



# TANGIER

by John Niebuhr

Tangier,

Wait for me in the corner with the curious. I will return with a warm jacket and minimal employment. Leaning forward on a Craigslist bicycle I will sell sand to tourists.

Your musty wallpaper and leaking roofs produce an inner warmth only known to cave dwellers, before the first cathedral was built. Its shadow licking through the village advancing the worry that one day it could fall. There is none of that with you. Everyone is the same kind of poor, free to improvise in the vastness of poverty.

Wait for me. Please. I have just a few more subscriptions to cancel. Today I make peace with my landlord. Tomorrow I haggle with indeterminate leverage.

Thank you for the expectation of myths. I will be there soon.

