Dunhill Blues

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If you fired a warning shot, it missed its mark.

You never warned me that
There are more stars here
And the galaxy bleeds out across the sky like
A slop of cream and five sugars in
Coffee that tastes better here
With brighter notes and darker tones or maybe
I just like different music here
With sensual string sections that lead
My hips swaying to heavy beats
And the sunsets have more color here
There was no warning that
The falling sun could move me to art
Infinite intensities of fractured ozone in the surrender to the night

You warned me about the heat,
So why wouldn’t you warn me
That the love of a city could turn to a lust for its streets
That a lifetime of fanning away the smoke
Could grow into a fondness for the smell of your cigarettes

Jessica Yehle is a junior majoring in English with an emphasis in creative writing. She doesn’t really write poetry.