

Mean People Suck

by Dianne McKnight-Warren

When I met the airline pilot he said he was a witch and demons visited. Things flew around the room, he said. He said his wife levitated. I thought too bad you aren't the levitating one, being a pilot and all it might be convenient.

"You levitated?" I asked his wife, a pretty woman with an affect as flat as a floor.

"She was levitating all over the place," he said and smiled, but I saw the flash in his eyes.

I wouldn't want to levitate unless I was outside. I pictured his wife crashing head first into the ceiling, her flailing arms useless, knocking things down from high places. I would run like hell if somebody levitated in my house.

But maybe not if it was the harmless kind of levitation where nobody gets hurt, where people sit in full lotus and do little bunny hops on their knees, their butt cheeks slapping back down. Gravity rules like sanity. Unless you're flying. Or remembering your wife levitating, your mind a whirring black hole suck starting an engine.

