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SMOKE
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Smoke

I love to smoke
in the dark.

I love the shapes
smoke makes.

It is not
night but almost
morning. And you
will wake up
soon for
work, for
us, for
me.

You cannot
count smoke, except
maybe its curlicues
that disappear
quickly like Japanese
spies.

You told me to stop
smoking since
our university days.

“Don’t do it
for me,” you said.

“Do it
for you.”

I count
how many puffs
I can suck
all the way into me
in a minute.

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