



# An Unforeseen Halloween

A woman attends a speed dating event on Halloween.

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She glanced in the mirror,  
tucked away her loose hair,  
pinning it back with her  
nerves  
as though neither were there.

Her mind was stalling,  
and her heart skipped a beat.  
She was certainly sweating  
as she sank down in her seat.

Here comes her first partner.  
Gray ears, big as the sun,  
a long velvet trunk,  
and hair tufted in a bun.

*How are you doing?*  
A simple question to ask,  
but the words wouldn't come.  
An impossible task.

The timer beeped,  
and he shot her a look.  
Just one simple word -  
That's all it would've took.

But who could blame her,  
so proud and elegant,  
if she couldn't convince  
herself  
to canoodle with an elephant?

She looked up in surprise  
at the next to arrive.  
Red horns and a forked tail...  
Oh, what a time to be alive.

Still, she tried harder,  
truly gave it her all,  
to make small talk with the  
devil,  
to not drop the ball.

It should've been easier.  
That's why she came here  
and sat.  
For nobody could see her  
face,  
an anonymous cat.

*Beep beep*, went the timer,  
and she kicked herself hard.  
*Get it together*, she ordered.  
*Just smile; drop your guard.*

They shuffled around her,  
and in her face, she felt heat.  
She must remember  
not all men would cheat.

And was it really the fault  
of anyone here  
that her last companion  
so deeply instilled that fear?

Along came another,  
with a long cape and dark  
mask.  
His eyes met her own,  
and she let out a gasp.

He smiled just so,  
and her heart skipped a beat.  
There was something about  
him,  
something strong, something  
sweet.

Could this be the one?  
He with the D.C. arm tat?  
They sure seemed to click,  
his bat to her cat.

He struck up a conversation,  
and she did it! Real words!  
Easy banter and jokes,  
earlier nerves for the birds.

He complimented her tail,  
and she, his mask.  
*Tell me your name!*  
She wanted to ask.

It felt so right  
for the first time in forever.  
She'd long given up  
this type of endeavor.

"You are lovely," he said,  
his voice so smooth it might  
destroy her.

Then his mask shifted, and...  
wait!  
Could it be her husband's  
divorce lawyer?

It was him, she knew.  
Oh, what terrible luck!  
She lowered her whiskers  
before they both ran amok.

"Fancy seeing you here,"  
he said with a smile.  
The timer beeped again, but  
"Mind if I stay for a while?"

What could she say,  
now she knew his identity?  
Sure, they'd hit it off,  
but didn't this border  
obscenity?

They'd last seen each other  
on opposing sides of the  
table.  
She'd been angry and  
scorned.  
He surely thought her  
unstable.

Her mind sputtered and  
whirred.  
Should she tell him to stuff  
it?  
This Batman before her,  
Ugh, she thought. Fuck it.

But he smiled again,  
and her stomach lit aflutter.  
He was hopeful and sincere.  
She melted like butter.

"Yes, please stay!"  
Enough debating.  
Oh, the people you meet  
at Halloween speed dating.