MANUSCRIPTS

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.