

Smoker

by Lara Brown

I inhale the smoke from a burning cigarette
held between two stained fingers that are not mine.
I am talking to a boy too cheap to offer me more
than just the one toke.
His fingers are not those of a guitarist,
though he tells me otherwise.
He tells other lies, too,
and I pretend to believe him,
ignoring the plump look of youth about him,
and agreeing with every word he says.
He sips vodka from a flask and winces,
trying hard to disguise his distaste for this,
Whilst I suckle at the flask like a child on a breast,
swallowing with the same ease as you might
water from a tap.
I ask him, again, for a smoke
and again, he says no, yet, again, holds out his fingers,
and expects me to toke, dependent on him.
And I do, because it's all I can do.

