

Stairway to Heaven

by Anson Pope

He looked at me and said, “Man, technology fuckin' sucks! I been ridin' dis train for almost fif'een years now. From the same stop ev'ry mornin'. Of dem fif'een years, the goddamn escalata at the stop has worked for maybe two. Imma old man. I got bad knees. I can't be goin' up 'n' down no fuckin' subway steps ev'ryday. I damn near fell down 'em today. I woulda broke my goddamn neck. At least den maybe I coulda made me some money. That MTA gots lots o' money.

“You know dey got dese computers now'days dat can drive cars, or run your house or somethin'. I don' know, I saw it in da paper yest'aday. An' ya know what? Dey can' even make a goddamn escalata work. Fuckin' sucks! Tomorrow, I'm goin' down dem stairs. Head first! An when my head's split open, an dey come and ask me what happen, I'll tell 'em, 'if da goddamn-fucking escalata'd work, me and my bad knees wouldn't had fallen.' Den I'll sue 'em. I'll sue 'em for a lot. Big bucks! You'll see it on da Eyewitness News. It'll be in da Post. It'll be a big fuckin' deal man. You watch. You watch.

“Well man, dis my stop. You be good you hear.”

I never saw the old man again, nor did I hear about him.

