

The Flute Man

Gary D. Smith

She takes herself home, past the
marble threshold and the mirrored
hall, and the empty elevator plunging
darkly, opening and

waiting on the corner, always there,
the flute man plays her song and
she pays him with a smile, her
garnet eyes a flash already

lifting to the hills, where the tempest
falls tonight, a flash flood no-one knows
about but her, and the voices
from her broken radio.