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## Best in Show

poet

Dianna S.

smoker by the river  
pen in hand, smudged like stains  
of tobacco worn lips.  
he sleeps on a notebook,  
his bread, his wine, his light past the sunset,  
tucked between pages  
the words spilling out  
leaking from the spine, down the stones  
pooling at his feet.  
and he hums  
as people walk by  
he trades scratching for sustenance  
but his substance is words no one knows  
and he is full.  
smoker by the river  
dead by morning, frosted blue tipped hands,  
tobacco stained lips and love torn pages.