All airport terminals are the same: the godawful fluorescent light, plastic tile flooring and lines, lines, lines.

In this factory the conveyor belts, convey people, but like an old train station the digital slot machine makes its gamble and chance leads me to gate A2 twenty minutes before boarding.

The cities blink by with digital regularity, legendary locales followed by equally exotic North American counterparts, Athens
  Anchorage
Bangkok
  Boston
London
  Los Angeles
Moscow
  Milwaukee
Paris
  Portland

all Anglo-fed, all given the same four seconds of air time, the only difference people make: wanting to go there.