

Noj has always retained a lyrical prose to his writings; I have always responded strongly to both the physical arrangement of his lines as well as the underlying current of unobvious themes. When reading the following poem of melancholic bliss, I saw that he did something very special: He died and was reborn within three verses. It takes a bold courage to unmask one's true vulnerability while staying stoic within a firm frame of highly-selective diction. Enjoy.

-- Nelson Carvajal, Master Tutor

The Cigarette Fess-up

By Noj Noslo

She is present; the day is sunny and warm.
Her presence is responsible for everything comfortable.
When you're that happy, nothing is a bother.
Only focus is broke, I'm punched by a crush.
In all the goodness I have, It is all her.
Just being out with her, I float when I walk.
Only a woman makes a man that light.
Though suddenly! I'm not so light.....no longer afloat.
She feels different, affection has turned formal.
Days in doubt crept by, this feeling.....this feeling I know.
Sitting in silence, she breaks, "Let's go smoke a cig."

We step outside for a smoke, the last.
The smoke fades with my mood, something is wrong.
She is distant, shrugging off affection with ease.
Anticipation of this moment is no match for a melancholy mood.
Her kisses were stale like winter, cold and bitter.
Unrest; I am a caldron, fueled by tension every moment.
Irregular beats of a broken heart, quickly drenched by sadness.
Now feeling the full effect, my head begins to hang.
She butters me with kindness, but only because she is good at heart.

Confidence has now departed; I know where this is going.
Tell me, what has you tied up inside? No need for fronted compliments.
I've been in the same situation; I already know what you will say.
She was afraid but she knew her thoughts then as my eyes, turned hazy and fogged my head with emotion.
There; on cold cement stairs, her generality of feeling summed.
She softly speaks and all in all she had said goodbye.
The cigarette burnt to end; her addiction now rampant in me.
Time is on my side; it will heal this partition.
Yet only ever so often, at any period in time, I crave nicotine kisses.

I miss her very much.