

I manifest in lingerie, red as a cursed midnight. Compare me to the moon—not for my beauty, for the way I make wolves.

The lover's body: an ouija board. They tell me I asked for this devil, otherwise lurking on the other side of a gauzy veil—

yet, the worst haunt is myself. My own ghost breathes into me like a phone bell, from somewhere inside this rib-lined house. I try

to love someone and watch myself die. *Why flee to the woods?* They are indistinguishable—hockey-mask man, man undressed.

*How could you run so barefoot? Crawl away with your thigh sliced open as a gusty window?* I have practiced feeling this

nothing. It's cursed magic, the way I could lie still as a corpse under his hand. They tell me I have lived my life by the wound;

my body justifies the hatchet. How the film won't work unless I didn't want most of it to happen to me—only just enough.