

Still in the Air

For the last four hours of our flight from Nice to New York, the man's body lay across the middle seats of the row behind us. The flight attendants had hung red airline blankets along the tops of the seatbacks and tented them over him. They'd wrapped his calves and feet, which extended into the aisle so that passengers had to step over them on their way to and from the restrooms. The man's wife hunkered in the window seat across from him, staring blindly ahead.

To read the full essay, purchase Issue 2 of The Lindenwood Review.