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# Friday Night

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## Friday Night

### **Author Note**

Tory is 21 years old and left Montana to pursue international studies at NSU. She played on the NSU volleyball team for two years until she broke her back in an accident, ending her volleyball career. In her spare time, Tory enjoys writing poetry, travelling, and attending music festivals.



## ***Friday Night***

**Tory Njardvik**

She met him on a Friday in his car  
Sipping Keystone beer hiding in the street  
Lost in the ecstasy he seemed so far

Vibrating energy of youth and trust  
Never before had he tasted so sweet  
She met him on a Friday in his car

Excited to feel his hands on her bust  
They filled the Chevy with strong breaths and heat  
Lost in the ecstasy he seemed so far

Inflamed on edge as he began to thrust  
Sticking together on the leather seat  
She met him on a Friday in his car

Provoked he turned black from lust  
Hands around her neck blind to the mistreat  
Lost in the ecstasy he seemed so far

Violated by trickery and disgust  
He pushed her out alone on the concrete  
She met him on a Friday in his car  
Lost in the ecstasy he seemed so far