

# Cutting Smoke Rings

**Kristine Hilt**

With tales my mind was teeming / Of Mother Goose and Grimm / I took to lucid dreaming / So I changed them on a whim

My ex-lover is a cigarette.  
Softly grasped between my stiff fingers  
Fumbling for a light.  
I reassure myself I can live without them,  
But I starve; I taste a memory to be so good.  
I watch the flame reach for the end to burn and ignite.  
Pain masked with pleasure, a satisfaction veiled  
I yearn to feel once again.  
I need it, I want to remember what I can't let go of.  
And with each drag I breathe out myself.  
But it never lasts.  
For every breath of satisfaction, I endure  
Guilt and jealousy choking me.  
Should I turn my anger to my intentions  
or to you?  
Are you killing me or am I?  
The satisfaction is now  
gone.  
  
I pray this is the last cigarette.

