

# He knows better

*by* Lillian Ann Slugocki

He knows better than to question this embrace. After traveling together for so long, under such circumstances, and now way past midnight, and the night so cold, and the stars so bright, it's natural, given who he really is--- that she should fall into his arms. And be there to catch her. He watches his breath rise up in clouds. Can almost hear her heartbeat. He looks up, sees fake potted ferns, and red silk rosebushes in the lobby. And further inside, the bright entrance to the gift shop. The visitor's desk. Deserted. A ghost town. It's time to let her go.

