Only a Cigarette

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Only a Cigarette

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Abstract

I lift my cigarette. In habitual man-gesture, He pats his pockets, Then takes the matches from the table. Our eyes meet As he strikes awareness To illumination...
could possibly have that much blood in him. When you read about something like this in the papers, it's—"

"For God's sake, shut up!" Chet shouted. "Don't you have any feelings at all?"

Both of their faces stared grimly at me. A hot flash raced through my body. For the first time that night I was aware of their feelings. "I didn't mean to—well you knew him—I'd never even heard of him before tonight," I cried.

**Only a Cigarette**

*by Dee McTague*

*English, Fr.*

I lift my cigarette.
In habitual man-gesture,
He pats his pockets,
Then takes the matches from the table.
Our eyes meet
As he strikes awareness
To illumination. They fall
At the flare of suggestive flame.
I dip my head,
My hair cascading to hide
The quickening in my face.
In a dance of desire
The flaming brand
Excites its sterile mate
To a shuddering surrender.
Our trembling fingertips
Linger just an instant too long
To claim necessity,
Then part their ephemeral embrace.
I smile at him, that he may not
Know my need.
He smiles at me,
Because
He knows.