

# Kickstand

*by* Cooper Renner

The way he staggers, his tongue out, rattling with spices. Past the pavilion, past the factory, past the underside of the bridge where the surfers jimmy their sloppy fingers over the oil barrels.

They're Converse. You can tell the way he operates them, feet like jelly on the rails. That's the fuzz over there, with the pistol, a little like Lotte Lenya around the nostrils. His shorts secrete the tattoo of the kickstand halfway up his thigh.

