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.