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## Untitled

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My breath imitates the rhythm as we weave down concrete boardwalk. The icy reflection of a pale slice of moon floats gracefully up, from the silken landscape of liquid ice, through the hot air. Mike spots a vessel mercilessly grinding its way across the shimmering horizon. He sucks some more poison from the filter of his Marlboro and, together, we laugh.

Onward we press, engulfed. A dusky breeze seems to meet us from the north. We exchange knowing looks. Rain. It's charge weighs heavy upon the air. Somewhere, riding a current, perhaps, or pivoting slowly around an anchor, there is a man who could tell you where, and maybe when, but for us it can only mean "RAIN."

Couples lounge gazing on the sand. Somewhere in an alley a bottle is kicked, tinkering to its death against a brick, sending madness through the rhythm to greet us once again. Two gulls eye each other suspiciously over stale picnic remnants. One hobbles, lurching, to the dark shadows of the el-

evated walkway and sits sulkily, stained in oil. A child runs excitedly toward the water and trips when he is beckoned by his mother.

We stride toward the steel railing of the boardwalk and lean restfully against its sturdiness. Spit rolls slowly off my tongue and hangs suspended, momentarily, before being sucked downward where it slaps the wetted sand. Mike lets his cigarette wink at me one last time before he crushes it with his boot and, together, we walk on.

By: Daniel P. Fox



*"Be aware that a halo has to fall only a few inches to be a noose."*

*- Dan McKinnon*

