

Mr. Fear Catches Up

Lisa A. Bucki

Her high heels clicked, striking pavement
steady beating, rapping.
Blond hair twisted down her slim back
like lithe lovers grappling.

Building faces receding from
heavy, darkling gloom
sculpting in them wrinkles deep as
those that signal man's doom.

Between the orbs of street light glow
darkened fingers pressing,
tickling ankles, pulling blond braid,
her pale face caressing.

Rapping faster, passing buildings,
alleys, empty faces.
Footsteps ringing in the night's calm
faster, faster paces.

Rap-thud, rap-thud, faster, closer
her eyes bulge out, rims white —
Now two sets of rapid paces
ring out in still of night!

She turns her head, braid snaps an arc,
empty street behind.
Her legs stretch out, rapping, running
black glass blurs past eyes blind.

She passes from the lamps' dim light,
fingers dark surround her.
They started searching the next day, and
No — they never found her.