

## Poetry Corner: Smoke and Choke

This is a poem  
I do in this hour  
to give me the power  
to quit smoking  
and I do it every hour

Ten minutes outside  
in the fresh air  
puffing away  
what a waste, I despair!

Eight to ten minutes  
hourly, I am there  
smoking away  
polluting the air

While I put this poem together  
my smoking time  
is lost forever  
but as I put this on the paper  
I have skipped  
my smoke, and I feel greater

My annual running nose  
keeps me fit  
as where the nose ran  
but I find it  
now to keep from having a smoke  
my urge for nicotine  
I hope I have broke

This is how I will be broke,  
spending money on an unpleasant smoke!

**By F. Linton**