Kerri and Megan arrived spurring the tap on. "Every time you see me, you intoxicate me," I cringed on a silver dollar worth of whisky. I turn from the bedroom half-dazed nothing more than a unique dance floor so my cigarette smoke can jump and explore over the pored footprints of dancers before. One room laughs differently bearing gifts of aching and distance, strangers and strange beds, experience and innocence. Everyone derives everyone so gone. I should run, tomorrow I won't remember.

Justin Willis