

On “Chandelier” by Sia

Nicole McCarthy

1-2-3, DRINK

The word ‘divorce’ soured taste buds all summer. I only ever consumed your words & by August my body was malnourished. 7 years rot from the bone; your name a copper penny on my tongue. It was a quiet, slow process falling out of love. My fingertips have forgotten what the hair on your arms feel like. Your laugh no longer echoes in memory. My heart beats began to match how it feels when I look at any body.



Sia

“Chandelier”

1000 Forms of Fear

07/2014

Monkey Puzzle / RCA

I lick salt from my fingers
then from your fingers
the tequila tonight tastes
like blood and ash

I lick salt from my fingers
then from your lips
the tequila tonight tastes
like the promise of sex

I lick salt from my fingers
then from your neck
the tequila tonight tastes
like the inevitability of loss

I lick salt from my fingers
then from my wrists
the tequila tonight tastes
like an empty twin bed
like a one way ticket
like a single glass on the dresser
a sliver of moon hangs
in my teeth like lime
cause I’m just holding on for tonight
