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## Smoked

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# Smoked

William sags  
into a plaid upholstered chair  
looking at a T.V. screen  
tuned to static,  
he raises a hand rolled cigarette  
and breath's through the tobacco.

In the shadow of the screen he sees his past.  
A bar fight he lost when he was twenty,  
jealously in his favorite  
child at Christmas, his wife's worst  
frying pan rage, scenes he thought  
divided from him by the film  
he kept like dark glasses over his eyes.

He searches through tobacco smoke, puts his mouth  
on the cigarette, and takes another puff.

There were, when he was young, dandelions  
in the yard. His wife picked  
new yellow buds, whispering to them as  
she fixed them in the kitchen table glass.

The weeds and his wife, with smooth  
skin, come back to him as he drowns his  
cigarette in her dandelion vase.  
Five dead cigarettes floated, their  
gray ash clouding the water.

He rests his head back on the worn plaid,  
and fades into the hissing on the untuned T.V.

His wife now serves her favorite pointless  
weed, feeding them from the earth, painting  
them yellow with her smooth skin, whispering  
to them, "Don't forget to smile at Billy."

William closes his eyes and hopes to  
sleep until the hissing fades  
and something good comes on.

*Tom Ream*