

Pınar Yaşar

The Future

When he laughed I felt it. And when, like most of us by age twenty, he tried to jump the gate I felt it too. Sometimes knowing you are headed towards an unstoppable train, a kind of jackhammer wielded by fate, the dirtied promise that awaits our citizenry, it seems like a better idea to meet the train yourself instead of waiting for the day it kills you anyway.

I used to tell him between kisses that I thought we were lucky, stupid creatures that we were, to know a better way. Think of all the glory we take in, I would say, the food and wine and desperation. How would we know what it felt like, otherwise?

It has to hurt to be good.

We rolled around on the grass a lot between the school buildings and the armory. I can't remember how long we've been saying our daily recitations and eating bread rations paces away from heavy artillery. We smoke cigarettes after hours underneath the awnings that line the north facing side. We call it our "death threats," the only way we can remind the ones who keep us here that we could choose to die before fate ever finds us.

Pınar Yaşar is a *Tin House* alum and can be found in *Haverthorn Press*, *Cities Boston*, and *La Bruja Roja*. Yaşar is a child of the Kurdish Diaspora and intently dedicated to reimagining home.