

## Landfill

You,  
walking nightmare of a girl,  
tripping over fables like stones,  
gazing through rotten steel framed windows  
with your dime-a-dozen dusty poets eyes,

an oasis of landmines and unsteady things,  
your hair pulling into piano wires  
flecks of rust peppering your cheeks,  
a trampled, key-plucked melody  
curling through pipes and car alarms.  
entirely without those anchoring roots  
of an acceptable existence.

You,  
clumsy ghost tugging at an ear lobe,  
tearing out the hem of your blue jeans  
with shaky quaking fingers,  
hollow laughter echoing through tin can  
telephones, wearing down the scraps of rubber  
that keep your feet off the ground.

All you need is your own steady pulse.