

## Yorkie

We walked down Broadway in the pouring rain listening to "Pictures of Success" and "Favorite Hooker." When I saw her boyfriend's car, I knew the fun would be over soon and the spins would suddenly take over my headspace.

His car flew through the small streets and we parked almost immediately. I somehow managed to climb up the stairs inside their apartment to once again trek back outside to breathe easily and absorb the cold air that we rarely get in this state.

I ate bread with butter, drank water, and poured Gatorade down the sink to make them think I was sobering up, when in actuality what I should have been doing was drifting off into that dream world I so desire and sleeping this intoxication away.

Hot Fuzz was playing on screen with British wit and all I truly wanted was to be sitting in The Salon, drinking PBR and watching "Drunk History" with the only two people who really understand who I am.