

## **STREET JUSTICE**

The youth turned down Prince Street,  
a gas can weighing heavily in his hand.  
It was morning – damp, cold.

The car was down on the right, doors unlocked.  
He opened a door, poured gas onto the seats,  
doused the outside with what remained,  
stepped back, lit a match, and tossed it onto the car.

### **KA-VROOM!**

The explosion broke some windows nearby.  
The heat felt good.  
He paused, warmed himself, then retreated up Prince Street and knocked at 132.

The door opened. There stood a man clad only in boxers and a T-shirt.  
“What is it,” he said through a gaping yawn.

“Your car’s on fire” the youth said gesturing up the street.

The man stepped out, looked, then shrieked.  
Turning, he ran back into the house without saying a word.

The youth waited for the man to return.  
A small group of neighbors gathered near the car.  
Others gawked out windows at the fireball engulfing the no-longer snazzy blue ride.

The man returned - trousers, boots and jacket.  
As he was about to pass, the youth stepped in front, blocking his way.  
In a calm but certain voice, he said, “If you’re still here tomorrow, that’ll be you.”  
He then turned, stepped out onto the walkway and was gone.

No one remembered seeing the youth.

The man? He was never seen again.