Stars Among Streetlights
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We were the teenage terrorists
filled with booze
and “mari-joo-wana”
leaving shattered glass in the middle of roads
creating night-time nuisances with our noise and souls
within suburban neighbourhoods
somewhat scattering
with each pass of a car’s headlights
afraid of the bright white glow
(too bright - be careful!
it might reveal all our secrets
and trepidations, plight
We were drunk enough to fight
too intoxicated to fight
Anxiety.
it rushed through our vulnerable veins
Mom must have been right)
We hollered and danced
We staggered and vomited
We took care of each other
despite our own individual turmoil:
lost phone, lost jacket, lost mind.
Broken bottle, broken heart, broken dream.
Damaged goods, stolen youth.
The air was pungent, acrid with the scent of bile and alcohol
but the summer night
made us feel
liberated
invincible
a fleeting happiness