

Urban Decay

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It was the worst sort of disenchantment – the Midwest in March, winter clutching on to its waning existence like a dying dog. Snow loitered around too long, like an acquaintance who arrives early to a party and shows no discernable sign of ever going home. Everything smelled stale and used; the wind whined like our complaints, and all were sick of the whole business of fighting off the cold. The day was disguised as a hangover and there was no getting over it. I became the nastiest kind of accomplice, prone to exaggeration and discontent. Insincere conversations spindled into arguments. My thoughts heavy with angst, I rode the bus home imagining feral shadows moving along the shoulder. Rumors spread like strip mall fires. Horrible things were happening in this town full of foreclosures and discontented husbands. Approaching sirens and children cowering in closets. Casual violence highlighted in the nightly news. Everything felt futile, like craving privacy in a world subjugated by social media.