

Murder

I walk this neon block every Friday night around 1:31. And then again at 1:37, 1:43, 1:49, and 1:55. You always show up. Our planned encounters would not even be possible if it weren't for your stagnant nocturnal life, but I know I'm here in spite of it. I am making my fifth pass when I see your carnage-hungry face round the corner. You are wearing your Hooters shirt, and from the way your steps go, I can tell you are coming from a much darker place.

I carefully note each stride, each stumble. I ignore the way your eyes chase women, and I prepare for our synergy. I have to be strategic about this. When our motions come to a point of potential meeting, I make my usual abruptly-cross-the-sidewalk-to-enter-the-nearest-store move. Different things happen when I make this move. When you're sober, we brush past each other, I allow my body to graze your tan jacket, we politely smile, we succumb to society's polite façade. But when you're like you are tonight, we collide. I make sure of this.

I do not have time to select the store into which I will turn, I have read your approaching expression for too long. At the last second I remember to count my steps: one, two, three, crack-in-the-cement, four, five, veer-to-the-left, six, false-hesitation, seven, *crash*.

April 17. But our bodies, they tangle in just the right way. Our energies first meet at the shoulder – my right, your left. From there, the combination trickles down to our elbows, and I flirt with it, pulling back slightly before going back for more. I am waiting for the moment when your left hand will react, reach out, touch me, my hip, the small of my back. I remain in my state of faux fluster, and my surprised smile lingers, as I wait for your next move.

“Stupid bitch.”

And you murder me again.