

excerpt from **Eurotrash**

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It's a Saturday night, and I'm drunk in Brooklyn. Six beers, maybe seven, have turned me into a slobbering fool. It has been fourteen months since I had a drink, not that I'm counting, not that I'm on a wagon of any sort. Six months ago I gave birth to twin daughters, who are now resting quietly in their grandparent's care, a hundred and twenty-five miles away.

"Come on, don't be an asshole." My sister said over the phone last week.

"I'm not, Jennie, it's just... I don't know, my life is so different now, I can't do what I used to do." My words fall on deaf, childless, ears.

"Whatever, you can't stay holed up in the house forever, Aim. There are millions of people who have kids and lead perfectly normal lives. You can't forget about you. You need to still have fun."

"If I do come, I can only stay one night..."

My sister's move to New York City from our hometown of Scranton, Pennsylvania three years ago broke my heart. My only sibling, we were very close, and she helped me tremendously through my divorce. I hate to admit it, but she literally pulled me up off the floor and pried a wine bottle from my grip, once... okay, maybe twice. When I met my new husband and appeared stabilized, she wasted no time in packing herself up to follow her dream of becoming an artist in New York City.

Now, with the summer heat on our backs, we walk for what seems like hours, from Greenpoint to Williamsburg, which according to my sister is a few blocks, and according to Google Maps is about a mile and a half, which is a long way to walk when you've recently been stitched up from a Cesarean, and have had a little too much to drink.

My husband takes my small sweaty hand in his and we finally arrive at our new destination, The Trash Bar. My sister has been talking this place up for months. Apparently it's one of the cheapest places to drink in Brooklyn, and I soon realize why. I'm sober enough to know from first glance that someone has caught a disease here, at least once. The black pleather door swings open to reveal a hundred square feet packed with more leather and chains than I have ever seen before. Despite the dim lights, I can see a worn down red velvet material streaked with dark goo climbing the walls around us.

There are no chairs in The Trash Bar, only car seats. Not the kind I buckle my beautiful daughters into every Tuesday on our way to the market, the kind I had sex on when I was sixteen.. The kind of car seats that look like they just jumped out of Joe Prafkey's 1989 Chevy Cavalier that we all thought was such hot shit. The car seats line the walls, wrapping around a pool table and a crescent moon bar. The bar is packed, six and seven people deep. A very pale woman with jet black hair and a thorn sticking out of the middle of her chin smiles and takes our drink order.