

## The Viper Drops and Dances

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Rosy pink walls and a hazy, painterly blue sky gazed down on me and Eugenie. The delicate details on my perfume bottles and my dresser sat primly, watching me diligently as I chose the next song we would listen to, after witnessing a collage of “The Soft Parade”, “This Town Ain’t Big Enough for Both of Us”, “Diamond Dogs”, “Bang a Gong”...

Instinctively I went for our favorite, Siouxsie and the Banshees. I wasn’t concerned about what the perfume bottles or the dresser thought, I just picked what felt right - 1984’s “Bring Me the Head of the Preacher Man.”

*Following desire in your eyes...  
You’re mine, you’re mine, you’re all mine...*

“I love this one,” Eugenie said to me, joining me to sit on the floor. She passed me the bag of the Haribo cherries we had been sharing. In that moment it almost felt childlike. I took another one as the painting on my wall put on a play.

*Following the signs in your mind  
your crazy mind  
you're mine, you're mine, you're mine*

Siouxsie’s voice came in waves into the room. She turned the amber brown wooden floor into the ocean washing up towards the sand, leaving us to sit on a thin glass sheet that lay on top of it.

*Bring me the head of the preacher man*

I crawled over to the waves, reaching out to its thin glass sheet, mesmerized. Eugenie started to dance, and I got up and did the same. And the waves crashed onto the shiny, light golden legs of my vanity chair, and in the midst of the song’s drama it joined us. My cobalt blue sofa joined, dragging its legs across the waves, embarking on its metamorphosis into a sea witch just as we were. And so did the mascara on my vanity, showing off its purple chrome bottle, finding a new power through our dance.

And as I waved my hands through the air by the ocean, the dark red polish on my nails painted the walls, the floors, the air, me, leaving behind red tattoos of her lyrics on everything it touched.

*From the sickening daze  
Oh the rotting sun washes down*

Everything started to feel light, flowy, delicate. Then I had a realization of my own femininity and somehow, for that moment, my leather shorts and black gogo boots seemed to not fit. I felt like a fairytale princess in a castle. I felt that I had rediscovered a part of myself that I had not known for a long time - I spoke to her again, and I wanted her to join our coven.

I went into the closet and pulled out a long black lace dress and put it on. Eugenie, who up until now was immersed in the dance, turned to me, the squiggled, flowing pink lines on her dress turning to straight stripes as she stood still.

“I didn't relate to this dress for a long time,” I told her, “But now it all came back.”

It all came back. The femininity; the strength; the spells; the dressing up; the witch; the coven...

*They pluck the gold dust from his eyes...*

With the wonder of the moment we continued to dance, and then dropped down on the sofa, draped across it. The sun set, and having retired from the world she came to my room to join us, wrapping her wings around the walls, swimming in the liquid gold with which she enchanted every corner of my room. I reached out to the sun as Eugenie swung her head back to greet the moon. She smiled.

“I always see those Victorian paintings, you know...”

“Yeah...”

“The ones that have those nymphs” she said, with nostalgia for a life neither of us had lived.

“We're the nymphs,” I responded.

*The book of sorrows  
The american dreams*

“You know,” she began, sitting up, half relieved, “I was sitting here and I just realized...I forgot about men.”

And then, with my own half relief, I responded, “Me too.”

“It’s like they just disappeared - and all the problems, all the insecurity”

“I felt so feminine.”

“Me too!”

“Not as opposed to feeling masculine” I said, but at first couldn’t explain what it was.

I looked across the room and saw Siouxsie, on her poster, eyes closed, seeing everything, presiding over our spells, presiding over the dancing chairs, the cherry candies, the red nail polish on the walls, the sun, our dresses, the nymphs...

*On the blazing trail  
Heaven holds lone star promise*

It wasn’t the foil to masculinity - we were not the foil. We were not accessories. We were not the tough girls and we were not the damsels in distress. We were the nymphs. The sea witches. We were the dance. Siouxsie, presiding over the coven, weaved us through the city, the wild west, the beach, the galaxy, my room.

“Femininity - It was the center. It was the world.”

*El Dorado - the insane theater  
Once more we rise*

So we did. We joined hands with the sun, the moon, the mascara, the sofa, - even some of the perfume bottles joined us this time - and danced - for our friendship, our sisterhood as two only children, our strength, our distress, our witchcraft...

*The viper drops and dances  
And everything stops and dances...*

And she spun our story with us, washing it into the ocean on the floor, the stripes on Eugenie’s dress, the black lace on mine, and the Haribo cherries as the sky turned pitch black. The drama is everywhere, and as we dropped down onto the cobalt blue velvet we saw that no matter what, the coven is within us.