

Runaways

One, two, three
the numbers proceed
In order
And with each year, my son,
There is more of you.

Now at seven
You stand proud and firm,
Your miniature frame,
A hint of the man you'll be.

Your teacher says that you are
A natural born mathematician.
And I know what she means.
You don't easily let me off the hook routing me with logic, cornering
me with fractions.

I see your mind working, like a little clock ticking, counting,
measuring. Counting time.

The tick tock tick tock of time that won't let you stay seven forever.

Imagine how it would be to claim infinite now, your little hand in
mind, two runaways jumping into the train tracks of one mysterious
and utterly forgotten second.

Mike Fiorito's short story collection *Freud's Haberdashery Habits & Other Stories* has been recently published by Alien Buddha Press. His writings have appeared in *Narratively*, *Mad Swirl*, *Ovunque Siamo*, *Pif Magazine*, *Longshot Island*, *Beautiful Losers*, *The Honest Ulsterman*,

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