

peace be with you
DeSe Escobar

As a seahorse I would want to carry her eggs, he thought to himself. She looked translucent as she glided through the apartment, stuffing her bag with cosmetics, white fishnet tights and a black Tudor neck ruff. Later, on the road, she would stop at gas station bathrooms to fix her burgundy cat eye and brown lip line for the hot wind and vibrating sky. She smelled like lily-of-the-valley, Hyacinth, Jasmine, Ylang-Ylang and Almond.

They had met at 3am. She was partying off the adrenaline from her Cirque du Soleil act, he was drowning his web3 woes in a vodka soda. His eyes rested on the row of lamps behind the bar: one was Treasure Island themed with swashbuckling swords on the front, a hazy glow emanating through pleated silk organza and vintage lace. She led him to the privé bluetooth b2b car hang in the parking lot.

They danced together, their bodies changing color from phosphorescent Balmain blue to butter yellow flecked with incarnadine splashes. The dainty beaded metallic tassels of her hoodie swayed around her, stinging his face like jellyfish tentacles. They mirrored each other, levitating among the clouds of sickly vape smoke and stale beer. She told him she wanted to go to New York. The pilot for Gossip Girl was released seventeen years ago as of that day.

Sure, they could do that, they could do anything. We could also go to Vegas, he whispered. The Nevada desert sky would glow like a black 2008 Margiela asymmetrical capelet with ominous flashing lights. They would gamble their luck and raw cash at The Mirage. The signs on Interstate 15 would beckon them to Buffalo Bills, then Cesar's Palace, to fatigue and hysteria. All dreams are perfect, even the worst nightmare, because they are shamelessly true.

She threw her head back. "Everyone knows something about you, but you don't know yet. You're made of lucite."

He had taken too many Perky's and his hands were trembling as they packed for the trip in the basement. He hoped to be destroyed and then born again.

- Ada Antoinette