Companion

Jane Johnson∗
someone. He stood up in the dark and made his way to the broken window. He would have to make sure no one saw him on the way. He could show them the blood on his hand. *Manuel can't take the credit for killing him. I killed him, not Manuel.* . . . He wished he had a cigarette.

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**Companion**

*by Jane Johnson*

*English, Sr.*

Sad I sat alone
until I felt a finger brush across my brow.
As I looked up
a breath of wind blew my hair
and then dissolved.
Back it came to play with me,
like a ballet dancer that writhes, whirls then vanishes—
so was the wind in my hair.

Suddenly smiling,
I tilted my head to touch noses with the wind.
My hair tumbled back,
I felt my friend's prevailing presence
as my moist lips firmed.
I rose—
My cheeks felt a fragile hand brush over them.
The wind covered my face softly
like a warm human breath,
fulfilling my waiting wish.