things to know about the people parked along the road that runs through Humboldt Park: part 1

by Michael Seidel

Rick Here isn't parked at all.

There was some money after his wife, the second, bled out on the carpet of their Pine Whit apartment. The death made a menace of their son. It was as if every wrong foisted upon his ancestors stirred up a war in him and he was charged with intending the canon at the living.

Rick Here would often look across the breakfast table to see that the boy had plucked each lash from his eyelids.

So there were homes and hospitals, vials and bottles of medicine, people who could read minds, and people who could deconstruct them. There were a lot of things. Vacations, lessons in languages and bible theory. Bribes.

When the money was almost completely absorbed in failed solutions, Rick Here sent the son to live with his parents in part of the state that is a sharp lash of land against the lake.

A week after driving the 15 year old up, Rick Here got the call that told him the son had hung himself in the attic of his grandparents' garage. It was a very humid day.

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Rick Here is in the park now, trying to navigate his Rascal Scooter through the slush that keeps plugging his treads. He'll soon find he can go no further and need to call for help. A tow truck will come. He'll wave it to him.