

Conversation with a Smoker

Adam Goes

Raindrops patter
My black umbrella with a sound
Approaching music.
I wait in the usual spot
For the one-hundred
Fourteenth
Day, and a
Volkswagen splashes a puddle
Onto my shoes.
The dull sky
Is reflected by the various shades
Of black that make up the street,
And the once red
Bricks of buildings now
Turned gray. All these colors
Add up to the same theme of
Normalcy.
He leans against
The corner of
The local thrift-store.
The rise of
His cigarette to his lips
And subsequent fall
Are a lullaby to my half-closed
Eyelids. His normal
Pink polka-dot umbrella
Is absent, replaced instead by
A drawing up of his tan jacket's hood.
As the city bus approaches
I speak up in a small voice,
Twisted by a hint of accusation.
"Why do you smoke?"
His arm pauses in its
Upward motion, and he
Looks at me, eyes holding the confidence
Of blue water-colors, and
I look down, away from that gaze.
As he flicks the butt away,
Taking a first step towards
Open doors, he replies.
"Because it makes the world more beautiful."