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Parallel

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A heart that struggles to beat on its own.

I slide outside, the bitter wind wraps around my face and stings my eyes resulting in tears. I am not crying. I swear. My irises twitch with the passing cars, crawling pedestrians, swaying skeleton trees, and the stirring scene around me. I keep my head down, weaving, and turning my shoulders, maneuvering to my bus stop. As I walk, I study the weathered cracks on the pavement, and relate with them. They are weathered; soon, they would have to be replaced.

I feel that way sometimes.

Seattle's masculinity is obscured by deathly gray this December morning. The buildings look like the ancient tombstones of some primordial breed of megatherium. The prided city of the Northwest bustles with so many Asians, defeated Juggalos, white white-collared businessmen (where do they go home to?).

Seattle in the morning is something I have never loved.

I wait for my bus on a bench, invisibly observing everyone around me. I sometimes feel as if they all feel me inspecting them, knowing something I do not, some secret information that I have just missed. I like to look at their solemn eyes. Look into their glazed eyes. I never have to speak to anyone that way.

I stab into their eyes and I have their tender souls in my hands.

I do not have to wait long. My bus crawls out of the fog and hisses to a stop, the hiss bringing me back to reality. The beast opens its doors with an earsplitting pop. As I load my bike, I overhear a father making his goodbyes to his college son. I smile.

I wish I could say goodbye to my dad again.

And then the bus jolts forward, and my life jolts forward, and that morning is behind me.

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High Hopes

Katie Wartell

She bathed her shame in colorful bottomless spirits. Suds spewed from her raspberry chin. She sank deeper into her tarnished misfortune. One sip too many, ten drinks Gone... Toxins filled stomach, swirled as she walked away. Guilty... Grief... Brackish droplets touched the newly bloodstained gashes. Piercing deeply until effort was forgotten. She faded fast, slumped there with hope of redemption. Hope never came through.

Wartell: Parallel

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