

SMOKERS FOLLY

(...OR WOULD YOU RATHER BE A FISH)

Sonia Weitz (January 1996)

It is common knowledge that a jelly-fish
Has no character. Simply doesn't wish
To improve her lot to be strong or brave.
She is quite content. Doesn't seem to crave
Respect or approval and she won't pretend.
She is just plain honest, and doesn't depend
On the flattery of her fellow fishes.
She is what she is and does all she wishes.

I could go on listing her virtues all day
But I read your mind, so before you say
"Jelly-fish, indeed! I could care less".
Well I disagree! And I must confess
I admire them greatly! You think I am nuts?
I truly believe that they have more guts
Than a certain member of the human race.
If you look around you may know the face
With a sweet expression and a pleasant smile
But quite superficial not really worth while.
For beneath that countenance a lack of will power
Wow! You should have heard the words she would shower
Upon her innocent children and spouse
So unfit to live with they fled from the house.

Well, this spineless creature (not without a name)
You may be aware of her recent fame
The very idea puts me to shame.
Oh, you know her well. What a phony dame!
She deceived her friends a despicable sort,
So sly! Well, to make a long story short...

This presumptuous female entertained a notion
A big mouth she has. So with great emotion
To all who would listen she proclaimed one morn...
Her imprudence crowned by a touch of scorn
"I shall kick the habit," she spoke with conviction.
"Cigarette smoking is not an addiction
My will shall sustain me, there is nothing to it".
Well, it ain't so! And she couldn't do it!

When the treatments know as "cold turkey" fail,
When the pounds start showing on the bathroom scale
You swallow your pride or go off your nut
And search all the ashtrays for a decent butt
When you spot one finally and your heart beats faster
There's a mocking voice whispering: "Who's the master?"
So you stop and argue. It's hard to conceive
How you long for this paper stuffed with dried-up leaves
Your sadistic conscience says: "Look here, dear fellow,
It really tastes lousy, and makes your teeth yellow."

And when you approach the ragged edge of doubt
Concluding down-beaten, you can't do without
You find looking at you, superior to boot
Jut a Sunday-smoker puffing a cheroot!
For there is a smoker I have yet to meet
Who would simply admit this utter defeat.
They cut down they switch to filters and such.

They chew gum or lean on some other crutch
Well, me? I have had it! I'm worthless and weak
But I firmly refuse to become a sneak!
The battle is over. Hope you'll understand
If I light-up and smoke my favorite brand.

PS

I vaguely suspect that this lengthy take
Will hardly affect the tobacco sale.
So take my advice;
Might be rather wise
To acquire stock in this enterprise.

(Sonia kicked the habit some time before 1978.)