

At dawn the city feels like it's holding its breath, buses idling softly while shopkeepers roll up metal doors that scrape the silence into motion. A stray cat weaves between puddles left by last night's rain, pausing as if it remembers something important, then forgetting it just as quickly. Somewhere above, a radio crackles to life with a song that everyone knows but no one can name, and for a moment the day seems undecided about who it belongs to.