

In a tightly wound room --
her roots are woven,
grown under the houses on high hills
to cease a silence engrained further in
shock --

Her assumption of her customer's income
---"You think this is enough to dry my hands?"

from the ships and armor
that her mothers had sewn,
just as seashells form
near the sea,

he gave her dollars.
And like the time she paid for her father's bills
---She saves the savior.

You'll find her figure on hotel couches
and she'll respond writhing by now.
--- We talked about children on the corner
--- "and on the other hand you gotta learn,"
the tone of her voice inconstant without coke.

You can peel her skin and muscle
from the hangar
only a sinking surface, here
time folds into itself.

She plays with One instrument and multiple voices.

Her Victims will look outside
to see whose high pitch is screaming
when her homelessness doesn't make her wander.