

Thick Air

The cigarette sat between them in the ashtray
whisps of silvery smoke swirled
dancing up from the tip.

The breeze blew towards him and then her
acid air made them crinkle their eyes.

He looked down, she looked up
she looked left and he looked further.

He looked right and she looked up
they sighed together and the smoke swirled.

The cigarette sat between them.

“No?” He asked sadly

“No.”

Noah Eisen