

if I had more time I would have hit you harder

the sun is setting and everything is golden golder than the McDonalds's M  
and the sun is framed  
perfectly on the street between the buildings and the sun is setting and everything is

well okay now it's more  
red than gold. its 7:34pm and everything is more red than  
gold. thunder rumbles under people's feet as they hit sewer grates and manholes and the asphalt  
is sinking  
because it is 8,000 million degrees out  
even though the sun

is setting and the Reading Terminal Market has been closed for 1 hour and 34 minutes, which, goddammit  
where am  
I supposed to get dinner now?  
I'm seeing Rob McClure at the Walnut Street Theater with Macy and I need something to eat

my own fault I guess. the streets are colorful and not just because of the sun, 13th street is covered in  
murals and life  
which is pretty funny because you can pretty much turn any corner and see the pretty convincing opposite  
of thriving

but that's what makes it interesting I  
guess.

after the show, go to the bars on South St and Jenny will meet us there

Jenny will meet us there at midnight thirty  
Jenny will meet us already drunk  
Jenny will meet us a half hour late  
(because of *course* she does she always does) because she's from Cherry Hill  
and thinks Philly traffic is the  
same

and she'll ask if we can go to Franklin Square to see the kite and the key and  
I'll say it's closed you idiot  
she'll say I thought this is the city that never sleeps and  
I'll say

oh, god, thats New York are you stu-

so it's midnight 45 and now everything is blue and gold the  
streets lit up and I need  
Paul to let me in my building because I lost my keys again  
(of course they aren't lost they're just under the pillow my mom stitched Tina Fey's face on when I moved  
to Philly to give  
me that local  
feel)

I guess.  
Jenny will call me later and I'll pick up and call her stupid again and say its hard to believe someone could  
be that dumb and Macy will tell me I'm being mean as if she's not thinking it too

and Jenny will cry and I'll hang up the phone and roll my eyes and Macy will sleep on the couch, trying  
not to snicker at  
my stupid, petty, grudge

we are dumb and we're alive and Jenny won't speak to me for 8 hours and 34 minutes and 16 seconds

but  
then she'll call and I'll pick up and I won't say sorry

I don't have to

and she'll just laugh with the knowledge that we'll both get pissed again and it's unclear  
if we actually hate each other or not but

the Wawa is open and we get sandwiches  
and

we'll do it again next week, minus  
the Walnut Street Theater because do I  
look  
like I'm made of money