Musings Upon Deciding for some Godforsaken Reason to Live in Manhattan for the Summer

The first cockroach I ever met was crossing the street at 83rd and Columbus on my way home from work. I bumbled around him, avoiding his gaze, shyly nodding, like at one of those social butterflies being helped into a taxicab by their velvety-gilded doorman on my way to my Manhattan matchbox, which, funny enough, was also where my cockroach was headed.

We laughed a bit, he and I, at the coincidence, him slapping his little insect knee with his little insect arm, me smiling sweetly and holding the building door for him, and we raced each other to the fourth floor, where I welcomed him home to the musty wheezing summer of my New York apartment.

He would pop out of the woodwork to say hello, and I'd wave to him over my frozen dinner or sweaty lover, and he'd bask in the dewdrops of my week-old bread and for my rent he would remind me of how small I was, and how beautiful, and how I knew the world was not mine to hold but only to roll around in -- that was the only thing to keep me company when the showerhead rusted over, or when the toilet wouldn't flush, or when I remembered how much I was paying each month to live in the balmy crotch of Manhattan.