

# *Funky Fresh*

RYAN GIRARD

Warm lights flash  
Scuffs of roller skates litter the dance floor  
My pic is lost within the black abyss  
Of my hair, which is my sustenance  
The reason I wake up in the morning  
My date grabs me by the arm  
Her hair, almost as big as mine  
We converse as we glide  
Our energy flowing and coursing  
Like a lava lamp on the stove  
Her neck arches as she leans back  
I spin her around with one fluid motion  
She looks up at me  
Only to be greeted by the underside of my chin  
My eye has been snatched by another  
Blood boils, jealousy spikes  
I cannot be blamed, for I am  
Funky Fresh