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Low Clearance: Washington Heights
by Alison Hoffmann

My uncle meets Joseph Ceravolo on the express bus.

JC: Isn't it illegal to wear that.

U: What a police badge not if you're a cop.

JC: But you're not I'm guessing.

U: What's it to you.

JC: Are you an artist.

U: Sort of I frame prints.

JC: Blue irises. The late red sun. Caribou...

U: Yeah. They come they want to buy prints buy me sandwiches.

JC: Just a second.

U: I notice you're not Hispanic.

JC: I thought you were going to ask me for money.

U: Because of my badge.

JC: No the pants. They go on on on.

U: I never have to unbutton them.

JC: Where were you born.

U: Even after a big meal.

JC: Listen artist I'll tell you a story. A group of boys are waiting to go in a yellow bus. A Negro is shining the top of a used car.

U: I notice you're not black.

JC: The wind bangs the car but I sing out loud: O stars!

U: I have a police hat too women love it. The ones who don't want artists want cops.

JC: O stars! what I miss most is

U: My mother is dying she is in Connecticut.

JC: The complicated ah me or ma.

U: She was fine in New York but my sister took her now she is dying.

JC: Oh the sky is so cold.

U: This is my stop.

JC: What kind of a face do I have while leaving.

U: Goodbye.

JC: Goodbye, blue irises.