

Amtrak

by Chad Simpson

She had liked her new husband's sternness, and the way he ran his hands over her body, noticed every inch of it, made her feel not invisible.

He traveled during the week, wore cufflinks, worked out in hotel gyms. On the weekends, they redecorated her house and tried to perfect a recipe for chicken Marsala.

Two months after the crash, after the train he was on collided with a flatbed tractor-trailer loaded with steel, he barely leaves the couch. He enjoys Happy Meals and has developed a fondness for Jim Carrey movies. Only his brain was injured—there is no apparent damage to him at all—but his face, when he brings a ketchup-laden French fry to it, or laughs, is unrecognizable to her.

She knows they are headed toward a moment when he will want to be told how they met, and fell in love, and she tries to remember that time. She tries to work out a story in her head she is certain she can believe.

