

A permeating stench that graphically depicts the putrefaction of mankind. It lingers like an unwanted guest and cautions you to avoid getting too friendly with the idea of going outside.



However, if you disregard the warnings ensure your first step is one with purpose. You can never take a stroll; you must be aware of every step. If you get distracted, even for a moment, your foot may land in smeared excrements or gum that latches onto your sole for deliverance. Either way, it's a mess; you'll spend the rest of the day dragging your feet, trying to rid yourself of the foul substances. DON'T even think about open toe shoes. If you do, you get what you deserve, call it sidewalk retribution.

If you find yourself walking along this sidewalk beware of the garbage avalanches. Debris is stacked precariously high beside you, likely to topple at any moment. If that alone isn't alarming these mounds of garbage house grotesque rodents. They dart from one mountainous shadow to another, both of you uneasy at the other's company.

“Never underestimate the little things and always watch your step.”

If you're too far along this footpath to turn and run back home; take heed of the crowds. Maneuvering through the throng is a dance and you will have good and bad partners. Some will be smooth and aware, responding with quick reflects. Others will barrel through oblivious, uncoordinated and coarse. Your toes may even get trampled.

If you aren't careful you'll get swept away by the crowd, bobbing for air. Shoulder to shoulder you'll be pressed forward. The traffic will carry you upstream, instinctively progressing. Establish an anchor before you are pulled under, into the subways or under the bridges, in which you may be lost forever. Hold fast to the concrete, regain your composure—recover. Although horrible, the sidewalks will guide you home.



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