

## Caution Lights

Memories are thick tonight  
Choking my mind with lucid details  
A single ceiling fan turns lazily  
The pointless whirring unable to clear the air

I sit with half-opened eyes and  
I wait but for what I'm not sure;  
Something different maybe?  
Unpredictable,  
Unexpected.  
Nothing changes  
But still I wait.

On the carpet, perfect black-rimmed circles  
The cigarette burns remain.  
The air is hazy with secondhand promises  
Hazy with...  
...cancer.

Inhale deeply and the smoke assaults my lungs.  
Red warning lights flicker  
On and off the beacon blinks.  
I devour the airborne toxins  
Waiting for it to be funny  
Waiting not to care  
But still I wait.

Nicole Vargo