

Burn, Baby. Burn.

Poor Little Match Girl, what to do,
Now heavy smokers have become so few?

Ex pack-a-dayers pass you by
With facial twitches and averted eye.

Are they as fearful of relapse
As onetime gamblers at the click of craps?

Or trim bulimics at a tray
Of pastries or a fashion ad display

Of Audrey Hepburn? Arsonists,
Salvation Army street percussionists,

The one perhaps your final hope,
The other, competition on the slope

Toward true panhandling and the laws
That ban it, but for pities common cause.

Strike, private sector poster child,
And let the smell of sulfur be reviled

As air pollution, and its glare
Seem not your vision of a warmth to share

But global warming light by light
Or stick by stick deforestation blight.

Hans Christian, if in time the Bic
Might have outsourced your Little Match Girl's shtick,

Fret not. As pauper have her claim
Her heating subsidy and fan the flame.