

Title: a walk down lafayette street

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Girl in a white dress tracing steps
she's taken a thousand times, but every
time her legs tremble a little harder and
breath catches a little faster. She walks
in linear time, maintains constant velocity
to upkeep a mask of surety, beating on
against the friction between past and
future. Because when she's a blur of
movement, the world is in limbo and
her luck cannot run out. Foreign shadows,
abrasive stubble, and smoked cigarettes
lurking around corners—this and the
crude weight of a drunkard are what she
fears. Her topography, the delicate
folds of her cotton dress, to rob them
would be sacrilege. And she continues
walking, borne forward by pure conviction
that the rise and fall of the sun will keep
her safe, as it had in the past. Friction
distorts, past and present future fuse,
and girl, like arrow, still ceaseless.