

Comrade

I called her “comrade”,
and she’s vanished like the ooohs and aahs
after a flash of fireworks.
In the gloom that grimaced before garish daybreak toppled it,
she’d served kombucha
in cobalt-colored cups.
We discussed Sartre, the Simpsons,
predestination and neon pinwheels.
She promised to darken her eyes
with kohl, like Cleopatra-
or at least an impersonator of the queen on the silent screen-,
and I crashed on a carrot beanbag,
my last impression being the offbeat tapping of
a ballpoint pen against her lime green laptop
as she traversed site after site.
Her neatly penned note suggests
she’s haphazardly crisscrossing
the continent, and,
from her cramped economy class seat-
she was always a cheapskate-
the trees blazing with autumn hues may
resemble a perplexed patchwork.
Perhaps she’ll cohabit with her carnival glass
in a dusty desert motel or
upon a windswept, weather-blasted rock,
and I’ll never know what she was thinking.



*Frequently crossing the Canadian/US border, **Adrian Slonaker** enjoys jangly folk-rock music, guava juice, wrestling, Googie architecture and rain. Adrian's work has appeared in *The Pangolin Review*, *Credo Espoir*, *Algebra of Owls*, *WINK: Writers in the Know*, *Aerodrome* and others.*



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