

her mobile home  
a nomadic  
grocery shopping cart  
filled with the street treasures  
of an uncoordinated mind talking to its accumulations.

she likes to use the right side of the library  
for windbreak when winter will not settle down.

looking into the basket  
at her most prized possession

wrapped up in black plastic

tied with string

she smiles

with a lack of stage presence and a motherly voice

not exactly a soliloquy

her short oration

this dead cat can return at any time.

at any time now.

i never knew it well.

many rumors circulated about her life before she lived in layered clothes.

not exactly a soliloquy.

wf.h.

2023