

86.

by Anthony Van Hart

It was late and Manhattan wasn't going to wait for us to wake up.

We stumbled off the train — a few puffs of smoke left in our lungs and perfectly disheveled hair that made us look like we were comfortable with our anxiety.

Steps weren't getting any easier as we climbed up the numbered streets that had been known to eat men alive and leave their dreams full of blood splattered hands.

Struggling to find a reason to try, we 86'd our plans & headed home.

