

The Flight

He wouldn't let me go. He simply wouldn't let me go.

First he took my money and wouldn't give it back. Then he threatened to call the police on *me!* For what? For creating a scene in public? It was I who should have called the police on *him* for stealing my money!

The train has stopped. Passengers get off. Passengers get on. He shoves me into the car. The doors shut.

I get off at the next station. Standing penniless on the street outside, I see a colossal cocktail glass filled with blue wine sitting high atop a skyscraper.

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