



Why I enjoy smoking CIGARETTES

I don't.

I just smoke.

I don't enjoy it.

Because I grew up buying my aunt's cigarettes, Marlboro Reds—two packs.

I feel my lungs getting tighter, not just

And my uncles love traipsing the sweet tobacco road.

When I smoke, but as the days pass

I went to the dentist many years ago.

My lungs close in on themselves, expelling

Took a look and asked me, "Where are you from?"

Air and little tiny particles of my future

I said here and here.

As though my mortality has become little tokens I

It's in your blood!

Exchange in return for panacea.

That's it, nothing more I can do.

I guess it was cool once.

I even got the doctor's note to prove it and

But now, it's just a drag.

That's enough.

Get it?

I hate it,

Really.