

City Life

Someone once asked me what my favorite time of the day is, and it's a question I never really have a definitive answer to.

I like mornings just fine. Beds are comfortable, but I can always feel gravity pushing my top half deep into the pockets between my ribs.

There is never anything entertaining on TV in the afternoon, so I usually go to the park and watch the children play. That's always exciting.

I watch *America's Next Top Model* in the evenings, and the picture is surprisingly clear through extended focused spectacles I got in the sporting goods aisle.

Bed time always seems ignorant because I never go to sleep. It's too hard to rest through the noise. It all blends together in a gooey egg salad smoothie protein shake.

After the noise quiets, it's easier to break down the layers. Car horns, sirens, neighbors, neighbors having sex, quiet voices, rock music, quiet singing, my Beethoven CD spinning,

Too quickly, and I can hear the disc become airborne light in a tiny supernova, burn into a sun, die in seconds, and slow back down into a soothing symphony just for me.

I particularly enjoy 3:17am.