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Nothing to Say

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NOTHING TO SAY

She stood, she wanted an answer.
No she demanded one.
But the words, my words stuck to the tar
in my throat from cigarettes and
I trembled, watching her shift her weight.

A smoke ring blew
perfectly from my mouth. She didn't see it drift.
It changed, it grew wide
open. A sliding gray oval
like an old garden hose left to die.
She didn't see it die.
She was staring at the ash, flipped fresh
flaking on her left shoe.
There were no ash trays.

Jeff Wills