

Diary Entry Poem.

22 June 2018

"International" Student.

So, today in Co-op, while buying coffee, it struck me how there's an international isle. I paid attention to what was on it. But then, I looked around - the fruit, the veg. the beverages, the snacks - everything is 'international'. A lot: completely, almost everything at least partially. 'International' was the food 'for' foreign people.

I am an international student.

I am in this international aisle on this isle as an international. In. But under

I'M NOT SCRUTINING
CURRY-YET.