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Death at the Library

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I watched a man die as I was sitting at a computer at the public library. The paramedics never rose their voices, the librarians never uttered a shush, and I never finished writing that paper. I have never felt so alone.

It was the white sheet draped over the body, it was the endless distance between the body and the ceiling, it was the homeless man who was still asleep in the corner, a book propped up between his thumb and forefinger, head tilted to the side, half drooling on his coat. I watched a man die, something paramedics understand well, about as well as they understand the need for silence, about as well as God’s understanding of the universe, this silent expanse of stars that die without warning, a blink, a flash,
a darkness that leaves Him staring in disbelief, 
His fingers trembling, unable 
to think of the word for 
humanity, which is not unlike the way 
I felt as I watched a man die a second time. 
This is years later. My buddy from the army is home 
for two weeks. It is the summer before 
my eighteenth birthday and he is teaching 
me how to smoke cigars. He 
pulls out his laptop and starts playing a video. 
This is a helicopter covering my platoon he says. 
The video is grainy. Crosshairs dance 
across the screen before settling on a man. 
That’s the enemy he says. The screen 
shakes and two seconds later, the man is replaced 
by a cloud of dust, the red glow 
already fading from his body, 
gooseflesh climbing 
up and down my body, and me, absolutely stricken 
with a loss of appetite, of breath, 
of the daylight left on that Sunday afternoon and 
the green, green grass.