Fogbreath

Leaning, acute Angle against Rough chipping brick building Hidden in shadows 'mid the din of towns and cities. A cigarette Stuck in Your slightly worn Face, hard-targeting eyes. Drizzling rain, Slight dew In my mind's Farther darkness. There racooning Beneath the moonrays You're a staggering familiar stranger. Splunking, Splashing, Dark leather boots In murky puddles Pitted in pavement. I'll call you when I need too, For now Drag that cigarette Collar your cheeks.

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