Grand Slam Blues

Beth Trafton∗

∗Iowa State University

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He sits across from me, stirs his coffee into oblivion.
Smoke pours from his flared nostrils, pools onto the table, a
dragon’s snarl.
The tip of my press-on punctures the lid of a tiny creamer
and I watch it bleed
as heavy clouds of Marlboro swirl into ivory streams growing
in front of us.

I light another cigarette, ash it into an empty coke can.

The emeralds of his eyes, a sparkling void, his smile a porno.
He sits and reads the newspaper. Black, white, and red all over.
On the wall a spider curls its fangs and drains the life of a fly
as I sit here and drink my coffee like an emotional foreigner.