

Through a small opening in a coat
Glinted a shard of iridescent blue.
The Tourist pulled it closer, clearing her throat
To shield from the cold wind that blew,
Sounding a low, ominous whistle
As if in taunt or admiration.
The sea, from behind, offered a drizzle
Urging her to flaunt His generous creation.

The Tourist moved ahead, steadfast
Reading from a finger lined with the past

She walked through the crowded thoroughfare
Each standing still with muffled screams
Albeit with pressed shirts and slicked back hair
Like a requiem for their forsaken dreams
She reached into her coat and chipped off from an edge;
And offered it to each stationed sentry
Who stood there as if bound by a pledge,
As a payment for her entry

The tourist entered the city at last
Having added to the finger lined with the past

To her, all these cities looked the same;
Two stone walls rising on either side
And yet, deserving of all their fame
But none offering a place to hide
As often before, she was found by a man
Offering to make her feel whole
She placed a fading blue chip on his hand
Paying her debt with a piece of her soul

She walked away, hoping to be alone at last
Adding again to the finger lined with her past

One might wonder, "What use is it?"
Is the soul too much for the feet to carry?
Why lose yourself to a cause unfit?"
To you, I say, it is the contrary.
Like others, she was born set into motion
So while the wind howled through each rift
She rolled ahead like waves of the ocean
While denying herself her own weight to lift

And with every loss she did outlast

She added to the finger lined with her past