

## **Ticket Counter**

*H. E. Wright*

I am not so much a traveler  
As I am a camper.  
Not a gypsy—  
I own land.  
But I light like a hummingbird  
Until the time is up.  
Until I have worn out my welcome,  
Or my welcome has worn me out.

I own the correct Oliver Peoples sunglasses.  
They hang on the low neck of my shirt,  
Accentuating the cleavage  
For you to look at  
While we stand in this line.  
I wear myself

As if to say  
I'm here, but not for long.  
And yes I've seen it all  
Before. And god, this sun seems tall through these windows.  
And I am tired of airports and hotels,  
And I am tired in my shoes.  
But I can afford this. I can afford to do this.  
And if you want an ice cream cone  
Or want to fuck through this layover  
Hey, that's okay with me. But  
Later on, after,  
When we both get where we're going,  
Don't stay.