



The Smoke

The air is polluted
 With the smoke of a cigar
 The men were coughing
 With lungs full of tar.

A sly, sly killer
 With smoke gray as night
 Inside the body
 It starts a terrible fight.

As the ashes smolder
 And the man walks away
 A child smells the aroma
 It has found its prey.

It crept to him slowly
 From the wind at its feet
 It made him addicted
 With its slow, slow creep.

As the child grew up
 He smoked and smoked
 He smoked his last cigarette
 And then he choked.

- AIDA YAP



**1ST
 PLACE**