

Neolithic

Blue lights have turned yellow in the course of age along Lake Shore Drive from when remembered in the half-light of some forgotten child's eyes. Down through familiar streets and to the dark filled hall decaying from it's former glory brings it down to a level he's comfortable with. Smoke pours out from between streams of blue and red stage lights from which comes confident and loudly the sounds of icons also down to the level of the stage upon which they perform. A mirrored dress reflects in shimmers out to the crowd. Souixsie dances. Souixsie sings. Souixsie kicks the bouncer in the head. And all is well with the world. Talking to none, the music becomes a private touch. With none there to validate, it's a recorded moment set as a ghost except on further inspection, it is not that which is haunted but him perceiving, drifting, sighted not by one in the thousand...none recall the



name nor recognize a face. Some hippie drawn by the scent of his clove cigarette bums one. Extending the pack for his pick of the lot, the hippie takes the wish-cig back to his girlfriend. He doesn't protest as in innocence done, he instead extends the wish for the hippie in hopes that the need he sees in the eyes of the young couple stays fresh...but now told, he knows it will not come true. So the set ends with a couple of flourishing encores...out he walks in the trench coat he feels comfortable in only when it rains.

In and down the self-same street to Neo night club and in with a pass of the bouncer's hand and up to the bar with a "7 and 7" as it rolls so nice off the tongue no matter the state of mind, body, and...Out of tune with the music, he sits a bit to watch the pretty lights all in rows dance where he will eventually when the DJ gets the bug out of his ass.

"Who do you dance for?" he asks.

"I dance for me."

If this is the answer then the song is right and out stepping into somewhere not unlike cemeteries for all the attention of the inhabitants.



Here though the familiar come and claim a state of union as socialized individuals make their procession across with the hand-shake and casual laugh as above the music there's no such thing as a conversation. Sitting in a corner bathed in red light, he looks across and a sense turns a knot in the numbed heart. There's a fresh face of an old someone special enough to have done damage and turned the heart a funny shade of grey. She's taken her place and the numbness in him comes in rushes as guard as without there'd just be the pain of which he does his best to dance away. But last-call comes too soon, and the need for dancing doesn't seem to know a clock. He makes his goodbyes and leaves enough after to not be face to face. There's somewhere in this world where there's the kind of love that doesn't leave home. He sleeps on empty pillows as the day dawns indifferently. His bed is empty, but then a Gemini is never alone.

