



## Stars Among Streetlights

*Kitty Cheung*

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