

The Marlboro Man Lives with Aunt Ethyl

Mel Clark

Like a pregnant teen in the 1960's
He goes wheezing into that good night
As though not seeing him
Could change
A Nation's stolen youth.

The girl would return
Never speaking of what she'd done
To pretend forever
Everything is okay.
But He will not come back
Living forever in a nation's memory

And what is left in his void?

He was the last rugged tough guy
(John Wayne is long dead)
But our culture can no longer understand
 the last of a breed that worked harder
 lived harder
 died harder
Extinction of more than a bad habit.