

# Missed Connections

by Philip F. Clark

We were on the L train.  
You were reading Fifty Shades of Gray;  
I was reading One Hundred Years of Solitude.  
You never looked up until just as I moved off,  
always looking back your way and hoping  
you would lift your head.  
And then you did, at the last moment,  
but someone said, "Move it!" and I  
rushed off the train. I looked back  
to see your quizzical face looking at me.  
There was no chance for a smile.  
Home, I wrote an ad on Craigslist's  
'Missed Connections'; describing you.  
and I ended it with the usual:  
"If you see this and remember me,  
get in touch." I decided to read  
the book you were reading.  
But it missed all the real  
accoutrements of S&M -- the way  
that people really master and slave  
each other. The way you don't need  
strange black leather clothes,  
and toys -- whips, paddles, and  
St. Andrew's crosses; the way instead  
that one person obeys and the  
other commands. The daily rites  
of loving someone you overpower,  
who overpowers you.  
And as I read, I missed some things:  
beautiful women rising to heaven;  
young men being taken to see  
ice for the first time.

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