

Where we gonna eat?

by Daniel John Sullivan

Belltown is cool ...

Belltown is where the young people live.

Belltown is cool and slick and Charlie and Brix know this, they tell their friends this - "we love Belltown, it's really great!"

Charlie and Brix are two tricks,
two **dinks**¹ with fashionable sinks,
two go-getters wandering the morgue realm.

"Where we gonna eat?", Brix asked.

"Fuck, I don't know ...", Charlie responded.

"Is anything open?"

"Nah ... it's all dead."

It's Friday night, and they make their way up Pike, proceeding as two stilted knights corrupted by the late afternoon sun. Disabled by the fateful incompetence of a society without courage.

"Honey, nothing's open ...", Brix stops, kicks a stone.

Charlie stands there, and gives her a moment.

"Nothing is open ...", her face red, eyes puffy, she sits down near Broadway and Pike, at a bus stop, as if waiting were permission to live.

Charlie sat down next to her, he had learned that sometimes she just wants to be left alone, to feel sad, but that doesn't mean she wants to be alone in her sadness. Strange contradictions of humanity.

¹ DINK: dual income no kids

Charlie put his arm around Brix, Brix grabbed Charlie's hand.

"You know, a friend of mine said there's an underground taco stand, black market place, near Denny and Vernon Street", Charlie said quietly.

"Really?", Brix eyes cleared up, she looked up, she raised her head above the street, looking beyond the dried feces and cum and vomit and blood that soaked Broadway.

"Yeah, he says Friday nights it's 5 bucks a taco - and he uses real meat!"

"You got the money?"

"Sure ..."

Brix smiled, squeezed his hand.

They stood up and walked back down Pike, walking past the abandoned storefronts and the empty thoroughfares - slowly moving past their apprehension and indifference.

They GOT THE FUCK UP and moved beyond their fear.

"It was date night", Charlie thought, as he double checked the cash in his pocket - his buddy said the taco joint only took cash, gold, silver or bitcoin ... and the taco place preferred gold.

And then, it became so obvious ...

Brix was thinking, "fuck, SHIT!"

"FUCK!", Brix stopped along Denny in a moment of aha interjection ...

"What's wrong?"

"CHARLIE, I THINK I'M BECOMING AN ANARCHIST!"

And Charlie's dick got hard ...

And the tacos? - they were the best they'd ever had.