

Searching for Mr. Bharath Seshardi

by Ed Higgins

This tall, very blonde, very female, friend of mine--with a smile the moon and stars must take lessons from--texted me about her desperate airport misadventure flying from the West Coast. She got all the way to Cincinnati bound for New York before noticing she was not Mr. Bharath Seshardi, as her boarding pass declared. Also, as Mr. Seshardi, she was going on to Indianapolis rather than to Charlotte where she ultimately intended to go. She was writing me under confinement at Guantánamo. She has no idea where by now the NSA or CIA might have rendered Mr. Seshardi.

