

NONFICTION

Belle

SHANA GRAHAM

GIRL, I SEE YOU standing there on the dirty dance floor at Studio Seven, bass booming, party swarming around you, but you're seraphic, still. One arm reaching straight up and up, your palm open, your moon-colored breasts. The lasers refracting off you like a crooked star. Your eyes already gone. Alone in a loud room full of hundreds. You are the most beautiful. You're not even there.

Girl, you always wanted men to save you. You'd text them out of nowhere, friends or no ones. Asking for help, a place to crash. Offering massages, bubble baths, companionship, the presence of a beautiful woman and how it basks everything around it in its own kind of grace. There was always some situation: a lost job. Later, after