

Jimmy died February 3, 1996

Jimmy, small and not any taller than a cigarette butt, stood outside the corner store everyday from the time it opened until the time it closed. You would think that he was expecting something by the way he kept watch over that corner.

Grabbing, pulling, tugging-you'd think he'd had a glance of a passing gesture that kept on going.

But, instead he just fell dead.

Down dead,
right there,
through the door and out onto the sidewalk.

Rolling him over it was done,
His plug was pulled,
Number was up,
Bingo!

According to Jack he lay there just as blue as a Chips Ahoy package.

He always smiled when you walked by, always had a few words as you headed into the store. So much so that you would of thought that the store belonged to him.

I suppose it was his in an odd sort of a way.

He stood about a cigarette butt high,
like an insulin injection,
the corner summoned him each and every day,
and right there in that small walk-in closet of a corner store he indulged in what appeared to be his only pleasures in life - smiling, waiting and keeping watch.

conversation
cigarettes
chitchat
cigarettes
soda
cigarettes
white bread
cigarettes

The list ends there.

Down dead, right there, through the door and out onto the sidewalk.

His glasses were as thick as the bottoms of coke bottles. I never did figure out the color of his eyes. Even though you could see his eyes smiling when his mouth took to a grin, you just couldn't see the color through those thick lenses.

By Denise Tassin