

remember what happened?"

"No."

"You must have seen who beat you up, tell us what they looked like," the cop was impatient now. "Listen, either you tell me what you saw or I'll drag your butt downtown."

Jack slowly looked up at the cop's belt where a Billy club dangled, then looked over at the holstered revolver, and then up to face the cop.

"Fuck you junkie, who cares what happens to trash like you, I don't give a shit who beat your sorry ass."

The cop doing the talking walked away, but his partner leaned over for a moment and spoke quietly to Jack.

"If you remember anything tell the nurse." Jack felt the cop pat him on the knee, it was a fatherly gesture, but Jack recoiled from his touch. The cop shook his head as if to pity a dead thing, then followed the other cop to the locked door. Jack waited for the day to end. Curled up in the hospital bed he laid tormented, nauseous, quaking with fear and need, and wishing that he had died in that alley. The cop had done something to Jack in that alley, something he couldn't think about as he trembled on that cold hospital cot. And now Jack was all twisted inside, feeling something beyond the need for escape, beyond the craving for heroin. All that Jack had left was a fervent hatred for cops, and a longing for death.



photo by Rachael Johnson