Good Mourning

by Hannah Cajandig-Taylor

It was the party of the century. We gorged ourselves on strawberry beignets and cream-dressed halibut and rich nebbiolo from dusty bottles. Poured our tears into the punch bowl. Macarened and limboed and poked a dolphin-shaped pinata with worn broomsticks until a kaleidoscope of taffy rained out. A mischievous soundtrack fueled our cake walk journey, everyone nodding along to vinyl from their respective square on the gymnasium floor. Ambient acoustic and a carrot cake. Death metal and red velvet. Your laugh. The best celebrations are always preamble. If only they could see our neon skirts twirling amidst their sea of black dresses, our tie-dyed bandanas bobbing on our dance floor. They're too alive to hear our upbeat jazz. Our courtyard conversations over shared smokes. The sound of falling in love again. When night finally arrives, departure tiptoeing behind us like a curious shadow, we hold each other's spectral hands, necks draped in yesteryear's jewels, spinning and spinning until our souls finally give out.

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