

FRIDAY NIGHT
KIMBERLY PARADA

I consumed his vacant chill as
we kissed. *Are you really 24?* he hummed
while we laid
on his mattress. The hollow room
vibrated a purple plum sweet like
his lips. The LED lights fed his cavity's ether,
softening his wrinkled smile.

He asked. Then

My chest
fell;

my toes
plunged on his hardwood
floor; My eyes scanned all around-

no bedframe;
no furniture;
no clothes;
not a thing-

nothing. He
pulled me in closer while his vestal fridge hummed...

Was he

Really
28?

