

about the two, whom she loved, loving each other.

He continued to think of orphans. He rose from the bed quietly, bathed, put his robe on and climbed up a ladder to his rooftop. He saw a bird fly into a skyscraper across from his building. The skyscraper's window had a reflection of the sky in it. The bird remained there for a second and then dropped to the street, or at least that's what he guessed. He didn't think to look down. He closed his eyes and hummed a little hymn for the bird. His palms opened and felt the fullness of the wind. His nostrils drank in the early October air. He held himself with his own hands and embraced himself, hoping this would be enough.]

TODAY

By Aaron Knaul

I put a dollar in a tip cup at the coffee shop

I gave a buck to "starving latte artists"

I didn't give a dime

To the man with no legs

Calling out "help me," "help me"

