

# Lights and Shadows

---

Volume 19 *Lights and Shadows* Volume 19

Article 30

---

1975

## Headlights and Street Lamps

Deborah Conner

Follow this and additional works at: <https://ir.una.edu/lightsandshadows>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Conner, D. (1975). Headlights and Street Lamps. *Lights and Shadows*, 19 (1). Retrieved from <https://ir.una.edu/lightsandshadows/vol19/iss1/30>

This Prose is brought to you for free and open access by UNA Scholarly Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in *Lights and Shadows* by an authorized editor of UNA Scholarly Repository. For more information, please contact [jpate1@una.edu](mailto:jpate1@una.edu).

## HEADLIGHTS AND STREET LAMPS

She had just left the smoke and the indoor-outdoor carpet and was thinking of last night. She had been alone, driving down a two-lane. Her mind and eyes had attached themselves to the headlights of an oncoming car.

The headlight didn't seem to move closer, just get more perfect. They were so white, so round. And she remembered that everything good was round. They were sending dancing parts of themselves out to draw her back where she had started, back into the center of light, back into roundness. Everything had seemed so good and complete, but there was something grating on her senses. Something . . . And she swerved into her lane.

She had felt light and empty and giddy. That's how she felt now. That's how she always felt after she had been hypnotized by lights . . . or people.

The music in the apartment pounded the people, making lip reading their language. The music was good. It filled her and made her think of a Mac truck meeting and passing a VW on a quiet road.

Lights blocked out everything, but his face, his mouth. His lips opened revealing wet, glistening teeth, "Baby." He only called her baby at night, when his mind relaxed. Was her name blended with the name of every girl he drank coffee with and every girl he had slept with last month? His pink lips opened and closed like the mouth of a sea animal. Funny, he had asked her to make love right when she had decided she wasn't sure if she liked him very much.

Standing up had taken years. Her footsteps had echoed and reverberated throughout her body until she had forgotten where she was going. It hadn't mattered, it was so good just walking.

Then she was under the street lamps, thinking of last night and tonight, and deciding not to watch headlights.

Deborah Conner