

~~Shakespeare's~~ Cigarette

10/78

Hours ago I sorta wanted a cigarette
had one for a while so threw the box
Tore some butts up, it was short, pushed in the ashes
then another but too late and had to smelt

then from my bed, a book held in my hands
I scanned the possibilities
all the smokers - are asleep - nothing in the baskets
Got up and turned my scanner off to read

late between chapters I considered a walk to
a gay bar on the corner I could go there for some
But I gotta get up early and I just don't have the energy
lay back down my book to read

It's on Nam - God Damn I can't put it down

6 E that I'd - I tried my way out down town
Minds directed so at killing
like good exterminators

Cry dog catchers
Obese boys and wittig
Equally fought back home

Or any where away from thoughts bone crushing.

beauty order and glancing in the grey ~~black bowl~~

Tobacco bits and ashes and butts
Picked the bits out / cleaned the butts - did the impossible

and as I smoke she pushed it to a pile + rolled it up.
Tasting the bitter ashes she got wealth

It teaches me ~~speaks~~ of ~~truth~~ to seek
and performere and wait and brew

like purest in case but ~~clean~~ fine
unquainted ~~at~~ faith in body/mind