

Old Coat

By Victoria “Stokastika”

I wear the city
like an old coat:
outside-in, and
inside-out.

I try to figure
how the collar
fits in the land
of my mind.

I wear the country
like a t-shirt:
quick to fade-
n-easy to rip.
But-I-have-the-need
to sew the sleeves
and keep the
tattered grid
together.

But I'd rather
wear the bare land
in my own
naked skin.
If I'm out here
without man,
I may find my
own within.

If I'm out here
long enough,
I may find my
own within.