

The Silver T to the West Side Highway

by Sarah Sassone

They went to the silver line of Boston to
get out of Boston, sprinting, striding, strolling
across the conveyer belt walkways, or even just
inconveniently standing there, because it's not like
they were in New York. They walked in single
file. They drank coffee, they ate Boston scones, they watched
the seven o'clock morning news. He looked out the window and
watched the clouds fade and move south, even though
they were supposed to go west. She watched the airport
employees and security guards toss the luggage into the
airplane, trusting that her suitcase would protect the last
of her late mother's possessions. The children
of a close-to-broken family were excited
for a late vacation. They
lined up. They passed security. They were ready
to go to Los Angeles.

From the top, they could see New Jersey, Connecticut,
Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and, of course, the Big
Apple in a sterile sky. Maybe they should have
seen it coming. They drank coffee, they ate New York
bagels, they watched the seven o'clock morning news. He usually
worked on the fourth floor but had to go up to the seventy-
seventh to accounting that day. She sat at her three-by-four
cubicle

on the fifty-ninth floor and got there early to photocopy
what and where she could have been. They walked in single file.
They punched their times. Maybe they looked out their windows.
But the vague shadow across the West Side Highway

was one that they only saw for a semi-second, if that.

