

# 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

