

# YOU'LL NEVER SMOKE ALONE

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The waxing Decrescendo moon  
Stands high upon the cloudless sky.  
A gloomy baby blue through my sunglasses,  
A piercing neon with the naked eye.

My skin is burning hot yet cool  
In the smooth and silky summer wind,  
The only one to touch me where I lie  
In social distance from my lovèd kind.

But as I read the death threat on the pack  
I cannot help but think of what you said  
When you reached out to light my fire  
Under the dying sun of bloody red:

You'll never smoke alone because the wind  
Always smokes half of your cigarette.



**Felicitas Sophie van Laak** is a student of Kulturpoetik der Literatur und Medien and British, American and Postcolonial Studies. Her research interests include feminisms, gender studies, queer- and monster theories, as well as posthumanism. She has written several articles on the intersections of gender, sexuality, and monstrosity, one of them being "Monstrous Gender Performance in Macbeth", which was recently published in *Satura* Vol. 2. Lately, Felicitas has acquired a taste for horror fiction that simultaneously intrigues and scares the living daylights out of her. Sometimes, she writes short stories and poetry. And she drinks a lot of coffee.