



**LAST  
NIGHT  
ON THE  
DANCE FLOOR**

**ISSUE #01**



PHOTO BY  
AMELIA LEE WYNN-WILLIAMS

LAST NIGHT ON THE DANCE FLOOR



# A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Jesus Christ. This has been an experience.

This is a letter of love to a world that gave me life and then conversely sucked a little back as I worked on this project. ***Last Night on the Dance Floor*** (LNDF) is the culmination of many years trying to put something together to vocalize just how much this beautiful and twisted scene has saved me.

LNDF started ten years ago as a ridiculous podcast idea where I never had any follow-through. Then, through my time as a student at Eastern, I discovered a love of literature and realized that the best way to present these stories is through the almost-true presentation—the slanted perspective that only comes from the day after and is then refined through craft. This zine is not only a love letter to night life, but an appreciation of the craft of writing at its finest. We love our contributors and the tireless work they've put into each and every piece of writing that was given.

I am so grateful to my amazing team for helping me put this together **Heather**, the team's social media manager, who helped us get the contributions that I sweated over never having enough. **Stephanie**, our London editor, who took time from her busy schedule to help a total stranger on his ridiculous project. **Amelia**, my right hand and rock, whose eye for detail kept a consistent look throughout the project, Finally, my amazing girlfriend **True**, whose unyielding love and support kept me alive through the entire publishing process.

Thank you so much for reading. This first issue is the culmination of three months of social media campaigns, reading submissions, learning design, and losing sleep. But it's out. I couldn't be prouder of this work.

We'd love to hear from you if you want to learn more about our amazing artists, submit your own work, or join the team. It's done. I can get some sleep, then tomorrow start the next cycle.

-Enzo

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## WITH SPECIAL THANKS TO

### KIMBERLY WOJCIK

My mom, to whom I will always be grateful for her love and support as I chase harebrained ideas.

### LAURA JAYE CRAMER

My boss at *Waiting Room Publishing*, who inspired this idea and gave me space to create it.

### THE MFA AT EWU

Polly, Johnathan, Rachel, and Laura have given more more knowledge and opportunity than I can ever repay.



PHOTO BY  
TRUE WILKS

# FRIDAY NIGHT FROZEN

## DAISY NOELLE

My favorite kind of Friday night  
is spent on Uldaho's academic mall,  
walking up by the library with ice cream in hand, my free  
fingers intertwined  
with his, to stay warm in the Moscow freezing temps.  
We have a routine, he and I:

Homework done, we close our laptops.

Coats go on, and I'm always borrowing his because the  
December night

Wouldn't be that bad, I say.

A walk across campus, avoiding frozen ice puddles  
on the main lawn The Market watches over.

An ice cream Snickers for him.  
An ice cream Twix for me.

Conversation takes its course as it wishes.  
We gossip, as couples do,  
and I ask him to tell me for the 80th time, how  
he fell in love with me.

We walk until the girlfriend gets cold,  
our ice creams long since enjoyed,  
and we cozy up to watch Modern Family  
on a twin XL dorm bed.

These Friday nights will live frozen in my heart til we're gray.

# HYDROGEN BOMB

## JOSHUA WALKER

And the beer tastes like piss with ice,  
watered down, bitter, the night already bleeding.  
Then—she's there.

Mona Lisa in a second grade art show,  
liberty spikes stabbing the air,  
cigarette smoke curling like lazy fingers,  
mascara smeared in a war against perfection.

A goddess among fleas,  
heartache cinched tight in a leather corset,  
laugh like a fuse that never dies.  
If love is a gun, she is the hydrogen bomb,  
and I am kindling, trembling,  
a single spark in her orbit.

Neon puddles on the sticky floor,  
bass vibrates up my spine,  
our shadows twist against cracked glass,  
a cigarette trailing like a dying comet.  
Every word she breathes detonates something inside me,  
every glance a private apocalypse.

We share a smoke outside the dive,  
city air thick with fried onions and exhaust,  
laughter spilling into the alley like spilled beer.  
Her fingers graze mine—electric, dangerous,  
and in that second,  
the night explodes,  
and we are infinite,  
just for a heartbeat.

## ENCOUNTERS IN CLUB ECHO, 1984

## MACKENZIE DRAPER

Sweat drips    trips  
 over my feet, jumpdancing  
 swift & carefree –  
 lyrics blossom cherry    sweet  
 on my tongue.  
 This moment is all  
 that exists    between  
 her&me;  
 starburst lights    slide    delicate  
 across  
 her  
           skin.

Brain bubbles blue    buzzed  
 on mermaid margaritas &  
 tequila shots    –    tomorrow  
 can't    be heard  
 over thump  
           ing    beats  
 frenetic voracious sirensong  
 from her lips    to mine;  
 crowd disappears  
 head    rush, just    us  
 painted&blurred  
 at the edges    –    tip over the  
 edge,  
 in your river of    noiseheatlaughter  
 hold me    tonight.  
           under

# LAS VEGAS

## STEVE DENHAM

We made our way through the flickering masses  
my arms, her face, reflecting neon

the arena was not full when he bounded onstage  
David Copperfield, slick as you like

from thin air, he made a small airplane appear  
or a large car, I can't remember which

we emerged into a stifling night and were confronted by a man  
pulsing sweat

he offered me some cards, each one with a photograph  
different women, different phone numbers, different prices

my wife took my hand with a smile  
I laughed and politely refused

only to discover the cards in my back pocket later that night  
even the pimps are magicians in Las Vegas

we ate huge portions in a small Mexican place  
tried horchata for the first time

our hotel piped perfume through the air vents  
and the beds were mahogany clouds

I could get used to this, I said aloud  
knowing full well that I couldn't

# COLORVISION

## SAVANNAH COOPER

echoes—the moments  
rhyme.

his arm around my shoulder,  
his hand on my leg. eyes flicker  
down my face and back again.

I am not illiterate in this language, but  
my heart stumbles a bit, uncertain.  
gratitude in lines, foreign colors.

I wish I had synesthesia, have ever since  
I first heard of it. to read blue in sounds,  
in feelings, in the thick air between us.

I want to taste slate gray, rainy afternoons,  
hand, hair, gentle noise.  
the sky is tired, my thoughts

find their way back. some older, pretending-  
to-be-wiser me smirks:  
I thought we were done with all of this.

but I like reruns and familiarity,  
lines I can quote, beats I can trace  
with eyes closed. a comfort in wanting,

illogic rampant like summer ants. what if  
is a song I know so well. not on the list  
at karaoke night, but I hum it to fall asleep.



# LIFE SUCKS, LET'S PARTY

**Father Funk on fighting the machine, finding community, and owning your weird.**

The first time I saw Father Funk, I was posted up in a tree in the Fractal Forest at Shambhala Music Festival. The mountain air was damp and cold, the kind that seeps into your bones. But the moment he pressed play, the dance floor caught fire.

Seven years later, I'm sitting down with Will — the artist behind the bedazzled sunglasses — to talk about raging against the machine on his new album *Funk the System*,

finding community, and making art that feels truly authentic.

**ENZO:** Let's get into it. I was doing some research and listening to "Rage Again," off your latest album, *Funk the System*. I saw a quote you gave to The Daily Frequency: "Electronic music is rarely political, but as I look around and see acts of genocide, political violence, and a massive increase in racism and intolerance, I think that maybe it's time it was." Why do you think electronic

music isn't political? The genre is rooted in counterculture, breaks convention, comes out of warehouse raves, and was built against the norm.

**WILL:** I think a lot of it probably has to do with the fact that it's kind of quite mainstream now, you know? Especially in North America and the UK. We have Drum & Bass in the charts and stuff, and a lot of these acts are getting scooped up by major labels. It's not really the counterculture it once was. A big part of my journey the last couple of years has been coming to terms with that.

I come from a punk rock background. I've always felt like the odd one out. I've always taken a lot of pride in that, to be honest. I think having all the cool kids arrive at the party has been bit like "what the fuck are these guys doing here?" kind of thing. And a lot of this music—not only does it not stand for anything politically — it doesn't really stand for anything at all, in my opinion. A lot of it isn't really art, it's just churning out fucking bullshit. It doesn't have anything to say; it's not got any edge to it or any meaning, you know what I mean?

I'm not saying that my music is super meaningful, but it's representative of who I am. It's authentic. It comes from a

pure place. It's me having fun and expressing myself. A lot of these guys are just churning out the same fucking Beatport house-chart bullshit, and I really wanted (*Funk the System*) to be something more than that, you know?

**ENZO:** How are you defining art?

**BEING THE ANTITHESIS TO BLAND, PROFITABLE MUSIC IS GOOD FOR MY SOUL BUT NOT SO MUCH FOR MY WALLET.**

What do you make of the claim that all art is political? How do you differentiate art from "the other stuff"?

**WILL:** I guess a good way to describe it ("the other stuff") would be like painting by numbers, you know what I mean? When you just have one of those sheets and it tells you what to do, and you color in this gap here and that gap there. A lot of music has become like that, I feel like. Electronic Music is naturally quite formulaic - we have structures that we stick to and it's of course got to be DJ-friendly. But I think part of the enjoyment of making electronic music for me is working within those strict boundaries and still trying to make it interesting and fun and exciting for myself.

Whereas I think some people it's like they're just doing it without really thinking about it, you know? They're just going through the motions because it is very easy to do that. You could argue the more you phone it in the more successful you might be because it's going to appeal to the lowest common denominator. So being the antithesis to that isn't particularly rewarding a lot of the time. It's good for my soul but not so much for my wallet. But that's not why I'm doing it, is it?

**ENZO:** That leads to my next question. You mentioned fun. A lot of your sound—even in "Rage Again," which is a heavy, angry song—still has a fun energy. How are you keeping that alive? Is it just that you're having fun, or what elements are you bringing that feel signature to your style?

**WILL:** I don't really put a lot of thought into it. I think it's just something that's kind of inherent, something I kind of do effortlessly, and maybe it comes from genuinely enjoying the process and the music I make. Maybe if I was in the studio churning out what I think people want to hear... maybe that wouldn't come out. But because I am in the studio genuinely having a

good time and really vibing and doing something I believe in, maybe that's why it comes across as this fun, bouncy vibe.

I have tried to do stuff that's a bit more serious in the past — side projects here and there — and somehow it inevitably ends up a bit goofy and silly and fun. That's just who I am, I guess. I come from — not just a punk background — but specifically a ska-punk background. Ska punk was my first real love when I was like 14 – 15, and that music is very fun and silly but also has that serious edge. It's kind of like life sucks, but let's party, you know, which I resonate with. It's not all doom and gloom, and it's aggressive, but it's aggressive in a positive way — you know what I mean? Like directing your anger in a positive direction.

**ENZO:** Punk and ska into Father Funk. What does that arc look like?

**WILL:** Yeah, I mean, like I say, ultimately the Father Funk stuff — in my head — it makes perfect sense. It's fun, brassy, aggressive party music, which is exactly how you could sum up Ska Punk as well. It's party music, but it's got that aggression and power behind it, and it's colorful, too. I think

that's the through line. In terms of my own journey, it was very much Ska Punk and then maybe Reggae off the back of that and then Dubstep, which back then was very dubby and reggae-influenced. That was my through line.

And then also discovering Enter Shikari - that was one of the first times I heard real rave sounds was through a band. They're a fusion of Metal and Electronic Music. Pendulum as well. So, I was introduced to ravier elements through bands doing the combination of the two things. And then when I discovered Drum & Bass, that's when I got really deeply into fully electronic music. I was into weirder shit before that like Aphex Twin and whatnot, but in terms of dance music, Drum & Bass is what really got me into it.

And then I discovered artists like Stickybuds, Featurecast, and A.Skillz—the Fractal Forest scene. When I got to that point, I was like, okay, this music is all those things in one, you know, and that's kind of what Father Funk was: me doing my own version of that.

**ENZO:** How did those discoveries happen?

**WILL:** A lot of this stuff just came from friends playing me music. I grew up in a very small town in the countryside in the UK, so there wasn't really a lot of rave culture going on. A lot of the music I was introduced to was through friends who found stuff on YouTube and SoundCloud back in the day. I think one of the first electronic artists I ever saw was S.P.Y, who I actually played with this year at Electric Love.

I think around that time my first "rave" was Parklife Festival in the UK. I wouldn't really call it a proper rave — it's an inner city festival — but it had a Hospital Records stage, and I saw Netsky and High Contrast and Danny Byrd and all these people, and that was my first real exposure to seeing that music live. By that point I'd already been listening to the music a lot, so I kind of got into it more through listening to albums than through experiencing it live. And my reference point for a good DJ set was the stuff I heard on SoundCloud. I was so young at the time too—we're talking 16-17—so I was too young to even go out.

**ENZO:** You've mentioned that you're a bit of an introvert. As you were getting deeper into the scene, how were you finding a community?

**WILL:** I mean, one thing that has always been great about the funk scene is there are so few people doing it that we all kind of know and are playing each other's music. From doing shows for a few years, you'd see the same people on the same lineups. Certain festival stages that really dug that sound would book loads of us, so it was like a little family reunion a few times a year or whatever. And then I eventually ended up moving to Bristol, which is where a lot of those people were. The Ghetto Funk label was based there at the time. People like Bear Twists, WBBL, X-Ray Ted, TWOGOOD—we were all living in Bristol around the same time. The community was literally on my doorstep.

I would see those people every day of the week, just out and about. We wouldn't even have to arrange to see each other because we'd be at the same shows and doing the same things and collaborating a lot. And yeah, a lot of it came down to that.

I will say as well, I'm sober these

days, but I definitely wasn't back then. I was partying a lot. I was out a lot. That was a big part of finding my community and just living in Bristol where there's a big party culture. There are downsides, but I definitely had a good time in terms of networking and community and working with people and seeing a lot of music—just soaking in a lot of stuff, you know?

**SOME PEOPLE JUST NEED PERMISSION TO BE THEMSELVES. IF I CAN GIVE SOMEONE THAT, THAT'S THE GIFT.**

**ENZO:** I want to talk about your career and its relationship to community. What's something unexpected you've discovered about yourself as you've moved into this scene?

**WILL:** Father Funk has been a great vehicle for me to step into myself. Through doing the music thing, it's allowed me to truly connect with my authentic self, you know? And I think maybe if I didn't have this as a platform, if I just had a normal job or whatever, maybe I never would have got there. Through doing music and having to be

unapologetically myself and living every day with as much authenticity as possible, it's made me inevitably align with myself.

The way I dress and shit — people assume I'm doing it for stage gear or whatever, but I'm not. I'm just being myself and having fun. If I had a normal job, I couldn't have bright fucking pink hair and shit. Through having true freedom, it's allowed me to arrive at this point where I'm being true to myself, which I think is pretty special. That's one reason I think everyone should pursue an artist project of some kind. Not necessarily music, but being a creative gets you in touch with your true inner self.

And I think it's important that we do that, because otherwise everyone just becomes these watered-down versions of themselves, just to fit into this pretty fucked up society. Having freedom is everything these days.

**ENZO:** Finding that authentic self — was it a progression over time, or do you have a moment where you thought, I can do whatever the fuck I want?

**WILL:** Yeah, that's one thing I've thought about a lot, because for whatever reason I think I've always had that, and I probably have my parents to thank for that. I remember meeting a young lad at a festival, and he was like, "Why do you dress like that?" He wasn't being a dick; he was genuinely asking me. I was like, "Because I can,.". You could tell his mind was kind of blown. And then a year later I saw him back at the same festival and he was dressed all funky with a big gold chain. The point is that I gave him permission to be himself, and I think some people need that.

As I mentioned early on, I've always taken pride in being a bit of an outcast. I've always felt comfortable being different and being myself. That probably comes from a place of privilege to an extent. And I think it's easy to assume—I could have assumed—that young lad was being judgmental when really, he was genuinely asking, and no one had ever given him permission to be himself. If there's any gift I could pass on to someone, it would be that.

**ENZO:** It's weird how, in this creative community, we have templates—like you said with electronic music. We inherit

norms and archetypes we feel we need to follow, and it's not until someone says, "Do whatever you want; try the weird thing," that some people have a breakthrough. I really like what you said—that everyone should pursue their art. What do you think you'd be doing if it wasn't music?



*Photo courtesy of Father Funk*

**WILL:** I'd probably be an illustrator, I think. That was one thing I was pursuing before I got really deep into music. It was always a bit of both. Coming from punk rock culture, it was like writing songs, being in bands, and designing t-shirts and drawing fucking skulls and shit. That was my vibe. I love old Santa Cruz skateboard

graphics by Jim Phillips for example. A lot of the artwork for the album and the single is done by CatDirty. It's got that 80s skateboard graphic energy. That's my goal for next year. I want to get an iPad and teach myself illustration again. I used to do it with pens and pencils and shit, but it's all digital these days. I'd love to learn Procreate and get more into that. But yeah, I can't see myself not creating stuff.

**ENZO:** You're picking the aesthetic for yourself and your albums; it's what you want unapologetically. What do you do about the little voice in your head that says, "Reel it back"?

**WILL:** I guess it's a constant battle already, but at this point I'm so far gone, you know what I mean? I don't really have any other choice. I couldn't pivot to doing something different. This album is definitely a little bit of a departure from what people know me for in some respects, but in a lot of ways it's more of a progression than a departure. Even just having the name Father Funk—it's always going to be a little bit silly, a little bit funky, you know what I mean?

I think it's easy to stay true to what I'm about in that regard. But yeah, with social media and whatnot, it is fucking hard. I am comparing myself

to people because in a lot of ways it's part of the job, you know? Sometimes I think maybe a more middle-of-the-road sound would be more profitable and whatnot. I'm by no means raking in the money, and I wouldn't even say I'm comfortable half the time financially, but I'm very rich in other ways. I'm happy with my musical output. I just hope I can reach more people in the near future.

## THROUGH DOING MUSIC, IT'S ALLOWED ME TO CONNECT WITH MY AUTHENTIC SELF. I DON'T THINK I'D GET THERE WITH A NORMAL JOB

**ENZO:** In this scene, a lot of fun is performative. When you find genuine fun with someone, it's enriching for you and the connection. Do you think the way we connect through social media makes those real connections stronger or looser? How is it shaping the relationships around your music now?

**WILL:** Yeah, I mean, it's a double-edged sword. Social media makes it easy to connect with people. With music, the internet ties it all together. If I come across someone doing

similar music, I'll probably hit them up, we'll get chatting, and eventually we'll hang out. Especially now that I live in North America and I'm far away from my community in Bristol, a lot of what I have is that online connection with peers as opposed to close friends being around me all the time. I also mentioned early on that your community is often built by doing a lot of shows and being around these people—festivals, lineups—you inevitably bump into the same people and forge friendships that way.

It's a nice way to make friends because if you're making similar music and getting booked on the same lineup—especially the funky weird shit—the chances you'll get along are high, you know what I mean? If you're truly expressing your authentic self and it connects enough to get booked, and someone else is doing the same, the odds you click are pretty high. A lot of people I've met that way are friends for life. We've been really close from the second we met because we get each other on that deeper artistic level. You kind of skip a lot of the bullshit and small talk because you're already very connected, you know?

**ENZO:** What differences do you feel between the scene here

and back home, especially around finding community?

**WILL:** It's different. In Bristol, there was such a core group of people in the city doing similar things and playing each other's events that it was a more boots-on-the-ground community. In North America, it's a lot more spread out. We're connected more online than in person. Moving here coincided with me going sober, too, so it's hard to know how much of the difference in my social life is due to location and how much is due to the fact that I'm not out partying every night, you know what I mean?

There are a lot of differences, and being so spread out is a big one. In the UK, even if a friend was in a different city, that's only a couple of hours away; here, it's a flight. I do think that's why a lot of the music scene (in the U.S. especially) can be a bit more superficial - it's more focused on online presence and marketing and image, just naturally, since everything's so far away. When I was in the UK, you'd make a name for yourself by playing at clubs and festivals all the time whereas in the U.S. it feels like you have to make more of an impact online to get noticed.

A big shift for me moving here is trying to get better at all that and coming to terms with the reality of being an artist in this new era. As cynical and resentful as I can be, I'm very much a go-getter—if this is what needs to be done for me to get where I want to go, I'm just gonna do it, you know what I mean?

**ENZO:** I saw in your podcast with TVBOO how much you love playing with a band live in the room. With the geography spread out, how does that affect your creative collaboration process?

**WILL:** I still generally prefer to work in person a lot of the time. Things happen a lot quicker that way. Most of my collaborations are over the internet—passing projects back and forth—but I find things take much longer that way because every time you pass it back and forth, it's like you're recreating the project on each end—different processes and all that. In the room, with immediate feedback, the thing happens quicker. There's a track on the album called "Nectar" with local Vancouver guy KHUTZ. We did the main chunk in one studio session, sent it to a vocalist called Prezence, got then vocals back a few

days later, then had one more mixing session, and that was it.

The whole thing took no time, whereas the track with me, ProbCause, and zoska probably took two or three years of back and forth. A lot of that was probably on my end, to be honest, because I really wanted to nail that one. I can be a bit long, and if I'm not in the mood for a certain project I'll put it down for a bit. Just because I have a project on the go with someone doesn't mean I'll get it done anytime soon necessarily. I have to be in the right headspace, and I work on lots of things at the same time. That's just how I work.

But yeah, I prefer to work in person when possible—especially with vocalists. Being in the room and bouncing off each other is great. “Rage Again” had a lot of that. I don't know if I had much input on the lyrics—Danny's obviously good at that—but with certain vocalists I like to suggest lines and melodies and whatnot.

**ENZO:** I've got two more questions and I'll let you go.

First: it's 2 a.m., you just left Red Room. What's your go-to snack or post-show ritual? What are you doing late night?

**WILL:** Honestly, I'm probably just going to bed! But there is a Breka next to Red Room, it's like a 24-hour bakery, which is a pretty dope spot.

**ENZO:** Last question: What can the readers expect from you in '26? What are you working on or willing to hint at?

**WILL:** I've been so laser-focused on this album that I haven't really thought that far ahead. More U.S. stuff. I've just started working with a new agent and manager in the U.S., so I want to put a lot of energy and focus into that. And I'm excited to get back to making new music. I've been working on this album for so long—I'm not used to putting so much time into one body of work as opposed to having lots of fresh stuff on the go. I'm getting back into creating new music right now, and it's been really fun and I'm excited.

So yeah—keep a look out for more new music, and come catch me on tour!

**HUGE THANK YOU TO FATHER FUNK FOR THE TAKING THE TIME TO TALK WITH ME.**

**CHECK OUT *FUNK THE SYSTEM* ON SPOTIFY, SOUNDCLOUD, OR WHEREVER YOU GET YOUR TUNES.**

**WORDS BY: ENZO CARDAMURO  
BACKGROUND PHOTOS BY: ANNA TIFFIN**

ISSUE 01

# POWDER-KEGS JOSEPH SCHANZE

The DJ drowns out every  
noise and thought.

A dance floor  
electrified by kinetic energy  
flowing between bodies.

Bodies packed with  
powders;  
they are C-4,  
lighting cigarette fuses.

An approaching detonation  
atmospheric anticipation  
then... the...

drop.

PHOTO BY

AMELIA LEE WYNN-WILLIAMS

ISSUE 01

# DRUNKTHOUGHTS

## SAVANNAH COOPER

three drinks in / everything warm & sharp-edged // I wanna lean  
on somebody / might as well be you // third time's a charm  
/ around your neck / loose-limbed / on the way in or out // I  
forget how it feels / to feel someone's eyes / on my body &  
want it / if you're offering // I'm better at this game / nowadays  
// not sixteen & clueless / thirty-five & stupid // in my second  
adolescence / because the first / only had a soundtrack / of  
sad songs & insomnia // no one called me / pretty // no one  
wanted to / fuck / me // not much temptation to resist // was  
offered weed exactly once / at the bus stop / after a snowstorm  
/ toes numb in my boots // walked home rather than smoke  
/ with the stoner kid / from down the street // do I get a gold  
medal? // my rebellion came / fifteen years late / the last time I  
cried / because parental love had limits // the first time I wanted  
/ the screaming match / from my dreams / to be real // anyway,  
you don't need / to buy me a drink / just stay here // give me  
all your attention / so I can fall asleep / tonight / thinking of your  
eyes //



PHOTO BY  
HARLEY ANDERSON

2:14 AM

## JOSHUA WALKER

Mission failed:  
nobody went home,  
and here we are, crumpled in a vinyl booth  
like forgotten action figures.

The diner across from the bar hums  
under flickering fluorescents,  
my friends snore laughter  
into the grease-scented air,  
and I swear the waitress is in love with me—  
or maybe it's the whiskey  
telling my brain to lie sweetly.

Cheap cologne drifts like smoke  
over ketchup packets and spilled salt.  
We laugh at the dumbest things,  
voices pinging off Formica  
like stray billiard balls.

I eat a chicken fried steak  
with the skill of an alien pretending to be human,  
chewing diplomacy  
while dodging adulthood.

Outside, the streetlight winks  
like it knows our failures.  
Time drips, slow as syrup,  
and for this sloppy, glorious second,  
the night is ours—  
messy, greasy, infinite.

# NO MONEY FOR A TAXI

## STEVE DENHAM

The last bus gone  
no money for a taxi  
I start to walk

there is a city to cross  
the suburbs to navigate  
a long walk, a good walk

there are groups  
sometimes laughing  
sometimes shouting

there are mumbling drunks  
who walk  
on tilting paths

there is no rain  
but there are puddles  
the whole sky in them

I walk and I keep walking  
putting the city behind me  
inching slowly through the  
suburbs

there are houses  
ahead, to my left and to my  
right  
no lights in their windows

other people  
other families  
sleeping

I walk, watching taillights  
cars on the way  
to the airport

my mind tells me  
that I could walk forever  
my body tells me otherwise

my watch tells me  
that it is catching up  
on one a.m.

I walk and I keep walking  
to make it home  
eventually

# MORNING SUN

## MYRA SCOTT

—after the 1952 Edward Hopper painting of the same name

There is a woman who, having spent the night outrunning dawn, is finally caught.

She sits on her bed in a pink cotton slip that must be her favorite—the only source of color in a barren apartment. Before her is a wide, clear window that cleaves huge blocks of sun onto her off-white wall; onto her bleached sheets; onto the pale, open skin of her arms and legs. The yellow bricks lining the windowsill frame an expanse of Ford tire factories that have since been remodeled into dance studios, open concept offices, and trendy microbreweries.

In anticipation of being caught, the woman came home just after the panadería downstairs fired up its ovens. From the pink, clean appearance of her hands and feet, one can imagine how much time she spent scrubbing the night off of her. Ash from shared cigarettes and sticky vodka lemonades bought for the table went swirling down the drain. Her brown hair separated between the teeth of a comb before folding back into a bun that might protect it from the static cling of a cheap pillowcase.

Four hours ago, that hair had whipped in the wind. The promise of the sun sang on the horizon, but the woman cranked up the radio of her best friend's Volkswagen and screamed in chorus down the streets. They paid outrageous fees for parking in a city they both lived in and bought nothing from the evening boutiques and dispensaries and sex shops that they cartwheeled through. They flung rubber dildos at one another and tried on dresses that showed too much skin. All night, the lights from unused electronic cash registers blinked warnings in morse code:

R - U - N

The sun is coming, your time is eating itself, you must go faster!

Their reflections had beaten at the glass from the other side of shop windows—before being dragged away to the glass door of the next bar, to the round inside of a borrowed Maybelline makeup compact, to the wide mirrors of an intimate live music venue. The mirror-woman begged at her body with tears streaming down the reversed planes of her face. More, please, she might have said. The park. The paved path by the river. There is still more to see. The woman ignored the possibility of self-betrayal. Rest, her reflection could have mouthed. Please, let me rest.

Oh, choosing to rest. What a luxury!

Hints of sun filmed around the city's skyline silhouette. The night began to scatter. She knew that being caught out in the streets, in the muck and chaos of the scattering, was worse than anything, so she stapled a kiss to the cheek of her best friend and flung herself onto the nearest bus. The roar of its diesel engine heralded the morning as it raced down the street after her. The woman leapt out towards her apartment building. Warm scents of pan dulce and bolillos blew into her nose and mouth. She tore open the lobby entrance. Her reflection, sprinting across the double glass doors, sobbed in relief. No more time; no more minutes left to spend.

At last—caught!

PHOTO BY  
TRUE WILKS

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