

Peregrine: the Dealmaker

by David W Brown on August 20, 2022. ©

They look decidedly mortal from my vantage point on the roof of the one hundred four story building.

Everything here is a conceit, a sacrament of greed and narcissism, and the men I watch are high priests of the damned.

Conspiracy theorists are only correct in their belief that the system is rigged; as to the who and the what and the how, they are spectacularly misguided.

The street below on which these decidedly mortal are walking is perfectly named, for the mythical giants who built it intended their rivers of gold to be unattainable to those on the other side of the wall.

I see him now among the other capitalist clerics; familiar and yet abnormal, like a foreign coin in a collection of silver dollars.

His height and bony frame give him the fitting outline of a scarecrow placed among the berries to frighten off starving birds.

It is individuals like this that pull the strings that keep the majority in hunger, not some cabal, as the bigots and the superstitious and the opportunistic would have you believe.

The Manhattan air is cool as I drop like a stone from a star; it smooths my feathers and whistles through the nares on my beak while I focus on my target.

The cadre of men in tribal attire that surround him gasp as one when he rises suddenly from the pavement as if snatched by the hand of god.

He doesn't cry out for loved ones, or scream for mercy as we shoot upwards towards the grey sky.

Instead, he whimpers, "I thought we had a deal".