

ANOTHER SATURDAY NIGHT

LUIS SANCHEZ

I knelt down to help her up
from where she lay.
the right side of her body,
including hair,
was caked with bits of chicken
dressed in stomach acid.
As I held her up,
her arm traced its way around my waist,
gripping my shirttail.
Leaning against my right side,
now smeared with tonight's dinner.
We walked to the bathroom,
taking small steps and frequent stops.

When I pulled her slip off to bathe her,
she mumbled,
"I used to dream of going to Paris.
I'd open a small café,
watch my customers fall in love.
But I got pregnant
and gave birth to your big sister,
that little whore."
Nodding yes
I checked the water's temperature in the tub.

While I shampooed her hair
she closed her eyes and started snoring.
Before long, her body was washed clean.
she had jet black hair, large eyes, full lips,
slender legs, and copper-colored skin—
Selma Hayek's twin.
"See something you like?" she slurred.

"No."

