

Don't Look In The Mirror

Kathy Mar

Out in the silent desert
Under the hunter's moon
The road was a ribbon of silver
Winding away in the gloom
A glimpse of motion behind me
And loping behind my van
Made of cactus spines and mesquite twigs
Was the figure of a man

My foot came down on the pedal
I shot around a curve
Then my eyes leapt to the mirror
And it almost made me swerve
The figure raced on behind me
At a distance still the same
And a bitter wind swept through my soul
A dread without a name

All through the midnight desert
Silent and cold and black
The figure kept my changing pace
And never left my track
So I slowed for the wraith behind me
And stopped on an exit ramp
I locked the doors and waited there
With palms and forehead damp

A mesquite clatter filled me
And rattled my quaking heart
As catus talons caressed the glass
That kept us still apart
And I turned my face to gaze out
After several fruitless tries
And my soul was bound and broken
In the hollows that were it's eyes

I watch the taillights fading
On the silver road ahead
And the mesquite clatter fills my ears
But my heart is still and dead
I flex my cactus talons
That never will see the sun
And watch a car go racing by
And my feet began to run