

Pilot's Logbook:

Type A B + / A Titanic ego, 95 years broadcasting from the bottom of the Atlantic... / 25cents obo

BROOKLINE, Mass, May 27, 2007—

The yellow moon rising in my window. The clock closing in on midnight. The talk radio bleating out its nonsense. The thermostat reads 78° in here. The city is vacant because it's Memorial Day and people have better things to do, for the most part, then drive by my house.

That's good. For a moment, all is still, and all I can hear is the clacking of my keystrokes...