

# Party Girl - May 2020

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**Catherine Heath**

*May 2020*

A frightening intensity

Is just how we like it--

She might be a banshee,

Screaming,

*And everyone is running away*

(Afraid to have fun,

Today).

Blazing through the parties,

Like some devil--

Flirting with all the men,

And drinking rum.

*Fancy dress costumes,*

*Or prostitutes in disguise?*

We have no idea,

And to our surprise,

We don't care.

You think she might be mental,

Since she doesn't give a hoot

What anyone thinks--

And she drinks,

Laughs,

And smokes,

Somewhat like a man,

And wears boots

That make loud noises

On the floorboards.

That's because she loves men,

And they care for her,

Like no one else--

Like she cares for her friends,  
Who didn't realise  
*She wants to be loved in return.*  
Boyfriends and best friends,  
We were party animals--  
You were my guide,  
Through the endless maze  
Of drink and drugs  
(Half-remembered hugs  
In the dim velvet shroud  
Of the emerging morning light).

She didn't care for books,  
Or dull looks in the library--  
What else did you think  
We were at university for,  
But getting drunk on life,  
Rebelling against society,  
Partying all night  
And lazing on the common all day,  
Our hazy blue cigarette smoke  
Curling up towards the sky?  
And we never want to say goodbye,  
*But goodbye*  
*Is not good day.*

We'll always be this way,  
You and I--

Because we are the devils  
That stalk the corridors  
Of stale universities,  
Shaking up everyone  
(Making the girls cry)  
And the other lads  
Look on in awe--  
Jealous that they are not in our gang,  
Because they use girls  
(And stab other men  
In the back).

Are they an incestuous commune,  
They wondered--  
Those boys and girls,  
Living together,  
Utterly fulfilled  
And gratified  
To be part of a gender neutral family,  
Laughing and cavorting;  
Throwing wild raves,  
And kicking everyone out when we're done,  
So we can all  
Retire to our own beds.

Drugs were a means to an end--  
A route to enlightenment,  
Or madness--

*We hardly care which--*

She might be a witch!

Her loud cackle heard on the third floor,

But we adore her

When she bakes us cakes,

And cuddles us when we're sad

(Even though we pretended

We were just having a party).

Frightened she might float away,

You hold on to her legs,

Which makes her laugh--

And we both rise,

Rise,

High on the wind,

Where we can see everything--

*A bird's eye view*

*Of eternity--*

Just you and me,

*Elated and free,*

*For all time.*

You were a party girl

(But I was just visiting)

Looking for fun,

And all the hot men.

*Then when the party was finally over,*

*I took home the best one.*

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