

I Think I'm Addicted

J. Marlo Madsen

I think I'm addicted to his cigarettes
and the way that he elegantly savors them
at three a.m. with the gilt glow halos
lighting his fierce profile against the chill.
Hand trailing vapor-portraits through the dark,
he speaks freely, digressing in my direction,
“It’s the only state indescribable by science;
no formula can predict the dispersion of smoke.”
I think then, his twisting smoke must be magic
and all these nights I watch him breathe it—unreal.

J. Marlo Madsen likes to make things. And some black nights, she drives to the edge of town.