

Thwart

by Fred Osuna

Daily, at 3:47 PM, below his office window, a child in an orange windbreaker sits in the last car of the T, in the rear seat, face pressed against glass. By this, he'll know it's time to leave.

Maylene enters, whips her hair 180 degrees to emphasize her presence, sits in the client chair. Clears her throat. Taps her nails. He turns to face her. She says something slowly. Twice. He turns back to the window.

It's 3:49.

