

from **THE FRESNO SERIES**

REDUCTIVE PHENOMENOLOGY ON BUTLER ST.

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In a trampled-on house across from Latino Liquors, when the night sky was filled with chalky smoke and cirrus clouds my sister stepped out from the kitchen and yelled, "You're so stupid!" The freeway was like a town where everyone had died, purposeless and unlit. We waited at the train tracks with our infernal music. Nothing came. It was not the worst night of my life.