

I walk home beneath
the faint glow of a streetlamp,
another flickering every few metres.

One foot in front of the other.
Still, the end is nowhere in sight.

My keys are held tightly
in my sweaty hand,
my phone in the other.

No glasses, no revealing clothes,
just an innocent girl
walking home after work.

*Why do I feel like this?
Why am I gripping my keys
so tightly that my hand
is starting to cramp?
Why do I feel so scared?*

I have walked this track
a million times before,
making my way home,
but for some reason,
tonight feels different.
This time, something feels wrong.

That's the consequence
of walking home after dusk.

You never know
who might be following behind you,
watching from the shadows
or quietly tracking your every step.

I constantly glance over my shoulder,
scanning the distance,
listening for unfamiliar footsteps
and watching every movement around me.

I try to convince myself
that I'm just being paranoid.
But the fear doesn't go away.

So I keep walking.
Faster now.
Hoping the light at the end of the street
comes before whatever I'm afraid of.

**Please,
I am not responsible
for someone else's actions.**

