Incognito

“All set, Julian,” the uniformed TSA officer moves me on to the conveyor belts to empty my pockets into a kitty litter tray, having scanned my boarding pass like a bomb-sniffing dog.

“OK, Deborah,” her toneless permission for my wife to follow me, lugging her rolling carry-on after me like a ball and chain.

In real life we go by Charles and Abby, though our passports and driver’s licenses list us by first name-last name.

Do I feel like a secret agent penetrating enemy lines? Or do I feel like a prisoner?
Charles Rammelkamp is Prose Editor for BrickHouse Books in Baltimore and Reviews Editor for The Adirondack Review. A chapbook of poems, Jack Tar’s Lady Parts, is available from Main Street Rag Publishing. Another poetry chapbook, Me and Sal Paradise, was recently published by FutureCycle Press. An e-chapbook has also recently been published online Time Is on My Side. Another chapbook, Mortal Coil, is forthcoming from Clare Songbirds Publishing.

The Pangolin Review – Issue 12