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Locked In

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LOCKED IN

Schasia Modrzynski

Old gas station coffee cups,
McDonalds bags
Granola bar wrappers,
All lie at my feet

It's pitch black In the front seat of his Toyota
He tells me we have to wait until his phone turns on
"Give me your address" he commands

Outside the window stale cold air
Several buildings line the road
All their lights turned off
As if they are saying,
"You need to go home"

An unwelcome hand slides onto my leg
Like a snake slithering across my blue jeans
I'd rather have a snake.

"STOP, please."