

The other evening close to midnight, I drove along Colorado Boulevard to Colfax. I sat with the turn signal on, soaking in the evening after a long day's work. Bright headlights gleamed as they flashed by. Fluorescent bulbs lit up a GoodTimes and a gas station on the other corner. A young male walked to the midsection disregarding a red hand. *Warning*. He paused for the other half as two cars rushed to make the orange light. The night lights outlined his figure. He had long braids, tall, wearing basketball shorts. His feet moved quickly on the median, doing a quick dance and even a few jumps. His energy was happy. You know, how you can tell by the way someone moves? I couldn't tell if it was the adrenaline of a workout, the high off some drugs (hey, it's Colfax), or the excitement of seeing someone or doing something once he got to the other side. Man, he was looking forward to something. He was revved. There was an electric excitement off his long limbs that simply caught attention.

He jumpstarted with a hop and made his dash to the other side not noticing, not for a split second, a third car, which embraced him in its grill then seemingly against gravity, back up onto the hood, window, and finally released him onto the concrete, the concrete like a black pool darker than the night. He didn't land on his feet.

"Don't move! Don't move. Don't move."

"Call 9-1-1!"

"You're gonna be okay baby. Baby, you're gonna be alright!" A woman's voice attempted to caress his pain.

"Hang in there, buddy."

"Is anybody calling 9-1-1?"

He had a statuesque face. Surely molded from rich, dark earth. A sharp and long nose, belonging to an Indian Chief. Finely honed cheek bones, more accented by his grimace. Graying dreads, not braids, long and dragging slowly back and forth along the concrete. Probably in his forties, his energy had been deceptive. Blue basketball shorts, lined at the bottom with silver. A green and black backpack. The driver's face was stunned. Perhaps the reality hadn't sunk in. A thick blue sweater . . .

I zoned out into the details. I don't recall verbatim what I told the cops. The reason I tell this story is to honor a stranger's ordeal, and possibly last moments, the only way I know how. Through my writing. It is my medium. My art. My voice. My way of dealing.

I do not know if he survived. He may have suffered internal bleeding, a sliced cervical vertebrae, or minor broken ribs. He may be walking today with a few bandages, or haunting the coroner's lab. I don't know. But I do know his outline was beautifully silver in those lights. Even in pain, he was beautiful. If I could paint, I would paint that outline and draw electricity from it.

I recall my friend Myles' story. He and his friend were hiking when they ran into small bear cubs. His friend shot photograph after photograph, only to turn around and face the mother bear. His instinct was not to run. It was to click the button and capture her in her glory.

As artists of fiction, non-fiction, poetry, music, and visuals . . . we capture these details of intimate emotions and opinions. Whether it is horror, beauty, joy, loss, and so forth, we are the chroniclers and interpreters of life. And no matter how small or insignificant a story may seem, or even if it's a broken-record of a story that's been told, I truly believe that these pieces must be expressed. I believe this was supposed to be an editorial on something else entirely, but this being the last issue I'll be helping with, I can't help but write a thank you instead. To all the editors and artists that convince me of the importance of such a magazine as sub-scribe and the work we do. It isn't a *Times*, *Vogue*, or *Esquire*, but it's still an amazing vehicle for talented people.

-Daedalus Wax