

SITTING BESIDE FINBAR.

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A MAN SITTING NEXT TO A YOUNG WOMAN AND THINKS OF HER AND SEX.



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SITTING BESIDE FINBAR.

She sits beside Finbar, he
knows sheâs there, sitting
there staring into air. That
silly hat perched on the top

of her head of hair, white,
seen better days, he thinks,
not says. He puffs his pipe,
bitter tongue taste, smoke

hitting lungs, head light, he
exhales the smoke. Had he
been younger, fitter maybe,
he might have given her a try,

been romantic, said the things
one says to the fair sex. But
heâs past that now, going to
seed as his old father would

have said. He can smell her
cheap perfume, wonders how
she moves, what her talents
are, what makes her brain tick.

Her silence is unnatural for a
female, never short of a word,
seldom rest the tongue, but she
just sits and stares, her silence

like a cloak. Her glass is there
untouched, the wine near the
rim, no lipstick marks, no spittle.
Had he been younger, in his

youth, heâd have made a play
for her, given it a try, seen how
she spread herself on the bed,
but not now, heâd lost the know

how. He inhales, bitter tongue
touch, smoke in the throat. She
sips from the wine, her pink lips
touching the glassesâ rim, her

fingers holding the glass. He
wonders what lies beneath that

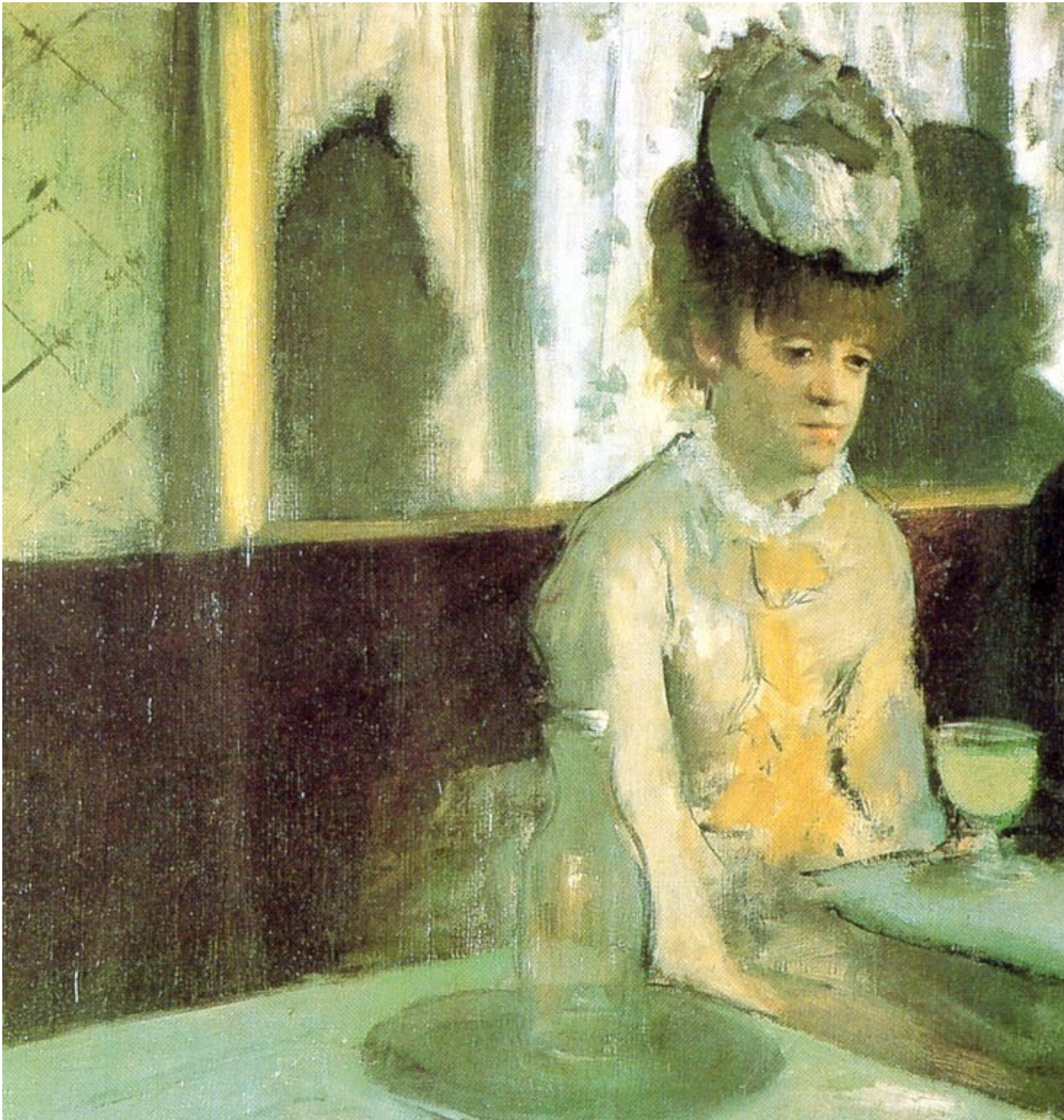
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dull coloured dress, what her
underwear, the colour, the shape

and size, how soft she was to feel
and touch, how sheâd return his
want of feeling, his fires that burn.
Hush hush man, his inner voice

says, sucking on the pipe, exhaling
the smoke in the air and she just
sitting sipping, staring into air.

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