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Bogart and Bergman

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BOGART AND BERGMAN

Atlantic Ocean currents keep it cool
But never cold enough to snuff your smokes
In Casablanca. Bogie's one damn fool,
Leaving Ingrid; but, when your Marlboro yokes

Your lips, like Bogie's Chesterfields, he's just
A fucking momo who's about to fade
To black. I've got you freeze-framed. Not one gust
Of busted wind can creep or blush your shade.

Is this the moment when we should've had
Paris? Tampa's not Paris, sure; but, the Sun-
Trust roof shines in a lightning bolt more bad-

ass than a hundred Venice moons. Bolts run
Over a gale, beat it, rain, make it wet.
The time goes by slow-danced, sped up, reset.