

Bad Kids by Brittany Cole

We're just freeway kids cruising in
our shitty beaters at 70 mph,
listening to loud music out of our
windows and chain smoking,
flicking ashen stars that trail off into
the darkness like comets streaming.
We measure the size of our hearts
by how much of the cigarette
remains and how tainted our lives
are by how blackened the filter is.

We love Marlboro but settle for Pall
Malls, and toss away our problems
with the butts of our cigarettes
down the asphalt runway.
We take shots of whiskey to feel
the warmth of a home
and use cheap Natty Lights as
our main source of hydration,
replacing our blood with a
river of alcohol to carry the
tide of our insecurities.

They say we're bad people because
we smoke, because we drink,
because we have tattoos, because we
have sex, because we stay out late,
so we bought the leather jackets
and combat boots because we
had nothing else to prove.

Yeah, we're bad kids,
but hell, we're resilient.