

## Smoke Escapes

smoke lifts  
like finger tips  
to your lips  
to trace you  
and taste you  
inside and out  
we fold together  
like this smoke  
uncurling  
and  
becoming familiar  
with the laughing  
lips  
smiling and smoking  
and  
the eyes that are  
provoking you  
to feel like  
lingering perfume  
from two nights ago  
disguised like a cigarette  
you won't forget  
to kiss goodnight  
the moony eyes  
and say the sandman loves you  
your quiet reprise  
reciting Kafka  
you cough over  
recited pick-up lines  
repetition of smoking  
laughing  
lips  
pages  
graves  
waves of guilt  
wrapped in grandmothers  
quilt  
of stars  
and  
how you found yourself  
in unlikely  
happiness  
if for a time  
to calm the

clouds of smoke  
escaping you  
like tears are dripping  
and you're ripping  
apart everything  
you drew on  
failing to produce  
emotion  
to evoke  
words that you wrote  
instead of spoke  
it had a different feel  
too real to be real  
to read  
you thought you would feed  
the intellect  
dissect  
the brain  
but refrain from holding  
the scalpel to your heart  
for fear of letting smoke escape  
- Kinsey Wheatley