From the Embrace of a Love So Deep

You promised to leave off your smoking.
The day I consented to wait.
How little I thought you were joking!
How foolishly believed what you said!
Then, dear, how completely you sold me,
With blandishments subtle and ruin,
When you emptied your suffices, and told me
You never would fill it again.

These lines so oppressive, from rolling,
Say, what is the source that flows?
And whence the enjoyment of rolling
A parcel of dust in your nose?
By the habits that are personified,
There can be no pretense one to evil
How irrational, then, is our doing!
Now is it not very absurd?

Cigars come to three pence each, surely,
And six pence to come to your mind.
Consider how much, then, you betray
Must go on that profuse staff.
With the same in tobacco cost equal, there,
The stuff in your suffices you seek,
Would procure me of tenants no end, true,
And bring me in luxury—only think.

What's worse, for your present I tremble;
'Tis going as that we can't.
Oh love about if you like to resemble
A smoky and smoky old worm!
I then resign at the call of affection,
The habits I cannot endure;
Or spill both your must and explication,
And ruin your teeth, I am sure.