

Midnight Riders

by Kim Conklin

One dinner party, two couples, three bottles of wine.

A moonbeam shone on the balcony. They felt a slight shifting under their chairs and heard a quiet scraping sound, then the apartment slid out from the building and lifted away.

They floated over the city, looking at the lights and the people below. Only a Labrador on a leash noticed.

The apartment sailed skyward over suburbs and across faraway open fields.

As they reached the heavens, the hostess opened the French doors to let the stars pass through the rooms. The light twinkled off the mirrors and glass tables.

On the balcony, the host discovered that he could captain their journey with sweeping gestures and gentle words.

“Port,” he said, leaning into the breeze with an orchestral flourish.

“Starboard.”

“Forward.”

The cat curled in a wicker chaise.

The host steered them to the glowing white surface of the moon. Landing on the shore of Lake Oka at the foot of the Havarti Hills, they cavorted and played for hours, sculpting, tasting, making moon angels.

When they grew tired and had eaten their fill, they crawled back over the balcony railing, laughing like children.

“Up,” said the host, and they drifted home on a tractor beam of light.

