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Walking to my Car at Night

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WALKING
to my
CAR AT NIGHT
Morgan Nance

A herd of leaves tumble across the black asphalt.
Different shades of orange and brown.
The moon shines less brightly,
then the streetlamps.
A leaf crunches.
I turn to look.
There is the silhouette of a man.
I walk faster to my car, heels pounding,
Against the black asphalt. Footsteps following,
right behind me. I reach into my purse for my keys.
Looking for my pepper spray at the same time. Then they fall.
Cling.
I turn to
see how close
my pursuer is, but
It was only a man casually
Walking to his car as
well. Never even
glancing my
way.
The wind
blows a sigh of
relief with me. As
I pick up my keys and
wonder what
could have
happened.

