

Newfound

by Katherine Fallon

He fell into my bed like homecoming. Within moments he was out, eyelashes dusting my pillows, my stuffed monkey tucked between his arm and chest, matted fur pressed against the new absence of his teardrop breasts. While the day dimmed and the moon came through instead, I watched his sideburns stretch into long roads and the hair on his legs grow like mad kudzu. I could hear it slither. He shifted, moved closer and grabbed my wrist. Hard. Held tight, like to keep me still, keep me. I did not move, couldn't leave him, not changed like that, absolutely nothing had changed like that.