

The Hag

Andrea DeAngelis

You salted and peppered my skin so I wouldn't find a way back into my flesh.

I was a good wife to you. I did what you told me to do. I cooked and cleaned, did more, not less. What does it matter that at night I slipped out between your snores? You too leave me when you dream, you drift somewhere, I do not ask what you do. You don't leave your skin behind, that's true, but you leave your mind.

You didn't know those men I rode. You go to sleep, I go to hunt. I ride them, they are mine. That is when I feel most alive. Inside this hide, I am muted, my feelings far and diluted. When I am stripped and raw, I feel so powerful and more. They are mine, they are all mine. I perch on their chests, concave, fat or taut. I am the one who haunts. I swallow their cries.

But now you've salted and peppered my skin and I can find no way back in. I am warm raw meat. You punish me with fists. In every hit, I feel its echo and its echo of echoes, unrelenting, unforgiving. All is pain and pain is all.

Give me back my skin, I will wash out the salt with water and vinegar, the pepper will remain, it will make me tame. Forget this dissonance, friends tell you what to do but they don't know you like I do. You see, I've ridden you too but before I licked the stiff black hairs of your nostrils, I heard you say my name, my name before I was this way and I knew I could never ride you again. I ride other men so I can remain yours.



Candy Coated Curses

Chloe Coblentz

