

## The Smoking Pose

### The Honorary Title

With the color in your eyes ablaze  
Sleeping but awake  
Desperately, you're searching for remains  
To feed that part of you  
Crawling and scratching  
Sifting through ashes  
Your fingers are blistered  
Right down to the filter  
The blistering that carved that shape in you all night

With your chin down to your chest  
Speech drooling out in a mesh  
Of baritone slurs, incomprehensible, unaware of what you mean  
Of baritone slurs, incomprehensible, unaware of how you seem

Your eyes were just blatant hints at your elevation  
Allowing the two of you, completion

Singe your throat when the door is open  
Beneath the smoke that I can see that,  
I can see that you have come alive again