## **Another Ending**

## by David Ackley

you tell a stranger's story because your own...well

They're all fungible anyway, right?

A man...no make it a woman, is on an ascending escalator: halfway, she imagines a goat

about to be devoured by a panther that used to be her ex.

Sure enough, here he comes, on the down-run: (Is that her gun?)

As if a kind of logic says that up must have its down That what is joined together must be wrenched asunder

I'd have them pass with secret smiles meant only for each other