

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, *Homebodies*, is available from Hyacinth Girl Press.