

Junkyard Angel Baby

Nomad

by Kitty Boots

you blew in from Colorado
Bondo, air-brushed beauty, smelling delicious
engines full-throttle, but with scars,
deep and dark like the shadows of a mountain before they're gilded
with sun

you gifted me with chili and fleece, I'm always cold
you're always hot
and you panty-flashed Main Street when you put up the flag
told me you weren't motivated when we met in the parking lot of the
7-11
"We gotta get out of here", you said

I agreed and we looked for houses in the desert
houses in the tropics
cabins in the woods because you like the snow
and we decided, no dogs, only cats

