

Gravity

by Timothy Merath

It's only been about three minutes. We're moving a bit faster now and many of those around me have already been taken out by the debris. One guy had his head smashed in by a rogue swing set that came out of nowhere. I envy his demise, at least a little bit.

The panic of the first few seconds, the exhilaration of flying for a few more seconds, then just awkwardness. It's just a slow ascent, as though gravity isn't gone but has merely weakened due to apathy, sick of holding everything together.

I meet my neighbor from three houses down as she spun like a pinwheel past me. I'd always been too afraid to approach her, although we were both divorced and alone amongst all the smiling, happy families. I say hi, she smiles back, then drifts off to the west.

