

**S**moke rises, a white winter  
hiding the yellow freckled stubble  
of the snake, moist, yet  
motionless and straight,  
waiting to devour—  
fags.

**Kurt Lindsey**  
**London, 1992**

**M**emory, yellow and red scarves  
left on the table, salt water  
licking the blood and, hanging  
them to dry, are never the  
Same.

**Kurt Lindsey**  
**London, 1992**