



6-15-2002

Smokes

Virgil Suarez

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview>

Recommended Citation

Suarez, Virgil (2002) "Smokes," *Westview*: Vol. 21 : Iss. 2 , Article 15.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol21/iss2/15>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Westview by an authorized administrator of SWOSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.

Smokes

by Virgil Suarez

It's hard not to think of him
everytime she lights one up,
just like the ones he smoked
late at night while he pounded
the typer, drank wine, and
listened to classical music
into the late hours when even
cats stopped their fighting
on all the fences, in all back
yards: mangalore ganesh beedies,
made in India by, they say,
lepers, men and women missing
finger tips, whole fingers,
and she leaned back on the rain,
her hair luminous in the sun,
plumes of the smoke like snakes
there—"too bad I never met him,
you know," she said and exhaled,
"even though I trekked out
to San Pedro several times . . ."
The smoke lingers over her head,
then rises slowly toward the rafter.
"Didn't know anybody out
there, and I didn't want to just
show up." By then he was sick,
dying and so my books were
never signed. Now I sit here
and smoke these, read the words,
think of the man who showed
so many the way to poetry."
Long after she smoked,
the smell lingered on that porch,
greeted me each time I entered
her place, over the door,
her red lipstick cursive:
BUKOWSKI LIVES!

