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Creative Writing  
Mar. 15th 2007

“(I feel completely helpless, like a child’s play thing, and the fact that it wreaks of piss and stale smoke in here does nothing to soothe my nerves. Nor does the fact that we’re crowded into an enlarged version of an empty soda can with a bottle rocket strapped to either side)” The hull creaks in response, a low moan that ripples from the rear of the cargo hold like a lake of ice cracking from within. “(I can not believe that the only things keeping us from completely imploding are a few structure bolts.)”

“Sestina? Hey Sestina?” From her right. “Ya got any more gypsum rolls?”

“No Seth I don’t.” She did, but only one. Even though Seth was one voice that she could recognize and almost call friend amongst the canned and faceless refugees, she was unwilling to share the last bit of the only thing that made her feel okay. Friends were not what Sestina was looking for. Every day of these last three weeks has been spent moving, listening, and hoping. Moving between the bogs of people was no easy task. They were all standing so close to each other it made breathing difficult. Listening, because it was always black in the cargo hold except for the red warning tracks that periodically pulsed from overhead. And hoping because she was unsure whether her parents had made it aboard this vessel when they were herded to the eastern launch pads. She had been around the perimeter at least three times and through the crowd twice and did not hear either of the only voices that she sought. Sestina struck a match on a rusted release valve and lit her final gypsum roll. “I heard the bombs tear away the ground right after we took off. They must have gotten on another ship. (They must have). They’ll be there. (I know

they will) When we arrive at the Venuvian dock they will be there waiting for me.

Waiting and smiling... (I hope)...