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Prisoner

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PRISONER

ABBY N. LEWIS

He is there again—
on the doorstep.
His car idles at the edge
of the walkway, the side
mirror inches from the mailbox
with the words *Jim & Carol*
scrolled across its face in an elegant
form of calligraphy not unlike a wedding invitation.

He shifts the warm pizza box
from one palm to the other,
glances up. She snaps the metallic
blinds closed, retreats into the darkness.

Downstairs, she hears footsteps
trace the familiar path to the door.
Voices are heard, a burst of sudden,
strained laughter. Her hand flies to her mouth
when the car door slams. She returns
to the window as the engine revs, snakes
a few fingers through the blinds again
only to see the distant red flash of the
taillights as the delivery vehicle turns the corner.