

SMOKE WOES

BY DEANNA DAVIDSON

Smoke, smoke cascading through the air,
weaving back and forth, back and forth
in the blowing winds.

Smoke, smoke drifting around dancers,
partiers, friends and foes,
entrapped in the folds of an iron whip.

Smoke, smoke to the far left
and to the right,
curling around in soft tendrils.

Smoke, smoke the color of storm clouds.
Starting white, then changing from light to dark grays,
muddying my thoughts, blurring my senses.

Smoke, smoke raking through my hair
spiraling in waves,
suffocating me like the coil of a rattlesnake.

Smoke, smoke in my eyes
burning, stinging,
blurring my vision.

Smoke, smoke traveling through my body,
a deep well straight to my lungs
until I choke, struggling to catch my breath.

Smoke, smoke sweet and tangy,
senses bombarded once again,
flavors caressing my tongue.

And yet,

Smoke, smoke capturing me
always, once again
in the woes of addiction.

I HEAR THE WIND

BY DEANNA DAVIDSON

I hear the wind blowing;
it's keeping me awake.
Each time I try to close my eyes,
things rattle against the panels,
trees begin to shake.

I hear the wind creaking
against my open window.
Like a small little mouse
creeping around at night.
A mouse stays hidden though.

I hear the wind rattling
the trash cans in the yard.
I try to sleep,
really I do,
but tonight it's too damn hard.

I hear the wind groaning
like a child that is sick.
Smashing against the
weathered house,
so I still can't sleep a lick.

I hear the wind slowing,
finally easing up.
Grateful to Mother nature for the changing sound,
at peace for the first time tonight,
finally a stroke of luck.

I no longer hear the wind;
it is as still as it can be.
After hours of listening to the sound,
I may actually be able to
get some sleep.