

Absence of Home

By Michele Venne

Bare skin, hardened with calluses
slap the asphalt;
blackened by miles and soiled by time.

A pack to enclose possessions
jacket, shirt, pocketknife, coins, a broken watch,
plastic bottle, sans label, partially filled with the liquid of life.

Scurrying across the street
an appointment with a transit bench,
the restroom at an express diner, or the dumpster behind it.

Hair matter, clothes dirty,
tooth decay from lack of hygiene,
a care that no longer holds importance.

Alone? No, an accepted member of a dismissed society,
composed of thieves, addicts, lovers, educated fools, families;
she has been many, and now is none, her identity more defined.

Free from the confines of acceptability
by those confused souls.

The ties to this reality, transparent
attachments dissolve.

Transcendence and liberation
or
insanity and loss?