“We Meet Again” (221)

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#work, woman, late, rush

Five twenty-three in the morning. I have to get out the door in seven minutes. I just want to apply one more coat of the copper gold eye shadow, it sparkles so beautifully. I’m done applying it, and I’m ready to head out the door, but damn I can’t find my metro card. I look all around my room one last time from corner to corner. Nothing.

I rush to work, I’m late. My manager loves me, but she’s sick of me being late. “I love your shoes and that eye shadow, oh my goodness you have to get it for me…but if you’re late one more time I’ll have to write you up…and take those shoes!” I need to pull it together.

I get off of work at three thirty. They made me stay extra since I was late, but class is at four and I have to walk to the train.

I run to the train station. My chest burns and my face sweats. All I can think about is my missing metro card. A woman shoulder bumps me hard, or maybe I bumped her. The burn in my chest dissolves as I catch my breath and my vision returns. She turns around sneeringly and I see frustration on her face, but I see more.

The woman is me.