

the perfect shot

Inspired by David Bowie's "Valentine's Day"

The time had come to lay ourselves there, bare.
Pistols and ink pens, they were all the same.
Four walls cannot contain the waste. Despair,
the avant-garde scene. Colorized became
the symbol of dear young Valentine. Met
with highway glances of defiance. Jade-
d and distraught. Yet there, a cigarette
rested between the lips of the teen. Fade
to black. "Scrawny hand, icy heart," there stood
the boy who would claim it back blindingly.
His opaque hearted lover had allured
the first shot. No safety. Condescendingly
he smeared her name in pooling blood. Blessèd
he who condemns the merit of her end.

—Amber Alexander