

Flight

by Michael Seidel

I was up all night last night, cuz when he showed up, he knew he wasn't supposed to be there. But he came anyway, started hitting me again. Asa was there and she called the police. But his parole made it they could only hold him four hours. They cuffed him and he was saying even then, "You can't keep me more than four hours, then I'll be back." And five later he was. Musta walked or called Sissy and Raul and had to wait for them. They're friends, him and Sissy and Raul, you know, and live upstairs from Asa and he went up there. Kept texting me saying, B here all night, follow u 2 airport. Yelled down through the floor. Real crazy shit. That was another four hours, it was morning, then I called the police again cuz I had to leave for my flight, had to get here. Police got me, guarded me until the gate. He was behind them, thinking about who knows what but talking more crazy shit, knowing they couldn't take him in again cuz of his parole.

On the plane I was so tired I couldn't even read my ticket. Guy next to me had to, to make sure I was in the right seat, and I pulled my hood over my head. It wasn't cloudy or rough, and I slept.

