

cigarettes and me

cigarettes and me ain't hittin' no more.
i used to smoke her on the regular
made her cherry burn lite brite red
she went to my head and buzzed me beautiful
sometimes i miss her like addiction.

she used to coat my throat after meals
i was the average white male
waiting to inhale
pack a day at our finest times
double that with beer or wine
she made lovin' fun.

with her in my hand
i was james dean johnny depp deeper shade of cool.
always had my zippo full
with a light for the ladies
i'd share my cigarettes like a swingers night out
with the promise she'd do me proper
when i hit her right before bedtime.

i never got over her
and we split over eight years ago
that's more than 2900 packs
58,400 smokes that never touched my lips
and still i miss the nicotine kiss
and i wish i lived in the fifties
back when ignorance was bliss
then cigarettes and me could go buckwild all night.

if i got back with cigarettes
i could be all film noir
fred macmurray lighting matches off his thumb
a frickin' scorsese flick
take your pick
my red-tipped cancer stick would start the blaze that burned down the store
and then like deniro
i'd smoke a little bit (just a little bit) more...

now here i sit with a belly full of envy
watching tattooed dudes and righteous rock chicks
camels in hand
making acquaintances via packs of tobacco
you've come a long way, baby
sometimes i miss that secret society
the band of the brand
like "if you really love me you'll switch to marlboro lights"
i miss reservoir dogs howling through boogie nights
but i don't miss my chest feeling tight
and i don't miss not being able to cover a flight of stairs
without almost passing out.
so i guess cigarettes and me are assed out.

so out go the butts with the ifs and the ands
cigarettes made me feel good
but i couldn't breathe good
so i had to quit her
and i hope she understands.
besides
she was just a way to occupy my hands.

cigarettes and me ain't hitting any longer
and i miss that skinny bitch
but i think i'm getting stronger.
stronger than unfiltered lucky strikes.
stronger than beautiful black lungs.
i used to kick it with cigarettes when i was young.
but now i'm done.

i used to smoke her on the regular
made her cherry burn lite brite red
she went to my head and buzzed me beautiful
sometimes i miss her like addiction.

Ratpack Slim

Born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, the poet born as Rob Sturma became Ratpack Slim in 2000, when he stepped into the doors of Da Poetry Lounge in Hollywood and fell in love with all things spoken word. He has been on slam teams three years consecutively, having co-hosted the Los Feliz Slam during its run, and making it to the finals stage of the National Poetry Slam in 2005 with Team Hollywood. He has contributed extensively to the website getunderground.com as a poet, a journalist, and for a while, as the poetry editor. He has performed everywhere in LA from coffeeshops to comic book shops to campuses to clubs, sharing the stage with such diverse luminaries as DJ Z-Trip, Saul Williams, and Sage Francis. He was featured on BET's "The Way We Do It" and in the documentary "Spl!". He hosts a weekly poetry open mic called Green, every Monday at the Palmer Room in Culver City with Emmy Award winning DJ Jedi and acclaimed beatboxer Joshua Silverstein. He has two new chapbooks available; *You Sensitive Bastard* and *Nerdplay*. He lives in LA with his roommates and his extensive collection of media.

