

# HUMIDOR

JEWEL URWIN

My face reflects in the humidior  
gloss stained cherry  
adding color to my chalking  
cheeks. The wood is smooth,  
sealed, shiny my hands dry and  
pale, jagged in comparison  
as I grip its edges.

Unlocking the sacred box  
I release aromas of rich  
salty, tobacco  
lingering long after latching  
shut. Inside hides a lighter beside  
twelve full cigars  
infused and preserved inside this  
box still, collecting dust  
waiting for the band to be  
removed, lit, and lifted to lips.