

Fade

by Laurita Miller

I press my forehead against cool glass and listen to the bus murmur things I want to hear.

I can take you away, away, away.

A washed out world rushes past; grey streets and buildings enclosed by a frosted glass sky. A stray dog stands on the corner. A shopping cart lies broken and abandoned in a snow bank.

Away, away, away.

The bus stops, but no one gets on or off. I close my eyes and listen to the murmur begin again.

Away, away.

At the last stop I push to my feet and step out into the monochrome city. The murmurs will tell their lies to someone else. I will fade and blend into the grey.

