

# The Voyage

by David P. Gontar (June 2015)

The three rows of tarnished gas lamps were already roaring at the dock when she arrived. Clouds of ephemeral insects twitched and chittered in the ochre conflagration, restless for extinction. Akira was nowhere in sight. Maybe they wouldn't rendezvous after all. By the water's edge a few dinghies sloshed about, each emblazoned with the grotesque face of a clown, green, red, and blue. What sort of child would laugh at these pathetic expressions?

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