before the curfew
Seth Cable

Between the walls of the City's canyons, we surge forth — spilling over banks, sweeping aside cars and traffic lights, churning up the debris of a final, hopeless demonstration. Behind us, driving us onward, are the hundred jealous mouths of the City's Custodial Forces. They greet us through our phones, which chime now in unison and illuminate these sunless channels with images of stick figures bent into impossible positions. Ahead of us, pulling swiftly away, are our children and grandchildren, placed intentionally in a position of greater danger. We have gifted to them the responsibility to achieve what we preferred not to, to preserve themselves and preserve this City. To my right, a man ten years my senior runs beside, red faced and puffing cheeks, sweat seeping through his navy blue polo shirt. He turns and yells directly into my ear, "Actually, I enjoy jogging."