



The MarA'Athon

ERNST UNding

The dust is beginnnging to worry. Atop, soles shuffle listlessly as each of their respective calves vasillate between tensions. Looming above, persons keep eyes disentrned from the vicious eye of the Sun, careful in avoidance not to connect to another set. It seems too near for such a crowd. Indeed, they will be judged for their distances shortly. But at present, a wide chalk line ensnares the mass, giving leave only to a missing arc. Here, in lieu of the white mark, a narrow trough in the wasteland's dirst suffices. A gun goes off.

Stop.

Come away from them. To here. A place no more than $[L_D]$ from the outer edge of that chalk circle. From this flung vantage, those circumscribed yonder folk form only a blistered worm on the horizon. And now, just now, the shot's rinnging reaches here, and, at a remarkable once, the worm begins to wiggle.

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