

Gutter Buckets Rattle

Her.

She shakes one hand
& another
Before moving on

By the signs surrounding
Her

She begs off
& heads home
In a vague manner

By distances disguised
Naturally softened by evening light
Or quite fictional, naturally written
By several glasses of champagne.

I have heard
She is divided

Intentionally idle

Formulating an arsenal,

Under grey skies.