

11 November 2015

### Another Pack

Toss.

Take it all in, pull out another, curse the wind for its meddling, and ask for another light.  
Continue the conversation, tell a joke, laugh, and breathe.

Look at the streetlights, see them burn.

The story comes to an end, cough.

Savor the cigarette.

Wake up in the morning with lungs that feel like two vast deserts, another cigarette.

Open the reservoirs and recover, finish off the cup with a toss.

Run up to class, the leaves are changing, cough.

Soon the winter will steal the light.

I feel the burn.

Breathe.

Class is over, the drones continue along their path, all of them breathe.

The classes never get easier, time for another cigarette.

Take another drag, feel it burn.

None to waste, none to toss.

Escape the light.

Cough.

Back home, the taste of old tobacco in your mouth, look at your friends and hearing them cough.

Take a shower, blow the steam around the room, and breathe.

Take a chance and never put out the light.

Embers signal another cigarette.

Use caution, watch the toss.

Flames love to burn.

Off to work, the trip is like an Odyssey itself, but you need money to burn.

Listen to music, turn it up loudly to drown out your own cough.

You're sick today, cigarettes won't help, give it a toss.

Maybe now you can finally breathe.

No, finish the cigarette.

Follow the light.

Home again, shadows run free throughout, only to be banished by the light.

Time for bed, smell your jacket from the door, a familiar burn.

You cannot have another cigarette.

Is it worth the cough?

Now breathe.

And toss.

You lay in bed tossing and turn on a light.

You breathe deeper than ever before, and it burns.

You cough until you're finished, then buy another pack, I need cigarette.