

# Love and Cigarettes

*by* Peter Wood

She's waiting there, for you, in bed  
but the analgesic cigarette  
calms your mind more than her heat.  
She's there waiting, in your bed,  
eyes closed, fluttering, somewhere  
between the dream and practical world.

Don't make a sound, you'll strain the silence  
into something real, something alive.  
Cheeks still suck in and out,  
cigarette burns red-orange to gristle grey.

She's waiting there, in bed, for you  
or maybe it's not for you  
but the next reel  
of her dream-film to begin.

She's waiting for you, in bed, there...  
Push the door, you'll see the shape,  
her form wrapped in the duvet  
snug as a hot-dog sausage in a bun.

Cigarette hisses in the ashtray  
like an unpopular stage act.  
The remaining unburnt paper turns tear-moist.

Silence as you pad back to bed  
wrestle a corner flap of duvet.  
Close your eyes, inhale tardy morning air.

Silence...  
Then the alarm.  
She stirs, leans over,  
kisses the breath that betrays  
impatience.  
She's in your bed, waiting there, for you...

And always will.

