Urban Cavities
Brit Morse

Two boys sat on a roof, spitting sunflower seeds over the side of a building.

They'd stuffed their armpits with kit kats and milky-ways and approached the cashier moments before with pockets bulging like the blinding sun over the Highline mid-evening,

but the cashier let them go without a word, knowing they'd be back the next day.

Shells caught on the younger's lips and when he spit they dropped on the older's hand like a snow covered leaf, wet and cold. Da fuck man,
said the older and shook his hand. The Manhattan bridge glowed into a body of skyscrapers, an unreachable world meant only for the men in suits who shined their briefcases on the subway and who's wallets they stole and gave to their mothers for coke and cigarettes. They traced the imaginary lines of their neighborhood, from the corner store to the b-ball quarts on the north side. We should go, said the older. Take the C all the way up.

Yeah. And the next night when they ate Twix bars and timed the wrappers to drop on the bald forehead of the store owner below and watched cargo ships glide their way up the river he said it again. Let's take the C soon. Yeah. And then they'd go home to their sisters with half-melted chocolates under their arms.