



Carrie Fountain

It's Nothing

It's not the instantaneous disappearance of the mailman after he dumps the mail into the box. It's not the smoke detector's wide, dead eye. It's not this weird pain in my shoulder. I don't think it's something that can be caused by sleeping in the wrong position. Nor is it the man in my dream last night, the stranger wearing a ball cap who followed me through the department store of my youth, the store downtown called The Popular where my grandmother bought her impeccable slacks, creased like extreme sanity. Every time I looked, the man was closer. I woke after I realized, in the dream, that there was no use trying to evade him. He'd catch me eventually. It wouldn't matter if we were in the shoe department or in housewares. But oh how slowly he was catching me. I woke at 4 am and stayed awake. Every time I look out the window it's brighter out there, though I can hardly believe time is passing at all.

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