

## MUNI

A young man lopes and darts through the crowded MUNI train. Shiny and thin like fiberglass, his hair seems to grow from the air instead of from his head. He stops next to a man in a suit, sinks to his knees, wraps his arms around the man's legs, lays his head against the man's thigh.

The man in the suit looks around, shocked, then

    pats the young man clinging to him

or

    punches the young man clinging to him

or

    kisses the young man clinging to him.

The young man gets up, walks through the train car, kneels, wraps his arms around yet another stranger.

    He is somebody's son.

    He is somebody's failure.

    He is somebody's savior.