

MISS FRIGIDAIRE

Kevin Cook

Miss Frigidaire, your shoulders are too cold
to touch, and now I see your eyes are ice.
You've frozen care, and now that I have told
too much, I'm trapped inside your cold device.

Had I seen through your play at heat,
Complete with neat analyses,
Seen past warm touch to cold concrete,
I could have known the touch could freeze.

Sometimes it's hard to tell the touch of ice from fire.
Sometimes I'm sure I'll never learn
Disgust can follow from a torturous desire,
And ice can freeze what fire couldn't burn.

Miss Frigidaire, you think that you don't care—
It doesn't matter how I play the cards you've dealt.
But I'm the one who doesn't care, Miss Frigidaire,
And I won't play them. I won't try to make you melt.