

Brutalist Baddie

By Annika Fricke

Under the incandescent summer sun,
she was torn upon.

Constructed by systems of decay,
enraptured in the industrial,
unexceptional landscape
of whatever American hood
she ascended from.

A daughter of restless souls,
and innate social liberty,
smiling like some beast of prey,
soft faced and sublime,
poised to devour the city whole.