

Blind Spot

by Brianne Baxtali

If the photographs made sounds, they would rumble like static from an impending thunderstorm, pressed between the pages of a yellowing dictionary. Compressed sound, searching for the proper words.

She had been so careful, searching the landscape for any sign of the figure, singling out trees that could have been him and moving them out of the frame. Her skin had not erupted into prickling goosebumps; the sick feeling that branched out from the base of her spine and congealed into synapses had not been present. Assuming she was safe, she clicked the shutter, feeling momentary satisfaction in the sound. Click-click, all is well.

Staring at the picture, she choked back tears. It was the realization that she had been marked, and no matter where she traveled, no matter how many saint medals she roped around her neck, he would appear, never vocalizing what he wanted. Just waiting, devouring her sanity, forcing her to look over her shoulder at every turn. Forever.

Seeping around the edges, squarely into her blind spot.

