

things to know about the people parked along the road that runs though Humboldt Park: part 19

by Michael Seidel

The gorilla drove a Chevy, several years old, with a rash of rust infecting the area just above the wheel arches. He'd park in the road that runs through the park in the early mornings and puff cigarettes with the windows closed. The car would fill with smoke, reminding him so much of forest mornings, fog all over everything. He'd lean back and think of the soles of his beloved's feet.

On my bike, I'd pass him and think, "Why is that guy wearing a gorilla mask?"

And he was wearing a mask. Gorilla mask over his gorilla face. The rubber was cheap but it covered all the scars they'd given him back when he was first brought here.

After a while, he'd hug the steering wheel and tug on his rubber neck, trying to tempt it off. He imagined her hands climbing his body. He wondered what she looked like now—whether time had finally worked her bones down to nothing whole, just vitamins for vegetation.

