

We were lined up on the beach in the dark as if we'd been ordered to. That's how we fell about when we reached the spot after meandering unguided through the eroding sand path and overgrown brambles. Your head was next to mine; I could hear you sigh. "You're a misanthrope," I said as we all gazed up at the placid stars in their midnight. Someone asked why something was so bright and Walter said it was our galaxy, the long trail of nebular debris, cast off into black holes, unresolved bodies.

J. E. Brown | **We Lived**

We lived in a sweltering heat, a bright dry heat burning the life out of the day. You could hear the high whine and hum of people running the air conditioning. We ran in and out of their houses. No one walked outside, just some soundless teenagers sometimes, in t-shirts. The streets were empty and glaring. The canals rushed and sparkled.