

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.

