

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.

