

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