

Discussion
by Eric Cecil

I'm walking in the middle of the street. I pass several men, sinister in appearance, waiting at bus stops on either side of me. Eventually I break from the gauntlet and wander down a fairly desolate road lined by shuttered buildings and warehouses. These hang like damp shadows in the brittle glare of a noonday sun.

I walk doggedly, persistently, until I see another man at a nearby corner.

Hey, he says. Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey.

When I look at him, he peers at me and says, I need to talk to you.

What is there to talk about? I say.

This silences him completely.