

We stood in your room and laughed out loud.
Suddenly the laughter died and we were caught in an eye to eye.

We sat on the floor and did we sit close. I could smell your thoughts and thought. Do you want to touch a lot like me? Too scared to say a thing. I left your house and kicked myself. I put those feelings on a shelf to die. I guess I'm not a gambling type but think of what the two of us had lost.

Had lost.

I needed some time to think it out. 7-Eleven parking lot. A toothless woman turned and stopped. I gave her a dime and a Chesterfield. She leaned down and kissed my cheek. I was scared but it felt sweet.

Felt so sweet.

She asked me if I had a name. I told her I was glued up on some chick. We sat and smoked against the wall.
Drank a beer, felt the chill of fall.

Of Fall.

I took my car and drove it down the hill by your house. I drove so fast. The wind it couldn't cool me down, so I turned it around and came back up. You were waiting on your step, steam showing off your breath and water in your eyes. We pulled each other into one, parkas clinging on the lawn and kissed right there.

Said all my chicks they smoke these things and handed you a Chesterfield King. Held your hand and watched tv and traced the little lines along your palm.

Your palm.

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Right there.