

The Man Steps into the Weightless Rain

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He's tall and hunched with broad shoulders. He's a hall of mirrors pointing into each other. It's 9:02 pm. A pigeon peers down at him from the streetlight and then pecks at the red bracelet on its leg. Snow slush crunches under his boots and he remembers—standing in the street as a child, looking up at a woman rocking her swaddled daughter out of a fifth-story window. The blanket unfurled into a pink flag, flapping in her hands. He saw the baby land on the snow slush. Saw the mother land on top. Things continue to fall until you learn to catch them, he thinks, scanning the sky for tails. Until you dream of TV horses, legs curled beneath them like dead spiders. On his eyelids, he watches a cascade of women. Feels them as rain on his cheeks. And he sees the mother falling with them, like a stray meteor. Her baby, almost in her arms, waking from a nap.