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East London

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children don't go once a week to talk to a man who wears glasses and holds a pen at all times. I ask her why do I then. She smiles and tells me it's because I'm not like other children. We watch the movie that night while it's still raining, and I have nightmares about Gene Wilder for a month.

I turn to tell you this because I have never told anyone else. Ahead of us, he throws a soda bottle in front of the back tire of a tractor trailer. The light glows green, and the bottle is flattened. She watches with childlike fascination as the remaining soda spills on the glistening road. He kisses the top of her head, and they continue on. I open my mouth to speak as we cross the street, and you tell me you're glad we're nothing like them. I want to tell you about the funeral homes, Gene Wilder, and how I love you, but you run ahead, absently picking up a penny. It glimmers like an ember on the dark street, and you don't care to check for heads or tails.

—*Janmary Stewart*

East London

— darling do you see that boy
 — the heavy-set one
 — the one with his hands clasped high behind his
 — reddish buzz cut? yes
 — a minute ago he was watching those two
 — two? I only see a girl, she's putting on her coat
 — yes but there was a boy with her and they were right across from Buzz-Cut
 — oh were they maybe I noticed earlier. cigarette
 — in a minute. they were having what some might call
 — a 'moment'?
 — yes a moment
 — an apt way to put it
 — yes, and he was watching and so happy
 — watching, so happy?
 — the buzz-cut boy, just smiling and watching
 — I don't think he even knows them, he's not leaving and they're not saying bye
 — from his face I am absolutely sure he doesn't
 — my. how wrong
 — oh yes. now a cigarette,

—*Meg Hurtado*