

# Wherein the Air

*by* Michael Seidel

The pilot, Mr. Reginald, took an x-ray of the roots of the baby mint plant that would, years later, envelope his yard. As the radiation burrowed through the ground, Mr. Reginald pressed the thumb of each finger against his eyes. He inhaled the spears of aroma and he imagined he was plummeting, mid-flight.

