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Overpass

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Overpass

Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"Man, I wish I was stupid"

"Why?"

"Ignorance is bliss."

I thought about this.

Cover Page Footnote

This prose is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2007/iss2/9
"Man, I wish I was stupid"
"Why?"
"Ignorance is bliss."
I thought about this.
"You have the kind of intelligence that drives a man to drink."
"Some of the greatest people I know of were alcoholics."
"Some of the worst people I know still are."
"How do you deal with this though?"
"I don't know. . . God, listen to us-- we're such cynics."
Martin threw his cigarette on the ground and stepped on it. An ant carrying a bread
crumb ambled past. A siren sounded in the distance.

"I don't know man, there's a difference between cynicism and realism. I like to think I'm
just being logical."
"I guess."
We sat in silence for awhile, watching the cars go by underneath us. Finally I spoke.
"It wasn't your fault you know."
"I know."
"It could have happened to anyone."
"I wish it had."
"Harsh...listen, let's go get something to eat, I'm starving."
Martin shook his head. "I'm going home."
"How does that work?"
"I go home; I go to bed. I wake up tomorrow and repeat, until my mind begins to cloud
over the details of everything that happened."

"The gift of memory..."
"...is an awful curse," he finished.
"Seeing things like that has to get pretty numbing. . . how do you live like that?"
"You call this living?"
He turned and walked off into a cliché.
I sat awhile on the bridge thinking, then hopped down and made my way home.
I called Becky when I got home to tell her I loved her, but it felt like a lie; so I hung up
before she answered.