

# How To Make It In America

*by* J. Bradley

The punchable faces in Manhattan multiply like cancer or at least that's what the television tells me. They swagger through the plumes of smoke seeping up the sewer grates like shrubbery, never puckering their brows; I can tell they spent hours rehearsing that. I miss the pre-Guilani days, the psoriasis of pornography in Times Square, safety pin grins and orphaned purses. Back then, these men would be skinned, their pelts nailed to the side of a 6 train headed Uptown like a love letter addressed to "fuck you".

