

The Wind Is Going To Take You

by Nicolette Wong

Before the railroad tracks are blown off by the wind, the wall tiles morph to trace *34th Street* while a silver balloon emerges from the end of the tunnel. A child's hand reaches out for the gleam and she, the woman in a black-dress with a mandarin collar, screams:

Stop it!

because reaching for air will only drag you into darkness. Her voice is muted for she has turned into a statue from standing on the platform, when other passengers have shed their flesh to become puppets. Wooden toys of freckled kisses, of cracks from a relentless march in the snowstorm.

The station is the end of you all, a busker sings by the newsstand. In a heartbeat the accordion bursts and the puppets dance to splintered music, loose limbs shaking to the ground. The child is spinning at the end of the platform, still calling to the silver balloon, while a stream of blood runs through the tracks in circuitous turns.

It is a stream of anger left behind by the missing train. She tries to inhale and realizes her breathing has stopped. In a minute the wind will come and smash her into shards. She will be blown off along with the puppets, the busker, the child, the balloon and the railroad tracks from the station where no life remains. No life at all.

