

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.