

Ashtray

I'm sitting by the window at 3 a.m.
as the rain pours outside.
The crisp autumn air
cuts through the screen
and the fiery, red tip of my cigarette
isn't enough to keep me warm.
I could crawl in beside you
as you lie sleeping in my bed,
but instead, I'm drawn to this cold.

You wish I didn't smoke
like you wish to win the lottery,
hopeful, doubtful, wasting words
like dollars. I inhale deeply, and hold in
the toxic air that I have created.
I sit by the window and wonder if I'll ever
stop,
and put my thoughts out
in the dirty ashes.

Laura Seng