

## Veronica Sawyer Smokes

AFI

Oh my story is not the oldest of it's kind.  
I was too touched to see you clearly,  
far too young to realize I had loved so dearly you,  
who's world I had designed,  
but the sweet smoke came with mirrors  
and it brought tears to my wide eyes.  
Dying just to see you...  
dying since I misconstrued your blue heart,  
black eyes, feigning falling, words I won't forget.  
I died right when I saw you while you shared that cigarette.

Oh I saw you every time I closed my eyes,  
in the Hughes film I had scored,  
produced and starred in, in my mind.  
I could recite you, well, I'd written every line...  
but you strayed far from my flawless script  
on which I'd spent a lifetime!  
Falling over dead.  
Dying since I had misread your blue heart,  
black eyes, feigning falling, words I won't forget.  
I died right when I saw you while you shared that cigarette.