

Smoke

Sarah Fimm

Everything that I love turns to smoke.
It billows out from nothing
Laughing at my cries
Holding the charred remains of the last dirty joke
As if they know how it died

Everyone I that I've loved has turned to smoke
They come in single file and exit two by two
As if they knew what was to come
That I'm happier in the rain than the sun

And now every day that has come has turned to smoke
Still I hesitate to ask the great above what I have done

As it crashes through my system
Creation laughs at one
With nothing but
All there ever was.