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## The Street

A cold, meanhearted, fateless feeling rushes through your blood as you rush across it. A hard black gravel-stoned floor pounds on your feet as you stomp on it. Crystalline lights with joyous colors flash and flicker as you stare at them. Mechanical death machines zooming with fateless speed go by you as you try to intervene between them. As you try to rush across it you see a peaceful, silent, clearance at the other side. You hope you will make it across, but of course it is well known that you are taking a great chance with life, across this rectangular line of horror, the street.