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## On the Town

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## On the Town

There is much less traffic than he had imagined; thought it would be much livelier than this. It's Thursday night, after all. Figured people would be out, flooding the bars, getting drunk. Yet there he waits, sitting—all by himself. Only on occasion do people pass by, and this is making him uncertain that he is in the right place. Maybe there is some new joint, perhaps out of town a ways, attracting the crowds he cannot seem to find. With this insecurity, he is now briefly considering the possibility that people do not even go out for fun, anymore. He doesn't, not really.

But it is a cold night. "People must just be at home," off the streets. For some time now he has been lonely, but as of this particular evening no longer desires to be. Having grown tired of remaining sealed in his room, he is content with his decision to 'get out,' regardless of the weather.

As he would not be found dead looking as though he was without dignity, he dressed in all black. He does not wish to look a mess, and believes this will help him to better blend with the night-scene.

But this doesn't matter anyhow, of course, because this night is slow. Still, he is trying so desperately not to lose hope. Incidentally, this is the first time he has known the feeling since he had first realized. So he is savoring the sensation, with no regrets about his resolution to move on, finally.

Patently he is waiting—positioned with strategy, intentions of encountering just the right girl. He does not desire his night to be ended by some lame happenstance. He is a dreamer, likes to picture vividly in his mind the young lady who might graciously drive him home. He considers her profession, where she may have attended graduate school, what her name might be.

Up until this very moment, he has only ever had visions of women. But just now, in this instant of visceral rapture, the fantasy of a man seizes hold of him. His imagination is coloring the desire evermore irre-

sistible with every passing moment. Someone tall. Powerful. He is realizing he has but not one good reason to want anyone but a man—somehow the thought had never before stricken. “What good had a woman ever done him, anyhow?” he reflects. It seems bigoted, to him, to think that he might have closed himself off to an entire gender, almost half of all humans.

The idea of bigotry begins to inflame him. “How foolish people are!” he screams, almost audibly. He wants nothing more than to be hit. Hit right then. He physically pines for the sound of breaking bones, the crunch of Breaking Bones—popping, one, one after another.

It is these sudden spells of hysteria that had for so long kept him in, though he found he was often able to recompose himself. And that’s what he does. In fact, he finds doing so much easier tonight, which he is pondering, idly.

He is smiling, as he spots the beautiful, silvery truck. “A fine vehicle.” He knows it is him who he needs. Wincing only a little, he listens with a deep longing for his awaited ‘crunch.’ But the crying of the tires and asphalt grant him not even this satisfaction.

So there he lay, on the town.

-Cole Minkel  
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