

On Mondays, Francesca Takes the Stairs

by Cami Park

The first flight is effortless; she imagines herself a swan floating on air-light meringue, no, she is a bride, a perfect bride, ascending to her groom, Renaldo, no, not Renaldo, by the second flight it's someone else, someone who smells more of sweet tobacco than ground hamburger, someone who would never jiggle her ass in passive, mocking reprimand, putting her through this, this third and last flight like the suffering of Our Lord, who had nothing but crosses and thieves waiting for him at the end, finally, the end, she leans on the door, the unbearable, heavy door, like a cold marble slab, leans on it until it gives and she stumbles into cold fluorescence, where she is greeted by clattering office machinery and nearly translucent co-workers, and she stands there, just stands there, so confronted by this clash of grace, she wonders about tomorrow.

