

Out There

Lorraine Feather

You shook my hand, rather leery,
And I imagine that you found me cold.
I knew your taste for the eerie.
You knew of course,
That everyone had told me you were out there. I thought your pain had you blinded,
Spurning the obvious in asking why.
You said I had to be reminded
Of what the I stood for in the FBI,
And venture out there. Shoulder to shoulder, improbably together,
The oddest couple in the Feds employ.
The world we traveled grew darker by the day.
A grave informant and a dog-faced boy
Were waiting out there. Time can't just disappear.
It's a universal invariant. Crime doesn't sleep.
You came to wake me in Room 203.
We quickly threw on our wet-weather gear,
The pattern less than evident to you and me. Once I compared you to Ahab,
Your vengeance coloring all you chose to do,
Megalomaniacal in your twisted view,
And then you asked if I,
Then you asked if I,
Asked me if I was coming on to you. Your hair was rumpled and spiky,
Your hazel eyes curiously probing mine.
You'd wormed your way into my psyche.
It took me aback, but the temptation was divine,
To linger out there. Mystery to mystery
What if you should love me?
What of my sanity and common sense?
Weird lights above me, and a rabbit hole below, I tried to understand the final consequence
Of being drawn down
into space,
Knew it meant vanishing without a trace
Forever out there.

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