**Fiction**

soon i will go

gather my slim possessions

my skin like wet leather

and slip from this room into the next

there i know i’ll find

the door to another room

i will put down my stuff

open my computer, write

my god, but my ass hurts

couldn’t this world have softer chairs?

or maybe i just need

a thicker skin, padded with better ideas

there is always a coffee waiting for me

i leave a coin from my bottomless pocket

tap out letters and make them into words

finish my coffee and go

the door is sometimes hard to open

but is never locked

there is always a moment

of the most blissful panic

the walls have changed

the colour of embarrassment. have i

changed so much?