Nick in Time

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Episodes stitched together by whiskey, Winehouse,
what ifs, enough soot & tar for a bubble bath.
Do forty-four pack years doom me like Doctor Faust's
twenty-four with Mephistopheles? Screw the math.

The sun scoffs at the small spark cupped in my hands.

A loose cotton thread frayed by mindless fingering,
quivering, I pray to be cut before I learn
how much carcinoma costs, what lingering
means. I see myself as ash in a pink salt urn

The stars despise me for stomping out my light.

before my fibrosis tastes like burnt tin foil.
If I run everyday, eat more salad than fries,
if I stop starting mornings with a drag & lies,
could I pause/rewind this spinning mortal coil?

But the moon has felt the pain of rebirth and longing.

It's in her dry eyes, her cracked lips and yellowed teeth,
a smile that knows the illusion of reprieve.

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