

House of Smoke

Aleena Deutschman

I love when my house is filled with smoke
the sweet aroma tingles my nose before I open the door
paper is smoldering between the man's fingers
the glowing cherry moving slowly towards his flesh
a stream of white dances away from the torch
swirls of smoke move playfully around the room
he reads my thoughts, passing me this burning beauty
warm smoke fills my mouth with a long drag
nostrils suck the cloud from my mouth

How do you say, French inhale?