

# Cigarette Smoke – February 2015

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**February 2015**

There's something crazy about you.

The molten haze of eyes

Half-closed in ecstasy,

A form of fantasy

(The guise

Of all these parties).

And, indeed, I say,

This sordid wave

Of youths today  
Knows solemn truth.

“Hang up the coats,  
Put your cares  
Away-- don't dare  
Delay another day.”  
*And, we swear  
We won't invent,  
But find our  
Own lament.*

The alcoholic smell  
And drying sweat  
From the swell  
Of aching bodies  
Means we'll get  
Somebody.

You make me feel  
A subtle kind  
Of lust, entwined  
In proper zeal,  
The fateful promise

Of a kiss, or two.

And you?

“Did you hear me

When I spoke?”

*Swerving in the*

*Cigarette smoke,*

The horde of butterflies

Clutters my

Perception,

And unnerves me,

Dancing as they do with rum

And gentle memory.

We'll dust our hearts,

Surrender, some,

(I don't think she's the one).

I begged for tenderness,

But now we're half-undressed,

And the familiar caress

Is like the fit of old shoes:

*At least I feel something,*

*At least my heart moves.*

Instead of the void, of nothing.

Hitched breath

And harried fumbling;

Hope the night

Can keep from crumbling.

“Is someone right

There, at the door?”

(I think this has been done before.)

It's always good

When it's new;

We know what we should do.

“If we proceed

At normal speed—“

*“Our tongues entwining,*

*Do you see?”*

(And our hips fit,

Like our lips).

Maybe we'll see what happens.

Could we fashion looks

We tore from books?

Since we yearn for this:

The beckoning abyss.

We lay together,

Head to head,

Talking of love,

Sometimes, I wish

You'd listen,

Past the shadow

Of this vision,

To the whisper

Of my words--

"I'm sorry."

But don't you worry--

I'm not going anywhere,

For now.

And --if I can, endow--

I'll clasp your shoulders,

Tightly;

Hold you close to me,

(May be so bold,

Or so I'm told.)

And we'll pretend

There's nothing else;

To help

Us escape from gaping wells,

Which open up below.

We won't make too much fuss,

Because this

Half-forgotten glow is

Still enough for us.

**Credit:** Photo by [Thomas Stephan on Unsplash](#)

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