

"Hey mister. I'm talking to you."

This is the point of flight.

I run through an alley and into a back lot feeling like a swift and effortless runner since I quit smoking. I pause for a moment. My heart is beating fast. A car door slams and I already hear one of them on the alley. In front of me is a fence. A dog is barking on the other side. I run across several lots, making too much noise in the tin cans and rubble. I come to a fence half torn down and hope I can make it over. Adrenalin is furiously pumping through me. As I spring up over the fence I feel as though I could bound over buildings and away from the danger on earth. On my descent, my ankle hurts and my temples are pounding with blood.

Noise behind me and I take off zig-zagging in case he's pulled his gun.

I am running from a mortal enemy. I am remembering the things they did to us when they raided the bars. I am remembering friends of mine who fell after what the cops did to them; remembering the bulls tanks and queens tanks. (If they don't have one they'll make one up for you special!)

I am on my block now. I am in my house. My lungs ache from running.

Friday, August 3

The day began well.

A job prospect. An interview, coupled with a rainy day so that what I wore would not be so dangerous.

I am on my way to the interview.

It developed on the subway in a few minutes' time. A young white man stops to ask me to buy some stolen aftershave. I wave no but he notices me. I can't wave him away. I must now watch this problem, it is not going away.

He is baiting me, saying things at me. I can't listen. Swimming in a murky void I am studying to see at what point this will break out in physical confrontation. It is already out of control.

Abruptly he sits down next to me and lights a cigarette. He turns and blows smoke in my face. His arm and leg are now blocking my exit and slowly pushing me. What I am saying to him is of no im-