Ingrid is a junior in humanities, where she can write her way through the pre-med program.

Ingrid is also:

Insistent
Narcissistic
Great at tic-tac-toe
Restless
Intrinsic
Drawn out

The wind has an appetite in the mornings
Ripping at my clothes,
Impatient
To satisfy itself,
Pressing against my breasts
With urgency
Its face hard against mine.
Hands, abrasive
Wrap around me
Stealing my steps,
My breath.
Its breath instead
In my ears
Loud like the trees
Filling me with noise.
My body
Moves unevenly beneath him,
The North Wind,
Unsure of strength,
Both mine and his.
I spend the day hiding
Between buildings and walls,
Pushing back until we both tire,
Until he picks up his travel bags
Full of leaves,
Moving again, always south.