I Ran

I ran.
Keys shaking in my hand.
Like hummingbirds in a box.

For a moment—
The night split open.
Street.
Sky.
Air.
Freedom brushed my skin.
But his shadow clung in haste.

He found me.
Eyes like knives.
The sentence of silence.

Blood is quick.
Memory is slower.

From above,
I watch my body.
If I screamed sooner.
If I stayed quiet forever.
Would the ending change?

No answer.
Only this:
Love should never smell like iron.
Love should never smell like fear.