

Witching Hour Fortunes

by Christina Rosso

I appear at the foot of her bed at the start of the witching hour. We don't have long, I say. And it's true. I can only materialize when the veil between the world of the living and dead is thin as overstretched dough.

I tell her the truth. I need no crystal ball, or tarot cards. I am not clairvoyant; I simply breathed the same fate as she, the horrifying truth of it crawling along my tissue and bones like a spider I could feel but not see. For months this knowledge fed on my blood and organs, a vampire with an endless appetite.

It is impossible to imagine someone you love is capable of that. Yet here I am. Proof of his savage appetite.

She doesn't believe me. He wouldn't do that, she tells herself as much as she tells me. In the pit of her gut, a black sprout is taking root. She knows what her husband, our husband, is.

Outside the moon is lowering as though on a pulley. Time is almost up. He's going to kill you, I say. I feel my corporeal form slither away. Unless you stop him.

I am banished before she replies.



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