

Seattle November

by Robert Crisman

He ate husks of bone and old paper scraps with yesterday's headlines, blowing down the street like tumbleweeds now at four o'clock in the morning.

He wrapped himself in an old army coat against the November winds as he tramped back and forth, back and forth, up the ten blocks and then back down again, like a slow-motion yoyo on First. His companions included a wreck in old army coat just like his. The wreck was a *young* man, silent since birth, whose dreams, assuming he'd ever dreamed dreams, were as air in an old empty sack.

He passed by the winos and nutbags, the freaks in the doorways, the bad breath and werewolves all clustered in shadows and under the neon downtown--the rot of dead sex on display.

He breathed the miasmic dank dark decay and marveled that hell was so empty...

