66 W

by Guy Yasko

He said he'd meet me at the Lyric before curtains.
For drinks.
Only he didn't.
Which was OK.
The seat was softer, roomier
without him.

Buzzer rang, doors closed.
His loss.
Rusalka was clearer.
More resonant. Vibrant.
Better.
Without him.

He showed up between acts.
Said nothing.
Smelling of cold
French cigarettes
someone's perfume.

Walked out
Drove off
Blew by my exit.
Through prairie, through desert.
On the wings of song.

Bought a bikini in Venice.
Too cold to wear it.

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/guy-yasko/66-w»*
Copyright © 2013 Guy Yasko. All rights reserved.