

And then the wind died suddenly.

It was on the Las Vegas Strip and I was a senior in college.

Blah, blah, blah You don't care and I don't. I kept hoping I'd be hit by a car in the crosswalk

I blew the smoke from my cigarette and threw it to the ground.

But then the wind picked up and I ran after it like as it rolled away realizing that

- 1) my futility
- 2) the subtlety of my futility
- 3) the futility of my subtlety