Cigarette Smoke – February 2015

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Catherine Heath

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

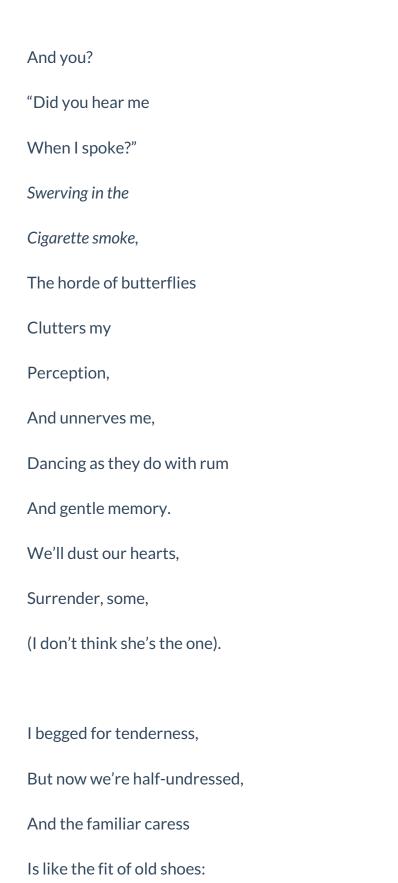
Of youths today

Knows solemn truth.

The fateful promise

"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,

Of a kiss, or two.



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.	
Andif I can, endow	
I'll clasp your shoulders,	
Tightly;	
Hold you close to me,	
(May be so bold,	

Credit: Photo by Thomas Stephan on Unsplash
Still enough for us.
Half-forgotten glow is
Because this
We won't make too much fuss,
Which open up below.
Us escape from gaping wells,
To help
There's nothing else;
And we'll pretend
Or so I'm told.)