

Last Night, South Town

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The remaining drops of alcohol flow down the street / Weaving through the shards of glass / Diluting the blood that coated the inside of his nose / It becomes with the stream of the rain / Slowly passing down to the grimy grate entrance to the tunnels below / The street is quiet now / The groups have long left and taken the evil with them /

Nothing can be heard now except the light taps of liquid down below and the sprinkle of rain on the store awnings / Not that any noise would be loud enough to pierce through the ringing in his ears / Folded on the curb /

He gives himself up to the concrete and filth / The red neon signs illuminate the shop windows and reflect off his face / Embellishing the reds of the marks strangers' hands left on his skin and dancing along the blues of the bruises already taking form / Tears on his compressed cheek follow the same route of the blood / Sweat / Rain / Though a victim on this occasion / He does not search for remorse from the vacant street / It is not his place /

It has been dark enough now to question if the sun will ever rise again / But it does / Gloriously so / Early beams coat the dry road in search of his pitiful condition but return unsuccessful / Warmth would have done him good / But it is for the best / He couldn't have remained /

The birds are awake now / The crisp air sends their notes dancing along every rooftop in the cobblestone kingdom / The town is reborn / As every morning / The bustle of shop owners / Greetings / Good / Fresh warm breads are set out and cold fish hung / The rain had washed away any trace of wrongdoing and sent the liquor out to sea / In its place falls a handful of yellow daisy petals in the gutter / Forgotten in a cart's unsteady route along the street /

Young boy wearing an apron two sizes too large sweeps up the frail yellow stragglers / Along with the glass shards from the night before / Vibrant colors and perfumes of the flower cart wash over him with some delay as it makes its way past the bakery / Keeps his head down and doesn't speak a word / Watching as the bristles sanitize and swallow the evidence whole /

He had grown accustomed to the routine of his job and understands / At least to some extent /
Necessity despite his age / Patrons begin to weave through the stores / And the now golden
light / Most smile at him / Some don't / He slumps down on the curb / The broom hits his
legs as it descends alongside its user / He doesn't notice /

He sits / In his familiar solitary / And watches as the street recovers