

POETRY FOR SAN FRANCISCO STOP SMOKING CLASS GRADUATION

November 25, 1997 Day 28

The act of quitting is the act of beginning
An act of losing cigarettes is an act of
winning

True to yourself is all you can be
By sneaking...I'm cheating only me.

It's difficult, don't get me wrong
When I feel weak, I must be strong
Yet, in return, I get my life back
In a better light, on a better track

"Just do it!" I say to myself
"Put 'em in the garbage, get 'em off the
shelf."
Then, when they're gone, I feel more at
ease
After all, it's me I am to please

There's a hole left where a cigarette was
To fill it I work out, chew gum, because
I'm alone in my quest, I will persevere
In 50 years, I'll still be here...
HEALTHY.

Autobiography in Five Short Chapters

Chapter I

I walk down the street.
There is a deep hole in the sidewalk.
I fall in.
I am lost... I am hopeless.
It isn't my fault.
It takes forever to find a way out.

Chapter II

I walk down the same street.
There is a deep hole in the sidewalk.
I **pretend** I don't see it.
I fall in again.
I can't believe I am in this same place.
But it isn't my fault.
It still takes a long time to get out.

Chapter III

I walk down the same street.
There is a deep hole in the sidewalk.
I **see** it there.
I still fall in... it's a habit... but,
my eyes are open.
I know where I am.
It is **my** fault.
I get out immediately.

Chapter IV

I walk down the same street.
There is a deep hole in the sidewalk.
I walk around it.

Chapter V

I walk down another street