

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

## Close On My Heels

by Karen Akroyd

The rain has been beating on the windows for days now, days. Maybe three days is it? about three or four. Since Tuesday anyway

It reflects my mood. Oh, I know there are people who love rain but for me it's usually melancholic. And when the windows are open, the rain comes in, and damages the windowsill. It's a crap design, the flat, the windows. And I am reminded of what I have lost. The crappy flat, the nice house, gone.

Anyway, this is my life now. The rain, the grey, the melancholy, though there are glimpses of light, and hope.

The rain is the backdrop to our meeting today. When I return from our meeting, I feel angry, unsettled.

I feel I am being stalked. I am not, so what is this feeling? I am thinking of what she said,

*How does it feel to be followed?*

I imagine a man, close on my heels, a dark street, a late night, fear. An intrusion. An attack.

What is this feeling? This stalking, this 'being followed'?

I feel I am being stalked. I am not. So what is this feeling?

The rain forms the backdrop to our meeting today, a meeting of friends, so I had hoped. You are a good person. I can see that. So why the disquiet?

It is too much, YOU are too much, too close at my heels, I suffocate.

I think of her words, *How does it feel to be followed?*

It feels, well, like suffocating. Drowning. It is a quickened heartbeat, a fear, a disquiet, a butterflies in the stomach thing.

Keep well back

Stay away a while. Do not darken my door for a week, maybe two.

It is too much. To be followed.

I will do the following.

Leave be.