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### Smoke

Rénee Olander

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Renée Olander / Smoke

From the dark of your throat, smoke said suck it. It wanted you, the way you hoped. It tasted of long drives, roads hazing off into orange and violet, cool cat-eyes, sashes of silk or chiffon. Your earrings jangled with pink and fuschia bells. You knew what you felt. You inhaled. Your eyelids folded just enough—so your lashes blurred in your sight. Against your tongue, smoke made you whole, then whirled and wafted about you. How mortal you were. Sometimes when you brushed your teeth with whitener, you thought about longevity of skulls.

*For my mother, cremated as she wished, July 1996*