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Adultery In the Albatross Diner

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ADULTERY IN THE ALBATROSS DINNER

The man sitting beside me is shrinking into his clothes.
His jacket is bright blue and swallows him like a balloon.
His head is the size of an apple, now a plum, now the pit of a grape.

He is screaming but his voice is just a whistle, inchoate and fading beneath the sounds of The Albatross Diner:
pots and pans, waitresses with their giant steps.

What is it you say, little man?
Your body is a naked pea and soon you’ll ride the backs of protists.

He is just a speck now, a point on a line, imaginary to everyone except mathematicians and schizophrenics.

Before I go, I do something very cruel; I brush crumbs from the counter and finish his soup. The crumbs took like asteroids, I’m sure, and the soup is something he can no longer fathom.

When his wife returns I take his clothes and pay his bill.
I take her too,
with my large hands,
and knowing she will weep,
tell her everything.
It is the same story I tell her for years
after he is gone.