Smoking Jacket
Sarah Sloat

The moon cracks, aghast with phosphorous
its ruts wrung of the cigar ash found in your horsey laugh

You tramp at night walking the world under

You cough, you plod beneath the streetlamp

Your jacket’s damp
It smokes a little

Sarah J. Sloat grew up in NJ and now lives in Germany, where she works in Weltschmerz. She has published two chapbooks with Dancing Girl Press, *Excuse me while I wring this long swim out of my hair* and *Inksuite*. Another chapbook, *Home-bodies*, is available from Hyacinth Girl Press.