

Airport

ALEX RUSSO

a universe of utter transience connects people moving in every direction like twelve thousand helpless fish in an endless aquarium who gleam over ten dollar magazines and five dollar bottles of water which decorate the advertised walls as an overweight man with a blunt profile drops his mayonnaise lavished big mac on the seashell speckled linoleum floor causing the sesame seed bun to collide as its contents spill like vomit onto the reverberating sounds of rolling luggage resonate like five hundred skateboarders crashing through an emergency room when we hear that the security threat is at orange and to be aware of suspicious activity, do not leave children unattended, no smoking because flight number six-six-nine is now boarding shouts the disembodied voice through the god-like intercom over the woman on her cell phone at gate twenty-three who shrieks a story loud enough for tree monkeys in the deepest jungles of africa to hear as an olfactory nightmare of the plastic hospital smells clash with greasy french fry oil in an atmosphere steaming with sweaty bodies shifting through a glass tunnel of never ending paradise.