



It's late afternoon. 5ish, maybe, just as the air grows cold enough for holding hands, and "keeping together" to become desirable for more than security reasons. Huddled together, we try to look inconspicuous as we debate where we go from here and wonder who is among those arrested. My eyes are stinging. Someone says "hey, check out the sky," and it dawns on me that for the entire weekend I have not once raised my eyes from street-level, from the armies of black-clad storm-troopers who line the streets, the rows of shields and batons and the lone figures with submachine guns who pace behind them, from the dog's snapping jaws, and sinister blank white vans. So I look to the sky, and it seems so much different than I remember it.

The difference between you and I is one of location.

(jonah campbell)