TOBACCO

In the back alleys of Manhattan where the homeless of the city live, a man sat, his back to his home, an empty cardboard box. Clutched to his chest was an old cigarette lighter and a pack of cigarettes. The man looked very old, but was really only in his mid-fifties. His hair and beard were long, shaggy and mud-encrusted and the hat that he wore was moth-eaten and covered with dirt. His face was grimy and streaked with soot, his skin wrinkled and yellow. His clothes were ripped, wet and dirty and his shoes were so worn that his toes stuck out.

The only sound that he made was a soft wheezing noise whenever he breathed. His only movement was to put a cigarette between his lips and then remove it when he exhaled. The night was cold and his smoky breath curled and swirled in the soft moonlight. The sound of laughter and shouting reached his ears as a bartender closed the door to a nightclub. The man sighed and closed his eyes, the cigarette still between his lips.

Later, a rat scuttled over the man’s feet, but he didn’t move. There was no longer a curl of smoke in the air, even though the cigarette was still lit between his lips. The soft wheezing had stopped. Presently, the cigarette fell from his mouth onto the wet pavement. The man was dead and his murderer lay beside him hissing and sputtering as it died.
A substance called Tobacco
Could ruin your life.
Either chewing or smoking
Could bring you much strife,
Causing fatal lung cancer
Through carbon monoxide.
Emphysema and strokes come
Though your systems have tried.
When your blood stream shuts down,
The blood has nowhere to go,
Then a heart attack comes
And sadly you know,
That choosing to smoke
Was not a wise choice.
But, that is not all,
As down goes your voice.
Infections, diseases and
On your lung, a black stain,
With your arteries clogged
It would cause you much pain.

BUT.....
The solution is simple
When offered a smoke,
Turn away the disease
And you will not choke.
And if you don’t smoke
You will live to say,
“I have made the best choice
Turning that away!”
THE CIGARETTE

I turn your insides black.
I come in an attractive pack.
My sticky substance is made of tar
That builds up in your alveoli jar.

I defect innocent babies
Of pregnant smoking ladies.
I can cause cancer in your lungs
And lesions on your gums.

I love to make you wheeze,
As well as others sneeze.
When I come your body groans
And often your stomach moans.

Your life begins to decrease
With every puff you seize.
My stink invades your nose,
And smells up all your clothes.

When oxygen I replace,
Poisonous gas takes its place,
Then your heart struggles pumping
And your skin starts lumping.

When finally my job is done,
I have blackened both your lungs.
And you then lie still and cold,
Even though you’re not old.

In case you haven’t me yet,
I am a cigarette.
A WICKED CIGARETTE AM I!!!

“A wicked cigarette am I!!!
If you smoke me, you will surely die!
But, try to stop and you will see,
Nothing is harder than to stop smoking me!

I’ll turn your lungs all black with tar,
Your throat and trachea I’ll mar!
But, try to quit and you will see,
It’s not easy to stop smoking me!

Your alveoli I’ll fill with muck
Then your oxygen, it will be stuck!
But, try to quit and you will see,
It’s impossible to stop smoking me!

And when on your deathbed you lie,
Remember this before you die!
A wicked cigarette am I !!!
An evil cigarette am I!!!