

## The Haitian Boy

They had been drinking beer all afternoon in a Port au Prince bar. Now he wasn't the only who had to piss. He followed Lewis, a burly marine gunner from Weapons Platoon, from the wooden shack, where teenage prostitutes wobbled in high-heeled shoes, a wiry pimp cleaned his fingernails with a switch blade, and an Asian madam counted her take on an abacus.

When they reached the fence across the grass, Lewis unbuttoned his fly and began pissing on the grass..

He stepped up beside him, feeling drunker in the sharp sunlight, tilting back on his heels as the stream of urine shot from his body.

A Haitian boy no more than 7 or 8, clutching a box of Chicklets, came up, holding up the gum to the two Marines.

Without a word, Lewis turned the flow of urine on the boy.

It was like watching a fire going out – except there was no hiss or cloud of steam.

Watching the growing rigidity inside the boy's eyes, he knew he was witnessing the death of one person and the terrible birth of another.

After the boy dropped the ruined chewing gum and fled, he turned to Lewis. "Who'd you do that?"

Flogging his penis, Lewis stuffed it into his uniform then squinted at him in the light. "What's that little nigger to you?"