

Smoker's Circle

By Robin Lipinski

Common in magazines and papers, embers lit showing real men,
Women of high fashion in exotic places,
Camels or Marlboro,
Even hand-rolled.
Nicotine was a national fixation.

And then 'they' came along, those spinster healthy creatures,
With their doctorate degree's and scientific papers,
Showing the horrors of inhalation joy,
And took it all away.

No more Kool or yellow teeth with oily fingers.
No more phlegm or raspy cough.
No more menthol pleasure.
No more packs rolled up in t-shirts,
With farmers matches or butane lighter.

Sure, you see some people sneaking a little joy today,
Huddled in the cold and snow,
Shaking as they light their smoke,
While puritans eye their displeasure.

Gone is the joy of cigarettes like old cars and vinyl records,
Replaced with poisons of an even harsher measure,
But such is life when the whole smokers world is reduced
To a set-aside, designated, small circle.

The End