

## Priorities

I watch your eyes  
watch me.  
Tracing the outline

Of my nipples.  
I find it disappointing  
That you talk with your hand

On your zipper.  
What do I expect  
In this low-lighted,

Smoke filled, breeding ground  
For alcohol induced mistakes.  
I came here to dance,

But I am reminded  
Why it takes a few drinks  
To dim this atmosphere

Of worn out waitresses,  
Who quietly remove hands,  
And move through the crowds

Of adults who want to be young  
And the youth that strive to look old.  
You look about eighteen,

But the looks you've been  
Sending me are a little bit older.  
I assume that you want

Your knowledge expanded  
And you've targeted me.  
You smile, reiterated those lines,

But I do not stop dancing.