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Night City

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The older man was still expressionless. He said, "I suppose I must live up to my part in the bargain, even though they are dead and the shells are used up."

The bar-keep was suddenly taken by fright. "Enough of the whole business," he said, "Give me the gun."

But the third man would have none of it. "I made a bargain," he said, "and, by God, I'll keep it." A third explosion and he died with this oath on his lips, but the expression on his face was peaceful.

"Death won the game on an evening so still—" he started, but again he was at a loss for the rhyme. "How can a poet live without poetry? I'll never have peace without poetry. And they look so peaceful."

He raised the gun and firmly pressed it to his temple.

Night City . . .

. . . Margaret Perry

Her eyes are never closed;
They look down aimless alleys
Where darkness is not always shaded,
But dark with crass desires.
Staggering bodies with leadened feet
Try running from their own existence,
And cry at life's huge darkened mirror.

This is My city—My own,
Of glittering lights—blinking, glaring,
And of soundless sounds and
Sounding sounds. Where whorish
Screams pierce through the night
And flesh filled matter—happily—
Jockey to an unset rhythm,
Reeling, rolling—subdued, still.