

DIANE WALD

## **NO ONE EVER USED THAT EXIT**

HE PUT ON HIS BLACK OVERCOAT AND BLACK HAT, buckled up his brown briefcase, smiled at the stern secretary, and walked out the back door of the old building and down the eight wide mossy cement steps to the driveway where his black sedan was parked. He had no idea that I was watching. I knew he used that exit, and I just liked to see him and know that he was in this world. He wouldn't have minded. I was harmless and still am. I thought about how the arsonist had told me he was sorry about the fire. I thought about a toad I had seen one time in a tree. He opened the car door, took off his hat, and looked up at the sky before he got in. I'm pretty sure he did those things. It was a cold spring day, but that insane chameleon green was starting up in the trees. I wondered where he was going, though I had no desire to follow. I knew one day he would drive me, late at night, through the weeping streets of his town.