

# The Phosphorescent French Fry

*by* Shawn Misener

A french fry rests in the ashtray, nestled in a pile of butts. She smiles and says something in Hebrew.

Leaning toward her, I can see the tiny bugs on her lips and in her hair. I reach to pick them out but she's too far away. Standing up is not an option.

Outside, the waves retract into the lake. I wonder what doppler sounds like in reverse.

She's speaking again, this time in whispers. Her head is shrinking in on itself. If there is a way to save her I'm not aware of it.

She rifles through the ashtray quickly, snatching the french fry and holding it up for me to see. It appears to be phosphorescent. When she tries to eat it her mouth has already disappeared.

Her eyes quiver in frustration as she bangs the fry against her chin. I want to help, but there's nothing to do.

I sigh.

