

The first thing you hear is the sound of a helicopter flying particularly close overhead. Searching for someone. Hoping it aint you.

Then come the sirens. Squeal of tires. The street explodes into a swirl of primary colors pulsating down the block.

rat a tat tat

Pop pop

tat

Pop.

Following the chopper's splash of daylight at three (fucking) thirty-seven in the morning, the cops easily nab their man.

The curfew's the same tonight. So are the electrical shields surrounding the city. And the guards, the cameras, the cavity checks. Its all the goddam same. Been the same for the last five years. And guess it always will be.

...and I remember when I hoped I'd never live to see the Millennium.