

Last Test Run

My hands slip on the steering wheel. The moon is bright but the shadows hide me. I have timed this for weeks. Lights off. Engine rumbling. My pulse is louder. We rush toward the crossing. Him unknowingly, me with intent. I lock onto the point where our paths should meet. A perfect collision, if I am brave enough to hold. For a breath, I think he sees me. It is too late. It is going to happen. The inevitable clash. Then the headlights rise, climbing the overpass above me, untouched in the dark.

Next time will be the last one.