

Wondering

I was lying perfectly still in the crisp that is September mornings. I was wondering if my heart was still beating. I opened my eyes... no stripper lying next to me. Again I wondered if my heart was still beating.

I had walked in from the cold September night, puzzled as to why I was alone. Unlocked the door, fed the dog, took off my shirt and wondered if my heart was still beating. I had shown up in the cool September evening just on time to be fashionable. I felt your arm slip around my waist, your head lean in toward mine. I saw cover-up and eye liner, smelled Vodka and perfume, looked down and saw toes jut out from sandals that could have had a dual purpose - from sidewalk to stage and back again. "I know how this story goes," I thought. You slurred words into my bad ear. Your hand and arm fall lower while I wrestled with high questions morals and self-respect.

I knew I was being watched in the back of a hot bar on a cold autumn night. The oblivious and obvious you making sure I knew what you wanted. The dim light was my getaway car...waiting for me to hit the bank.

But... instead... I walked home in that September air wondering if there were any challenges left for me... and if my heart was still beating.