

Packing

by Khaliah Williams

I left Iowa in august when the air was thick and sticky. I had been there three years minus a few days when the boy I'd been sleeping with packed almost everything I owned into my car and waved goodbye. In Baltimore I had few friends and a job teaching English at a private school. But it looked good, it looked bright. And at the moment that was enough which was strange because I didn't think I was a woman who understood the concept of 'enough'. Everything was changed. The boy that packed me up and sent me on my way wasn't the boy I wanted or the boy I would have in the weeks after I got east. And even though I didn't know what the next days or weeks held for me, I saw miles of asphalt and sky and waited for my world to right itself.

