

Jordan Martinez

Cold, I am cold.
I pass as a blur.
dancing through the crowds,
with meticulous steps as not to disturb.
My voice is swallowed by the noise.
My presence is shrouded by chaos.
Where am I? Who am I?
You'll never know.
The cool lockers touch me,

like a friend, their presence comfort
The Bathroom stalls my advisers,

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and the bus seat, home.