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## Runaway

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TRISTAN EDEN

## Runaway

It was raining hard  
Like on Twin Peaks  
When I parallel parked  
Along the slick street.  
She got in quick and kissed  
My passenger-side cheek.

In the grey interior  
She looked like a bird:  
Small, wet, and scared,  
Covered in fur.

She looked so familiar,  
Her black leggings and golden hair.  
And of course that sweet  
Cigarette smell in the air.

It was still raining hard  
When I asked where to go.  
She looked past me  
Out the window.  
I turned the ignition.  
“Let’s just go home.”