City Living

Interesting. I’m no veteran, but I understand loss – of freedom, a patched roof, mandolins consoling Italians, their turf encroached upon by the Chinese. Before this city was a flood, I was the stickball hero laughing unhindered through embarrassing tenements, a mason jar of promises exploding in my face. I’d inhaled this ghetto one too many times. The plague of hopelessness hurts less than machine gun symphonies kids learn to play in their sleep. How often I’ve dreamed of corporate men lighting fires with sticks in the everglades, their fat bellies rumbling louder than neglect. Hunger’s for real.

I have nothing left but pain. Forgive me, father, for I have grinned, amused in forgetting my fate.

I’ve since expanded past normal, soon to be a scarlet balloon bursting in space, difficult to cure.


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