

Wink

by Aaron Sabatine

It's just another night in the old city, perched in the skeletal radio tower with my collection of telescopes, looking down over the slums instead of up at the scorched sky. I used to collect stars and satellites in this journal, now I just collect hopeless situations. I can see lights in front of a large shipping-container-turned-brothel. The guy outside has a pipe wrapped in barbed wire and a slashed-up scowl for a face. *But hey*, I think, focusing on the spray painted roof, *at least that graffiti demon has a smile on*. Then it winks a fiendish red eye at me through the smog haze. I wink back.

