

A Deadly Habit

Slowly take me in; sweet silver smoke
Stalled between your lips: perfect, pursed.
A promise of relief: withheld.
At last, breathe me out, release me.

Exhaled, exhausted; tasteless smoke.
I go from you, my glow is chilled;
Like fever, I die, slowly,
The stem your lust has drained.

I'm your habit, your placebo,
Light me up first, then burn me down.
Oh, throw me on the sidewalk, go
Ahead and crush me solid with your heel!