

Midwestern Charm

by Anthony Van Hart

He slathered the glue on my scalp and talked non-stop about Harlem. Electrodes or nodes, I never asked which, would measure something inside my head. I doubt they actually did though, measure anything. I've had the pleasure of having wires glued to my skull before and have never once seen results. I'm not buying it.

He, Dallas, just moved to Milwaukee from the most dangerous - as he put it - borough of New York City for a hospital job. I'm not buying that either. Unless he spun until dizzy and burned a hole into a map on our fine town with a lit cigarette, there's no way he came to Wisconsin JUST for a hospital job. Right?

But what does an over cynical 30 something with possible brain injuries know about it? Nothing I guess.

