Dominique Davis

Walk to a Jr. High Dance

"I'm just a soul whose intentions are good.
Oh lord, please don't let me be misunderstood."

Her skirt doesn't reach her thighs
because she wants to look like the girls
in the videos. She wears heels her mother
didn't buy. Her mascara is clumped
in the corners of her eyes & her lipstick
has smeared onto her cheeks.

She doesn't see the three men creeping
behind her. Their footsteps are masked
by the *click-clack* of her own & their thoughts
are too dark to be seen under dim streetlights.
She is preoccupied with images of herself

& Billy Fickle holding hands & dancing.
She thinks she will get her first kiss tonight.
Maybe under the disco ball or behind
the bleachers or in a dark alley, with black lungs

breathing down her throat. The men are closer,
but she mistakes their breath for the wind
& they accept her sashay as an invitation.

They listen to the rhythm of her hips hitting stale air
so when they stand up in the courtroom, they will say

She asked for it