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### Chantix

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# **Chantix**

## Sara Schellenberg

I am stomping sparks on the driveway for the last time so maybe I'll outlive my brother, and be there to not smoke at his grave while he is turning to maggots and I am waiting to be ashed. Doctor says I should guit smoking. I know, I know, don't you see I am embarrassed Ashtray strangers asking my age like they got license to smoke, they down-low enough, French or hip or gay enough, blue-collar or butch, black-and-white, white-trash, Dada or Ab-Ex enough. stand sour in the rain. try to keep it tender. Forgive the early memory of black foil, dad sitting cross-legged in the fireplace, the first sight and smell I can remember as loving him. Chimney-father tells me my lungs ring hollow and deep like a drum. Now under fluorescent lights I am my brother, shooting cans and scurrying away white camels, bald head thrown down against the cruiser, reeking like bad Nino who threw wheelies on the dry grass, like the tan jacket dad wore in the driveway-quit smoking years before the dark pansies bloomed like a puddle and made him into stick-man. Doctor says his lungs are still pink and fresh No more lung-drum beating now, sick man still misses the cigs I'm stepping back inside soon wearing dad's tan jacket. Don't worry--