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The Art Park

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The Art Park

The seas are rising, and the world is half-dead, and Jill and I have driven forty minutes outside the city to look at sculptures. There is a twisted floral thing painted silver; it sways with each gust, the wind breathing at our shins like a huffy toddler. The clouds pile up in cigarette rolls. Off to the side, there is a wire door with wire steps that opens into nothing, and Jill makes a joke about Narnia, about alternate realities. There is a sign that says not to touch or sit on the artwork. I have a mind to do it, just do it, there's no one around to see me except for the compostable toilet and Jill, but I won't. There are some things that are still sacred, there is still something worth saving, and sometimes that has to be enough. Jill's hand points at a wire horse rearing in the middle of the field. It looks like it could buck you, it looks like it could bite. It looks like it could do a lot of things. My hand hangs empty in the air, so lonely I could almost cry. I look at videos from New York where the subways are submerged and in Philly, people are cannonballing into the sewage water in swim trunks. It is hard not to feel slightly anxious about this. I am clutching a stress ball the size of my fist, meaning I am clutching my fist. I am debating whether it's even ethical to have children anymore, is it responsible. I am writing letters to my imaginary son. I call him Felix. It means lucky.