

The Cigarette Burns

By Joshua R. Leuthold

You use me up like you smoke a cigarette,
breathing me in only to blow me out,
turning me into ashes you
transform into a light brocade,
unraveling at the slightest touch of the wind...

Stub me out when you've had enough,
or when you've smoked me to my filter,
and you just can't stand my taste
anymore.

Maybe this time you'll stomp me out
once I hit the pavement
with a barely audible thud,
scraping your boot,
making me leave my innards
in a trail on the asphalt.

No matter how I'm disposed of,
be it fire-down in sand,
or splayed on the cement,
or spit on and tossed in the garbage,
or thrown out of the car window,
my embers fleeing from my body
with the force of the speed you are traveling,
you will leave me wherever I end up,
and walk away without a second thought.