

# fire and ice

*by* Rene Foran

She sat high and mighty  
as if she had been carved out of marble  
or at the very least bronzed.  
Her long legs wrapped  
around the bar stool  
like cinnamon taffy.  
She took a slow  
meaningful  
drag off of her cigarette  
leaning into it  
withholding the exhale  
for an agonizingly long  
male moment of time.  
This was her signal.  
She was ready to be worshipped, adored, approached.  
“Those’ll kill ya”  
He warned from across the bar  
“Who says?” she purred in reply  
“They all do” he countered smiling , chewing on an ice cube  
“All of them, huh?”  
She leaned forward, raising a wicked left eyebrow and whispered,  
“And just who are they, anyway?”  
He sat for a moment  
studying this curious Tennessee Williams character come to life.  
She was clearly not of this earth, yet at the same time,  
she was most definitely in her element.  
He reached over, into her territory and  
picked up her pack of cigarettes.  
He held them up to the light, in an archaeological fashion, and  
placed a careful finger under the bold lettering on the side of the  
pack.  
“They would be the Surgeon General”

"I never did have much respect for authority.", she throatily confessed.

He raised his eyebrows and knocked back another ice cube.

"Huh, a rule breaker and a heartbreaker", he cracked wisely

"Now what would you know about that?" she cooed, putting her hand on her thigh,

"Darling, I knew your whole story before I even walked into this bar."

She blew a smoke ring that touched the tip of his nose before vaporizing into thick air.

" Boy, now that'll kill *you*"

Rene ~ 2010

