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Cowboy Killers

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COWBOY KILLERS

AUTUMN VANCIL

I grew up detesting the smell of cigarette,
scrunching my nose when walking past it.
I swore I would never date someone who smoked.
They aren't who I want to associate myself with.
I swore I would never smoke.

And then I did.

A pack of Marlboro Red 100s is where it started.
Now there isn't a day where I don't fill my lungs
with cancerous smoke just to think with a
clear head.

Addiction.

To call it anything else would be lying to myself.
"I can quit any time I want"

Liar.

That thought alone shows that the cigarettes are
in control.

"But it helps me be social"

Liar.

I can be social without cigarettes.
I say I smoke because it makes me feel good.
But it doesn't.

It covers the foul taste I carry from my past.
It helps me to ignore the mistakes I have made.
It puts me in a mental state somewhere between
an endless abyss and bliss.
It makes me feel normal.

And it shouldn't.