The Smoker
By: Roberta C. Stewart

he made love to a cigarette
  Lips clasped about and teeth dug in
  Cheeks hollowed to the flow
  In a kiss of intense and desperate desire
  He made love to a cigarette

sucking her into his depths
  Drawing her down
  In a tension orgasmic profound
  And holding her there he peaked—
  His body infused with her quiet fix
  Cherishing, exquisite, the heady lightness
  His mind reeled, fogged over

a private love affair, protracted
  Pleasure strung out until at last, climax—
  Smoke spewed from lips pinched against the flow
  Release, and sigh, and shoulders dropped
  Head thrown back

he made love to a cigarette
  Again and again
  He went back for more
  Until there was no more
  And his lover, spent,
  He cast carelessly aside
  Thoughtlessly crushed and ground
  Under his retreating heel—
  It matters not,
  There’ll be
  Many others