

Do You See Anything?

Blair Siegel

Dawn.

The shiny new Tesla hums at the red light. Its fancy start-stop technology makes it hard to differentiate when the damn thing's ever on to begin with.

The driver, probably a 30-something-year-old CEO, is glued to his phone.

His eyes perk up, *light's still red.*

Brows frowning, he's unhappy with his wife, his startup, or both.

To his left the grass begins to shift, awaken, as the motionless figure stays planted.

Instinctively, he feels the light turn green. Off he goes.

Do you see anything?

Late Morning.

An older woman turns the corner. With her are two small dogs; they look more high maintenance than I'll ever be.

She's in a tennis outfit, though how often she plays is debatable. Her platinum blonde hair and fake chest is an eyesore. She boisterously yells into her headphones, a foreign language I can't interpret.

Her black sunglasses remain stuck to her eyes.

She faces the busy street, receiving the occasional whistle and catcall as the cars pass.

It makes her yell louder; the veins in her neck start to rise.

She enjoys it.

Her dog leashes are fully extended; off they go for a sniff. One's even brazen enough for a pee. He leaves a puddle next to the now darkened blanket.

They trot back to their master.

Off she walks, obnoxiously shaking her behind, hoping the boulevard enjoys its last glimpse of Beverly Hill's finest retired. She walks by, doesn't notice the figure, the dismantled home, the stain her scraggly mutt left.

Do you see anything?

Lunch.

A group of construction workers parade by.

Fast they all walk, starving from the busy work morning.

Engulfed in their conversations, they eagerly walk up the stairs leading to the supermarket.

A shopping cart filled with miscellaneous items block the August sun from his emaciated body.

A few more construction workers pass, one notices the cart in the corner of his peripherals, looks quickly, sees the rest of the ugliness, soon looks away.

He frowns.

Some notice the smell. Though not understanding *where* exactly it's coming from.

Up the stairs they go.

Some businessmen in suits walk down. All on their phones. They don't look twice.

Do you see anything?

Rush Hour.

The main street is flooded with cars.

The light is green but the lanes stay stagnant.

It's 5:30 pm and the sun is at its strongest.

The breeze makes the 95-degree day a smidge more tolerable, but in turn it causes a few of his belongings to scatter around the patch of grass.

The side street is congested with dozens of cars. They're not going anywhere anytime soon. The traffic today is particularly bad. Most

people look at their phones, some stare out their windows, mostly checking to see if traffic's moved from the last time they checked twenty seconds ago.

They're focused on wanting to get home. Wanting to work out. Wanting to try that new restaurant. Wanting to open a beer. They don't give enough fucks to *really* look out the window.

His mousy brown hair sways in the breeze.

His skin is bright red from being in the hot sun all day. Some scabs begin blistering.

Do you see anything?

Late Night.

Almost 3 A.M. A couple drunk guys trickle from the bar down the street. They stumble down the sidewalk, hungry.

Giddy, they're wasted.

Suddenly walking up the flight of stairs to the supermarket entrance seems like the biggest task of the night. Instead, they opt for the more expensive one across the road.

Oh shit one blurts, accidentally bumping into his cart filled with his miscellaneous, but valuable things.

Off they stumble.

Do you see anything?

The Next Day.

Police cars, caution tape, a couple of coroner cars barricade the sidewalk.

His cart with miscellaneous, but valuable things, are gone.

His sunburned stature, mousy brown hair, are gone.

The side street is closed off.

The main street is backed up with traffic.

Everyone in their car makes sure to look once, twice, four times.

A couple of onlookers across the street try to figure out what happened.

Did you see anything?