

Into An Ashtray

You see the paramony stubs of a
'chain smoker',
the solidity in ashes of a
'pipe smoker'.

You see the time,
black and grey in an ashtray.
You see the time,
a guest has spent in the house.
You see the time,
left in cigarette ends.

There they lie,
the only half smoked cigarettes,
Of the one,
who never has time.

There a 'She' has left
a purple rim on a filter,
of the time,
she has just smoked away.

You see the time,
crumble and dry in an ashtray.
You see the time,
people will gather for the waste.

You see the time!