

April 2014

## Curtain Call

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### Recommended Citation

Lattman, William (2014) "Curtain Call," *The Anthology*. Vol. 2014, Article 55.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology/vol2014/iss1/55>

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reverse. Pull out of the driveway. Onto the main road.

*Free.*

As she sped down the highway, she called her best friend and told her, in between crying heaves, to meet her in the parking lot of the PetsMart. Hanging up, she realized that she was not running from the man who had abused her, controlled her. He would certainly have been upset once he woke to find her leaving, but he would have let her leave—after a fight. She was not running from him. She was running for her soul.

He had threatened to leave her before, and on her knees she had begged him to stay, pressing tear-soaked cheeks into his stomach. She did not love him, though; she did not know if she could live without a master. Her head was stronger than her feet.

But her feet were with her again. She had her legs, her torso, her arms and hands. Her hands were cold and clammy, and they scrambled to hold onto the loud little thing inside of her. The voice, she knew, must be hers. It was loud now, praising. It was intertwined with her heartbeat, which thudded in her ears.

*There now, woman. Do you see what life looks like?*

And as she watched the sky laced with trees from over the dashboard, she knew that this was her confident, shattered yes—her life was still yes—dispersing over the world around her. This would not be over, surely. But she was starting. And so she drove on.



**Curtain Call** | William Lattman  
Digital Photography