

**SMOKE RINGS AND ROUNDELAYS**  
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**GREY SMOKE.**  
by  
**Victor B. Neuburg**

Like the cool film that floats  
Under new-rising moons  
In little silver notes  
From wandering motes—  
The runes  
Re-echo still: their breeze calls yet:  
Mine Evenings of the Cigarette.

Up the pine-hill one goes  
Slowly, at ease, and so  
The little Zephyr blows!  
Like cream of snows;  
I know  
Remembrance still; still no regret  
Stays me, this Hour of Cigarette.

What day indeed was this  
That lies behind my time  
Like a gay-tremulous kiss?  
Nothing, I wis—  
A rime  
Returns to me; in lightest fret  
Floats slow above my Cigarette.

Incense, I think; who knows  
How memory is snared  
Back? But a dim scent blows  
From some past rose—  
Some shared  
Whiff of old incense, in the net  
Anew—breath of my Cigarette.

Victor B. Neuburg  
Contributed to this Collection (1923).