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The Nature of Metaphor

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THE NATURE OF METAPHOR

Last night I slept with a cigar.
Tomorrow it could be the leg of a Negro.
There are cigars that make you dizzy
as sleep. Smoke that lifts your heart
right out of its anchor. Picture a cigar
in the darkest room, a tiny orange
light in the center of the forest.
And a woman touching that spark
with a finger and breaking into flame.

* * * * *

Or the last cigar in the pack.
The cigar that could save your life.
The funeral of ashes. The ashes
sifting slowly into the earth.
The cigars lying still in their box,
or the constant rolling of cigars.
Imagine your whole life filling up
with smoke, a light coming from somewhere
in this dark tunnel which is a cigar,
or you are the cigar floating in empty space,
waiting for that light, breaking into flame.