

# If This Were Baltimore

by Joseph Young

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East

A spray of change in the lilies and loose rubber, she pulled close to the wall. She smiled at the trucks, her handful of loot. Hallelujah, he said, converting.

West

Like 4 miles of cakes, they counted the headstones. 200 he said, but she wrinkled her nose. 200 maybe of old men alone.

River

No soil, just rock, flakes of plaster on the shore. She peeled one leaf and gave him continuance of that.

