

the peripatetic

wandering with faint purpose in every move
she imagines Aristotle's wink from up above
with dried up paint slashed on worn jeans
wearing her want of the world to see her
a starving artist with no need
fuck all you guys she boast quietly
in a late night conversation to me
the world in general terms; its x and z's
mixed orange soda floats
and 2 black cats with purple sparkles on belled collars
caged in this one room apartment
one fan sweats on 3 bare walls
I burnt my bridges she casually states
my mind begins to graze
where can I not return,
who's turned their back to me?
what is beyond *this country's so rich there's currency on the ground*
I glance back with that socially taught eye contact
and take another sip of orange no. 5 and vanilla bean

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