

Missed Connections

by Philip F. Clark

We were on the L train.
You were reading Fifty Shades of Gray;
I was reading One Hundred Years of Solitude.
You never looked up until just as I moved off,
always looking back your way and hoping
you would lift your head.
And then you did, at the last moment,
but someone said, "Move it!" and I
rushed off the train. I looked back
to see your quizzical face looking at me.
There was no chance for a smile.
Home, I wrote an ad on Craigslist's
'Missed Connections'; describing you.
and I ended it with the usual:
"If you see this and remember me,
get in touch." I decided to read
the book you were reading.
But it missed all the real
accoutrements of S&M -- the way
that people really master and slave
each other. The way you don't need
strange black leather clothes,
and toys -- whips, paddles, and
St. Andrew's crosses; the way instead
that one person obeys and the
other commands. The daily rites
of loving someone you overpower,
who overpowers you.
And as I read, I missed some things:
beautiful women rising to heaven;
young men being taken to see
ice for the first time.

Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/philip-f-clark/missed-connections>»*

Copyright © 2017 Philip F. Clark. All rights reserved.

