Have Compassion for the Girl in the White Dress Chasing the Wind

I stand outside, talking, getting deathly thin, spending my time chasing the wind. It will come my way and a breeze will set me free. Something to ease the pain. I try not to feel at all.

I walk outside the Economy Inn looking for nickels and dimes. My mind talks to me every now and then. I get lost in the bottle or syringe, but I keep chasing my wind. I'm hoping it will take me away, but I am beginning to suspect…that I am running to nothing.

I have a few dollars and I'm pulled into the liquor store for a bottle of gin. I listen to the same story within. That happiness is right around the corner, in this next bottle, in this next wind.

I take a few drinks, a snort and temporarily feel better. My problem is where am I going to sleep tonight? Am I going to eat? How am I going to get money? What will I have to do to get my next wind?