ROBIN MYERS

NYC

The child goes willingly, offering up her rosebud backpack to the police. Up there and outside is the snow, the scraped sky, the barbershop quartet, the fourteen-dollar glass of wine, livid pigeons, Rikers Island, ice skaters embracing, the rise and fall of some but not all things relevant to our story. The girl’s mother flickers behind her. The policeman grins like a fickle father. Someone pings a steel drum down below all this. The tunnel’s metal marrow hums its hymn, blurs pixels that bid us to obey. If you see something, say something. If you’re here, pay.