

Rainbow sat against the wall with her eyes closed, wearing her black leather jacket with the collar turned up. She was nodding over, bending at the waist, her tangled blond hair falling into her lap. We were wearing coats we found on the fence outside St. Marks Church, but we surely had no hats or gloves. "She ain't sleepy," I answered. "Listen, girl," 2Moro said, "I'm fifteen and you sure ain't no older than me. Tell the truth. Her breath was cloudy. 2Moro asked. Tears lifted her shoulders and let them drop. "Sixteen."