

Our head of advertising is a lout  
But all his suits are blue. "Call Mr. Stein,  
Miss Pitts. And bring more cake and sauerkraut.  
Yes, buzz me when he's off his other line."  
Oh, cut the sheep dip, rise above the hoke  
And pull the act together. Guzzle Coke.  
Get hiccups. Faster! Eat that cold ragout.  
My stomach's rolling like I'm getting flu.  
Well, that would do the job. I've never yet  
Smoked then. With luck, pneumonia will ensue.  
Tonight I'll have my final cigarette.

Now see? It's not so bad, this rendezvous  
With grave decision. I've pulled off a coup  
To free this realm of nicotine. My sweat  
Has made me strong. I'll rule the corporate zoo!  
Tonight I'll have my FINAL cigarette.

--Glenn Holloway

(Form: chant royal--60 lines, iambic pentameter,  
turning on 5 rhymes throughout, ending with an envoy.)