

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/3

Danni Cooper
Straight Girl

YOU HAVE THE MOST GORGEOUS EYES, and I catch myself staring from across the room. Dark brown hair, gorgeous body and just above legal. It'd be perfect...but I need a couple of shots until I work up the courage to even say hi. Down my drink and my feet still won't move me closer to you. Maybe I need another. Fuck it, here I go. Then he comes along...your boyfriend, and the realization comes to me. You're straight. As for me, I'm just the lesbian across the room.

He's ugly. I don't get it. What do girls like you see in guys like him? Or any guy for that matter? Don't you know that I can do everything better than him? I can tie a cherry stem with just my tongue. Bet you, he'd choke trying. No skills whatsoever. I have them, come give mine a try.

I don't like how he treats you. Walking around with you like his own personal playboy bunny. Letting doors slam in your face as he greets "his boy" with his ridiculous hand shake. I'd hold open that door for you. Hell, I'd carry you through this place if you so wished. He'll just carry his Budweiser and get you to grab him another at his beckon call. Let me buy you a drink my dear. Anything you want...I'd give you anything you want. Unlike him, I know exactly what you want. Exactly what you need.

He dances with you on the floor. Barely moving and watching as you grind on him. You should bring that over here. Dance with someone who can worship that body of yours. Those stunning curves in just the right places, makes me want to run my hands all over. He just smacks your ass. I don't like the way he treats you. There's just slobber when he kisses you. Only stealing his own pleasure, instead of giving you some in return. I bet his lips are rough. He's ugly. I still don't get it. Silly straight girl...you don't know what you're missing.

Down another drink, empty glasses on the bar. We lock eyes and I motion for you to come over. He's half drunk, staggering across the floor. I'm just buzzed, enough to get my courage up. You look to him and back to me, a smile across your face. I know you're curious. Straight girl, get over here. I want to at least know your name. As he turns to speak, you're already half way here. You're nervous, I can tell. Don't worry, I can take it from here.

You sit down on the stool next to me, we exchange our names. No small talk needed, I know exactly what you want. I tell you "ditch the straight boy...I've got a room just down the road." You don't even hesitate. Not a second thought crosses your mind. You take my hand and drag me out...we're running down the road. That boy of yours stumbles after us, but we're just too far gone. Don't try stupid straight boy. Your straight girl has gone to the other side.