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Sunrise

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SUNRISE

He'd like to skip this part, but the same thing calls out to all of his names in the late, wet morning, muddied by his yearning for a blanket in the drafty January, eating biscuits in his sleep, begging for napkins to sop up the broken glass in his knees.

He has always stood on this place. Smoke and grease, sand and gravel from his feet to the horizon. He'd have gladly dropped his stake in these grimy games if he'd had the chances he could have sworn he'd earned. Every morsel burned, every glass obscure, every day a disease, every night a cure, every dawn a reinfection.

-Jesse Minkert Seattle, Washington