

sometimes i wonder  
if the buses will ever come  
and grow weary waiting  
with passerbys watching  
hesitantly clutching their purses  
while judging with shaking heads  
denying me eye contact  
as if i can't tell  
they are looking down on me  
even before they enter  
their downtown penthouse  
on the opposite corner  
of where i just got my fix

i see the windows of your building  
so chic and cosmopolitan  
people watch inside the lobby  
safe behind locked doors  
security gazing down her long nose  
with one finger on the button  
and the other on her holster

i see the windows  
couldn't care less of you  
or anyone else on the 14 floors  
i only see myself staring back

i see the windows,  
a stranger staring back  
and want to smash them out  
want to be free  
of this itch, this thirst, this hunger  
want to chase the tourists  
away from this harbor  
so i can enjoy this fix  
near the water  
without being bothered  
should my midnight

crash into the bushes